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HISTORY OF WASHINGTON

THE EVERGREEN STATE

FROM EARLY DAWN TO DAYLIGHT

WITH PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES


JULIAN HAWTHORNE
EDITOR

ASSISTED BY
COL. G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

As rises on night's jewelled brow
Some orb supremely bright,
So Washington, from dawn to day,
Emerges on our sight,
From gloomy depths of endless pines,
From privacy of snow ;
Where ice-clad peaks o'erlook the vales,
Where milder breezes blow ;
From doubtful dawn to daylight,
From savagery to state,
She comes to prove the triumph
Of those who watch and wait.

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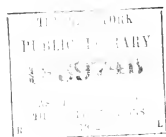


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HISTORY OF WASHINGTON

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER XXI.

PARTITION OF WASHINGTON AND OREGON.

“ How grand fair Washington's domain,
Her eagle flight from mount to main,
Her wealth of woods—her sweep of seas,
The arching of her endless trees.
Her mighty rivers dash and leap
From forest fountain to the deep.
Her inland lakes, that calm and still,
Nestle in hollows of the hill,
Her fertile sod, her hidden mines,
The mile-wide fragrance of her pines.”

—BREWERTON.

WITH the history of Oregon as such our narrative has nothing to do—it has been told under the title of “The Story of Oregon:” and though the mother, or twin sister, if it be preferred, of the State of which we write—the territorial life of both having flowed in one stream, ofttimes sadly troubled, from the same fountain-head of settlement till divided by legislative action—we must devote our remaining space to the history of Washington alone.

We take as our initial point the date of March 2d, 1853, when, with scarcely any congressional friction, the vast territory then known as Oregon—an empire in extent, a mine of undeveloped wealth, and rich beyond expression in future possibilities—was harmoniously divided into the Territories of Oregon and Washington.

A brief *résumé* of the manner in which this peaceable partition, so mutually advantageous to both, was brought about, and the causes which led to the adoption of the Columbia River as their separating and common boundary, will properly engage our attention here.

That the great river Columbia, the Mississippi of the Pacific coast, rising from its snow-fed streams in the Rocky Mountains to roll an inland sea ere it is lost in the breakers of its terrible bar, should become something more than a mere dividing line between two people of the same race, name, and nationality is by no means singular, and will make itself understood when we study the situation. In the case of the early settlement of Oregon a variety of circumstances made this result almost unavoidable. The people south of the Columbia, the first and—if one may use the term to designate so small a beginning—the most thickly settled region, early acquired an individuality which served to divide them from the few stragglers who found their way northward and established a feeble colony on Puget Sound. The same spirit seems to have actuated the dwellers on our own side of “the big river.” And this feeling grew and increased, not in any spirit of enmity or rivalry, but as a natural sequence of the geographical features of their separate surroundings. The Columbia, for instance, and its branches furnished the one people—those of the south—not only with an inland water-way, but an outlet to the sea. Their commerce, therefore, followed this natural road, and found its nearest and most convenient market and source of supply in San Francisco. With the dwellers to the north it was different; they naturally looked to Puget Sound, with the Strait of Fuca for their outlet to the Pacific, and Vancouver as a near neighbor, from whence they could obtain necessaries and sell or barter their products. So it will be seen that their final division was the outgrowth of natural causes, bringing about results which could hardly have been otherwise in the best interests of both parties.

The legislative action which at length gave legal force and authority to this peaceful settlement dates its birth, as was most fitting, from a patriotic celebration of our country's natal day. It was the first Fourth of July celebration that Olympia had ever known, held at that place (the State capital yet to be) in 1812. The people had gathered together—the salmon fisher

and trader from the coast, the hunter and the farmer from inland fields. The bone and sinew, the brain and talent of the surrounding settlements were there. They came with their wives and daughters, with the little ones now playing their parts as middle-aged people in the Washington of to-day. In their frontier garb, with their rude wagons, from almost every part of Northern Oregon and from the shores of Puget Sound they flocked in, emerging from canoes or their long rides over the blazed forest trails and beneath the shadows of continuous pines, to celebrate the day they still revered—the birthday of the flag and the nationality that in their far-away Eastern homes they had been taught and learned to love. The old pioneers were there, the men who had let the light in upon their clearings with their busy axes, built their humble log cabins, and then defended those homes, rifle in hand, against the prowling savage and the less dangerous beast of prey—all with one common aim, to keep the day, to remember beneath the old flag the nation's former victories, to give their children (many of them for the first time) an object lesson in patriotism. What a reunion it must have been—what a season of rejoicing! Daniel R. Bigelow was their orator. He had come as a passenger by the *Exact*, that sailed from Portland for Puget Sound in 1851, and settled at Olympia, where he was admitted to practise law in January, 1852, at a term of the Supreme Court of Oregon Territory, held by Judge Strong, of the Third Judicial District. We can easily imagine how the hearts of all must have responded as they warmed to the young attorney's patriotic utterances, spoken in the almost unbroken wilderness of that far-off day—that time of small beginnings, when he talked to his rude audience beneath the shadow of the odor-breathing pines. The Declaration was read by Simpson P. Moses, who, with the celebrated Elwood Evans, the historian of the Northwest, had just been admitted to practice by Judge Strong. Mr. Moses was also an appointee, under Fillmore's administration, as Collector of the Port of Nisqually, in which capacity he figures in the correspondence connected with the looting of the schooner *Georgiana* by the Hydah Indians. Frank Shaw acted as marshal.

The ceremonies of the day being concluded, a mass-meeting was improvised, where great enthusiasm prevailed. The object was to discuss and by all proper means forward the division of

Oregon Territory. It resulted in an arrangement for a convention to meet in the fall to formulate plans to bring about so desirable an object.

September of this year (1852) was also made memorable by the issue of the first number of the *Columbian*, the pioneer sheet of many newspaper successors in Washington. It was established by the enterprise of James W. Wiley, who figured afterward, when a Democratic editor and councilman from Thurston County, as a defender of Governor Stevens in declaring martial law. He was also a zealous member of the Monticello Convention, and for three years a member of the Territorial Council. He died at Olympia, March 30th, 1860, in the fortieth year of his age. With this gentleman was associated Thornton F. McElroy, but Mr. Wiley was its sole editor. This paper, as was to be expected, was a strong advocate of territorial division and the interests of Northern Washington in general. It suggested that the new Territory should embrace all the country north of the Columbia River, and that the region so set off should be called the Territory of Columbia. This division question, it may be premised, was no new thing. As far back as 1851 county meetings had been held and the separation seriously agitated; but as a consequence of the Olympia celebration, and the action then taken, the fall of 1852 found it the all-absorbing political question of Northern Washington. The people were aroused, and proceeded energetically to bring about the result they so much desired. Meetings were held and delegates elected by all of the counties and communities north of the Columbia and west of the Cascade Mountains to attend a convention at Monticello, Cowlitz River, on November 25th, 1852. The presiding officer of this assembly was George N. McConaha, of Seattle, who most ably directed its deliberations. He was afterward president of the first Territorial Council. Evans thus speaks of him and his tragic fate:

“President McConaha had proved himself in that session” (the one above referred to) “a thorough parliamentarian, an able debater, and a master of invective; he was a consummate jury lawyer, and most successful advocate. On the sound, though a recent comer, he had acquired an enviable popularity with the masses. He was in the prime of vigorous manhood, and had he lived, a brilliant future awaited him. While returning from

the session of the Legislature to his home, in Seattle, in a canoe, accompanied by Captain B. P. Barstow, with a crew of Indians, the canoe was swamped between Vashon Island and Alki Point, and, with the exception of one Indian, the whole party found a watery grave."

R. J. White was named secretary. The result of this convention was what Evans very truly characterizes as "a manly, straightforward memorial, which was unanimously adopted, praying for the establishment of a separate territorial government." To quote from the original document, in "that portion of Oregon Territory lying north of the Columbia River and west of the great northern branch thereof, to be called the Territory of Columbia."

This memorial went to General Joseph Lane, the delegate to Congress, ever the consistent friend and advocate of the Pacific Northwest. It was signed by all the members of the Monticello Convention. Early in the congressional session of 1852-53 we find it was referred, on motion of General Lane, to the Committee on Territories, with instructions to report by bill. In the mean while the Territorial Legislature of Oregon had not been idle. In the same year, when Lewis County was represented by Colonel Isaac N. Ebey, we find them taking the separation question under consideration, and by an almost unanimous vote passing a legislative memorial urging upon Congress a division in the manner prayed for by the Monticello Convention in their memorial. The bill, being reported, was taken up by the United States House of Representatives on February 8th, 1853. It was entitled "A bill to organize the Territory of Columbia," and was earnestly defended and pressed to a passage by General Lane, who deserves to be entitled the congressional champion of the Northwest.

The bill was amended on motion of Robert H. Stanton, of Kentucky, by striking out the word "Columbia" and inserting "Washington" in lieu thereof. In connection with this change of title we may remark that, though eminently patriotic in intention, and an appropriate compliment to the memory of the leader who was at once patriot, general, and statesman, guiding our people in their hour of deepest trial into a liberty more perfect and abiding than our fathers ever dreamed, yet, as regarded from the standpoint of convenience and the prevention of confu-

sion in geographical nomenclature, it would have been far better to have retained the name first selected and embodied in the original bill—that of Columbia. A name written upon the minds and undyingly linked with the history of the American people needed not the naming of a State washed by the Pacific to refresh or retain the memory of him who stood and must ever remain “first in the hearts of his countrymen.” But as all things yielded to him in 1776, so the name of Washington appears to have been equally irresistible in 1853.

On February 10th, 1853, the bill thus amended passed the House by a vote of 128 yeas to 29 nays, the objectors being, with three exceptions, all representatives of the slave States—a fact which probably accounted for their opposition. Should the reader feel curious to ascertain the force and location of this antagonistic element, he will find it detailed as follows: Alabama gave 5; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 3; Georgia, 4; Indiana, 1; New York, 2; Tennessee, 4, and Virginia, 1. On March 2d the Senate passed the bill without opposition. On the same day it received the signature of Millard Fillmore, President of the United States, thus becoming a law, and bringing to its birth the Territory of Washington.

Its Organic Act limited the new domain as follows, giving metes and bounds to a region rivalling in extent many States of the Old World, whose teeming millions would find an ample dwelling-place within the area of Washington. It reads as follows:

“That from and after the passage of this Act, all that portion of Oregon Territory lying and being south of the forty-ninth degree of north latitude and north of the middle of the main channel of the Columbia River from its mouth to where the forty-sixth degree of latitude crosses said river, near Fort Walla Walla, thence with said forty-sixth degree of latitude to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, be organized into and constitute a temporary government by the name of the TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.”

How airy and grand the flight, when from the dry legal phraseology of the document just quoted we extract its broader and more political meaning! The eye of imagination traverses the field, yet fails to realize the full extent of this eagle swoop from main to mountain; from the surges of the Pacific along so

vast a coast, extending from Cape Flattery's wave-beaten shores to the Columbia ; then following the great river from its tidal outflow to the snow-born parent springs of their mountain home, and yet again tracing the Juan de Fuca channel, where we sacrificed so much to England's game of bluff and the interests of that institution of slavery whose lease of life was even then almost expired. These are but the exterior bulwarks, the wall of wood, or wave, or mountain steep, that holds our even yet unimproved wealth of hidden mine and fruitful soil and happy homesteads still to be. Truly ours is a goodly heritage, and the lines of the dwellers in Washington have fallen to them in pleasant places—fair as her own summer days.

CHAPTER XXII.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF PUGET SOUND.

“I hear the tread of Pioneers,
Of nations yet to be ;
The first faint wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.”

—WHITTIER.

AND now our history must retrograde, going back for nearly a decade of years, to follow the little trickling stream of American emigration, the pioneers of Puget Sound, whose advent may well be likened to “the first faint wash of waves,” though then requiring no little stretch of prophetic fancy to imagine them the harbingers of our present “human sea.”

When the London managers of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company instructed their agents at Vancouver to use every effort to induce American settlers to go south of the Columbia, they evinced a very English ignorance of the average Yankee character, by giving the strongest reason to every long-headed son of the soil for not following their disinterested advice. It was the old story of the forbidden fruit in Eden over again. John Bull wanted that particular tree, or, to speak less figuratively, that special location for its produce of furs and peltries ; and Brother Jonathan, equally keen in his perceptions of “a good thing,” determined to taste and try it for himself. The pioneer of this belief, that what was valuable to the Britisher might possibly be advantageous for Uncle Sam, was, as Bancroft tells us, “a stanch Kentuckian, Michael T. Simmons, an emigrant to Oregon in 1844, but spending the ensuing winter at Fort Vancouver, where he improved his time by making shingles for a living,” while his wife, no less industrious, celebrated their residence in those then Northwestern wilds by presenting him with a son named Christopher, the first American born in Western Washington. Simmons “had come to stay,” and, as our first settler, is well entitled even to so large a space as Bancroft accords him.



Yours Truly
A. G. Blalock

AMOR DIGNO
TERRA SUA

Nevertheless, we are compelled to reduce that historian's full-length to a cabinet size, so sketch him in accordingly :

Born at Shepherdsville, Ky., on August 5th, 1814, our first settler was possessed of a Western physique. An unlettered man, yet abundantly supplied with that hard common-sense and those excellent qualities of courage and independence which fit men to found colonies and leave their mark upon the savage wildernesses, which ere long they convert into homes worthy of civilization. He had intended to settle in the valley of Rogue River, but the strong advice of the British agents that he should not go north of the Columbia determined him to do so. During the winter of 1844-45, with but five companions, he travelled northward, yet only reached the fork of the Cowlitz, and returned again to Fort Vancouver. Again, in the following July, he set out with eight others, guided by one Boreier, who had performed the same service for Wilkes in 1841, and not only reached the sound, but journeyed in a canoe as far as Whidby Island. Looking about him with the same keen eye to the main chance, he made, not knowing or possibly dreaming of the nearness of sites of cities yet to be, a very practical selection, at the head of Budd's Inlet. Here the Des Chutes River, dropping eighty feet by successive falls, made its way to the sound, and offered the power for a mill site, which he afterward utilized, and which was undoubtedly the temptation that influenced his pitch upon that particular spot. Moreover, Fort Nisqually, the only supply post in that part of the Territory, was near at hand : altogether it was a wise choice, and he does not appear to have regretted it. Having thus settled his location, he returned to the Columbia to remove his family, which he did in October, accompanied by James McAllister, David Kindred, Gabriel Jones, George W. Bush (colored, who must, therefore, be noted as the first of his race to settle upon the sound), and their families, and two single men, Jesse Ferguson and Samuel B. Crockett, these seven being the first to settle in the region of Puget Sound, though John R. Jackson had been a little beforehand with them and taken up a claim five miles north of the French settlements and ten beyond the Cowlitz landing, where he had already erected a house. So difficult in those times was the country of access, that no less than fifteen days were occupied in opening a road for the ox teams from Cowlitz to Budd's Inlet, a distance of less than

sixty miles. Simmons named his place Newmarket, but subsequent settlers changed to it to the Indian—Tumwater—which it still retains. These incomers all settled within a radius of six miles.

“The first house, we are told, was built on Kindred’s claim, at the west edge of Bush Prairie, Simmons building at Tumwater during the following summer. In March Mrs. McAllister gave birth to a son, who was named James Benton, the first American born on Puget Sound.” Our space will not permit an enumeration of the names of those who followed in the footsteps of these adventurous spirits. We must refer the reader who desires more minute information to the exhaustive details of Bancroft’s excellent “History of the Pacific States,” with Elwood Evans’s equally valuable records of Oregon and Washington, to both of which we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness for fountains of information, on which we have drawn liberally in the preparation of the present work.

In the following year many American men settled north of the Cowlitz, but few families. Claims were made at the confluence of the Skookum, Chuck and the Chehalis, and two others located on the sound at what is now called Chambers Prairie. Others arrived during the autumn, but did not remain. In January, 1847, came three brothers from Marion County, one with his family, to be followed by others in March. During this summer the Skookum Creek settlement rejoiced at the birth of Angeline Ford, the first American girl born north of the Columbia; and so the human tide poured in, by dribblets at first, yet steadily increasing, as some river gathers income from rivulets and wayside rills till it flows at last with ever-deepening and broadening tide, to sink majestically into the sea.

The year 1848 brought but a meagre addition to the population of the sound, yet it is marked by Rev. Pascal Richards, oblate father, establishing a mission three miles below Tumwater, and thus securing a half section of land to the church. An amusing story is told about this time of one Carnefix, who accompanied a party to Whidby Island, but while taking his turn to cook and do the work of the camp was observed by an Indian chief, who, presuming him to be a slave and owned by his companions, offered to purchase him. The joke was so good and the jests called forth by the incident so keen and telling

that Carnetix, unable to bear their allusions, determined to forsake his companions, and abandoned them accordingly at the mouth of the Skokomish River.

Bancroft, the great and most reliable resource of all who desire to gain information of the Pacific Northwest, tells us that our new settlers obtained such supplies as they required from the company's stores at Nisqually. In 1846 Simmons, who seems to have been the mainspring in every enterprise, put up a small flouring mill at Des Chutes Falls, in a log house, with a set of stones hewed out of some granite blocks found upon the beach, which was ready to grind the first crop of wheat, if not to bolt it; but unbolted flour was a luxury after wheat. We fancy that the good housewives of those early and primitive times were happily ignorant of the "new process" which converts to a snowy dust of impalpable powder the original grain—a whiteness which takes its revenge in indigestion, leaving the stomach nothing to seize on. Simmons and his companions probably ate their bread, thanked Heaven, and found no fault if it was a little off color. Dyspepsia is not often a disease of the frontiers.

Then in the following year comes the first saw-mill, built by a company of eight individuals, of whom Simmons, who holds the majority of the stock, is, of course, the superintendent. We find them self-incorporated on October 25th, 1847, under the title of the Puget Sound Milling Company. The mill irons which had been in use at Fort Vancouver were obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company, who seem, now that they find themselves unable to keep the Yankee settlers out, well disposed to turn an honest penny from their necessities. This new enterprise, the first and parent of many a magnificent successor, seems to have thriven from the first, selling the most of its output at Nisqually, to which point they rafted their lumber, besides supplying the settlers, and later on taking a Government contract to furnish the material for the building of the officers' barracks at the military post of Steilacoom. Shingle-making, too, was becoming an important industry—indeed, shingles had become a currency at Fort Nisqually, where they passed readily in exchange for groceries and clothing—very much after the fashion of certain periods in New England's colonial history, when money being almost unknown, trade and barter took its place.

So we find this infant colony already growing not only in

numbers but in material wealth, devoting themselves to self-imposed industries, which shut out temptation to idleness—a fortunate thing where solitude and savage surroundings relax the restraints of civilization, throw each man on his own resources, and too often lead to dissipation or self-neglectful sloth. It was well, too, for the community, of which this little band was to be as a drop to the tide, a mustard-seed of human harvest yet to come, that they began right, laying, in thrift and industry, a good foundation for those who were to follow. There was neither room nor encouragement for idlers in that little first settlement at Tumwater, on Puget Sound.

Love, too, finds its way into the wilderness as well as into the palace or crowded mart. Even Puget Sound had no shade of pines on all its shores so deep or bay so wide as to prevent the incursions of that tricky, mischievous, all-conquering Cupid. So, on July 6th, 1847, we find Ruth Brock becoming the willing mate of Daniel D. Kinsey, M. T. Simmons, who now seems to have advanced to legal dignity—one of the judges of Vancouver County—officiating. Thus Mrs. Kinsey became the first of the many maidens who have since then worn bridal favors in our good State of Washington. In the same month, though a much more prosaic affair, we learn that Samuel Hancock and A. B. Rabbeson were the first to vary shingle-making by the manufacturing of brick—these two taking a contract to burn a kiln in July, 1847, on the farm of Simon Plomondon at the Cowlitz.

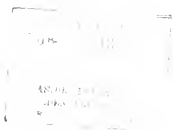
Recognizing the necessity of easier and more direct communications, we find them, in August of this their second year, blazing out a trail from Tumwater to the claim of Sylvester & Smith, two miles below on the sound, which now began to be called Smithfield, because Levi L. Smith resided there, and because it came to be the head of navigation by the law of the tides.

The autumn of 1847 finds the first shadow creeping over their prospects. Alarmed by the massacre at Waiilatpu and by the prevalence of measles among the Indians, for which the whites well knew these ignorant savages held them responsible, there were few additions to the population.

Two men, Glasgow and Rabbeson, took up a claim and settled on Whidby Island in July, but were not permitted to remain. They had hardly taken possession when a general council of the tribes of the sound was held on the island, at the insti-



Henry Smith Jr



gation of Patkanim, chief of the Snoqualimichs, to consider the policy of permitting the Americans to remain. Evans describes the meeting, the council, and their doings most graphically. He writes as follows :

“ Patkanim exhibited the tact in this instance which marked him as a savage of uncommon intelligence. Parade has a great effect upon the human mind, whether savage or civilized. Patkanim gave a great hunt to the assembled chiefs ; a corral was constructed, with wings extending across the island from Penn Grove to Glasgow’s claim, and a drive made with dogs, by which more than sixty deer were secured for a grand banquet at the inauguration of the council. Patkanim then opened the conference by a speech, in which he urged if the Americans were allowed to settle among them they would soon become numerous, and would carry off their people in large fire ships to a distant country, on which the sun never shone, where they would be left to perish. He argued that the few now present could easily be exterminated, which would discourage others from coming, and appealed to the cupidity of his race by representing that the death of the Americans in the country would put the Indians in possession of a large amount of property ; but the Indians from the upper part of the sound, who were better acquainted with the white people, did not agree with Patkanim. The chief of the bands about Tumwater, Snohodumtah, called by the Americans Grayhead, resisted the arguments of the Snoqualimich chief. He reminded the council that previous to the advent of the Americans the tribes from the lower sound often made war upon the weaker tribes of his section of the country, carrying them off for slaves ; but he had found the presence of the Boston men a protection, as they discouraged wars. Patkanim, angered at this opposition, created a great excitement, which seemed to threaten a battle between the tribes, and Rabbeson, becoming alarmed, fled back to the settlements. Two days later Glasgow followed, being assisted to escape by a friendly Indian, but leaving behind him all his property.”

Glasgow took up a claim afterward in Pierce County. In July, 1858, he married Ellen Horan, but finally left the Territory.

During the summer Hancock took a claim on the west side of Budd’s Inlet, building a warehouse and wharf ; but losing

money, he finally settled, in 1852, on Whidby Island, the Indian chief, Patkanim, having finally failed in his attempt to drive out or exterminate the Americans. Rabbeson, who seems to have had a very lasting fright from the chief, did not return, but went to work on the wheat fields of the Cowlitz farm, where, with one Ferguson, he taught the Frenchmen how a Yankee saves grain by cradling: "after which," says Baucroft, "the new method was in high favor and the cradling party in demand."

But it is needless, even did space permit, to follow farther the first settlement of Puget Sound, destined to be delayed for awhile by the discovery of gold in California, the story of whose buried wealth excited quite as much of greed and astonishment in the cabins of these Far Western settlers as in cities of the Atlantic coast, inducing some to desert their forest clearings to try their fortunes with pick and cradle for quicker gains. Thus for a time was the progress of settlement delayed, but as a stream may be dammed for awhile by some temporary obstacle, yet flow with fiercer intensity when the hindrance is removed, so the "gold fever" proved a blessing in the end, more especially, perhaps, to Southern Oregon, though the region north of the Columbia got its portion of the overflow in the end.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INAUGURATION OF THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT AND SKETCHES OF FEDERAL OFFICERS APPOINTED.

“ Well worthy these to fill the place
To which appointment calls,
With purpose wise each office grace
In camp or forum walls ;
Careful in speech, in conflict brave,
In honor stern and true,
The federal power more wisely gave
Than then perchance it knew.”

—BREWERTON.

We are now about to enter upon the history of Washington as a Territory, the embryo of the State yet to be, when, in the fulness of time, she should so advance in population as to justify her in knocking at the congressional portal and ask admission to the sisterhood of States ; at present she stands waiting—an attitude of expectancy in which she is destined to remain for six-and-thirty weary years, during which it will still be her lot to labor and to wait.

Were it within the purpose of our present story to review her past trials, it would be seen that during her twinship with Oregon, Washington found progress through no easy pathway. It is difficult for her citizens of to-day to realize the perils and privations endured by their fathers, the old pioneers. It was an act almost of heroism, then, to undertake the long and wearisome transcontinental journey ; it required manhood to make their home in a wilderness practically unbroken, and even higher courage—because that of daily endurance—to meet with firmness and equanimity of mind the continual deprivation not only of accustomed comforts, but absolute danger and want. Yet as the great anchor, the best bower of some massive iron-clad, to which she must trust in stress of tempest upon inhospitable shores, is forged with mighty heat and toil through fiercest fires of the furnace house and thundering blows of ponderous hammer-strokes, so patiently, day by day, did these laborers upon the

foundations of our sovereign State hew out with unremitting toil, yet beneath the unseen direction of an Almighty supervision, the corner-stones on which we of Washington raise the superstructure of to-day, building far better than they knew.

The Organic Act, which constituted the Territory of Washington, not only located its boundaries, but provided for the appointment by federal authority of the officers necessary to its temporary government. The positions to be thus filled were those of a governor, secretary, chief justice and the associate justices of the Supreme Court, an attorney and marshal. It, moreover, provided for a general assembly, consisting of a council of nine members, and a house of representatives, limited to eighteen, but with the privilege of increase by legislative action to a number not to exceed thirty members. The tenure of office of those chosen at the first election for this council was respectively for one, two, and three years, to be settled by lot, one third of its members retiring at the close of each period. At subsequent elections the term was fixed for each at three years.

The first decade of territorial life found the Land Office of Washington still under the jurisdiction of Oregon's Surveyor-General, but at the end of that period the Donation Law of 1850 was so amended by Congress as to do away with this inconvenience and make Washington Territory a separate land district. It also created the office of Surveyor-General, and left it to the discretion of the President to appoint a register and receiver. This resulted in the establishment of a land office at the more accessible point of Olympia and the selection of James Tilton, of Indiana, as the first Surveyor-General, while Henry C. Moseby, of Steilacoom, was appointed Register, with Elias Gulee, of Indiana, as Receiver.

The Organic Act also directed the taking of a census of all inhabitants and qualified voters, to enable the Government to make the proper apportionment and fix the ratio of representation in accordance with the number of their constituents in any district or county. It was within the province of the Executive to set in motion the wheels of legislation by fixing the times and places for holding this first election, and also to convene and designate the place of meeting of the Legislative Assembly. It was directed that at the first session of this body, or as soon



A. M. Cannon.

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thereafter as deemed expedient, "the Legislature shall locate and proceed to establish the seat of government of the Territory." All persons in office were to continue in the discharge of their official duties until new appointments might be made of persons duly appointed to relieve them. Under this provision Judge Strong—already mentioned—of the Supreme Court of Oregon, retained his judicial office in the Third District, then included in Washington, until the Governor, by proclamation, created judicial districts and designated the times and places for the holding of courts in the new Territory, cases then pending being legally transferred to the proper court of the district in which the action was brought.

By a very wise and far-reaching provision, of which the children of to-day are reaping the result, and whose beneficial effects will extend to generations yet unborn, there was reserved, by an amendatory act creating the office of Surveyor-General of Washington, two sections of land in each township, the proceeds of which should be applied to the building and maintenance of public schools. The sections so reserved were Nos. 16 and 36 in each township. Some of these, though then comparatively worthless, have since become, especially in the vicinity of growing towns and cities, enormously valuable, and if judiciously managed and their proceeds wisely invested should furnish a fund amply sufficient to fill the need of educational demands without other taxation for many years to come.

Franklin Pierce, then newly inaugurated as President of the United States, filled the offices provided by the Organic Act as follows :

Brevet Major Isaac Ingalls Stevens, of Massachusetts, an officer of the U. S. Engineers, to be Governor and *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs ; Charles H. Mason, of Rhode Island, Secretary ; John S. Clendenin, of Mississippi, Attorney ; and James Patton Anderson, of Tennessee, Marshal ; Edward Lauder, of Indiana, Chief Justice ; Victor Monroe, of Kentucky, and Obadiah B. McFadden, of Pennsylvania, Associate Judges of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory. Isaac N. Ebey, an old resident, elsewhere referred to, was appointed Collector of the Customs for the district of Puget Sound, and the port of entry was soon thereafter removed from Olympia to Port Townsend. In the following spring Judge Monroe, after holding a

term of court in several of the river counties, was superseded by Francis A. Chenoweth, an early Oregon pioneer residing in Clark County, now Washington.

Of these appointees, Anderson, Clendenin, Mason, Lander, and Monroe reached the Territory during the summer of 1853. Marshal Anderson at once proceeded to take the census, as directed by law, the result showing a population of 3965 white inhabitants, of whom 1682 were voters. How small this total seems to the reader of to-day! In connection with this census, it is well to compare it with that taken by order of Governor Lane, of Oregon, in 1849, when the whole population north of the Columbia River only numbered 304, of whom only 189 were citizens, the remaining 115 being all foreigners. The males numbered 231, the females 73—hardly the population of a single ward of one of our Puget Sound cities. It is, moreover, curious to remark the disproportion of males, nearly half of the whole enumeration being voters, which of course excludes many male children and youth not yet of legal age, thereby showing how greatly the females must have been in the minority.

It is the privilege of the historian to retrospect. Standing as he does upon the vantage ground of the present and looking backward through the mists of years, he views the past with impartial eye, and is better able to weigh and truly gauge the worth and analyze the character of those who, having played their parts with more or less of public approval, have retired from the theatre of events, whose curtain of death or superannuation has finally fallen upon their stage of action.

With such guidance let us at this point take up and briefly comment upon the individuals to whose executive rule and ability the first territorial government of Washington was confided.

First in honor, as in office, comes to the front the shade of Isaac Ingalls Stevens, the Governor. A man of pure and upright life, of energy and perseverance, clear-headed, and not easily influenced by others, but thinking for himself, looking ever to results, and selecting the best means to gain the end desired. Governor Stevens proved himself a faithful, far-seeing, and generally acceptable executive, though not without his enemies and political opponents—a thing to be expected when we consider the vast interests committed to his care and the frequency with which the faithful performance of duty brings the

man of honest purpose into conflict with malcontents. He died—as he had ever been found in life—at his post of duty, falling beneath the flag that he loved while leading a decisive charge against the Confederates. When his body was removed from the ghastly heap of piled-up slain, it was found that the rigid hand still tightly clasped the colors which he himself had taken from the dying grasp of the color-sergeant of his old regiment—the Highlanders.

Considering the important part that he played in the early struggles of territorial Washington, we make no apology for inserting here an abbreviated record, taken from his biographical sketch as we find it in the "History of the Northwest."

"Born in Andover, Mass., May 18th, 1818, Governor Stevens graduated from West Point in the Class of 1839, standing at its head, and was immediately commissioned Second Lieutenant of Engineers. In 1840 he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. He served with distinction in Mexico on the staff of General Scott, and was brevetted to the rank of Major for gallant and meritorious services in that war. At the capture of the city he received a severe wound, from which he suffered through life. In March of 1853 he resigned his commission in the army, as also his position as chief clerk in the office of the Coast Survey to accept the first governorship of Washington Territory. In crossing the continent to his new post of duty he explored a route from the headwaters of the Mississippi River to Puget Sound.

"On September 29th, 1853, he entered the Territory and assumed the performance of his gubernatorial duties. He issued his proclamation to that effect on the above date from the crossing of the dividing ridge on the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

"During the years 1854-55, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, he concluded treaties with the native tribes within the Territory, by which the so-called Indian title to an area of land including one hundred thousand square miles was extinguished. In the latter year he also served as a member of the joint commission to effect peace between the tribes divided by the Rocky Mountains—viz., the Blackfeet and other nations in the buffalo country east of the mountains and those upon the western side, whose necessities obliged them to invade their eastern buffalo range, then their principal source of supply, whether for raiment or food. During his absence at the Blackfeet council the Indian

War of 1855-56 had been inaugurated. Upon his return to Olympia he called out one thousand volunteers, assumed general direction as commander-in-chief, and prosecuted the war with vigor until peace was restored in the fall of 1856. At the election in July, 1857, he was chosen delegate to Congress, and served with distinction to himself and benefit to his Territory for two terms, ending March 3d, 1861.

“ On the breaking out of the Rebellion he hastened East and offered his services to the Government. They were accepted, and he was appointed Colonel of the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers (the Highlanders). Eight companies of that regiment, unwilling to endure the rigid rule of a West Pointer, mutinied; but his resolute courage and energetic conduct restored discipline, and he soon became the idol of his regiment. Distinguishing himself in many engagements, he was promoted July 4th, 1862, to be a Major-General of Volunteers.

“ On the morning of September 1st, 1862, his division encountered the enemy near Chantilly, Va. Major-General Stevens, with his characteristic dash, seized the colors of his old regiment, the Highlanders (their color-sergeant had just fallen, and the line was wavering). On foot, at the head of that regiment, bearing aloft those colors with his own hands, and while cheering his old comrades, his gallantry animating the whole division, he was shot through the head and instantly killed, and when his body was found among the piles of slain, in his death grip was clinched the flag-staff he had so gallantly borne in the very face of the foe. He died not in vain, for that charge checked the Confederate advance, gave time to put the national capital in a state of defence, and saved the country from the humiliation of seeing it fall into the hands of the enemy.”

The next of these officials destined, from a variety of circumstances, to play almost as important a part in the history of territorial Washington as Governor Stevens himself, is Secretary Charles H. Mason, who was often called at critical periods to fill the office and perform the duties of her absent Chief Executive. We again avail ourselves of the valuable biographical sketches which furnished us with the data for facts in the life of Governor Stevens, and abridge from it as follows:

“ Mr. Mason was born at Fort Washington, on the Potomac, in 1830. At the age of seven, with his widowed mother, he re-



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moved to Providence, R. I. In 1850 he graduated with distinguished honors at Brown University, and was admitted to the Bar of Rhode Island in 1857. He was recommended to President Pierce by the Bar of his adopted State for the office of United States District Attorney. He was appointed Secretary of Washington Territory in September of 1853, and reached his post in October, continuing in office till his death.

"It was, however, as Acting Governor of the Territory through several critical periods that he distinguished himself and became endeared to its people. His first gubernatorial services were from March 26th, 1854, to December 1st of that year. Again, during Governor Stevens' absence at the Blackfeet council at Fort Benton, from May 12th, 1855, he acted as Governor until January 19th, 1856. It was during this time that the Indian War was inaugurated, and his administration during this trying period was marked with energy, decision, and wisdom. Calling for volunteers, he promptly separated the friendly native from the hostile, treating with humanity all who were not actually in arms. He proclaimed the country from Olympia to the Snohomish River, on the eastern side of the sound, war ground, and established the friendlies upon islands and those of the western shore on reservations under charge of agents. The same policy of separation was pursued in other parts of the Territory. Any Indian found on the war ground after due notice was to be regarded as a foe, and so treated. He conciliated the simply disaffected, but waged war against those openly hostile.

"Early after Governor Stevens' return (January 19th, 1856), Governor Mason repaired to Washington City to secure congressional aid. Co-operating with Colonel Anderson (Washington's delegate) and General Lane (Oregon's delegate), an appropriation of \$300,000 was secured to restore and maintain peace among the Indians of the Pacific coast. This enabled the territorial authorities to feed the Indians, and, so long as the rations lasted, secure their friendship. As the fund was sufficient to outlast the war, this timely appropriation greatly lessened the number of our enemies in the field.

"Upon Governor Stevens' election, in 1857, as delegate, Secretary Mason again acted as Governor until the arrival of Governor McMullan." We interpolate here a thought of our own: Why was it, and is it, that the Executive at Washington per-

sistently appoints men to fields of official labor where they have not the slightest knowledge of the people or their necessities, and that, too, when (as in the case of Governor Mason) there were those upon the ground amply filled by previous experience and full knowledge of the surroundings to satisfactorily perform the work? It is possible that we answer our own question in suggesting that political influence is supposed to confer not only the power to secure but the grace to perform the duties of the solicited employment.

“Upon the return of Governor McMullan to the States in August, 1858, he was again the occupant of the gubernatorial chair till the arrival of Governor Gholson (July 5th, 1859). He died, after a brief illness, at Olympia, on the 22d of the same month. Brilliant talents, learning, and distinguished administrative abilities entitled him to popular regard; but those who were admitted to his personal friendship,” says his biographer, “will treasure him in memory for genuine and uniform amiability and evenness of temper, loyalty to friends, generosity and childlike frankness, genial social qualities, and his perfect accessibility to all, regardless of rank and condition in life.”

Most fortunate is that man of whom so much can be said and spoken truthfully.

Next upon our list is the name of John S. Clendenin, the Attorney, of whom after-history makes no particular mention.

We come now to James Patton Anderson, the Marshal and taker of the first census in Washington Territory. His record, always brilliant, is of a mixed character, patriotic in its beginnings, but marred and shadowed toward its close by desertion of the flag he bravely followed in Mexico in 1846 to espouse the Confederate cause in the disunion days of 1861. “He was a native of Tennessee, born in 1822, a lawyer by profession, a lieutenant-colonel of a Mississippi cavalry regiment for service in Mexico in 1861. Appointed Marshal for Washington Territory in 1853, he settled in Olympia, where he practised law with distinction. He was elected delegate to Congress in 1855, serving till March 4th, 1857, but did not return to the Territory. A Southerner by birth and an ardent Confederate, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General in their army, was present at Shiloh and Stone River, promoted to Major-General, and placed in command of the district of Florida, but finally transferred to Polk’s

division in Tennessee. He lost an arm in this service and died of yellow fever at Memphis in 1873."

The next of these appointees to attract our attention is Chief Justice Edward Lander. He was born in Salem, Mass.; graduated at Harvard, and soon after entered the law school at Cambridge. His first practice was in Essex County, but he soon removed to Indiana, from which State, after being appointed a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, he was selected to fill the office of Chief Justice of Washington Territory. As a member of the commission to formulate a code for the government of territorial Washington he was so eminently successful that it remained substantially unaltered till her admission as a State. By reassignment of the Legislature, he was transferred to the judicial charge of the Second District, comprising the counties of Lewis, Chehalis, Thurston, and Sawamish (Mason). His original district was the Third. In January, 1856, we find him reversing the classic declaration "*arma cedant togæ*" and acting as aide-de-camp to Governor Mason, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, in an expedition against a band of hostile Indians, which, as the party were unable to land, proved bloodless. In a similar capacity he appears on the muster-roll of the First Regiment of Washington Volunteers as Captain of Company A, numbering fifty-three men; this company had been previously formed to resist a very bold Indian attack upon Seattle, made January 26th, 1856, an account of which will appear in its proper order. In May following he was a candidate for delegate in the Democratic convention, but was beaten by Colonel Anderson, his being the next highest in the number of votes.

In May of 1856 he figures almost dramatically in the territorial history. It is difficult to compress the facts which brought about so startling a situation, but they may briefly be summed up as follows: Certain parties—ex-employés of the Hudson's Bay Company—were suspected of assisting the hostiles with supplies. They were arrested by Captain Maxon, brought in to Olympia, and confined at Fort Steilacoom. Governor Stevens proclaimed Pierce County under martial law to prevent these prisoners, who had retained counsel, from obtaining writs of *habeas corpus*—the proclamation bore date April 3d, 1856. It was to continue binding till May 5th, the time fixed for holding the District Court of Pierce County. The illness of Judge

Chenoweth caused Judge Lander to preside; he opened his court, but suspended its operations for one day, that the Governor might have an opportunity to withdraw his proclamation. The Governor, with the Volunteers to sustain him, declined to take any such action. A conference with the Governor and other officials having failed, Judge Lander reopened his court, thus defying the proclamation which suspended, under martial law, the functions of all civil officers. For a moment the motto of "arms yielding to the gown" seemed to prevail, but for a moment only. Judge Lander was forcibly removed from the bench by the territorial Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw, and he, his clerk (John W. Chapman), and the records of the court were taken out of the county and removed to Olympia. On the 9th Judge Lander was released, his clerk being set at liberty on the following day; but the end was not yet. On May 12th the term of the District Court in the county of Thurston (Judge Lander's district) commenced, and three of the prisoners in the custody of the Governor applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*. They were issued and made returnable on the 14th. This was on Wednesday; on the following Monday the Marshal served the writ. During the night martial law was proclaimed in Thurston County, the ground for so doing being that the writ (which, of course, martial law would suspend or nullify) was issued to prevent the trial of the persons seized before a military tribunal, which had already been ordered to take place on May 20th. On the morning of May 13th a company of Volunteers rode into town and planted a cannon in front of the court-house. The soldiers, however, did not enter the court-room, but remained on duty at the Governor's office, immediately opposite. The writ was defied, and the prisoners named taken under guard to Fort Montgomery, out of the county of Thurston. On the 14th court still proceeded, and the Governor failing to appear at the Judge's chambers, a writ of attachment was taken, returnable on the 15th. The Marshal charged with its service, as might have been expected, was resisted, and Judge Lander and his clerk were arrested by a company of Volunteers commanded by Captain Bluford Miller, of Oregon. The clerk was not detained, but as Judge Lander refused to suspend his court during the period of the executive proclamation, he was sent as a prisoner to Camp Montgomery, in Pierce County, where he re-

mained in custody until his release—May 26th, 1856. On May 23d, Judge Chenoweth, having recovered, reached Steilacoom, and moved upon Camp Montgomery by two writs of *habeas corpus* directed to its commander, Colonel Shaw, one of which directed him to produce the body of Judge Luder and abide the decision of the court as to his right to retain him in custody, and the other in relation to the three persons suspected of treason. These legal missives were made returnable May 24th, 1856. The proclamation of martial law not having been revoked, and anticipating an attack by the forces of the Executive, the court summoned a sufficient number of bailiffs to "protect its dignity." The Judge also called upon Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, U. S. A. Commander at Fort Steilacoom, for aid if it should be required. This Colonel Casey declined, but visited Lieutenant Curtis, in command of the Volunteers whose duty it was to see the proclamation of martial law enforced, and whose orders were to arrest Judge Chenoweth if he should persist in holding court. It was the intention of Colonel Casey, if he could not dissuade this officer from doing his duty, to have personally addressed the Volunteers. His most *irregular* action was, however, rendered unnecessary by the action of Lieutenant Curtis, who, disobeying his orders, left their court to proceed undisturbed. Colonel Shaw, who seems to have been made of sterner stuff, failed to answer the writs of *habeas corpus*, and an attachment was issued, thereby giving the Judge an opportunity to deliver an opinion, in which the action of the Executive was severely condemned. This highly spiced effusion must have produced some effect, for on May 26th we find another proclamation published and posted revoking that of martial law, whereupon Judge Chenoweth returns to the charge, and the same evening arrests Colonel Shaw on attachment. On the following morning, by *written request of Governor Stevens*, the hearing upon the writ was postponed to the November term of the Pierce County Court, so as to permit the Colonel to depart with his command upon an expedition organized and ready to start against the Indians.

In our account of this most extraordinary and, as it appears to us, unwarrantable conflict in time of actual war between the civil and military authorities, we have followed the sequence of occurrences as laid down in Evans' narrative. A lawyer him-

self, it was to be expected that he should favor the legal side of the question, and indirectly, at least, condemn the action of Governor Stevens. We are constrained to take issue with his conclusions. Governor Stevens was an accomplished soldier, with large experience, and a full knowledge of the situation and its necessities. He was acting not only as the Chief Executive, but also as *ex officio* the commander-in-chief of the territorial forces. He finds himself embarrassed by hostile legal action, intended to interfere with the possible results of a court-martial ordered to try certain half-breeds or "squawmen" under arrest, and gravely suspected of giving "aid and comfort" to our worst enemies, the hostile Indians. Under these circumstances, to prevent the letting loose, by some legal quibble, of these offenders, he resorts to the most potent weapon known to the Government, because overriding and suspending all civil process—he proclaims martial law—in all of which he was distinctly within the limit of his executive powers, and, as it appears to us, fully justified by the circumstances of the case. The judges, as it would seem, most unpatriotically, do all in their power to obstruct his purpose and render nugatory his plans. The two powers, civil and military, are openly arrayed against each other. Colonel Casey, an old officer of the regular army, whose instincts and military training should have taught him better, not only visits and attempts to dissuade Lieutenant Curtis (who, with his force, had distinct orders from his commander-in-chief from obeying these orders, but stands ready to address his men, evidently to discourage their obedience. The question occurs here, if Colonel Casey was so assured that the action of the Governor was illegal, why did he decline to use his own force to protect the court? Lieutenant Curtis, however, saves him all trouble by yielding, or, rather, disobeying the positive orders he had received, and neglects to perform his duty, for which, from a military standpoint, he should have been broken or shot. Then Governor Stevens withdraws his proclamation just when, if originally right, it should have been continued, and still further weakens his position by condescending to ask a written favor of the Judge in the case of Colonel Shaw, legally indicted for carrying out his own orders. The whole matter was discreditable, to use the mildest term, to both parties. Evans says that the action of Stevens, afterward fined \$50 for contempt of

court by Judge Landers, was compared by his admirers to that of General Jackson, under somewhat similar circumstances, at New Orleans, when fined by Judge Hall, and sneeringly adds: "History does not require the further carrying out of the parallel. It may be summed up in the respective judgments of judges Hall and Lander. The former fined General Jackson \$1000; Governor Stevens was fined \$50 by the latter." With all due deference to the Hon. Elwood Evans, the learned historian and accomplished writer, we beg to be permitted to say that if General Jackson had been the Executive of Washington Territory at that juncture he would probably have shot Curtis by drum-head court-martial, and treated the rebellious judges in the same manner as he proposed to treat Calhoun in the days of South Carolina nullification. But it is, after all, by no means singular that the soldier and the lawyer should, like the knights of old, see and battle only for their own sides of the shield.

As a fit conclusion to this "comedy of errors," which afterward became the subject of much acrimonious legislative action, it may be remarked that the three prisoners, the bone of contention and original cause of this bloodless war of writs and proclamations, were, thanks to a combination of military and civil red tape, discharged—a result apparently arrived at by the military court to avoid the absence of valuable officers from their commands in the field. They were, therefore, with the approval of the Governor, turned over to the United States commission, who speedily dismissed them. It seems proper, however, to add that the action of Governor Stevens throughout this vexed matter was fully endorsed by a majority of the people.

Victor Monroe, Associate Justice, fills but little space in our territorial history. He was associated with Judge Lander in the adoption of the code. He was assigned to the Second Judicial District, but early in the summer of 1854 was superseded by Judge Chenoweth. His colleague, Associate Justice Obadiah B. McFadden, figures more extensively. We find him doing good work in Oregon in presiding over the court which tried, sentenced, and finally hung two Indian murderers at Jacksonville. Judge McFadden was originally appointed an associate justice of Oregon, and as such held one term of court—just referred to. Here he seems to have come in conflict in some way with Judge Deady, which caused him to be looked upon with coldness and

popular disfavor. He was, as we see, transferred to a new field of labor. None can question his ability or soundness in his judicial capacity. His circuit covered six counties. He became Chief Justice by confirmation of the Senate, June 18th, 1858, William Strong and Edmund C. Fitzlugh being his associates.

Of our list of notables Collector Isaac N. Ebey alone remains. He was a lawyer by profession, and for years a prominent citizen of the sound country. It was he who so largely assisted in the recognition of the Territory, by having, while a member of the Oregon Legislature, drafted and secured the passage of the memorial to Congress praying for its separation. He was ever jealous and active in the interests of the new Territory, in whose service he faithfully filled many offices of honor and trust. He took the tract opposite the bar at Port Townsend, still known as Ebey's Landing. His tragic fate, as narrated by Evans, is told as follows: "He was perfidiously and cruelly murdered on August 12th" (the year given by Evans—1857—is evidently a misprint) "by a band of Russian Indians called Kakes or Kikans, who inhabited the northwestern side of Kufrinoff Island, near the head of Prince Frederick's Sound. They severed his head from his body and carried it to their northern home as a trophy of their murderous malice. It was subsequently recovered through the intervention of the British authorities. The band who committed this nefarious deed was led by a brother of an Indian who had lost his life in the spring of that year at Port Gamble, when the United States steamer Massachusetts dislodged the hostile Northern Indians then camped there and compelled them to leave the sound."

The particulars of his murder and the recovery of his severed head are thus related, the latter nearly bringing about a battle with the Indians who retained it. Some stern retaliation should certainly have been exacted for this unprovoked crime and the murderers given up; but in those days such horrors ceased to attract attention, or were soon forgotten from the frequency of their occurrence.

"On August 11th (1857) an event took place on Whidby Island which caused the greatest consternation through the Territory and threw the whole lower sound country into a state of the greatest alarm and indignation. That night, or toward morning, Colonel Isaac N. Ebey was cruelly murdered at his



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own house by a band of Northern Indians and his head severed from the body and carried away. The perpetrators of this brutal outrage were a band of Kake Indians. They made a descent upon Whidby Island, and are supposed to have numbered about two hundred. During the day they had called at the house of Colonel Ebey and been kindly received. When midnight came, they again went to the house, called him out, shot him, and cut his head off, and made their escape, carrying it away. George W. Corliss, the United States Marshal, and his wife were visiting at the Colonel's; they and the Colonel's family managed to escape while the Indians were parleying outside of the house, but both Mr. Corliss and his wife were subsequently murdered on the island by the same band and for the same revengeful motive."

The attempt to locate and recover the head of the murdered Colonel was for a long time unsuccessful. During the fall trip, however, of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer *Beaver*, they visited a village of this tribe—the Kakes—and discovered they were in possession of the head. Chief Trader Dodd, who was on board, sent word to the chiefs of the village that he wished to purchase it. Almost immediately three or four canoes filled with armed men came alongside of the *Beaver*, and some eight or ten had boarded the ship before their warlike appearance and conduct had been observed. The crew of the *Beaver* were beat to quarters, the guns run out, and the ship prepared for action. Inquiry was made as to the cause of this hostile attempt. The Indians replied that they supposed that the demand for the head was to be enforced by an attack upon their village if not complied with. Being informed that such was not intended, quiet was restored; the Indians became peaceable, but still declined on any terms to surrender their ghastly trophy. A year later it was, however, secured by Trader Dodd, who presented it to Alonzo M. Poe, who delivered it to Colonel Ebey's relatives. The act was entirely unprovoked. Colonel Ebey had invariably treated the Indians with kindness. It was, as before suggested, a savage revenge—the execution of their deferred threat of vengeance for their defeat by our steamer at Port Gamble.

A general summing up of the records, both private and official, of Mr. Pierce's territorial appointees seems to prove that he

made a wise selection. They appear to have been for the most part faithful, energetic, and even brilliant men, the influence of whose conduct and character had no little effect in moulding that of the people whom they were called to govern.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INAUGURATION OF THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

“ Come from your pine-shaded cabins,
From the anvil, the mill, and the plough ;
From felling of trees in the forest,
You are needed as law-makers now,
To sit in the governor’s council,
Or represent old pioneers :
To lay with wise thought firm foundation,
And plan for the incoming years.”

—BREWERTON.

THE greatest need, and in those far-off days of Washington’s territorial history almost a forlorn hope, for future progress and settlement was direct and more rapid communication with the States east of the mountains. The journey by sea was long, tedious, and expensive, and the traveller seldom got beyond California or Lower Oregon at the best. That by the plains, if less costly, was beset by the still greater dangers of hostile Indians and assured privations. Either way, the settler whose objective point was Puget Sound must have had strong inducements to make the attempt. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the delay in the arrival of their new Governor, and the consequent postponement in the territorial organization, created no grumbling among its inhabitants, for the reason was well known to be Governor Stevens’ mission, by the way. He had been directed by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to explore the country as he passed on to his new field of labor, the object being to find a way for a Northern Pacific railroad from some eligible point on the headwaters of the Mississippi—preferably St. Paul—to the waters of Puget Sound. This work involved the examination of the passes of the Rocky, Bitter Root, and Cascade ranges of mountains, with reports upon all matters which might seem auxiliary, and thoroughly acquaint its projectors not only with the natural difficulties to be overcome, but the best means of avoiding or obviating them. In this con-

nection the attitude of the Indian tribes toward the proposed enterprise was also to be ascertained.

With so large a work to be accomplished, and a limited time for its performance, the officers of the party were selected with great care, involving names destined to acquire in the coming years a more than national celebrity. The expedition was divided into two parties—the Eastern and Western divisions—the former to operate westward, its base being the Upper Mississippi. This, the main party, was under the personal supervision of Governor Stevens. Captain, afterward the distinguished commander of the Army of the Potomac, General George B. McClellan had the direction of the Western party. His orders from the War Department were as follows: "A second party will proceed at once to Puget Sound and explore the passes of the Cascade range, meeting the Eastern party between that range and the Rocky Mountains, as may be arranged by Governor Stevens. Captain McClellan's party left New York in May, and reached Fort Vancouver *via* Panama. Here he was joined by Lieutenant Mowry, of the army, as meteorologist, and George Gibbs, who brought his distinguished talents to assist as interpreter, geologist, and ethnologist of this division. To Captain McClellan, under general supervision of the Governor, was also committed the opening of the military road from Fort Stella-coom to Fort Walla Walla. Captain McClellan, whose duties only permitted him to make a superficial reconnoissance, intrusted this work to Edward I. Allen, the engineer of the emigrant road built by the citizens. Lieutenant—afterward Major-General—Rufus Saxton acted as their quartermaster and commissary, which necessitated the establishment of a depot in the Bitter Root valley; this involved the formation of a third party, whose starting point was Fort Vancouver, and whose field of operations was confined to the west of the Rocky Mountains, under orders to examine a route to Bitter Root valley, now in Western Montana.

Before taking the field, Governor Stevens sent an officer to interview the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to arrange for obtaining supplies from their trading posts, secure guides and hunters, and such other information as might assist the objects of his survey. Want of space forbids the narration of the operations of this expedition, most wisely planned and



R. H. Espey



energetically carried out by the Governor and his able assistants. After various changes of programme the two divisions met at Fort Colville on October 28th, when, in the words of the historian Evans, "they commemorated the happy result of their joint labors by naming the place Camp Washington." Cold weather coming on, the expedition wisely went into winter quarters, the engineers devoting themselves to the office work of preparing the maps, reports, etc., of their explorations on the field, Stevens, McClellan, and Lander, all eminent topographers, being harmonious in their consultations.

Governor Stevens having determined to make Olympia the seat of government, arrived there, and issued, November 28th, 1853, the proclamation required by the Organic Act. It designated Monday, January 30th, 1854, as the day for holding the first election for members of the Council and House of Representatives and for the first delegate from the Territory to the House of Representatives of the United States. The districts were defined and the proper apportionment made, and the three judicial districts allotted as follows: The first comprised Clark and Pacific counties; the second, Lewis and Thurston, and the third, Pierce, King, Island, and Jefferson; it also designated the places and times for holding the courts and the date of the meeting of the Legislature, which was to convene at Olympia on February 27th, 1854. This, the first opportunity to show their strength and enter into conflict at the polls, naturally aroused the voters of the Territory—then divided into Whigs and Democrats—who called party conventions to put in nomination the men of their choice accordingly, the Democrats meeting at Cowlitz Landing, where they named Columbia Lancaster as their nominee, whose patriotic name may have been regarded as an omen of success. This gentleman had already figured in Oregon politics, particularly in connection with what was known at the time as the "One Horse Council." The Whigs met at Olympia, and selected as their standard-bearer Colonel William H. Wallace, a prominent lawyer and orator, who had acceptably filled positions of trust in Iowa before emigrating to Washington, which he did in 1853. The result was the election of Judge Lancaster by a vote of 698 to 500 for his opponent. The Democrats also carried both branches of the Legislature by small majorities. We may well imagine what a pleasurable fillip this battle of the ballots must

have given to the old war horses of politics who had taken up their abode in this new country, where every little breeze of excitement was a relief from the calm that isolation necessarily engenders. The Legislature met upon its appointed day. The Council organized by the appointment of George N. McConaha (whose sorrowful ending, so soon to take place, we have elsewhere described), of King county, as President; Francis A. Chenoweth, of Clark, was selected as Speaker of the House. On February 28th the Governor delivered his message in person to the new-made law-givers assembled in joint convention of both Houses. Governor Stevens' inaugural was an able document, replete with wise suggestions, which were fully appreciated and responded to by the Legislature in its after action. The information gained on his journey, the fruit of personal experience and exploration, gave weight and value to utterances whose common-sense the hardy pioneers who listened to them were eminently fitted to appreciate and understand. Among other matters, he urged that Congress should be requested to extend to the new Territory all the assistance usually accorded to our outlying and more feeble possessions. The mail service, extinguishment by treaty of the Indian title to lands, the public domain and the need of its accurate survey, and especially the building of roads to facilitate travel throughout the Territory, were all practically and thoughtfully discussed. His plan for government roads included one extending westward from the falls or head of navigation of the Missouri to connect with the road from the crossing of the Columbia at Fort Walla Walla to Fort Steilacoom; yet another was to continue down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, then known as Columbia City, thence to the head of the sound, and so northward, on the east side of the sound, to Bellingham Bay. The creation of the office of Surveyor-General, with liberal aid for surveys by the general Government; the amendment of the Donation Law, so as to authorize commutation after a continuous occupation of one year by either paying the minimum value of the land or making improvements equal to said value, giving the right to acquire or commute but once, and placing single on the same footing with married women, were also included in its suggestions. The necessity of congressional appropriations looking to the continuance of the surveys, to assure the incoming of the Northern

Pacific Railroad, was strongly advocated. Under the head of the great inconvenience arising from lack of facilities for communication with California and the East, from which the people of the Territory were then suffering, he very aptly illustrates the situation as follows—a situation which we of to-day, who grumble if the overland mail with letters not a week old be a trifle late, can hardly appreciate. He said :

“ For six weeks of the present winter has this Territory been without communication with the States ; yet in this interval sailing vessels reached Seattle from San Francisco, and brought from that port information on January 12th, which only reached the same place by mail more than six weeks subsequently. There are reasons, growing out of the condition of the Territory, which call for an efficient mail service by steamers. There are nearly five thousand Indians on the shores of the sound, a large revenue district with innumerable ports offering facilities for the evasion of the revenue laws, and a disputed territory. The entrance to the sound is in common with a foreign possession to the north wielded with an almost despotic sway, and the abode of large bands of aborigines. For the management of public business, the protection alike of the Indian and the settler, and upholding of national and territorial rights, it is essential that steamers should run directly from San Francisco to Puget Sound, and an efficient mail service by steamers be organized in the sound itself.”

So we see his plans map out and foreshadow the advantages of to-day. Little did they dream then, as that infant Legislature sat in solemn conclave in the backwoods settlement of Olympia to listen to the inaugural of their new Executive, that 1892 would find those waters ploughed far and wide by vapor-driven keels ; that no bay or inlet in all the ramifications of the sound should be unknown to their visitations until every pine-clad bluff and promontory had echoed to the scream of their steam whistles.

With less wisdom, because less knowledge, Governor Stevens, as Superintendent *ex officio* of the tribes within his gubernatorial bailiwick, touched upon the Indian question, like most “ tenderfeet,” very tenderly. He came to the coast imbued with those rose-water ideas of Eastern sentimentalism, in relation to those merciless Arabs of the wild West, of which after experi-

ences were destined to widely disillusion him. He characterizes them in his message as being "for the most part a docile, harmless race, disposed to obey the laws and be good members of the State." We can well imagine what grim smiles must have crept round the lips of some of his auditors—the old settlers present—whose stern experience, oftentimes written in blood, had taught them a very different reading of these "docile, harmless" creatures. It will be seen that in his personal efforts at a later day to carry out the suggestions he then made, for "the equitable extinction of their titles and the reservation of such portions as were essential to their comfort and subsistence," Governor Stevens came very near sealing their treacherous treaties with his blood. It is no fault of those "good members of the State" that the Governor's scalp was not hung up as an esteemed trophy of a great American "tyee," to be smoke-dried in their wigwams.

The ambiguous confusion of legal enactments, and consequences likely to result from their recent judicial connection with Oregon, and the necessity growing out of this condition of things for immediately digesting a code to arrange all this, next engaged his attention.

Evans says, in his synopsis of the message :

"He urged the organization of Eastern Washington into counties ; the erection of new ones, and change of county boundaries ; the passage of an election and militia law, and in the latter relation made many suggestions as to the formation of a proper militia system. The message took strong ground in favor of extinguishing by purchase the titles of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural companies to any possession or possessory rights under the treaty, and recommended legislative investigation and a report as to the value and the policy to be pursued to remove the presence of those companies from the Territory. He advised the Legislature that the Hudson's Bay Company would no longer be allowed to trade with Indians within the Territory ; that notice had been given to that effect under instructions from the Secretary of State, and that the company would be allowed until July 1st, 1854, to wind up their affairs, after which time the laws relating to regulating intercourse with the Indians would be strictly enforced."

In concluding, the necessity of educational advantages and



Mrs. Julia T. Espy

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the formation of a territorial library were thus forcibly presented :

“A system which should place within the reach of all the full development of the faculties with which they were endowed. Let every youth, however limited his opportunities, find his place in the school, the college, or the university, if God has given him the necessary gifts. A great champion of liberty said, more than two hundred years ago, that the true object of a complete and general education was to fit man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. Congress has made liberal appropriations for the support of schools ; and I would recommend that a special commission be instituted to report on the whole school system ; I will also recommend that Congress be memorialized to appropriate land for a university.”

Truly, this inaugural of Washington Territory's first Governor strikes the right keynote ; avoiding all flights of oratory and waste of unpractical suggestion, it talks in the language of common-sense to the level-headed men whose thorough acquaintance with frontier needs well fitted them to do as they did—accept, and, still better, act upon his recommendations. There is no advice given in this statesmanlike document which has not become an established fact and produced results whose harvest of to-day far exceeds the wildest hopes of those who in their time sowed the seed with a faith that, trusting to the sunshine and the rain of God's providence, would see no cloud of discouragement in all the gloom of their oft-times lowering skies.

One of the first matters to be attended to was the creation of a code. This, thanks to the able efforts of such fine judicial minds as Chief Justice Lander, William Shaw, the late Associate Justice of Oregon, and Victor Monroe, Associate Justice of Washington (appointed a code council for that purpose), soon took shape and form, and eventuated in the adoption of laws so well digested that they remained in force, with very slight modifications—which in nowise improved the original text—until Washington put off the robes of her novitiate to enter the sisterhood of States.

Elwood Evans, a lawyer himself, and as a practitioner at her Bar well fitted to judge as to the working of this code of territorial Washington, gives it his unqualified approval,

and thus refers to the elements which entered into its constitution :

“ The Organic Act prescribed as essential to the validity of a statute that it should refer to but one subject-matter, with a clearly expressed title. Hence, each bill was separately taken up and passed, resulting in a full code of civil procedure in the main, following the practice of New York, with occasional interpolations from Indiana and Ohio, the representative States of two of its authors. With this was adopted a Criminal Practice Act, a Probate Law, and Justice’s Practice. The election laws and many of the acts which constituted the political code were similar to those of Oregon, wisely retained because the people were familiar therewith and because of a partiality for Iowa law, with which the code of Oregon was fully flavored.

“ The boundaries of several of the old counties were redefined. Seven new ones were created : Cowlitz was set apart from Lewis, and Wahkiakum later on from its western side ; Chehalis and Sawamish were detached from Thurston (afterward named Mason, in honor of Charles H. Mason, the first Secretary and often Acting Governor) ; Clallam was set off from Jefferson county ; Whatcom constituted all the territory included in Island county, and also took in the Archipelago de Haro, so long in dispute with Great Britain, to be settled in our favor by arbitration of Emperor William of Germany ; the county of Shamaia was set off from Clark—it was all of Eastern Washington, the territory lying east of Cape Horn in the Columbia River ; from it was set off the county of Walla Walla. It was an empire in extent. The land claim of Lloyd Brooke was its county-seat. At the next session this gentleman was invested with the offices of Probate Judge, County Auditor, and County Treasurer,” which goes to prove either great fitness for office or a dearth of people to fill the positions. Various other officers were appointed, but as none of them qualified and no local organization was attempted, it seems needless to enumerate them here. The act creating the county, however, remained on the statute-books and was never repealed. The vast territory included in this county was allowed two members of the House of Representatives ; there were sufficient residents to justify this, but their residences were far apart, so the attempt to legislate for it was, after all, but a dead letter.

The further official acts of this the first territorial Legislature of Washington was confined to giving force as it might to the carrying out of the recommendations of the Governor's message and arranging and putting in running order the governmental machinery by the designating of county-seats, appointing their officers in the new counties, and filling such vacancies as existed in the counties already organized. Generally speaking, the acts and deliberations of this initial Legislative Assembly, composed of men hastily gathered and selected to represent their fellow-frontiersmen, are worthy of all praise. It was in all respects an excellent example to many of its more extended and far less business-like successors. It is not saying too much to declare that Congress itself could take a leaf or two from their book without detriment to its "Record." The Organic Act limited its continuance to one hundred days, yet it adjourned *ex se* after remaining in session but sixty-four in all. There was evidently no time frittered away in personalities, no windy, brainless human balloons exhausting themselves to prove anew the reality of "*vox et præterea nihil*;" no fierce denunciations to be ultimately taken and so accepted by the honorable gentleman at whom they were hurled in their "Pickwickian sense." No; its members were there to attend to business, and did so in a creditable manner. There was, of course, a large delegation to express, though they could hardly amplify, their needs of all kinds—schools, roads, post-offices, more frequent mails—in short, a tightening of every link which bound them to their old-time American civilization, whose conditions they were determined to repeat and renew in their integrity upon the far-off Pacific shore. To do this, they were obliged to appeal to the general Government for the sinews of war. Congressional appropriations were, in their then condition of poverty, their only hope for material aid, and for every dollar of assistance so received most liberally have the federal authorities been repaid in the progress, respectability, patriotism, and wealth of this our noble State of new-born Washington. We have given no inconsiderable space to the doings of this first deliberative, legally organized Assembly of the Territory; but the importance of their work fully justifies minuteness. It was the first gun of the long legislative campaign, the germ of that political evolution through which the Territory, with growth oftentimes retarded,

finally blossomed into the State and laid the foundation of that temple of equal rights, based upon law and supposed to be inhabited by the not always blinded goddess of the scales—Justice.



Mary A. Latham

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CHAPTER XXV.

INDIAN WARS FOLLOW WHITE INJUSTICE.

“ Life for life ’ was taught of old,
That bloody creed the Indians hold ;
One for warrior newly named,
Two where chieftain rank is gained,
‘ Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,’
Till blood washed out the deed of ruth,
Waiting only time and tide,
Revenge found victims far and wide.”

—BREWERTON.

THE chapter upon which we are about to enter must, unfortunately, read more like the records of some mediæval savagery than a narrative of nineteenth century’s attempts at peaceful occupation and settlement. The feeble infant colony—for such, indeed, it was—when compared with the extent of territory to be occupied and their distance from thickly populated civilized centres, was about to be menaced with all the horrors of perfidious Indian warfare—a conflict which stopped at no treachery, felt no mercy, and being thoroughly acquainted with the country and the habits of the settlers, knew just when and where to strike to their own advantage. In this respect history has again and again repeated itself in the evolution of our country from its aboriginal barbarism. Every page of the log-book of our ship of state is marked by conflict with the savages ; every title to home, however humble, sealed with the lifeblood of some early occupant. The initial dirge note was struck amid the wintry woods on Plymouth’s “ wild New England shore,” and passed wailingly along, lighting torture fires in many a grove, shooting its deadly arrows upon the plains, and finally, after following with poetical significance the blood-red setting sun across the continent, opened a new and, if possible, more dreadful chapter of sorrow beneath the shadows of pine-clad Puget Sound.

It is to be regretted that the initial act of many tragedies to ensue grew out of a miscarriage of justice and failure to legally

punish a crime which, in the absence of the full evidence, we must assume to have been a murder. The Legislature had hardly adjourned when several Northern Indians—a race not unlike the ancient border Highlanders of Scotland, peculiarly fierce, unfor- giving, and relentless in their revenges—visited Puget Sound in quest of employment and to sell articles of native handiwork. They obtained work from a man named John L. Butler upon his Donation claim on Butler's Cove, on the west side of Budd's Inlet, some three miles north of Olympia. With Butler lived a man named Burt. Their job completed, the Indians demanded payment for their services. A quarrel ensuing, Butler refused to pay what the Indians claimed. In the fight that followed the white men killed an Indian. Unfortunately, the murdered man was a prominent chief of the Stikeens, whose dwelling- place is near Sitka, in Russian America. Butler and Burt were charged with the murder, arrested, and brought before Will- iam W. Plumb, the recently appointed prosecuting attorney of the Second Judicial District, and at that very time a member of the Council, who, forgetful of duty and his sworn obligation to faithfully try the cases committed to him, moved for the dis- charge of the accused, alleging the miserable subterfuge "that Thurston County had no jail, and it would be an expense to the county to retain them in custody." So these murderers, red- handed, without even a semblance of a trial, were set at liberty. That the action of Plumb in so doing was not entirely approved is shown by the remarks of Evans, who says: "At that time there were many in the community who denounced that need- less, unprovoked homicide as a wanton murder and the miser- able travesty on law and justice which succeeded its commis- sion."

So the deed was done and the murderers discharged. Did it end there? Alas! no. The consequences of their crime were both disastrous and far-reaching. It should be premised here that the Indian idea of justice, like the old Mosaic law, is summed up in "blood for blood;" but in exacting the penalty, the savage does not stop to inquire whether his victim had any part or, indeed, knowledge of the crime he seeks to expiate. If he had, it was so much gained; but all he cares to know is that he revenges upon the pale face the deed of the white man. The manes of his fellow-warrior or friend must be placated, and

his own hatred appeased by all the scalps he can secure : and if he can obtain those of "tyees" (chief men), so much the better.

Now comes the sequel, or, rather, the beginnings of the results growing out of the acts of Butler and Burt. In the latter part of May, in ten great war canoes, each carrying from fifty to sixty well-armed braves, these Northern Indians descended upon the sound to revenge their chief. As such they would have two lives for one ; had he been "a common man," a single sacrifice might have sufficed, but a leader demanded a double expiation. Nor did they come in vain. Landing on Vancouver's Island, they made a mistake—a most unfortunate and not usual one for them, for these Indians were generally able to discriminate between the Americans and their friends of the fur companies ; but in this instance they initiated their scheme of retributive murder by killing one Charles Bayley, a settler on the island and a British subject. He was shot fatally by a party of eight. Governor Douglas, hearing of this, immediately dispatched a party to pursue and, if possible, capture these marauders ; but the Indians, who had too much the start, escaped in the direction of Bellingham Bay.

On Saturday, May 24th, at noon, two of these war canoes, crowded with their hostile occupants, arrived at Bellingham Bay, landing opposite the house of Mr. Clayton, who unsuspectingly walked down to the beach to meet them. They surrounded and proposed selling him some blankets. He became alarmed, and under pretence of going to the house to get money to pay for the goods offered, fled to the woods, and was pursued for a considerable distance. He reached the house of Captain Prattle, some five miles distant, where he took refuge, and through some visiting friendlies of the Bay Indians proceeded to warn the settlers. Prattle, Clayton, and five other whites, all unarmed, with the exception of an old musket with a broken lock, entered a canoe and paddled out to reconnoitre. Moving noiselessly, they thought themselves unobserved, but were pursued. Hoping to deter their followers, they fired off the old musket with the help of a live coal, and received a volley in return. The settlers then fled to the timber ; the hostiles also retired. Two of the whites had remained in a canoe as a guard ; it was afterward found riddled with shot, in the bottom a pool of blood ; its occupants, David Melville and George Brown, had been murdered, their

heads severed from their bodies and carried North as trophies by these savage avengers. So we have already three innocent lives sacrificed for the crime whose punishment the miscarriage of civilized law delegated to the savage. To the murders already recorded these hostiles proceeded to add robbery. Clayton's house was stripped; going to Whidby Island, the homes of Captain Hathaway and R. B. Holbrook, who were fortunately absent, were in like manner looted; other settlers on the island were also despoiled, and then, without the loss of a man, their canoes loaded with spoil and three human heads, to attest the success of their raid, the Stikeens paddled back, and, unpursued, reached their Northern homes in safety.

Governor Stevens, who, in accordance with the request of the territorial Legislature, had returned to Washington City in the interest of the Northern Pacific Road and kindred matters, was ably represented by his Secretary, Acting Governor Mason, who exhibited on this occasion the same energy which always characterized his action when the good of the Territory required its exercise. Upon the receipt of the news he visited the lower sound, organized a company of Volunteers at Olympia, of which Colonel Ebey, the Collector—himself to fall a victim, as elsewhere recorded—was elected Captain, and did all in his power to quiet and protect the justly alarmed settlers.

The general situation as regards the Indian question on the sound at that early day may be quoted in substance from Evans as follows:

“The Indians of the sound at this time were a source of considerable uneasiness to the territorial authorities. Their friendship was questionable without threat of actual hostility. They were not afraid of molestation from the whites, who were uniformly friendly, the men laboring and the women doing housework for their pale-face sisters. They were fairly paid and well treated, but under all this there was a constant feeling of insecurity and unrest. A number of white settlers had been murdered by Indians in different sections, and it was generally realized that caution should be exercised in dealing with them. The inexcusable act of Butler and Burt stands alone in the history of American settlement on Puget Sound. It was committed against a tribe—those of the far North—who were as much dreaded by the Indians of the sound as by the exposed



James Moraghan



white settlers. Hence the murder of their chief had no influence upon the action or feelings of the savages of the sound. Trouble, however, was brewing with them from a source nearer at hand.

“The whole difficulty grew out of their different renderings of the application of criminal law from the whites. The white, in a case of murder, deals out the same punishment to the accomplice as the principal; the Indian, however clear the ‘aiding and abetting,’ cannot understand why more than one life should be taken to appease violated law where only a single individual had been the victim.

“In the winter of 1851 a man at Crescent Harbor was murdered by Indians. Three years after an Indian, convicted of the crime, was legally executed. A surveyor named Hunt was their next victim; he was found unarmed and alone, pursuing his profession, and wantonly killed. For this two Indians were tried before the court at Whatcom, found guilty, and executed. In February of 1853, William Young left Seattle with a crew of two Snohomish Indians, who murdered and robbed him *en route*. They were arrested. A rescue attempted by their tribe met with partial success. Of the four whites and the same number of friendly Indians, one white (Dr. Cherry) and one Indian were killed, and all the rest escaped, but severely wounded. Of the prisoners, one was killed and the other escaped in the *mélée*. Again, in 1853 an unknown white man was killed near Seattle by an Indian and buried on the shore of Lake Union. The murder, which would have been otherwise unknown, was reported by the Indians themselves. For this murder two Indians were hanged, on the accusations of their own people, *without a trial*; but they were outlaws whom the Indians themselves feared. Shortly after, at Seattle, an Indian killed his wife, and was hanged the same day by the white people. His punishment should have been left to his own race, who would have readily dealt with him. Three white men who participated in this resort to the summary procedure of Judge Lynch were arrested, and one of them was tried for murder. The Judge charged against him; the jury remained out all night, but finally acquitted. The case of the two others was *nolle prosequed*. Now, no man is so bad as to be entirely friendless, and this red desperado was no exception to the rule. Two white men, Rogers and Phillips, ‘suffered death at the hands of these

avengers, to expiate the lynching of this brutal uxoricide.' It required all the conciliatory influence of Governor Mason, assisted by the prudence and friendly treatment of the natives by the settlers, to avert the storm, whose heat lightnings were thus made visible, and for the time being only died away in mutterings."

We now come to an incident where British arrogance met with dignified rebuke and most uncompromising resistance at the hands of Collector Ebey. In making his official round, he discovered an attempt to evade the payment of duties upon the island of San Juan. On reaching the island to make official inquiry, Charles James Griffin, claiming, as a Justice of the Peace, to represent Governor Douglas, demanded his business there. Ebey declined to answer questions. The next day the ubiquitous Hudson's Bay steamer Otter arrived with the Collector of Fort Victoria, who also "wanted to know." He was curtly informed that he (Colonel Ebey) was there as Collector of the Customs for Puget Sound. The Victoria man threatened, but gained nothing by his motion but the promise of a revenue officer to be stationed then and there, at the same time expressing the hope that England would have too much sense to interfere with him. Then, as if to overwhelm the American, the British Collector informed him that Governor Douglas himself was on board the Otter, and would condescend to receive him; to which Ebey replied that if the Governor had any business with him, he was to be found in his tent on shore. Ebey then appointed and swore in Captain Henry Webber as a deputy. The British then, after Ebey had left, attempted to arrest Webber, but signally failed. All of which ended in the disputed island of San Juan being occupied by two rival collectors—for Collector Sangster, of Victoria, took up his quarters there also—who seemed to get along very harmoniously.

Governor Stevens, who appears to be losing some of his expressed confidence in savage "docility," asked for a thousand stand of arms and suitable accessories to be stored at Fort Steilacoom and made subject to his requisition. Though the Territory was virtually unprotected, depending only upon the guardianship of its widely separated settlers, the War Department, with that devotion to "red tape" which has wrecked so many common-sense intentions, declined to issue them on the ground that "no return of the effective militia had been made." Had Jeffer-

son Davis shown one half the energy he did in providing for a later struggle, it is just possible that the storm of savagery so soon to break upon the devoted heads of these much-enduring pioneers might have been averted ; but as the old Scotch Highlanders used to say when threatened, " it was a long cry to Loch Lough," and even so the federal Washington and its new-born namesake were very, very far away—too far, alas, for the hearing of either wail or war cry. A thousand stand of arms would have been just so many arguments for peace—a killing logic in the horny hands of as many determined backwoodsmen, which no Indian of the sound would have been too stupid to understand. It would, moreover, have been a saving in blood, treasure, and time ; but red tape in the hands of official indifference strangled it.

In the mean while, Congress, more wise than the War Department, was legislating for the Territory's good. The amendment to the old Donation Law, with its liberal construction by the Land Office, was accepted as a boon. The offices of Register, Receiver, and Surveyor-General were created, and appropriations granted on a liberal scale for the extinguishment of Indian land titles, and yet another for lighthouses on Puget Sound. Mail routes were also extended. The presence of the territorial delegate, combined with the strong influence of Governor Stevens, did much to press to a conclusion congressional action on many points suggested by the gubernatorial inaugural ; but that which was well done in one House met its failure in the other.

The next noticeable incident of our history was the massacre of the Ward party by a band of the Snake Indians. It was the opening gun, so to speak, of the long and bloody Indian campaigns soon to follow. It, moreover, marked the first exhibition of the friction preventing the harmonious working together in more than one instance of the Regulars with Volunteer troops, as evinced by the declination of Major Raines, the commandant of Fort Dalles, to accept the services of two companies of Volunteers, called for by Governor Curry, of Oregon—a refusal to co-operate which caused the rescinding of the Governor's order. It will be found that Oregon troops will figure in these Indian conflicts ; as the tide of battle rolled on either side of the boundary. The total Indian population with which, should they unite, as they seemed well inclined to do, was, as shown by Governor Stevens' report of their census to the Indian Bureau, taken about this

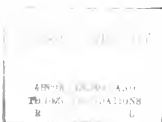
time, to be 14,000, of which 6500 lived east of the Cascade Mountains, and 7500 on the west. This would enable them to put many warriors into the field. Add to intense enmity their perfect knowledge of a wild and broken country and a chieftainship well skilled in every art of savage warfare, and it will be seen that the settlers, scattered and isolated as they were, had no little cause for uneasiness. There was another source from which came continual menace and actual outrage—the incursions of the Indians from Russian or British territory, dwelling in the far North. They were the sea rovers and Norsemen of the Pacific coast, coming in their great war canoes on errands of rapine, and for the most part returning unpunished, or, if overtaken, exacting two lives for one in every case where they suffered loss; beheading their victims, and celebrating their infernal orgies over these ghastly trophies of their prowess in the security of their distant homes. A single steam revenue cutter, had Congress so directed, would have inflicted summary justice upon these pitiful wretches, by overtaking them in the wide stretches of the sound, and without mercy sending them to its bottom. But Government seems ever the last to learn from the fool's teacher—experience—and even then to profit by it.

Governor Stevens' official report as *ex officio* Indian Superintendent is a somewhat curious document, as showing the effect of experimental evolution. The Governor, not yet fully disillusioned, still clings to his creed of philanthropy, but has already discovered disturbing elements—a leaven of evil among the good. The Clallams, with their tribal relatives, the Lummi, Indians with British preferences and insolence accordingly, have decidedly wandered from the straight and narrow path of “good Indian docility.” They have murdered three Americans and committed many robberies. One was arrested and awaiting trial. It is a comfort to know that these savages continually emphasized the homely truth that “where thieves fall out honest men gain an advantage,” for they dreaded each other, well knowing that dishonesty was to the Puget Sound savage as his native heath. The following extract from the Governor's report, bearing upon this characteristic, may be quoted here. He says:

“The jealousies existing among all these petty bands and their fears of one another is everywhere noticeable in their establishing themselves near the whites. Wherever a settler's house



Ham J. Perkins



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is erected a nest of Indian rookeries is pretty sure to follow, if permitted, and in case of temporary absence, they always beg storage for their valuables. The compliment is seldom returned, though it is often considered advantageous to have them in the neighborhood as a spy upon others. Some amusing traits of character occasionally develop themselves among the Indians, of which an instance happened with these. A saw-mill was erected upon the outlet of a lake where they were in the habit of taking salmon. The fishery was much improved by the dam; but what afforded them the greatest satisfaction was its situation on their property and the superior importance thereby accruing to themselves. They soon began to understand the machinery, and took every visitor through the building to explain its working, and boast of it as if it had been their own construction."

The conclusion of his report abounds with beneficent suggestions, many of which were afterward adopted, looking to the general comfort and protection of tribes, some of whom came very near rewarding their author by taking his scalp—possibly as a tangible souvenir of Washington's philanthropic "tyee."

December, 1854-55, finds the Governor once more addressing the Legislature at Olympia. His annual message, delivered on the first Monday of that month, was an admirable and statesmanlike document, replete with important suggestions, among others urging the immediate organization of the militia, and requesting Congress to put a sufficient force in the field to overawe the hostiles and protect the settler. The legislative proceedings being thus fairly inaugurated, the Governor turned his attention to treaty making with the Indians. We quote the first as the *alpha* of a long line of treaties, good, bad, and indifferent, which more or less enabled the savage to gain time to deceive and finally destroy the unsuspecting white. It was known as the "Medicine Creek Treaty," was concluded and signed December 26th, 1854, and confirmed by the United States Senate in March of the following year. It conveyed lands belonging to and secured reservation tracts for various tribes occupying the country about the head of Puget Sound at a cost to the United States of \$32,500, the payment of which extended over a term of years, and was so judiciously arranged as to prevent the extermination of its recipients by undue indulgence in the "fire water" of the pale face. It furthermore provided most liberally for the

education, physical care, and parental guardianship generally of these vagabonds. As the best practical comment upon the real value and significance of these one-sided arguments, it is, as Evans tells us :

“ A noteworthy fact that the first Indian signature to this Medicine Creek Treaty is that of Quiemath. His brother, Leschi, signed third. They were the two leading spirits in the organization of Indian hostility in the fall of 1855. They both infused life into that conspiracy, and held together the hostile combination on Puget Sound. They were in that war what Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, were in the War of 1812, on the then Northwestern frontier. Natural leaders, born orators, consummate strategists, fertile in resource and of brilliant audacity, they gave strength to the malcontents, and transformed a mere outbreak into a protracted war.”

We have no space to follow this round of treaty-making, all about equally valuable when the United States paid and the Indian for the most part failed to deliver the peace and honesty traded for.

His diplomatic labors completed, the Governor returned to Olympia.

Meanwhile, the Legislature had completed deliberations, which occupied but sixty days. Of their doings, one of the best results was a crude militia law, just strong enough to pass muster and avoid the entanglements of the War Department's network of red tape. It also declared void all marriages yet unconsummated between whites and those of one-fourth negro or one-half Indian blood, with a penalty of from \$50 to \$500 against the party solemnizing such illegal unions. It shut off the sale of “ fire water ” to the Indians, and spent much of the session in locating public territorial buildings, Vancouver getting the penitentiary, Seattle the university, and Olympia, like Olympus of old, most favored, getting those pertaining to the seat of government. In connection with the details of the prison plan, it is evident that they made provision for a ripe fruitage of rascality, as the bill called for no less than “ one hundred cells to confine prisoners separately at night ” within its walls. But this latter clause, so far as Vancouver was concerned, came to naught ; for though they laid a good foundation, it never reached a superstructure—nothing more being done—nor did the universities on

paper fare much better, legislatures, like men, being apt to devise many things which the public purse is not always long enough to materialize. The seat of government, more fortunate, got ten acres upon the Donation claim of Edmund Sylvester, just south of Olympia, as then laid out. Both Vancouver and Steilacoom made an effort, but in vain, to grasp the capital honors, which Olympia bore away, which may possibly account for the fact that when the title to the land donated—the ten acres referred to—came to the crucible of examination, the joint committee differed, their somewhat negative decision being “that it was as good as any title to lands in the territory could be made.” The appropriation of \$5000 was then applied to the erection of a building which might be called a “law factory,” for it has turned out first and last many a legal enactment through processes of evolution which, though slow, are not always sure.

The “temperance question” also came to the front, and secured recognition in the passage of an act to prohibit the manufacture of ardent spirits, which almost exactly duplicated the famous one of Maine. This act, however, was conditional, being made subject to the approval of the people at the general election to be held in July of 1855. There it met its quietus by a vote of 540 for to 610 opposed, failing to become a law by only 70 votes. And here we may remark that legislative coercion never seems to effect much in this direction, the influences that really restrain men in such matters coming from within rather than from without, reason and conscience proving stronger factors than the pressure of a law which sooner or later is sure to be repealed, letting loose the tide of evil checked for awhile, only to flow more fiercely when its barriers are removed.

The extinction of the territorial claims of their old enemies, the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural companies, by purchase, together with an act to enable the Governor to call out volunteers for the protection of incoming settlers, with other matters of local interest, brought forth urgent appeals to the general Government for immediate congressional action.

The discovery of gold in paying quantities upon the bars of smaller rivers emptying into the Upper Columbia, ever a disturbing element, was now destined to initiate trouble with the Indians. The miners journeyed through their hitherto untraversed hunting grounds. Haller's command of United States Regulars

had also entered their territory in pursuit of Indian marauders who had committed brutal murders near Fort Bois . The savages, excited and made jealous by these inroads, were becoming restless and hostile. When Governor Stevens passed through the country they professed great friendliness, and offered the same "lip service" when James Doty, the Secretary of the Indian Commission, went to visit them to see if they continued in that mind. Through him arrangements were made for all parties to meet at a grand council in May.

The 12th of that month found Governor Stevens in the saddle *en route* to meet with those who, coming with a superfluity of fair words upon their lips, strove with honeyed falsehoods to mask the dagger they carried in revengeful breasts. The council was to be held at Walla Walla, in Eastern Washington, and the Governor went, determined, if possible, to placate these "docile" creatures, who were evidently becoming more dangerous every day. It was an evil venture, and very nearly did he anticipate the fate which came to him when, more gloriously employed in later years, he died upon the battle-field. Though he knew it not at the time, he and his party throughout the whole negotiations were in eminent danger of being treacherously slain, falling victims to the devilish malignity of savage hate. As we look back upon it all, it seems simply wonderful that any white man escaped alive from that futile attempt at treaty-making—futile because an Indian will make as many treaties as you please, particularly when accompanied by present-giving—he rather enjoys it; but when he comes to the keeping of them—ah! that is quite another matter.

The Governor applied for and took with him as an escort and to guard the "treaty goods" a party of forty Dragoons, under the command of Lieutenant Gracie, who had been detailed by Major Rains for that purpose. They had a couple of packers and a Cayuse Indian guide. This fellow was pleasantly designated as "Cat Mouth John," from an enlargement added to that expansive feature by a bullet wound received in "battle with the Snakes." Lieutenant Lawrence Kip, who afterward very graphically wrote up the affair under the title of "The Indian Council at Walla Walla," accompanied them as the guest of Lieutenant Gracie. Before reaching Walla Walla they were reinforced by a detachment of ten men, commanded by a corporal,



A. G. Matthews

ARTHUR LENOX AND
THE LENOX FOUNDATION
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whom they met returning from a fruitless attempt to overtake certain Indian marauders. The place appointed for the meeting had been the traditional council ground of the natives to be treated with for many generations. As the location of a tournament of former days was entitled "The Field of Gold," so this fencing ground of false and evasive tongues might well have been called the "Field of Lies," if only to commemorate the falsehoods which still cling to its memories.

The Governor and Superintendent Palmer reached the ground designated by Kamiakin, head chief of the Yakimas, before the arrival of his escort; the Indians, however, were more tardy. The story of this council, as told by Lieutenant Kip, informs us that on the 24th the Nez Perces, twenty-five hundred strong, arrived, under the leadership of Lawyer, their principal chief. These were followed, on the 28th, by the Yakimas, the Umattillas, and Walla Wallas, who swelled the assembled number to about five thousand. Then speech-making was in order, beginning with an opening address by the Governor, on the 29th. The scene, from an æsthetic point of view, must have been eminently picturesque—the rude surroundings; the wide plain dotted with evidences of Indian occupancy; the midnight glimmer of hundreds of camp-fires; the wildness of the place and the yet greater savagery exhibited by representatives of the combined rascality of the three great tribes controlling Eastern Washington; a senate of five thousand warriors, all gaudy in paint, feathers, blankets, and filth, but fortunately for the Commission, like most conventions, divided among themselves by conflicting interests and memories of former feuds. Take it all in all, Catlin himself, the great Indian delineator, could not have asked a more favorable grouping on which to exercise his artistic skill.

The manner in which the speeches were interpreted left little room for oratory or rounded periods—those of the white officials being literally lined out, and then doubly translated, sentence by sentence, into the Nez Perce and Walla Walla tongues—a very tedious process, which, in all probability, sadly mutilated the original text. For three consecutive days their purpose and the advantages of the treaty they came to make were fully explained by the commissioners, but without response from their Indian auditors. They listened in surly silence, on other

thoughts intent, which, had the secrets of those dark bosoms been then explored, would have made Gracie's Dragoons look more carefully to their sabres and carbines. On June 1st the Indians declined to attend the council, but held deliberations among themselves. On the 2d both sides did some talking, a Cayuse chief closing the debate with some remarks unfavorable to the treaty. On the 4th, Lawyer, of the Nez Perces, talked for the treaty, and declared that he, with his chiefs, was willing to sign. On the 5th the pale faces once more had their innings, eloquently explaining to the motley horde the advantages of civilization, which Kip very properly designates as "a casting of pearls before swine," the outcome being a chorus of grunts savagely rendered. Stechus, a surly old Cayuse, responded in words that showed no change of sentiment on the part of those ill disposed people, who that night manifested increased hostility of feeling, not permitting the officers to enter their camps, and showing a special dislike to the soldiers who acted as guards for the preservation of order. On the 6th the Indians again consulted among themselves, but declined to meet the whites in council. They differed as to the treaty—the Nez Perces favoring, while the Cayuses opposed its signature. An old Walla Walla chief, whose name, if written, would fill a line or two, usually a politic talker, openly denounced the sale of their territory. Kaniakin would have nothing to do with it. So, like the katydid of their forests, they continued to affirm and deny without definite result till Friday, the 8th of June, a day proverbially unlucky, but on this occasion made doubly so by the arrival of Looking Glass, the war chief of the Nez Perces, who, just at the moment when the Indian mind was taking a turn for the better and everything was going on charmingly, arrived in hot haste, fresh from the warpath, with a newly taken scalp dangling from his pole, and, possibly on that account, with his smoothness so ruffled that he declined to reflect the views of the commissioners or those which his head chief, Lawyer, had already expressed himself willing to adopt. For the time, war, as represented by Looking Glass, decidedly prevailed over the more peaceful attitude of Lawyer. Did the gravity of history admit of pleasantry, it might be curious to compare the names with the natures of these two Nez Perce chiefs. From "Lawyer," for instance, we might have expected disputation and acrimony; while "Look-

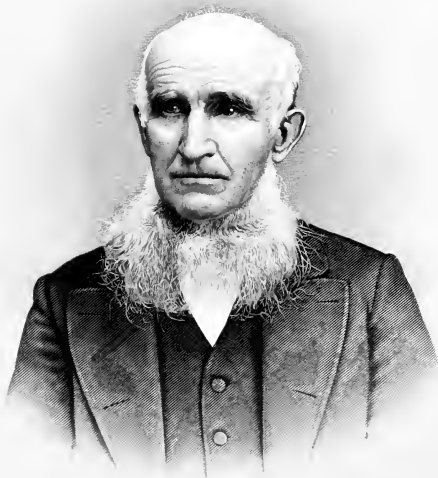
ing Glass" would seem to suggest a calm, smooth, bright, and responsive nature, not to say a reflective one. But who shall account for contrarieties? The day following the arrival of the war chief was spent in fruitless argument. Looking Glass, nominally the inferior, but in reality the leader of the Nez Perces, so influencing his people that the whites lost all they had gained by previous negotiation. On the 11th, probably with an eye to securing the yet undistributed presents, experiencing a change of mind, but not of heart, all came forward and signed the treaty. Then came the "potlatch" of gifts, after which, doubtless with many expressions of mutual good-will and esteem—which, costing the Indian nothing, he is quite willing to part with—"the famous Council of Walla Walla," to quote the words of Lieutenant Kip, "like other legislative bodies, adjourned *sine die*." He adds: "We subsequently discovered that our party had been treading over a mine during the whole meeting of the council. Some of the friendly Indians afterward disclosed to the traders that throughout the session active negotiations were on foot to cut off the whites. This plot originated with the Cayuses, who were irritated at the prospect of being deprived of their lands. Their programme was first to massacre the escort—not difficult to accomplish, as fifty soldiers against three thousand Indian warriors out on the open plain made rather too great odds. We should have had time to deliver one fire, and then the contest would have been over. Their next move would have been to surprise the post at the Dalles, which they could also easily have done, as most of the troops were withdrawn and the Indians in its neighborhood generally hostile. This would have been the beginning of a war of extermination against the settlers; the only thing which prevented the execution of their plan was the refusal of the Nez Perces to accede to it, and as they were more powerful than all the others united, it was impossible to make the outbreak without their concurrence. Constant negotiations to this end were going on between the tribes without effect, though we little suspected it at the time."

Now, what did the Territory gain from this series of councils and treaty-makings, of which the one described is only an exponent; treaties most liberal in every provision for the Indian's comfort, and offering full valuation for the rights given in return; treaties entered into with good faith on our part, but

not the slightest intention to respect them on that of the natives : involving the expenditure of thousands of dollars, with a special clause giving the surly chief of the Cayuses a grant of land—possibly by way of a sop to Cerberus ! We gained a treaty on paper, the sole result of a meeting where the territorial officials and their escort barely escaped with their lives, because the old feuds and jealousies existing between two rival tribes, the Nez Perces and Cayuses, prevented their joining hands to perpetrate a butchery. We gained, moreover, a vast extent of wilderness, which for years furnished a battle-ground, where the signatories who ceded them were our most bitter and unrelenting enemies. We have given so much space to the doings of this great “pow-wow,” this hidden hatred wearing the mask of peace, which, like the treacherous calms of the tropic seas, are the surest precursors of its most dangerous storms, because it is a fair sample of all its kind. Henceforth we record no more treaties.

One word, however, of final explanation in connection with this treaty matter here : None of those made in 1855 were ratified by the United States Senate ; and some of their sentimental sympathizers, who should cast in their lot with these filthy savages upon whom they waste their mandlin pity, have advanced the idea that it was an evidence of bad faith on the part of the United States, and afforded an apology for the Indian wars so soon to be inaugurated. The best answer to which is the fact that their unprovoked outbreak did not follow, but anticipated the presentation of these treaties to the Senate, the devilish impatience of the savage to begin his work of outrage and slaughter not permitting him to wait for so plausible an excuse. It is, to quote from Evans—and we most heartily endorse his views—“ a cruel slander to insinuate that the treaty or its stipulations were in any way intended to bring about the deplorable events which followed. The personal character of Governor Stevens and his evident leaning toward a lenient and most generous policy in the interest of the native is a sufficient answer to all such accusations.”

And now the history of territorial Washington, struggling like a tired and, at times, almost overwhelmed swimmer, to reach the wished-for shore, is about to enter on many years of savage warfare—years during which its bloody tide ebbed and flowed by coast and forest ; when the isolated settler was alike



Thomas Merce



menaced by the savage tribes of the far North, who paddled silently in to attack their seaside homes in their great war canoes, and the yet more stealthy approach of those inland warriors, who crept like serpents through the forest trails on their missions of massacre and revenge. The emigrant, who was beginning to congratulate himself that he was securing a home, too often left that humble cabin beneath the shade of the pines to clear or plough some outlying section of his claim to be shot down in the furrow beside his oxen, leaving his defenceless loved ones to a fate so horrible that pandemonium itself might take a lesson from their orgies. Even the troops sent to pursue and punish them were at times surprised or outnumbered, and more than one gallant spirit—some of whom it was the author's privilege to know—has yielded up life in this inglorious warfare, and left the clay yet warm with the lifeblood to be mutilated beyond words to describe—ofttimes by the fiendish squaws, more diabolical, if possible, than their brutal mates, who have ever been the loudest and most active by the torture fire, yet over whose fortunate accidental taking off we have heard so much of the soldiers' barbarity. And yet there is no old frontiersman in Washington who will not tell you that the squaws are more cunning in contriving new sufferings for the pale-face captive and venomous in executing them than their dusky lords. Do you doubt it? Then from many well-recorded instances we will quote the following:

In 1856 Captain Ben Wright, then in charge of Indians in Southern Oregon, while endeavoring to pacify those inclined to be hostile, was treacherously murdered as follows, the principal actor in his butchery being a Canadian Indian named Enos, who was with Fremont, and favorably mentioned by that officer in connection with the attack made on him by the Modocs at Klamath Lake in 1845. He was, moreover, Wright's scout, and fully trusted by him. Evans thus relates his murder:

“On the morning of the 22d of February Enos entered the quarters of Captain Wright, unsuspected of treachery, and killed him with an axe, which was the signal for the general massacre. He afterward mutilated the body, cut out his heart, and ate a portion of it. It is said that *Chetoe Jenny, a squaw who was acting as an interpreter for Wright, at a salary of \$500 a year from the Indian Department, also joined in the repast.*”

If we seem to write too strongly, the author's own vivid recollect-

tions of frontier suffering and outrage must plead our best excuse. We will serve up in the next chapter a *menu* of horrors—actual occurrences of Washington's early days of trial by fire and steel—which may serve to convince, and from whose banquet of atrocities the greediest devourer of the terrible can hardly fail to rise unsatisfied.

Before entering upon it we propose to make a few general remarks upon the friction which once and again retarded the harmonious working of well-intended efforts to restore peace by the punishment of these Indian offenders. It cannot be denied that previous to the great Civil War, where volunteers fought side by side with and emulated the regulars both in endurance and gallantry, there was a disposition in the minds of our army officers to undervalue the rude levies called temporarily into service by the exigencies of frontier wars. Those were days of red tape and "Old Steuben," of leather stocks and precision of military etiquette. It is by no means wonderful, then, that the thoroughly drilled veteran should look down upon the backwoods recruit, who hardly knew a colonel from a corporal, and cared less—a feeling very apt to be returned by the buckskin-clad rifleman, who never wasted a shot, and who from sad experience knew all about Indians. There were subordinate officers in the field—men like Sheridan, for instance—who understood them well enough to make their old squaws drag his canoes to attack their relations, the hostiles against whom he was operating; but with others—Rains, for instance—it was otherwise. Keyes seems to have been both a writer and a fighter, wielding the pen and the sword with equal facility. It was a serious misfortune for the Territory that General Wool, an old officer, who, however fortunate and distinguished in his other military employments, was entirely out of place as Commander of the Department of the Pacific, in his action, or, rather, want of action, in directing the Indian campaigns of Washington and Oregon. There was nothing in his previous experience to fit him to take that broad view, combined with prompt and decided blows, which the oft-times critical situation of affairs in these Territories demanded. As an Eastern commander he was a success; as a Western, so far as the Indian question was concerned, an utter and lamentable failure. Officers of experience in Indian affairs, thoroughly acquainted with "their tricks and manners," men whose com-

mon-sense and determination to protect their own race and stamp out Indian barbarities, by giving measure for measure, outrides and overshadows the baby talk of abusing the poor Indian, are the only men fit for such commands, and to such should be given the largest discretion, or, if you like, an unlimited indiscretion. There is many a ruined, fire-blackened cabin, with its violated women, murdered babes, and tortured men, which would to-day have been a happy home, surrounded by smiling harvest fields and filled with thriving inmates, if the War Department, or, rather, the Indian Bureau and its surrounding rings, like those of Saturn, had taken a lesson from the red man's creed and wiped out those nests of human rattlesnakes wherever they could be found. No; we do the rattlesnake injustice; he gives a warning before he strikes, but the Indian—never. Why should we make those prisoners of war, to be fed, clothed, and relegated to reservations, who horribly murder every captive they can secure? Mete out to them the same measure they accord to their foes, and believe us, there would be fewer "bad Indians" and many sudden conversions to better things. The mercy of the white the Indian regards as an evidence either of his cowardice or his folly. In estimating the character of the savage leave out gratitude; he has none, and expects none. "White man heap fool" is his very truthful interpretation of our forbearance.

All this may seem very hard, very cruel, very unsoldierlike doctrine; but desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Let humanitarians talk as they will, Colonel Chevington's wholesale wiping out of the murderous hostiles, so much reprobated, at Sand Creek did more to convert these wretches, who had a blanket garnished with hardly dried white women's scalps among their properties, than all the presents and missionary talk in the world. What did Sherman write to Grant after the massacre, with mutilation too horrible to relate, of our troops at Fort Fetterman? He said just this: "We must act with *vindictive* earnestness against the Sioux, even to their *extermination—men, women, and children*. Nothing else will reach the root of the case." And he was right. "War," as he declared upon another occasion, "is hell," and we add that he who undertakes to handle that devil, especially in Indian form, with soft speeches and kid gloves is something worse than a fool. If it is inhuman, the Indian took the initiative; the soldier who takes his life in

his hand and goes down to avenge or protect the innocent settler or emigrant and his family is not there to set humane examples or teach a Sunday-school. It should be an application of the "*similia similibus*" doctrine of "like cures like," and not administered homœopathically either. If the Indian does not desire his women and children to be unmercifully shot down, let him cease unmercifully torturing unto death, with barbarities impossible to describe, the mothers, daughters, and infants of the white who unhappily fall into his power.

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John D. Hibbard

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CHAPTER XXVI.

A CHAPTER OF HORRORS—THE MOUNTAIN MASSACRE.

“ Stand at this door with bated breath ;
A terror lurks within.
A gruesome form of dreadful death,
The child of lust and sin.
No demon dire need evil plan
The innocent to wrong ;
' Man's inhumanity to man '
To Hades might belong.”

—BREWERTON.

THERE is in the human mind, even among the refined and intelligent, a strange hankering after the horrible, a morbid desire to look into gruesome and uncanny things, and devour details of terrible events ; to trace the course of some gigantic crime, its revelations, and follow it even to its final expiation ; to gloat over an analysis of motives whose diseased perversion eventuated in a mania to destroy ; to make mental *post mortems* of the victims of undiscovered sins. Let those who doubt watch the half-terrified but always deeply interested throngs who haunt the “ Chamber of Horrors ” in the Eden Musée, or gaze with fearful eyes upon its originator in the London wax works of Madame Tassaud, the “ Slaying of the Prince Imperial by the Zulus,” the terrified criminal going to execution, the aged prisoner of the Bastille, or the gory murder weapon of some celebrated assassin exercising a more subtle charm than the glowing triumphs of the brush or the chastest conceptions of the chisel. Why is it so, do you ask ? Who shall say, but it is equally impossible to ignore its existence.

If there be seekers after the blood-curdling among our readers, preferring high tragedy to any comedy of life, these life—or, perhaps, we should rather say death—pictures which we are about to sketch in should fully satisfy them. Gruesome and wild, yet, unhappily, but too true, we select them at a venture

from Pacific coast territorial history, as incidents whose lurid details cannot fail to interest those who are thus abnormally fascinated.

Were our theme one which admitted the amelioration of levity, we might quote the Frenchman's well-aired proverb and say that we suffered from "the embarrassment of riches"—in other words, that the dark bead-roll of west coast savage atrocities was so full and replete with terrors that one scarcely knows where to commence or what particular act of outrage to favor.

We will, for various reasons, but more especially from the fact that its most distinguished victim was the hero of that "famous ride" to save Oregon for the Union—which we have already narrated in detail—begin with the massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman and his associates at Waiilatpu, in 1847, by the Cayuses, a tribe for whose welfare, both spiritual and temporal, this good physician and servant of Christ had been laboring for years, supported and assisted by his excellent wife, than whom no better or more devoted woman ever endured the privations of frontier life or laid down existence, a martyr sacrificed upon the shrine of duty. It was an attack utterly unprovoked, causeless, and inexcusable, brought about, as a lesser agency, through the deep treachery and lying tongue of a "friendly" English-speaking Canadian half-breed Indian, to whom the doctor had given employment, but, being straitened for room, had been obliged to refuse a lodging in his house. It was a massacre initiated while the physician was actually engaged, according to the best authorities, in ministering to a pretended sick man of their tribe. It revolts the pen to detail the unspeakable barbarities with which these fiendish murders were carried out; but we have essayed the task, and thus proceed to open the first door and present the word painting, which must be regarded as the principal attraction of this our "Chamber of Horrors."

Let us premise, however, by saying that Dr. Whitman was well aware of the hostile attitude and evident unrest which pervaded the Indians in his vicinity—a disturbance, however, never so great that it was unable to discriminate between the Catholic priest and the Protestant missionary, and most of all between their English friends of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Americans entering the country to settle. To hold his ground in the interests of the natives whom he had taught, fed, and in

some instances adopted, and, if possible, prevent their proselytizing by the French Canadian Catholic priests who were about to establish themselves in his neighborhood, and who were currently reported as anxious to possess his mission buildings for their own occupancy, the doctor determined to remain. He did so, well knowing his danger, though probably blinded as to its full extent, and in so doing fell, like many another gallant soldier of the cross, dying, martyr-like, at his post of duty—a duty self-appointed and ably and fearlessly performed in the interests of religion and humanity.

His location, its equipment, and surroundings at the time of its destruction is thus described by Evans :

“The station of Waiilatpu, on the line of travel from the Rocky Mountains to the Willamette, was the asylum and resting-place of the emigrant worn out and broken by the journey of the plains : a hospital for the sick, without regard to caste or condition ; a church and a farm to supply necessaries, and an industrial school to teach the Indians how to support themselves. Saw and grist mills, shops and granaries had been erected. The superintendent’s residence was furnished with a good library, and a valuable collection of specimens had been gathered to illustrate the natural wealth of the country. The Indian Department included kitchen, school, and lecture-rooms, over which were lodging apartments ; these were attached to the superintendency. Another large building afforded accommodations for travellers ; at a distance of eight miles up Mill Creek was a saw-mill and dwelling-house.”

Twenty-five miles from Whitman’s, at the very Hudson’s Bay station where he is said to have been an unexpected guest at the British traders’ feast, and from whence he and his sturdy Cayuse started on their winter ride across the continent, a Catholic bishop with six other Canadian priests had established themselves. It is a significant fact that these people were never interfered with ; and when some of the red-handed murderers most active in the Whitman massacre were finally brought to justice, and met their well-earned doom upon the scaffold, one of these priests smoothed their last moments and consigned them to the hangman with the same tender farewell with which a spiritual father, under far different circumstances, saw the martyred King of France go to his slaughter with the benediction, “ Son, ascend

to heaven." Well, whether they went to heaven or not—which, from an orthodox point of view, seems somewhat doubtful—it is a consolation even at this late day to know that they were thoroughly hanged in this world.

The occupants of this combination of home, hospital, church, and school at the time of its destruction numbered seventy-two. The doctor's own household consisted of himself and wife—the same noble woman who knelt with her husband beside the rock at the South Pass, as we have elsewhere related, to pray for the Almighty's blessing upon the land they were about to enter—Mr. Rogers, the teacher, ten adopted children—seven of whom were the Sagar orphans, whose parents had perished in crossing the plains—and the others three half-breed girls. There were also two half-breed boys whom he had raised—Joseph Stanfield, a Canadian Catholic, and Joe Lewis—the latter of whom had come with emigrants from Fort Hall. As Evans tells us, to the diabolical lying of this wretch may in some measure be ascribed the horrible fate so soon to overtake this unfortunate family. He was probably moved to this infamy by the fact already narrated, that the doctor could find no room for him in the house. He revenged himself by repeating to the Indians alleged conversations which he claimed to have overheard between the doctor and his wife, in which they were plotting to poison the Indians, then suffering very generally from the prevalence of measles in a virulent form, many of whom the doctor was treating professionally, well knowing when he did so that it is a custom among the Indians to hold the "medicine man" responsible for the death of the patient he is unable to cure, however honest his practice. There were also at the mission Miss Bewley and her brother, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Sales, Eliza Spaulding, a child of ten, the daughter of Rev. H. H. Spaulding, fortunately absent during the raid. Of these, Messrs. Bewley and Sales were sick, confined to their beds. The remaining fifty were emigrants—Americans *en route* to the Willamette—who had remained to winter. Eighteen of these were adults, of whom eight were women. Of the eighteen, ten were under the doctor's medical care.

The story of this "Massacre of the Mountains," as it was called, has been told by various writers, all of whom agree as to the main facts, only differing in fulness of detail. We select



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from one of the least terrible, where much, taken in the form of sworn testimony, is omitted as being too harrowing even for lovers of the horrible, and proceed to quote generally from Dunn's "Indian Wars of the Far West" as follows :

"In the summer of 1847 the newly appointed Jesuit Bishop of Oregon, F. N. Blanchet, returned with a re-enforcement of thirteen clergymen of different ranks and seven nuns ; to these were added eight priests and two nuns, who arrived overland the same season. The bishop proceeded up the river, and on September 5th reached Walla Walla, accompanied by the Superior of the Oblates and two other clergymen. On September 23d he was met there by Dr. Whitman, who, according to Father Brouillet, showed that he was agitated and wounded by the bishop's arrival. He said : ' I know very well for what purpose you have come ; ' to which the bishop replied : ' All is known. I come to convert the Indians, and even the Americans, if they will listen to me.' The bishop and his party remained at the fort, enjoying the hospitalities of the Hudson's Bay Company fur traders" (the consistent enemies of the Americans and, most of all, of American emigration). "On October 26th Ta-wai-tan (Young Chief) arrived *and held a conference with the bishop.* On November 4th a general council was held, at which Tilokaikt, who owned the land on which Whitman's mission stood, was present. The Protestants say the Indians were given to understand" (and there is strong evidence to that effect) "that the priests would like to have Whitman's place, the buildings being just what they required for their purposes. The Jesuits say *it was* offered to them, and they refused to take it." We pause here to ask some very pertinent questions. Who offered it ? Who but Dr. Whitman would have had a right to do so ? He certainly did not, though he offered to put it to a vote of his Cayuses, and go if they no longer desired his ministrations ; but the majority declined. What induced these Catholic Indians to suggest the surrender of what was not their own ? To return : "On November 27th" (two days before the massacre) "the bishop and his party left for the Umatilla, a few miles below, to occupy a house offered them by Young Chief at his and Five Crows' (the ravisher of Miss Bewley) village, which was only twenty-five miles distant from Waiilatpu.

"Eight-and-forty hours glide away—hours of treacherous

preparation on the part of the savages ; of sure expectancy, it is to be feared, on that of the tricky Jesuits, and, alas ! for them, unsuspecting confidence among the victims so soon to be sacrificed on the altars of Indian cruelty and lust—poor, deluded beings ! they had no fear. The night wind as it sighed through the forest brought no anticipation in its moan of the human agonies about to fill its shades with the shrieks of women, the weeping of children, and the death groans of murdered men. They confided, as many of their race have done before them, and thereby sealed their own destruction, in the oft-repeated professions of amity of the dusky friends whom they had nourished like serpents in their bosoms, to turn and sting them to the death. Were not the Indians their friends ? Had they not treated them like brothers ? Did not some of them, claiming to be ‘converted,’ break bread with them at the table of that Lord whose religion is one of perfect peace ?

“ It is half-past one o’clock of Monday, November 29th. Nothing appears to mar the usual quiet which prevails at the Wailatpu mission. The only sounds distinguishable are the rumbling of the mill, where Mr. Marsh is grinding, and the tapping of a hammer in one of the rooms of the doctor’s house, where Mr. Hall is laying a floor. There is, too, the low hum of the school, which Mr. Saunders has just called for the afternoon. Between the buildings, near the ditch, Kimball, Hoffman, and Canfield are dressing an ox. Gillan, the tailor, is on his bench in the mansion. Mr. Rogers is in the garden. In the blacksmith’s shop, where Canfield’s family lives, young Amos Sales is lying sick. Crockett Bewley, another young man, also lies ill at the doctor’s house. The Sagar boys, the orphans of some unfortunates who died *en route*, and who, with their younger sisters, had been adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, were scattered about the place. John, who is just recovering from the measles, is in the kitchen ; Francis, in the school-room, and Edward outside. In the dining-room are Dr. Whitman, Mrs. Whitman, three of the little Sagar girls—all sick, Mrs. Osborn, and her sick child. As the doctor reads from his Bible several Indians open the door from the kitchen and ask him to come out. He goes, Bible in hand, closes the door after him, sits down, and Tilokaikt begins talking to him.” Evans tells us that he or some other Indian complained of illness, and the doctor was

ministering to him, which is most probable. And now, before the war-whoop is sounded and the slaughter work begins, let us pause for a moment and contemplate this scene. This good physician is reading the Bible to his family, bringing comfort as best he may in this time of sickness to his little audience. It might be curious to know what particular passage of the sacred text he had selected for this last reading of the Book. While so engaged, the demons without, whose plans, now fully matured, are ripe for execution, call him to his death. He is ready. Still holding the Book, the guide and watchword of his pure and blameless existence, he goes like a sheep to the slaughter, unsuspectingly to meet his doom. The Indian was but the agent; it was the Master who called to come up higher, to sit with kings and counsellors of old time in heavenly courts and hear the welcome of the Saviour whom he had so truly served, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

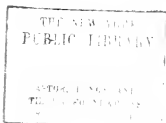
"As they converse, Tamsaky," or, as Evans calls him, Tanahos, "steps carelessly behind the doctor, and the other Indians gather about, seeming very much interested. Suddenly Tamsaky draws a pipe tomahawk from beneath his blanket and strikes the doctor on the head. His head sinks on his breast, and another blow quickly following stretches him senseless on the floor. John Sagar jumps up and draws a pistol. The Indians in front of him, cowardly assassins that they are, crowd back in terror to the door, crying, 'He will shoot us!' but those behind seize him and throw him down. At the same time knives, tomahawks, pistols, and short Hudson's Bay muskets flash from beneath their blankets, and John is shot and gashed until he is senseless. His throat is cut and a woollen tippet is stuffed into the wound. With demoniac yells the Indians rush outside to join in the work doing there. The sounds of the deadly struggle are heard in the dining-room. Mrs. Whitman starts up and wrings her hands in agony, crying, 'Oh, that Joe' (meaning Joe Lewis) 'has done it all.' Mrs. Osborn runs into the Indian room with her child, and they, with Mr. Osborn, are soon secreted under the floor. Mrs. Hall comes screaming into the dining-room from the mansion. With her help Mrs. Whitman draws the doctor into that room, places his head on a pillow, and tries to revive him. In vain; he is unconscious and

past all help. To every loving word and sympathetic question he faintly answers 'No.'

"Outside is a scene of wild confusion. At the agreed signal all the members of the mission had been attacked. Gillan was shot on his bench; Marsh was shot at the mill, he ran a few yards toward the house and fell; Saunders had hurried to the door of the school-room, where he was seized by a crowd of Indians, thrown to the ground, shot, and wounded with tomahawks. Being a powerful man, he threw off his assailants, regained his feet, and tried to run away, but was overtaken and cut down. Hall snatched a loaded gun from an Indian and escaped to the bushes. The men working at the ox received a volley from guns and pistols, which wounded them all, but not mortally. Kimball fled to the doctor's house with a broken arm. Canfield escaped to the mansion, where he hid until night. Hoffman lunged desperately among the Indians with his butcher-knife, but was soon cut down, his body was ripped open and his vitals cut out. Rogers was shot in the arm and wounded on the head with a tomahawk, but managed to get into the doctor's house. Several women and children had fled in the same direction. To this place the Indians, who had been running to and fro, howling wildly as they pursued their prey, now assembled, led by Joe Lewis (the traitorous Canadian Catholic Indian to whom Dr. Whitman had given work) and Nicholas Finlay, both French half-breeds, Tamsaky and his son Waiecat, Tilokaikt and his sons Edward and Clark. Joe Lewis enters the school-room, and brings into the kitchen the children, who had hid in the loft. Among them is Francis Sagar, who as he passes his brother John kneels down and takes the bloody tippet from his throat. John attempts to speak, but in the effort only gasps and expires. The trembling children remain huddled together, surrounded by the savages, who point their guns at them and constantly cry, 'Shall we shoot?' On the other side of the house an Indian approaches the window and shoots Mrs. Whitman in the breast," a breast that had never harbored an unkind thought toward them, whose heart had beat in sympathy for the sick and suffering, who in their cause had passed a life full of privation, showing more practical sympathy for these wretches than all the sentimental vaporings of the ignorant East combined. Forgive us if we seem to write too strongly, but experience is a wise though bitter



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teacher ; and were we to dip our pen in gall, words would fail to express the very decided opinions born of that actual knowledge, engendered by some years of frontier residence. Old memories almost as revolting as the incidents we narrate crowd in upon us as we write—the recollection of sights our own eyes have beheld : of dead men scalped and namelessly mutilated, pierced after death by many arrows to “strengthen the hearts” of their slayers ; others hanging, still half consumed, to the stake where they suffered the torture fire ; husbands and fathers whose death agonies had been enhanced by being compelled to witness the brutal ravishment of their screaming daughters and wives. And yet another story, listened to with bated breath, when, forty years ago, in the far southwestern frontiers of Texas, we heard a rescued white woman relate how, by way of preface to her own unspeakable sufferings, they compelled her to dance on the body of her wounded and dying husband till, as she described it, she saw the blood gush out from his wounds beneath the pressure of her leaps. Do you wonder that language fails to express our disgust at the maudlin humanitarian policy which feeds, clothes, and coddles the captive Indian brute, sending him on oftentimes, at the Government expense, to be feasted and “pow-wow” with the “great father” at Washington, instead of promptly hanging to the most convenient tree every buck and squaw taken red-handed !

To return to our story : “Upon receiving the shot, Mrs. Whitman fell, but managed to creep to a sofa, where her voice rises in prayer for her adopted children (three of whom were of the race of her slayers) and her aged father and mother. The fugitives above hear her, and help her up to them. There are now gathered in that upper chamber Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Bewley, Catherine Sager and her three sick sisters, three half-breed girls also ill (it must be remembered that the measles was then scourging both the Indians and whites), Mr. Kimball, and Mr. Rogers. Hardly had they closed and fastened the doors when the war-whoop sounds below. The Indians break in the lower doors and windows and begin plundering, while Tilokaikt goes to the doctor, who still breathes, and gashes his face, chopping it into shreds with his tomahawk.

“The people upstairs had found an old gun, and the Indians as they start to go up find it pointed in their faces. They retire

in great alarm. A parley is held, and Tamsaky goes up." (It is evident that half a dozen well-armed and determined men would have routed this cowardly crew, who fell back in terror whenever menaced. Strange as it may appear, the Indian enjoys killing, but when it comes to a "return ball" is eminently disinclined.) "He assures the fugitives that he is sorry for what he has done, and advises them to come down, as the young men are about to burn the house. He promises them safety. They do not know of his part of the tragedy, and follow him. As they enter the dining-room, Mrs. Whitman catches sight of her husband's mangled face. She becomes faint and is laid upon a sofa. They pass on through the kitchen, Mrs. Whitman being carried on the sofa by Joe Lewis and Mr. Rogers. As they reach the outside Lewis drops his end of the sofa and the Indians fire their guns. Mr. Rogers throws up his hands and cries, 'Oh, my God, save me!' and falls groaning to the earth. Mrs. Whitman receives two balls and expires. The Indians spring forward, strike her in the face, and roll her body in the mud." (We commend the last sentence specially to the champions of both sexes of the "poor abused Indian.") "They heighten the terror of the wretched survivors by their terrible yelling and the brandishing of their weapons. Miss Bewley runs away, but is overtaken and led back to the mansion. Mr. Kimball and the Sagar girls run back through the house and regain the chamber, where they remain all night. Darkness has now come on, and the Indians, having finished their plundering and perpetrated their customary indignities on the dead, retire to Finlay's and Tilokaikt's lodges to consult as to their future action. The first and great day of blood is ended.

"It may easily be imagined that the night was one of gloom and horror to the unfortunate captives, and yet it afforded security to some of those who were in peril. Under its friendly cover Mr. Canfield escaped and made some progress toward Lapwai, which he eventually reached in safety. Mr. Osborn with his family stole forth from their place of concealment under the doctor's house and reached Fort Walla Walla on the following day." And here let us ask why did not those brave Britons, the men, if such they could be called, of the station, haste to the deliverance of these wretched women and children with every man and musket they could command? Even these

priests, one would suppose, as some of their armor-clad bishops had done once and again for far less cause in feudal days, might have unfrocked themselves to fight in such a quarrel. But no man stirred; the next day—that is to say, on Tuesday—toward evening, Father—no, we beg his pardon, we should have written Vicar-General—Bronillet arrives; it would almost seem, say the censorious, as if to discover if their work had been thoroughly carried out and properly finished. He baptizes three Indian babes, and on Wednesday assists Joseph Stanfield, a brother in the faith, a French Catholic actively engaged in the massacre, yet by some miscarriage of justice unhappily escaping the rope he deserved, to bury the mutilated dead, and then—does it seem possible?—proceeds to make a “sympathetic call” upon the newly made widows and orphans. He takes no means, however, to avoid the yet more dreadful outrages to come, to warn the fort, or even send his interpreter or the trusty Stanfield to do so, but calmly departs, bids farewell to his murderous Indian friends, and returns to Umatilla, where he again becomes the guest of the Five Crows’ chief, of whom and his infamous doings more anon. To return to the earlier events of this dreadful Tuesday following the carnival of blood: “A few hours previous to the visit of this ‘sympathetic’ holy father and vicar of Christ, Mr. Hall reached Fort Walla Walla in the morning, nearly naked, wounded, and exhausted. He was put across the river by McBean, the factor (the same man who was selected, for his hatred to the Americans, to fill the place of his predecessor, McKinley, who had evinced too friendly a spirit toward the emigrants), and never heard of afterward—turned out by a *white* man, a fit representative of Hudson’s Bay, to perish in the woods, or meet a worse fate by Indian torture. Yet our Government finally paid \$650,000—they asked millions—to extinguish the claims—not rights—of this company in Washington Territory.

“It is probable that information of the massacre was sent that night to the other Cayuse villages, Camaspelos and the one on the Umatilla. The other chiefs were consulted before its occurrence, and Five Crows was their leader. On the next day Mr. Kimball was shot as he went from his place of concealment in the chamber for water for himself and his sick children.” Think of it, you who are fathers! In all probability he had

listened to their prayers and entreaties as, burning with the fever of disease, they begged for but a drop to moisten their parched lips, till his heart was so moved by their distress that he could no longer deny them, and taking his life in his hand, went forth to die. "The young Indian who shot him afterward claimed as his reward the eldest daughter of the murdered man for his wife, and forced her to submit to his horrible embraces. - On the same day they killed Mr. Young, a young man ignorant of the outbreak, who had come up on some errand from the saw-mill some miles away." Father Brouillet, possibly moved by his "sympathetic call" upon the widows and orphans, met as he returned Mr. Spaulding making his way from Lapwai to visit his little daughter at the mission. Wonderful to relate, he informs him of the massacre, of which good deed he afterward made a vast parade. Spaulding immediately struck off through the woods, and reached Lapwai after six days of terrible exposure and suffering, without shoes, blanket, or horse. On Saturday night and repeatedly afterward the girls were dragged out and outraged.

"On the Monday following young Bewley and Sales were murdered. On Thursday Miss Bewley was taken to the Umatilla, the residence of the 'sympathetic' Father Brouillet, and there turned over to the tender mercies of the lascivious Five Crows. At the same time two of the other older girls were taken as wives by the sons of Tilokaikt (called by the whites Edward and Clark), in pursuance of an agreement which had been made at the Umatilla. One of these young braves, Painted Shirt, became very much attached to his enforced bride, a beautiful girl of fourteen, and wanted her to remain with him when the other captives were delivered up. He said he was a great brave, and owned many horses and cattle, and he would give them all for her; or, if she did not like his people, he would abandon them and live with the pale faces. How romantic! How touchingly delicate! Who shall dare to say that the age of barbaric chivalry is past? It is needless to say, however, that with the way to escape once opened, the poor girl spurned the offers of the wretch whose hands were stained with the blood of her eldest brother, and who had only succeeded in forcing her to his arms by threatening to kill her younger sisters if she refused.



M. H. Pritchard



J. O. Stallen



J. F. Brewster



F. A. Churchill

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“The news of the massacre reached the settlements through a messenger from the Hudson’s Bay Company on December 7th. By the efforts of Mr. Ogden, of that company, the survivors were redeemed, a large amount of goods—including, of course, arms and ammunition—being paid for their recovery.

“On December 29th the captives, forty-six in number, arrived at the fort; they were joined there on January 1st by Mr. Spaulding and wife, with the other whites from Lapwai.” We have no space, nor does it come within our province, being part of the story of Oregon, to dwell upon the measures taken by Governor Abernethy and the Provisional Legislature to punish these savages. Something was done and well done in sending to their “happy hunting grounds” a choice selection of these bloodthirsty rascals; but it was not until the spring of 1850 that the Cayuses, whom Governor James Douglas characterizes as the most treacherous and untractable of all the tribes of the Northwest, being hard pressed by our troops and made wanderers among the mountains, were obliged to purchase peace by surrendering five of the leading offenders; thus leaving them, even according to their own law of a life for a life, rather largely in our debt. There is some comfort, however, in the thought that two of the mainsprings of this villainy (outside of their Jesuit instigators) were, with three other companions in crime, promptly tried, convicted, and on June 3d hanged; their passage to the retribution beyond the grave being soothed and spiritually assisted by their Jesuit friends, the same Bishop Blanchet, who was their guest, and the witness without remonstrance of their after atrocities at Umatilla, baptizing them and dismissing them to the unseen with the consolatory but somewhat doubtful advice, elsewhere quoted, to ascend to heaven. We mean no irreverence when we say that even regarded from an orthodox point of view, we have a strong suspicion that they went—the other way.

The buildings of the mission were all burned by the Indians. To-day the sunken walls of its old adobes, melted by the elements, are all that remain to tell the story of the massacres, if we except the common grave, a few rods away, in which, waiting the day of final revelation, when the true story of their untimely taking off shall be fully told and its secret instigators made known, rest the mouldering remains of its slaughtered victims.

On the site of the doctor's house, however, stands a mansion, erected by one of his old friends and co-laborers. The visitor who leaves the city of Walla Walla to seek the spot made memorable by such sufferings will be rewarded by the sight of one touching and living memento of these Christian martyrs—two or three weather-beaten apple-trees and a rank growth of scarlet poppies, as if nature herself wished to testify with dumb but ever-recurring protest against acts which disturbed her serenity and blood-stained the verdant sod now all aflame with these gaudy flowers. But save the poppies, the beholder will seek in vain for

“ One rose of the wilderness left on the stalk
To tell where the garden had been.”

It is a significant fact that during all these days of slaughter and the deeds that followed in its footsteps no employé of the Hudson's Bay Company, no relative of such employé, no Catholic, and no one who professed friendship for Catholicism was in any way injured.

We have no time to enter into the heated discussions and controversies as to the extent of the Hudson's Bay Company and Jesuit missionary influence, and possible advisory criminality in this matter, which afterward filled volumes and take high rank among similar questions of sectarian persecution. It has occupied the attention of boards and Presbyteries; it has filled reports and given birth to pamphlets and newspaper articles innumerable, yet remains unsettled to this day. The Jesuits claim that the murders grew out of the Indians believing that the doctor was taking advantage of his treatment of the measles to poison his patients; and Governor Douglas (representing the Hudson's Bay Company's views) intimates the same in his report to the Governor of Oregon. But when the Indian kills his “medicine man,” which frequently follows the loss of his patient, he is never known to destroy his family likewise, so this plea falls to the ground. Had they confined themselves to the killing of Dr. Whitman it might have been advanced with some show of truth. Certain it is that the Factor McBean's messenger, dispatched to carry the news of the slaughter to Governor and Chief Factor Ogden (whose philanthropic services were afterward handsomely acknowledged by the Governor of Ore-

gon), magnified their success to the Indians of the Dalles, but, under direction from McBean, concealed it from the whites, saying that the only cause of his journey was to fill the places of certain dead French employés. Moreover, in 1848, during our operations against the Cayuses and other hostiles, our troops seized at Wascopum 1080 pounds of powder, 1900 pounds of balls, 300 pounds of buckshot, and three cases of guns, *consigned by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Jesuits*. At the same time the friendly Indians sent away their families to hide in the mountains, giving as their reason for so doing that the Cayuses had told them that the French priests were going to furnish them with plenty of ammunition, and they were going to kill all the Bostons (Americans) and friendly Indians. The priest Brouillet, but not till years afterward, tried to explain away his action by acknowledging that he was a poltroon, and tells quite an affecting story of his mental (we regret that they were not personal) sufferings while baptizing Indian babies and helping the murderers bury the victims at the mission. It is needless for him to add liar to his self-incriminations, for it is written on the face of every page of his confessional lamentations. His admirers may choose, in summing up his want of character, between cowardice, hypocrisy, and the absence of common-sense. To us it suggests a strong infusion of all three.

With some little hesitancy, because it involves *very plain* talking, we venture to quote from the testimony of the infamously injured Miss Bewley, taken under oath. After stating that the priests told the Indians that they had found among the doctor's medicines a certain vial which, if broken, would destroy the whole Indian nation—a statement which of course strengthened the Indians' plea that he was trying to poison them—she goes on to answer questions as follows :

Q. "Where did you spend your time when at the Umatilla?"

A. "Most of the time at the house of the bishop; but Five Crows most of the nights compelled me to go to his lodge and be subject to him during the night. I obtained the privilege of going to the bishop's house before violation on the Umatilla, and begged and cried to the bishop for protection either at his house or to be sent to Walla Walla. I told him I would do any work by night or day for him if he would protect me. He said he would do all he could. Although I was taken to the

lodge, I escaped violation the first four nights—there were the bishop, three priests, and two Frenchmen at the house. The first night Five Crows came I refused to go, and he went away apparently mad, *and the bishop told me I had better go, as he might do us all an injury, and the bishop sent an Indian with me.*”

Unhappy Christian maiden! cowardly hound of a Romish prelate! Where was the manly spirit which others of your faith had exhibited with far less cause! Where the chivalry of which Frenchmen so loudly boast! Where that common manhood which in the breast of anything but a cur like yourself would have interposed and risked life itself for the protection of this poor, friendless, defenceless American girl? But, to save your worthless carcass and those of your fellow-hypocrites, who, after all, are in no danger in the house of their and your friends, you not only abandon her to the brutal lust of this heathen, but yourself send a fellow-savage to bind *your* victim to the horns of the altar. Miss Bewley goes on:

“He took me to Five Crows’ lodge. Five Crows showed me the door.” It seems that, with some show of relenting, he, Indian as he was, was not yet ready to accept the good bishop’s sop to the wolf, lest he himself might feel his fangs. “He” (Five Crows) “told me I might go back and take my clothes, which I did. Three nights after this Five Crows came for me again. *The bishop finally ordered me to go.* My answer was, ‘I would rather die.’ *After this he still insisted on my going as the best thing I could do.*” Yet this mitred scoundrel must have had a mother, though one might imagine he had been turned out of the litter of a coyote as unfit to mingle with his fellow wolves. “I was then,” she says, “*in the bishop’s room; the three priests were there. I found I could get no help, and had to go, as he turned me out of his room.* Then Five Crows seized me by the arm and jerked me away to his lodge.”

Q. “How long were you at the Umatilla?”

A. “Two weeks, and from Friday till Monday. I would return early in the morning to the bishop’s house. The bishop provided kindly for me while at his house. On my return one morning *one of the young priests asked me with a good deal of glee how I liked my companion.*” Oh, you poor, outraged, and insulted girl! Five Crows, the savage ravisher, grows re-



Thos Carroll

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spectable when compared with this anointed servant of Satan, who could thus insult your enforced degradation with his filthy jeers. What wonder that she adds, "I felt that this would break my heart, and cried much during the day. . . . When the tall priest (Brouillet), that was at the doctor's at the first, was going to Walla Walla, after hearing of Mr. Ogden's arrival there, he called me to the door, and told me if I went to the lodge any more I must not come back to his house." We presume that his priestly purity could no longer endure the sight of the unfortunate sacrificed by his spiritual superior on the altar of heathen lust to save their own worse than worthless lives, or, rather, interfere with their scheme for making "Christians" out of their promising associates. Poor child! in her utter desertion and desolation she asks him, "'What shall I do?' He said I must insist or beg of the Indian to let me stop at his—the priest's—house, and if he would not let me, then I must stay at his lodge. I did not feel well, and toward night I took advantage of this and went to bed, determined I would die there before I would be taken away. The Indian came, and on my refusing to go, hauled me from my bed, and threw my bonnet and shawl at me, and told me to go. I would not, and at the time his eyes were off me I threw them under the table, and he could not find them. I sat down, determined not to go, and he pushed me nearly into the fire. *The Frenchmen (?) were in the room, and the bishop and priests were passing back and forth to their rooms.* When the Indian was smoking I went to bed again, and when he was through smoking he dragged me from my bed with more violence than the first time. I told the Frenchman to go into the bishop's room and ask him what I should do. He came out and told me *the bishop said it was best for me to go.* I told him that the tall priest said if I went I must not come back again to this house. He said the priests dared not keep women about their house." Poor innocents! strange that such saintly grace and self-sacrificing courage should so dread the contamination of woman's presence; stranger still that the malevolence of scandal should whisper tales of those who came not only as invited, but lingered as welcome guests. He then generously adds if Five Crows sent her back she might come. "I still would not go," she continues. Brave girl! Were you, with a courage that these frocked miscreants never knew, striving to provoke

the knife-thrust or the stroke of the deadly tomahawk before which your brother and your friends had already fallen, thinking it were better so ?

“ The Indian then pulled me violently away without bonnet or shawl. Next morning I came back, and was in much anguish and cried much. The bishop” (kind, fatherly man ! possibly just from curiosity) “ *asked me if I was in much trouble.* I told him I was. He said it was not my fault” (no, you renegade, venerable “ father in God ;” it was yours), “ that I could not help myself ; that *I must pray to God and Mary.*” Good, pious man ; he asks her next if she did not believe in God. She answered that she did ; and verily her faith must have been iron-clad, for regarding these priests as His specially anointed representatives, we should be inclined to choose Baal by a large majority.

This deposition of the unhappy Miss Bewley was taken December 12th, 1848, and her statements have never been either explained away or denied from any quarter up to the present hour, not even in Father Brouillet’s own defence, published more than four years afterward, though he was fully aware of the story she had told of her wrongs. The only allusion he makes to it is that he “ was afflicted” to hear of her violation. Pity it is that he and his cowardly confrères could not have lived in the good old days of Southwestern Texas, where, if her murdered brother could only have escaped the assassin, he might have afflicted these “ holy” fathers to some purpose. How this Bishop Blanchet, the facts being known, was ever permitted to see or sympathize with his Indian accomplices at the time of their execution in Oregon seems a mystery. They were certainly a very amiable people. If we understand the law, the bishop, in forcing Miss Bewley to accompany the Indian to the lodge of Five Crows, well knowing the fate that awaited her, made himself an accomplice before the act, and should have been punished accordingly.

The priest, Brouillet, makes fear his excuse for the course he pursued personally. Dunn answers his plea of cowardice (not infrequent among the Jesuits, though it is for the most part the snake-like fear which crawls and stings in its hiding-place) as follows—and most earnestly do we endorse his bitter arraignment. He says :

“Think of it! six *white* men, four of them priests of the God of the widow and the orphan, to stand by thus and see a defenceless girl so treated by her brutal ravisher; to counsel and command her to submit, even after the savage had desisted; to say to her, ‘If you go to the lodge any more you must not return here;’ and again, ‘Are you in much trouble?’” And though Dunn forgets to say it, we add, basest of all, to insult her purity of soul, though that of its casket might have been violated, by asking her, as she dragged her poor abused body wearily to the house sanctified by their immaculate presence, “*How she liked her companion.*” God will answer thee that question, thou whitened sepulchre, in the land beyond the grave.

What was the sequel of all this—a Protestant mission, devoted to the best interests, both temporal and spiritual, of the Indians, burned by those whom it was reared to benefit; their tried and devoted friends consigned to a bloody grave; the tribe which committed these crimes made wanderers, hunted to the mountains, and obliged to flee branded with the mark of Cain and pursued by the avengers of blood; five of these heathens dying on the scaffold to poorly avenge a fourfold murder; a general alarm among all the white settlers, both inland and coast; great expenditure of money; the levying of men and weeks of war? But, nevertheless, the Jesuits succeeded to the missions of the Northwest. It may be, to quote from themselves, that “the end sanctifies the means.” Be this as it may, they remained in possession. Should their efforts “convert” every Indian west of the Rocky Mountains, it could hardly impair the full flavor of the original brand. They are welcome to their converts.

Have we sufficiently filled our “Horror Chamber”? Does any diseased imagination require pictures still more gruesome and revolting? If so, they abound; the pages of our State history are blood-stained with such. But our pen, disgusted with its own self-appointed task, refuses to pursue the theme. Seek elsewhere. “*Bastante gracias.*” No more for us.

“As gruesome spectres of the night
 Creep grimly on the dreamer's sight,
 Till vampires flit and serpents coil,
 They vainly strive to fright or foil.

HISTORY OF WASHINGTON.

So history the heart may thrill,
With terror tales its records fill ;
Proving that since the world began,
Mau's hatred of his brother man
Hath filled the world with woe and fears,
With vengeful grief and blinding tears."

—BREWERTON.



E. J. Brickell

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CHAPTER XXVII.

LAST LINES OF WASHINGTON TERRITORIAL HISTORY.

“ Thy stormy voyage now nears its end,
Though many gales thy course attend,
The stately star for which you steer
No longer fades to fill with fear,
Though hidden oft by gloomy day,
And seemingly so far away,
It gleams at length upon thy sight
With full-orbed, pure, effulgent light.”

—BREWERTON.

THE last years, and, indeed, the whole course of Washington's stormy territorial history were marked by struggles, both in the Legislature and the field, to retain with her inadequate resources her feeble colonies' foothold upon the soil, in doing which she found herself confronted by combinations of openly hostile and even more dangerous secret oppositions. It was no easy task to prepare herself to pass from a defensive to an offensive position, and finally win through the grim determination of her devoted first settlers and hardy pioneers her proud position as a sovereign State—a State which knocked at the door of our national Legislature with no uncertain or trembling hand, but as one who asks a right in demanding admission.

The Whitman massacre, whose terrible atrocities the importance of the event impelled us to detail in full, was, alas! but the keynote and introductory incident of many an after Indian war, in which the federal troops, the Volunteers, and Indians suffered about equally, but the innocent and unprotected settlers most of all. Through this class, for the most part occupying isolated and defenceless positions, the “Massacre of the Mountains” sent a thrill of dread, a shudder of horror and anticipation lest like evils should fall upon the settlements of Puget Sound, and naturally checked emigration. The Rogue River, Yakima, and

Kliketat wars, the Modoc treachery, ending in the butchery of General Canby—a life worth all those of their rascally people combined—with a multitude of lesser skirmishes and individual acts of murder and outrage yet to come, added to the embarrassments of the territorial and federal officers, and kept the country in a continual state of excitement and alarm. The position of Washington during this time may not be inaptly likened to that of a captive running the gauntlet between two hostile lines, on one of which the Indians struck openly with their war chiefs and on the other the Hudson's Bay Company and kindred interests dealt blows at second hand, none the less deadly because covert and unexpected. Nor was the situation ameliorated by the jealousies, dissensions, or misunderstandings—name them as you will—existing between the federal and territorial authorities, both civil and military. Most fortunate was it for the progress and, indeed, preservation of our embryo State that similar dissensions, growing out of ancient feuds and rivalries, prevented the Indians of the Territory from massing their forces and acting in concert. Still more so, perhaps, that the Big Fish Eaters of the coast and the buffalo hunters of Eastern Washington did not possess the warlike character of the Sioux, Utes, and Delawares, or the prowess of their even fiercer brethren of the plains and Southwestern frontiers. It was bad enough as it was. The Modocs, whose very name means “strangers or enemies,” gave us trouble enough ere they were dug out of their caves and lava-bed fastnesses. The Umpquas, who lived north of the Rogue River, had never been friendly to the Americans, even as far back as 1834, when they attacked one of our trading parties, killing eleven men. In 1835 they assailed another, killing four out of eight, and badly wounding the remainder. In 1838 they were beaten off with difficulty after wounding one of the first party sent out by the Willamette Cattle Company. In 1845 Fremont's third expedition would have fared badly at the hands of the Klamaths if Kit Carson's well-trained ear had not discovered their presence in time to repulse them, but not until they had beaten the savages in a hand-to-hand encounter. In 1851 the Rogue River Indians killed five whites, necessitating the application of a few wholesome lead pellets, prescribed to be taken immediately by the gallant one-armed Phil Kearney, administered by that officer in such allopathic style in two repeated

doses that they fled to the mountains, declining to receive any more of his heroic treatment. It is a pleasant thing to be able to state that they required no more blood-letting for two years afterward, being cooled for the time being by the white man's medicine. In 1852 the Pitt River Indians killed four men engaged in locating a wagon road; and in August of the same year the Modocs, massacred an emigrant party of thirty-three. Volunteers under Captain Ben Wright reached Bloody Point, on Tule Lake, just in time to save an emigrant train of sixteen wagons, whose occupants had been surrounded for hours, whereupon the Indians took to their canoes and continued to fight from the shelter of the Tule weeds; but the rifles of the whites soon drove them out of range, making "good Indians" out of a dozen or more warriors. They gave up the conflict here, but next day the Volunteers found and buried the bodies of eighteen murdered settlers. Captain Wright remained with his party in this vicinity for three months, doing good service in guarding the incoming emigrant trains, finishing off by what some humanitarian has been pleased to designate a "disgraceful massacre," but which was in reality nothing more than "fighting fire with fire"—in a word, giving the Indians a dose of their own medicine. He managed to get the Modocs into his camp, and before they parted company he had converted about forty of them to the true faith by leaving their carcasses to enrich the soil they themselves had dedicated to bloodshed through the mutilation of men and the butchery of women and children. Captain Wright was afterward murdered, with many others, by the Rogue Rivers while acting as their agent—as the same humanitarian tells us, "for his punishment." This "punishment" occurred February 22d, 1856, when the most of the Volunteers were absent at a Washington Birthday ball at the mouth of the river. With him were killed Captain Poland and twenty-two others, among whom was a Mr. Wagoner, whose family had been murdered the preceding fall. One man alone, Charles Foster, succeeded in making his escape by hiding in the bushes. He estimated the force of the attacking party at three hundred. They then sacked and burned the ranches along the river, the settlers fleeing for their lives to Port Orford, where they fortified and stood on the defensive. We trust that the humane historian to whom we have referred was fully satisfied with the extent of Captain Wright's "pun-

ishment," for his "treachery" to the innocent Indians. The circumstances of his butchery should gratify the most exacting anxiety for fullest expiation. It may add a zest to that author's idea of poetical justice to narrate their details as we find them recorded by Evans. We have already given them elsewhere, but the matter in question seems to require their substantial repetition here. He tells us that on the morning of February 22d a Canadian Indian named Enos, his most trusted agent, a man who had been with him at the killing of the Modocs, and was also a former employé of Fremont's, and commended by that officer, entered Captain Wright's quarters, and, being entirely unsuspected, was easily enabled to kill him with an axe. This, as in the Whitman case, was the signal for a general slaughter. Enos then proceeded to mutilate the Captain's body, cutting out the heart and eating a portion of it, in which horrible repast he was joined by a squaw. We commend this specially to those sentimentalists who agonize over the delicate Indian women killed in a fight by some chance shot, where, in nine cases out of ten, they are active combatants. Comment is needless.

As may well be supposed, these little differences of opinion did not serve to render either party more amiable. Other causes conduced to this unhappy condition of things. The Senate of the United States had not seen fit to ratify the treaties made by Governor Stevens and his agents with the Indians, and in 1852 President Fillmore, in his message to Congress, suggested as a possibility what even then the action on both sides was making a reality in the region to which he referred.

After summing up the situation, he goes on to say :

"There being no recognition by the Government of the exclusive right of the Indians to any part of the country, they are, therefore, mere tenants at sufferance, and liable to be driven from place to place at the pleasure of the whites."

The Donation and other laws, whose liberal provisions were intended to encourage settlement in Oregon, gave each actual settler before 1850 the right to preempt three hundred and twenty acres of land, with, if married, an equal amount to his wife ; while settlers from December 1st, 1850, to December 1st, 1853, were entitled to half the amount. All lands being open, the settlers naturally helped themselves to the best they could find ;



Alicia Thompson



and as the influx of emigrants was increased by the discovery of gold, settlements began to spring up about the mines ; hence the natives, who desired to oppose the barriers of the virgin forest to the assaults of civilization, were stirred up and made ill-tempered accordingly. Moreover, the treaties not being ratified, the Indians failed to receive the price promised for the surrender of their lands. They were regarded by some as ill-treated—a sentiment in which some of the older army officers, unused to the frontier, were disposed to sympathize. In evidence of this, read the report of Brigadier-General Hitchcock, commanding the Department of the Pacific, who, in 1852, writes to the Adjutant-General as follows :

“ As matters now stand, the United States troops are placed in a most delicate and awkward position. The whites go in upon the Indian lands, provoke the Indians, bring on collisions, and then call for protection, and complain if it is not furnished ; while the practical effect of the presence of the troops can be little else than to countenance and give security to them in their aggressions, the Indians, meanwhile, looking upon the troops as their friends and imploring their protection.” The civil courts of necessity took very much the same view as the military authorities.

Two cases in point may be cited here : the first that of certain Kliketats, indicted in 1851 for malicious trespass in destroying timber in Willamette valley, which a settler had prepared for his home. The Indians maintained—probably with a shrewd Yankee lawyer to assist them—that the timber was theirs, grown on their own land and cut from their own trees, and that they had warned the settler not to locate there. The United States District Judge held that they had possessory title, not yet extinguished by the Government, and decided that the action could not lie. The second case was that of a settler named Bridgefarmer, who built a fence across one of the old Indian trails, who thereupon forcibly removed it. The farmer sued, and for a like reason was non-suited. Then, again, it was made a matter of complaint that in taking up their claims, the settler sometimes included an Indian's potato-patch—the west coast savage being as fond of that esculent as an Irishman. This trespass called forth a remonstrance from Lieutenant Jones, commanding at Steilacoom Barracks, who writes, in 1853, as follows :

“The practice that exists throughout the Territory of settlers taking from the Indians their small potato patches is wrong, and should be stopped.”

The honest historian should ever be the champion and advocate of what lovers of athletic contests delight to call “fair play.” To follow so excellent an example, and desirous as we are to accord a “fair field and no favor” to the combatants on both sides, we will quote the words of a Rogue River chief, who makes the strongest argument on their side of the question which has yet come within our notice. He says :

“We have waited and waited, because the agents told us to be patient, that it would be all right by and by. We are tired of this. We believe that Uncle Sam intends to cheat us. Sometimes we are told that there is one great chief and sometimes another. One superintendent tells us one thing, and the great chief removes him ; then another superintendent tells us another thing, and another great chief removes him. Who are we to believe ? Who is your great chief, and who is to tell us the truth ? We don't understand the way you act. With us we are born chiefs ; once a chief we are a chief for life. But you are only common men ; and we never know how long you will hold your authority, or how soon the great chief may degrade you, or how soon he may be turned out himself. We want to know the true head, that we may state our condition to him. Let him come here himself and see us. So many lies have been told him that we think he never hears the truth, or he would not compel us to suffer as we do.”

Now, whether Indian special pleading or not, we call this good, hard common-sense, and, withal, rather forcible logic. The speaker is evidently no friend to that “rotation in office” so dear to every new party in power. He is, moreover, an advocate of the centralization of authority and hereditary rights. It is a matter to be regretted that we are unable to change the American Constitution to suit his views ; it is just possible that a session or two with that third power, the Washington lobby, or even a few *séances* with his brother braves of Tammany Hall, might greatly enlighten, and possibly send him back to the shades of his forests better satisfied than ever with native ways and methods of legislation.

To return : the Rogue River Indians finding their country

overrun by the miners, chafed most of all. Settlements were springing up and farms being opened all along their valley. To discourage this and intimidate the new-comers, they inaugurated a campaign of rapine and destruction, begun August 4th, 1853, by the murder of a settler, whom they struck down upon the very threshold of his home. On the following day they butchered another within three hundred yards of Jacksonville. The people, seriously alarmed, gathered together for protection, leaving their undefended homes to be plundered and burned by the savages, who lost no time in applying the torch in every direction. Captain B. R. Alden, than whom a truer gentleman or more gallant officer never lived, then commanding at Fort Jones, within the California line, was appealed to, and hastened to their assistance, but was only able to bring with him ten Regulars. These added to some hastily raised companies of Volunteers gave him nearly three hundred men. This force was preparing for a night attack upon the Indians, when a messenger came spurring in to announce that the Indians were raiding the valley, and the families of the Volunteers, who composed the great bulk of Alden's command, were in imminent danger. Without waiting for orders, these men disbanded themselves and hastened to their rescue, the reddening of the sky showing only too plainly that the evil news was true. By the time they had returned and were again ready to take the field the Indians had fled to the mountains, firing the pine woods behind them. While still preparing to pursue, General Joe Lane arrived and assumed the command. They moved at day-break on the 22d, and searched in vain for two days and a half in an almost impassable country, rendered more so by recent forest fires. The smoke was in the air, all trails lost, the ground still hot under foot. Noon of the 24th brought them unexpectedly upon the enemy. General Lane, who was in advance, heard a sound of voices in a dense thicket some four hundred yards away. Quietly dismounting and forming into two parties, they made their attack. The Indians were taken by surprise, but quickly recovered. Flying to cover, they returned the fire with effect. They fought thus for four hours. General Lane, Captain Alden, and three others were badly wounded, and three killed on the part of the whites, while the Indians—probably from the surprise and effective first fire—suffered more seriously, losing no

less than eight killed and twenty wounded, of whom seven afterward died. While General Lane was in the rear having his wounds dressed, the Indians called a parley, and said they wanted peace. Two men went to talk with them, when, finding that General Lane, in whom they had great confidence, was there, they asked for him, and he joined the conference. As it was a drawn battle, with no chance to better the situation, an agreement was reached, the Indians promising to come to Table Rock and make a treaty. Both parties remained on the ground all night, good faith being observed on either side. The Indians kept their word, concluding a treaty on September 10th. But they were by no means conquered, to the Indian an indecisive engagement being almost a victory.

It is simply impossible to follow the ebb and flow of this eternal tide of war. We purpose to present a glimpse here and there as one discovers objects more lurid than the rest amid the roar of some mighty conflagration, and then turn from the conflicts of rifle and scalping-knife to the no less venomous but never dangerous encounters of tongues in that arena of words, the Legislative Assembly.

It was not until the spring of 1855 that the Kliketats, pleasantly known among their neighbors—for the translation of the name so signifies—as “The Robbers,” began to give us a taste of their quality. They were a powerful tribe, not great in numbers, but well supplied with firearms and experts in their use. Their home was on the eastern slope of the Cascades, north of the Columbia, and from thence they would sally forth, making raids on the weaker tribes, and thoroughly earning among these people, by whom they were held in dread amounting to absolute terror, their title of “The Robbers.” They continued their depredations until they had subjected and forced to pay them tribute all the tribes from the Columbia to the Rogue River Mountains, claiming all—and at that time it would have been hard to find a better title—by right of conquest. Dunn tells us that in their palmy days they maintained a state more nearly approaching regal magnificence than did any savage tribe in America. He instances this in the reception of Casino, one of their chiefs, by the British at Fort Vancouver. On disembarking, this haughty savage had his slaves lay a carpet of furs all the way from the landing-place to the fort, a quarter of a mile distant,



F. W. Bugh



C. K. Jenner



Geo. T. Easterbrook



Hannah L. Easterbrook

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that his aristocratic moccasins might avoid the pollution of treading upon the ground : and on his return, the Hudson's Bay men, who had probably made an excellent bargain in the mean while, carpeted the same path with blankets and other goods. They had at first been friendly, and, indeed, in the battle just narrated, offered their services to General Lane, going with sixty warriors mounted and armed, but arriving too late for their services to be accepted. But in the treaties of 1851 they were unfortunately ignored, yet continued to roam at will, taking a liberal title of fish and furs secured by other Indians within their borders, as also upon all increase of stock. This tended not only to the annoyance of their native neighbors, but to that of the whites, whose property they had begun to believe should also be taxed and levied on. Against this Governor Palmer remonstrated in 1853, and 1855 found them so reduced by disease that they were obliged to confine themselves to their original homes, where they remained planning mischief and nourishing their revenge. Meanwhile, the Yakimas (the Black Bears), another cheerful sobriquet, whose territory adjoined theirs on the north, did not understand, or, what is quite as likely, chose to misunderstand, their treaties made with Governor Stevens. The Indians claimed that their chiefs had been bought up—no such cases, of course, being ever known among the whites—and becoming alarmed, indignantly repudiated their bargain. The representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company, with which their interests were allied as purchasers of their furs, took good care to fan the flame by circulating the report that the Americans would take away their lands. Mormon emissaries also worked, like the serpents that they were, among the tribes, crawling from lodge to lodge and diffusing their poison as they went. All that was needed to bring these smouldering fires of unrest to a blaze was a leader, and such a one appeared in Leschi, a Nisqually chief, who, like Peter the Hermit in the days of feudal chivalry, crossed the mountains with a few companions zealous as himself and preached a crusade of extermination against the whites. His work and character is thus pictured forth by the historian of the "Mountain Massacres :"

" Bold, adventurous, and eloquent, he possessed an unlimited sway over his people, and by the earnestness of his purpose and the persuasiveness of his arguments carried with him

all who heard him speak. He travelled by day and night, caring neither for hunger nor fatigue, visited the camps of the Yakimas and Kliketats, addressing their councils in terms of eloquence such as they had seldom heard. He crossed the Columbia, penetrated to Southern Oregon, and appealed to all the disaffected there. He dwelt upon their wrongs; painted to them, in the exuberance of his imagination, the terrible picture of the 'polakly illeha,' the land of darkness, where no ray of sunlight ever penetrated; where there was torture and death for all Indians; where the sting of an insect killed like the stroke of a spear, and the streams were so foul and muddy that no living thing could drink of their waters. This was the place where the white man wanted to carry them. He called upon them to resist like braves so terrible a fate. The white men were but a handful now. They could all be killed at once, and then others would fear to come. But if there was no war they would grow strong and many, and put all the Indians in their big ships and send them off to that terrible land, where torture and death awaited them."

We can hardly imagine arguments better fitted to carry out the purpose for which they were designed. With the condition of things then existing, it was like carrying a lighted torch through a powder magazine. But his eloquent appeals met with no little opposition even among those whom they were intended to inflame. There were cooler heads and less poetical temperaments among the older and wiser chiefs, and those better informed as to the white man's latent power. They were divided among themselves. Had they been united, they might have restored Washington to its primitive forests. The Nez Perces not only remained faithful, but even organized to resist the hostiles should they attempt to carry out these plans. They had proved their good-will before when they defeated the project of the Cayuses to cut off Governor Stevens and his little treaty-making band with their escort.

Too impatient to wait, the tribes of the North opened the campaign—a series of murders, chief among which was that of Indian Agent Bolen, treacherously killed by the Yakimas, who came up behind him; two talked with the unsuspecting man in front while a third fell behind and shot him in the back; his body was then scalped and partially buried. This called out one

hundred men from Fort Steilacoom, while Major Rains, afterward a Confederate general, advanced by way of the Columbia. The two forces were to unite in the enemy's territory. This attempt to punish the Indians saw anything but a satisfactory result. The Steilacoom command, met in the mountains by an overwhelming Indian force, were obliged to retire to their western slope. Major Haller was then ordered to advance from the Dalles with a similar force, but the region of the Dalles fared even worse than that of Steilacoom. Surrounded in a position where they had neither wood nor water, they were forced to retreat, losing three killed, nineteen wounded, thirty pack animals, and being obliged to cache their mountain howitzer, which was, however, afterward recovered. Major Rains with three hundred and fifty Regulars then took the field in person, but beyond a few unimportant skirmishes and some destruction of Indian property failed to better the general result. In the South the war was precipitated by a mistaken attack of the whites upon suspected friendlies—Rogue Rivers of Old Sam's band. Then came the usual return ball of retaliation—murder and robbery, with outrage of every description, ravaging the land. The Indians destroyed the whites wherever they could attack them at an advantage, and the Volunteers, exasperated at the sight of fiendishly butchered women and children, not unnaturally favored a war of extermination.

In the North, Yellow Serpent—a name which done into classic Indian exhausts too much space—whose policy seemed of that negative order which neither goes nor stays, was held a prisoner in our camp; it was necessary to bind him, as his friends were attacking the camp. In attempting to do so, the chief and his companions drew their knives, and with the exception of one young Indian, who offered no resistance, were immediately killed. This settled the question with those who still halted between peace and war, throwing the balance in favor of the latter. The Walla Wallas, Cayuses, Umatillas, Pelouses, and Des Chutes forthwith joined the hostiles. This enabled the Indians to put a force of six hundred warriors into the field, who straightway attacked the Volunteers, but were driven across the Columbia, with little loss on either side.

This outbreak was followed by the Indians of Puget Sound declaring war, the ubiquitous Leschi with other chiefs being the

principal factors in bringing it about. So secret were their plans and so suddenly did they strike that many unsuspecting settlers were cut off by Indians whom they supposed to be perfectly friendly. General alarm and consternation prevailed. Some were even driven to take refuge on vessels, while others fled to Seattle, which the Indians, with unusual boldness, soon after openly attacked. Meanwhile, Kings County was devastated and many homes destroyed. Of the attack upon Seattle we shall speak in its proper place in our sketch of the "Queen City." In all this high carnival of war, extending as it did from the mountains to the sound, the whites had just one advantage besides the protection of their own good rifles and brave hearts—the Indians were divided in their own councils, many of their chiefs favoring peace and holding no particular enmity to the whites, by whom, as a rule, they had been well treated. This was specially true of the Flat Heads and Nez Percés: hence there was a door left open for diplomacy, and the tongue if not the pen, backed by a judicious distribution of presents, not infrequently proved mightier than the sword.

Things would have been in better shape and the war brought more speedily to an end, with a saving of many lives and much valuable property, if the commanding officer of the Department, General Wool, had been better acquainted with Indian fighting, to say nothing of frontier privations, dangers, and needs. As it was, he was little better than a drag and a disorganizer. He held back troops in his official capacity when he should have hurried them into the field. He had nothing in common with the views of governors Stevens and Curry; refused to undertake those winter campaigns against the Indians which after experience proved to be the most efficacious—the Indians not expecting attack, and therefore open to surprise. He declined to recognize Volunteers as United States troops, and seemed far more interested in protecting the "friendly" Indians, and in some instances those whose loyalty was more than doubtful, than in defending the settlers from their attacks. In all of which Governor Palmer, who supported the ideas of General Wool, fully sustained and assisted him, until finally the Oregon Legislature was impelled to petition the general Government for the removal of both. This request ended in the removal of Palmer, but relegated him to the office of Superintendent of Ind-



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ian Affairs, where his power to do mischief, with General Wool at his back, was, if anything, increased. This pleasant condition of things brought about a sort of triangular, or possibly we should rather say quadrangular, duel between the gentlemen mentioned—Stevens and Curry *versus* Wool and Palmer—which, taking the harmless and somewhat Pickwickian form of paper bullets, reports, and newspaper articles, killed none of their writers, but, we greatly fear, indirectly added to the number of slain settlers and ruined homes. In this connection it is worth mentioning that General Scott, even then rapidly becoming superannuated and more and more bound up, as the years added another frost-flake to his honored head, with the idea that there was one General Scott and afterward—the deluge, endorsed all of General Wool's reports. "I fully approve the views of General Wool.—Winfield Scott." Yet Stevens and Curry still lived.

So it came to pass that the Regulars and the Volunteers, like their chiefs, "agreed to disagree," both endeavoring to work out their salvation according to their own theories in the premises: the Regulars going in for treaty-making pacification, while the Volunteers were wedded to their frontier faith that a dead Indian is a good Indian, one permanently to be relied on, and were, therefore, equally strong in their extermination belief. Both acted up to their convictions to the extent of their ability, but brought little or nothing to pass, while the Indians, operating with better success, succeeded in massacring Captain Wright's party, as already narrated.

Early in the spring Wool (and the Indians) having got ready to act, Colonel Wright, of the Ninth Infantry, was sent up the Columbia to engineer the summer campaign. His very first step was an error, and showed that he either did not understand their tactics or else undervalued his foes. Passing the Cascades, he left a sergeant with only nine men to protect the block-house at the portage. The very day that he marched out with the main body the Yakimas, under Kamiakin, attacked the settlers there at the Cascades, and Wright's evidently insufficient force had quite as much as they could do to protect themselves. It ended in what was called the Cascade Massacre, involving the loss of seventeen whites killed, including one soldier and several women and children, attended by the usual house-burnings and Indian barbarities. Wright, warned of this misfortune by messenger,

immediately countermarched, and after a brisk skirmish relieved the survivors, besieged behind their defences, which had been repeatedly fired by the Indians, but, fortunately, without effect. Here he lingered long enough to do at least one good deed by hanging a chief and eight braves of the Cascade tribe, supposed to be friendly, who had only waited till his back was turned to be active in the massacre. Resuming his march, he left a stronger force to guard the Cascades, under the command of Lieutenant, afterward the gallant "Little Phil" Sheridan, of Union fame, who so distinguished himself that even the stolid German commanders, little given to extol a foreign officer, pronounced him the first cavalry general in the world. Sheridan showed the stuff he was made of while serving as a subaltern at the Cascades, by circumventing and defeating the savages, and even making their squaws, greatly against their will, but under threats of dire consequences to the old ladies, hold their tongues and drag his canoes, loaded with soldiers, to surprise their friends. Wright's campaign, from a military point of view, was not a brilliant success. The Indians declined a general engagement, which he vainly endeavored to bring about, but meanwhile suffered not a little from being deprived of their fisheries and other sources of supply. Numerous councils were held, at which ranking chiefs of hostile views were ignored while those of lesser rank, but inclined to be peaceable, were recognized. So various bands came in, and being assured that their lands would not be taken from them, concluded to bury the hatchet and promised henceforth to live peaceably.

Turning to the South, we find Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan, assisted by Indian Agent Palmer, trying the conciliation, treaty-making policy with less effect. Here the Indians were determined to fight it out, John, their leader, giving as his reason for so doing the very excellent one, as far as he was concerned, that if the whites caught him they would kill him, and he therefore never intended to surrender. On May 27th his band surrounded Captain Smith's command at Big Bend, on the Rogue River, and though Smith had ninety men and a howitzer, killed eight and wounded eighteen of his men, besides besieging him for thirty-six hours. Smith's command would indeed have been utterly annihilated, for his situation was growing desperate, when Captain Auger arrived with a re-enforcement, and by a

dashing charge, in which he lost two killed and three wounded, dislodged the Indians and raised the siege. This was the only battle of the war worthy to be called such. Later on matters were settled up (patched up being the better word with most Indian settlements generally), John's band surrendered, whereupon the hostiles concluded to treat.

In the North a few of the hostiles fled to the interior, but through the efforts of Lieutenant-Colonel Casey the main body, with a few exceptions, who were held as prisoners, were relegated to small reservations on the sound. The interior Indians certainly had the best of it, for the Regular officers not only recommended that Governor Stevens' treaties should not be ratified, but at the same time entirely turned over the whole country east of the Cascades to the sole occupancy of the savages. Colonel Wright ordered that no white man should occupy land east of these mountains but those (probably "squaw men," meaning white men who had intermarried with the tribes) whom the Indians might permit, except the miners at Colville, and these were to be punished if they molested the natives. Military stations were established among the tribes to protect them, it would seem, from the whites, Lieutenant Sheridan being put in command of one in the Yakima country. We doubt if the like ever was paralleled on the pages of civilized history—a tract of country equalling many of the European States in its area, relegated to savagery and Indian domination, literally bared to white occupancy by the edict of a commander sent to their country to put down with a strong hand and punish these very Indians for murders and barbarities committed by them upon the whites, now for an indefinite period to be excluded. The loss of life had been great, the destruction of property enormous, both by absolute burning and plundering on the part of the Indians, as well as by that wrought by desertion, where the occupants had fled for their lives, leaving all their goods behind them. The condition of the country at the time of which we write is thus described by a gentleman who passed over the road from Cowlitz Landing to Olympia in 1857. He says, referring to the general state of alarm :

“Notwithstanding this region was exempt from any actual collision with the Indians, the effects are nearly the same as in other parts of the Territory. All along the road houses are de-

serted and going to ruin ; fences are cast down and in a state of decay : fields, once waving with luxuriant crops, lie desolate ; and but little if any stock are to be seen on the broad prairies that formerly bore such inspiring evidences of life."

There are few events in life, however tragic, where some grim joke or concealed pleasantry does not lurk, if one have the wit to discover it. Nor is this ghastly Indian question without its ameliorations. The butterfly lounges upon the skull ; the goblins of queer fancies peep out through the unglazed windows of its dismantled eye chambers—as witness the following :

The first was an incident of the religious duel preceding the terrible "Mountain Massacre," where both Catholics and Protestants so signalized themselves as combatants, that we are constrained to believe the poet who summed up the condition of Ireland as being inhabited by men

" Fighting like devils for conciliation,
And hating one another for the love of God"

must have had them in mind when he wrote.

Among other methods of teaching, the priests told the Indians that if they followed the doctrines of the Protestants they would go to hell. The Protestants were not slow in imparting the same cheerful intelligence in regard to the ultimate destiny of those who listened to the priests. The priests then devised an object lesson ; they exhibited to the Indians a colored design of a tree surmounted by a cross which they called the "Catholic tree." It showed the Protestants continually going out on the limbs and falling off their ends into fires which were being fed with Protestant books by priests, while the Catholics were climbing with the safe agility of monkeys up the trunk to reach the emblem of salvation with which it was decorated. Mr. Spaulding, one of the Protestant missionaries, was equal to the occasion. He had his wife paint a series of pictures in water-colors, the last and crowning one of which showed the "broad way that leadeth to destruction" crowded with priests, who were tumbling into hell at the terminus, while the Protestants ascended the narrow path to glory. And while all this folly and child's play with sacred words and emblems was going on on both sides, the "innocent" natives, to whom they were thus combatively teaching the religion of peace, were themselves plotting the butchery even then almost ripe for execution.



W. H. Benson

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The other instance was that of a chief confined for some criminality in the guard house at Steilacoom. While thus in durance he was taken ill, and cured by the surgeon of the post with doses of some *red* colored liquid. The Indian, utterly ignorant of its contents, was, however, deeply impressed with the tint, and on his enlargement and return to his tribe, declared himself a doctor, who had discovered the medicine of the whites. An opportunity for testing his boasted skill soon offered. Three of his fellow-warriors were taken ill, and he proceeded, in an evil hour for himself, to prescribe for them; holding the red color still in mind, he mixed some red paint with water, administered it freely, and within a day or two three more braves had joined the "good Indians" in the spirit land. The mourners, not entirely satisfied with the result, annexed to their funeral obsequies a little celebration of their own. The doctor, then fortunately too drunk to resist, was waited on, beguiled into a vacant lodge, and there so thoroughly dissected that an Indian jury of inquest, had such been in vogue, would have found little more than his backbone to investigate.

So much for the territorial Indian wars, or, we should rather say, a few examples of such, for if the history of Washington antedating her statehood should be written in two kinds of ink—the Indian murders and outrages in red, and her civil history, entirely unconnected with such, in black—the red lines, like a stream of blood, would flow through every page of the record.

In her early struggles Washington received but little real assistance from the federal Government beyond the filling of offices, which gave opportunities for the bestowal of political patronage. With a revenue cutter on the sound under a smart captain, a regiment or two of men like the Texas Rangers, who would have fought Indians "Indian fashion," and, as a United States officer did on another field, report as the result, "*All killed and none wounded*," we should have had less of treaties, more "bad Indians" permanently converted, and fewer murders of whites. Pray understand that the author has not a word to say against the gallantry or devotion to duty, as they understood it, of the Regular officers actually in the field during the territorial Indian wars. Far from it: but they were handicapped from the start. They did not understand the nature or give credit to the utter treachery of their foes. They were too *regular* in action and too *humane*

in the hour of victory. The Indians set down their mercy and chivalrous ideas in regard to women and children to cowardice, whereas a few instances of stern retaliation—horrible as it is to contemplate it—without regard to age or sex, would have made the Indians draw the line and spare the wives and infants of the whites. Sherman himself has told us that “*war is hell*,” and we add that with fiendish atrocities to contend with, the more devilish we make it the sooner is it over. But this no Regular officer could have countenanced. The peace party at the East, who never heard a war-whoop or saw the gentle savage dancing round a burning man bound to their torture post, while the equally gentle squaw and her children thrust splinters into his quivering limbs, while they encouraged the bucks to greater barbarities, would have risen *en masse* to condemn such cruelties if inflicted on the red devils of the forest. And here let us give those who are already accensing the author in their minds of unfeeling suggestions a selection from the incidents of the Ward massacre, perpetrated by a band of some thirty Shoshones or Snake Indians upon a party of innocent and unoffending immigrants during the summer of 1854, near Fort Boise. They had gone recklessly forward, neither fearing nor suspecting danger, with arms rusty from long disuse, and were attacked, overpowered, and murdered, with the exception of a boy of thirteen, who, though severely wounded, hid in the bushes and succeeded in making his escape. We cull from Evans' narrative the following:

“The eldest Miss Ward, who attempted to escape by flight, was pursued, and made such resistance that the enraged Indians shot her in the head. The murderous wretches then set fire to one of the wagons, heated an iron, and with it mutilated her dead body. With the surviving women and children and four wagons the Indians started for their camp on the Boise River, about a mile distant. When they reached the bush they burned up three wagons. Having outraged Mrs. White in the most horrible manner, they shot her in the head and instantly killed her. Mrs. Ward and three small children were placed in the last remaining wagon and taken to the Indian camp, only to be subjected to such torture as none but an Indian can conceive. The three children were put into the wagon, which was then set on fire. They held the children by their hair across the burning

wagon until they were slowly roasted to death, their mother being compelled to stand by and witness their agonies. Having been subjected to the same cruel penalty which Mrs. White had suffered, she was finally despatched with a blow from a tomahawk." It is a comfort to know that eight of these wretches were afterward hung on the spot where they had exulted in the sufferings of these little children slowly burned to death. We commend this bit of frontier history to the consideration of the peace party. For ourselves, we would have been glad to know that a righteous vengeance had exterminated these well-named Snakes in all save this, as we have said before, the rattlesnake gives notice when he is about to strike, but these human serpents—never! Then, again, between red tape at Washington and one old granny at San Francisco and another old granny to favorably endorse his reports at the War Department, the way was rendered still more difficult for both soldier and settler. The Territory asked arms to defend the firesides of the people; they were refused on trifling grounds. She asked protection for the sound, and did not get it. She raised Volunteers, they were not accepted. Every difficulty was thrown in the way of her executives, and that, too, to gratify a personal spite by a general whose previous record should have taught him better things. It was a shame and a humiliation that once and again we were obliged to ask aid and receive assistance, notably after the Whitman massacre, of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company's officials, to whose indirect agency at least these very outrages were due. Thus the Regular officer stood between two or possibly three fires. If he did not punish the savage marauder, the settler, fresh from the sacking of his home and the slaughter of his dear ones, complained bitterly of a duty ill performed. If he did kill Indians, the peace party of the East lifted up their hands in holy horror at the inhumanities of Christian men, and straightway attacked the offender through the War Department. While the third fire to which he was exposed was that of the Indians themselves, who surprised him if they could, fled when outnumbered, and not being particularly hampered by any scruples of humanity, roasted him at the stake when he was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. Take it all in all, it was a warfare in which failure was almost more successful than success, and certainly, in the eyes of many, more respectable. Harney understood Indian fighting, Wool did not.

The author still retains a very distinct recollection of an incident of his army life on the Texas frontier in the '40's, when, going from the tent where he had been sleeping to that in which he proposed to breakfast, he found in his path the body of one of his men, his whole scalp and one of his ears torn off, and his breast pierced with a score of arrows, yet still warm, with wide-open eyes distorted by horror, which only too plainly showed that he had been mutilated while still living and conscious of his agony. But at that time these things were almost every-day occurrences in Southwestern Texas—"accidents" that might happen to anybody. We have ventured to quote it, however, as one of the many reasons which influences our belief, not to be eradicated, that the dead savage is in every way to be preferred to his red brother not yet providentially removed to the "happy hunting grounds."

Yet again, and finally under this head, there has been too much loose treaty-making with the Indians. A great government like the United States can well afford to be, and should be, reliable in its dealings; but however honest in making the bargain and in appropriating the money to carry it out, if they permit the Indian Bureau to send a rascally agent, who, as the Indian expresses it, "comes with nothing but a trunk, and bime by heap rich, way up," to disburse that money, feed, or rather *starve* the Indian, while he himself fattens on his ill-gotten gains, then Uncle Sam is to blame. As the guardian of these oft-times unruly national wards, he owes it to American credit, not to say common honesty and humanity, to see that they are as fairly treated in our bargains with them as they should be vigorously controlled and punished when detected in wrong-doing. As we have already said, put them and their reservations in the charge of *Regular* army officers. They may commit errors of judgment, but they don't steal.

Washington Territory was fortunate in beginning her civil history with such astute and well-informed leaders as governors Stevens and Mason. Of the latter it may be said that seldom has any man acting as a substitute in the gubernatorial office, under such trying circumstances, acquitted himself so well. His message to the Legislature, delivered in the absence of Governor Stevens at the Blackfeet Council in 1855-56, was a model in its way, patriotic in tone, and a clear exhibit of the condition of



E. D. Smith



things, with the pressing need of immediate action, the Indian outbreak furnishing its most important theme. We have used the word "patriotic," and we will interpolate here a fact which should perhaps have found its place upon an earlier page of this history. It may be a surprise to some of our readers, but it is nevertheless true, that while the sagacious Benton was recommending the placing of the god Terminus upon the Rocky Mountain divide to mark the fit and proper boundary of the western limits of the American Union, others equally short-sighted were debating the propriety of making Oregon a separate country, alike independent of Great Britain and the United States. It was to be a sort of republic of the Pacific; and strange as it may seem to us now, it was, nevertheless, favored in the early forties by certain leading citizens. Prominent among these, a Mr. Hastings, afterward a judge in California, where he probably found it convenient to forget his action upon this subject, actually offered a resolution at a lyceum debate in what is now Oregon City, where the subject came up for discussion to the following effect:

"That it is expedient for the settlers upon the Pacific coast to establish an independent government."

It found a strong opponent in Abernethy, afterward Oregon's first Governor; but Evans tells us that warmly as it was discussed and earnestly combatted, the resolution was adopted by a large majority.

To check this incipient disregard for the Union, Abernethy introduced for the next debate this proposition:

"*Resolved*, That if the United States extends its jurisdiction over this country within the next four years it will not be expedient to form an independent government."

This cleared the air; and despite of the neglect and indifference with which the far-away mother regarded the daughter dwelling amid the solitudes of the wild Northwest, the settlers determined to wait and hope for that recognition which they trusted would yet bind them to their own loved land, its flag, its government, and the traditions of their childhood. We are told that one of these early patriots was wont to speak of this as "the secession movement of Oregon." Had it been carried out, the three States west of the mountains would undoubtedly have been British territory to-day. Feeble as she then was, English

foothold and English influence would have been too much for them. To return :

The Legislature of 1855-56 thanked Governor Douglas, of Vancouver, for aid in furnishing arms to prosecute the Indian war, prayed for congressional aid in the matter of sound and inland protection, asked for arms, which were sent in muskets, when rifles, the weapon of the frontiersman, was asked for and refused (red tape again) ; and furthermore, when the quota allowed the Territory was sent, they shipped them to Fort Vancouver, which, the roads being impassable, rendered necessary a transshipment by sea to make them available where they were needed, for the defence of the settlers on Puget Sound. Many other matters also became subjects of this Legislature's action—the survey of the public lands ; lighthouses ; various hospitals, thanks to the Governor of Oregon (Curry) for the services of their Volunteers, and a joint resolution requesting the War Department to inquire into certain acts of Major Rains in withdrawing his troops from the Yakima country and disbanding Volunteers organized to relieve Governor Stevens, then endangered among the hostiles. Last, but by no means least, they passed a special tribute to the services and gallantry of Lieutenant William A. Slaughter, killed by Indians in the discharge of his duty. And here we too pause to lay our humble wreath upon the grave of this dead soldier, known to us personally. Like the first grenadier of France, he who is gone to answer to the roll-call of the silent majority, lies “*mort sur le champs de bataille.*” A truer heart, a braver soldier, or more accomplished gentleman never wore the livery of the republic than William A. Slaughter of the Fourth U. S. Infantry. They named a county after him, subject, however, to a popular vote of the citizens, who—and it seems inexplicable—voted it down, preferring the name of Kit-sap, a war chief, whose haunts were in the vicinity of their county-seat. The Indian whom they thus honored was even then in the field as a hostile, actively engaged against the whites, and, worse still, a “*medicine man.*” So the legal voters ignored the memory and name of the gallant soldier who had fallen in their defence, to substitute that of a rascally native, who boasted that, as he was a “*medicine man,*” neither white nor Indian could kill him, until his own people actually began to fear him and believed in his magical invulnerability. They were rudely disenchanted

at the last, when he himself met a fit and most unexpected ending; for this Kitsap, whose evil name one of our fairest counties is destined through all time, unless changed—as it ought to be by legislative act—to Slaughter, to bear and perpetuate, was the identical Indian of whom we have already spoken who medicated his sick patients with red paint, and followed them to the spirit land accordingly. His taking off, all because he forgot to label his decoction of face vermilion not to be used internally, occurred on April 18th, 1860.

On Governor Stevens' return from the Blackfeet Council, in compliance with the request of a joint committee of both Houses, he also delivered an address to the Legislature, in which, commenting upon his recent treaties with the Indians, he said: "Nineteen evil-disposed persons" (Cayuses) "made all the trouble. Could they be punished the rest could be governed. They should be seized and put to death." With his wonderful personal magnetism the Governor managed for the time being to wipe out the ordinary party lines. Whig and Democrat ceased to be heard; they gave way to Stevens and anti-Stevens. He was the centre, round which all revolved or were politically repelled. Of his declaration of martial law and the controversies growing out of it we have already spoken. For the rest we have neither space nor inclination to enter into the political combinations and complications of that early period—the intriguing for office, the stump speeches and newspaper articles intended to favor or impede some particular candidate, with the thousand and one questions regarded as all-important in their little hour of life, but dead letters now. Their actors for the most part have given place to others on the stage, having gone to their final rest. They glide like shadows across the pages of our story, pursuing phantoms as unsubstantial as their present selves, or gaining that which, like the Dead Sea fruit, turns to ashes in the moment of its enjoyment.

The politicians of the East had penetrated with their party cries the Pacific Slope and aroused a responsive excitement among the far-off settlements of Puget Sound and the Columbia. Both Democrats and Republicans held their conventions and ventilated their respective views. They chose their standard-bearers; and while Governor Stevens became the Democratic

nominee for the office of Delegate to Congress, Alexander S. Abernethy was selected by the Republicans for the same position. The prize was warmly contested for. Stevens found an able advocate in a certain Mr. Garfield, a new-comer and federal appointee, who warmly espoused his cause and canvassed the electors in his interest. Mr. Garfield was a gentleman of fine gifts, an able debater, and fresh from larger fields, where he had won laurels as a stump speaker. His oratory found many listeners, while Abernethy, a quiet man, declined to canvass, and most probably lost votes thereby. Many elements entered into this election contest, and, as might have been expected, the declaration of martial law by Governor Stevens came prominently to the front. It ended, however, in the final election of Stevens, who was returned by a triumphant majority, the vote standing 953 in his favor to 518 for his competitor. It, moreover, gave popular endorsement to his political acts, and led to the rescinding of the unfavorable comments of the Legislature of 1856-57, the result giving a large Democratic majority both in the Council and the House, who were naturally not slow to take advantage of this superiority.

The vacancy caused by the election of Governor Stevens as Delegate to Congress was promptly filled by the appointment of Fayette McMullen, of Virginia, who had served for several terms in Congress as a representative from that State. He reached Olympia in September, and delivered the customary gubernatorial address, in which he took occasion to say many good words for the President and his Cabinet, but, as a new-comer, was unable to give the Legislature any special information on which to act. He referred, possibly by way of oratorical fireworks, to our glorious Constitution, which he likened to the "cloud and pillar" which led the Hebrews in their journey through the wilderness, touched upon the land question, always dear to the heart of the settler, and in that connection recommended its gift, without residence or cultivation being required, to every incomer.

This Legislature, like its predecessors, was industrious, and did considerable work. Among others it passed several bills of divorce. One of the parties rendered happy by this legal unmaking was no less a person than the Governor himself, who thus divested himself of his wife Polly, and to fill the vacancy



Henry Kellogg



immediately proceeded to take another Polly, this time *née* Wood, with whom, having probably had enough of governing Washington, he returned, possibly to be governed himself, to his native Virginia, leaving an excellent substitute in Acting Governor Mason, who was again called to fill for the time the executive chair.

By this Legislature also, the course pursued by General Wool and his officers in closing the Walla Walla valley to settlers was strongly denounced, as also the supposed disposition of Oregon to acquire that portion of the Territory.

Then followed the Fraser River gold discovery excitement, of which the only results to-day are visible in the moss-grown trails and wagon roads, with their broken log bridges, which once led to this once much-lauded Eldorado. It produced at the time, however, a whirlwind of agitation, which stirred the whole North Pacific coast as a mountain storm stirs the leaves of the forest. Its short-lived existence may be compared to a tide rapidly rising and sweeping all before it, at first wild enough in its period of flood, but soon destined to subsidence, leaving but dry rock and stranded driftwood where once it so gallantly ran its foaming course. It floated more than driftwood, however, for far away, from San Francisco wharfs, it sent to sea many a leaky hulk which had long rotted in harbor, but was considered good enough to carry thousands of eager gold-seekers, all anxious, with pick and shovel, or store of tempting merchandise, to try their fortunes amid the wilds of beautiful Fraser River. And still the wonder grew till from the ports of the sound and the rugged steeps of the interior men flocked to the mines. But it was but a repetition of the old fable—the mountain was in labor and brought forth a mouse. Yet pale face and Indian alike expected more from its throes. As usual, the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, with Governor Douglas at their back to assist with his proclamations, planned to obtain the lion's share of its possible profits. Its expectations might well take an airy flight when we remember that within forty days the arrivals at Victoria alone numbered no less than forty-two vessels and upward of six thousand passengers. As a natural result it attracted many settlers to British Columbia, thereby dealing the first death-blow to the exclusive supremacy of the Hudson's Bay Company. They looked for gain from the gold fever, but it

brought them loss. "The engineer was hoisted by his own petard." They had lost their power to dictate. Free settlers who came to take up land and cultivate it were much more difficult people to manipulate than the Indian hunters and French Canadian voyageurs, whom they had so long bent, like reeds, in perfect submission to their will. So far as Washington was concerned, it resulted at first unfavorably by drawing off some of its citizens, who hoped to better their fortunes at the mines. The wave of reaction, however, following upon their failure, not only returned the bulk of these deserters, but so advertised the Territory that many new settlers flocked in.

The admission of Oregon as a State, and its approval by the President, settled the northern boundary line of that State, and consequently fixed definitely that of Southern Washington. The residue of Oregon being thus formally declared to belong to Washington greatly increased the latter's area, taking in the famous South Pass, as also that portion of the present States of Idaho and Montana west of the Rocky Mountains.

General Clark, having succeeded General Wool, issued his orders in the fall of 1858, throwing open Eastern Washington, so long barred to the whites by the folly of the General last named, for settlement. Thanks to the successful campaign of Colonel George Wright, the hostiles of this region had received their quietus, peace reigned, and with it came civilized development. Both cattlemen and farmers found just what they required—the farmer in the rich soil bordering its many streams, and the grazier locating his herds upon the extensive natural pastures. The Walla Walla valley was soon dotted with homes, and the future of the inland empire was assured. In 1860 gold in paying quantities was found through following up an Indian legend, wild and fantastic as a dream, in the Nez Percés country. The mines were worked with good results during the winter, but the spring of 1861 brought the rush.

The next event of special interest was the episode of the hog, the "unclean beast," in this instance very nearly precipitating war, with the help of General Harney and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, between Great Britain and the United States. We have no space to devote to this extended story; but that pig is embalmed in history; his decease was made the subject of official letters and reports, of demands and rejoinders, of

threats and explanations. It moved fleets and armies, and, what was more important than all, it moved our own "Fuss and Feathers" General Scott to the scene of action, and in the same spirit which gave up "Fifty-four-forty or fight" removed General Harney, "whose presence was deemed offensive to the British officials," to Washington. It established a joint military occupation on San Juan's Island, and its cry of distress penetrated even to the council chambers of Washington and St. James, till finally *cured*, after leaving both nations in something of a *pickle* for two long years, by solemn treaty on May 8th, 1871, which sent the difficulties growing out of the unfortunate porker up to no less a personage than the Emperor William, of Germany, for arbitration, who, by defining the exact meaning of the boundary treaty, settled the whole affair. A live goose saved Rome, and a dead pig decided that our line ran through the Haro Channel, and, what was more important, an archipelago of islands lying between the continent and Vancouver's Island.

But this chapter, already too greatly extended, must now find an end. Our next will chronicle the admission of Washington into the sisterhood of States.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WASHINGTON'S ADMISSION TO STATEHOOD.

“ Arise at last, and enter in
Thy robes of state, to wear and win,
By long probation fully earned ;
The flowing tide for thee hath turned.
Fair Washington, no longer wait ;
Columbia hails thee, sovereign State,
And bids thee welcome to her halls
To hang thy banner on her walls,
Adding thy star to grace the wreath
Of which the ‘ Old Thirteen ’ were chief.
Thrice honored thou to hold the name
Of him who bore it on to fame.
Do thou in turn move grandly on
To grace the name of Washington.”

—BREWERTON.

THE age of advancement in which we live is lacking in the sense of realization. Blunted by custom, we have ceased to be surprised. The events of our era, like the exhibits of a world's exposition, crowd in upon us with such startling rapidity that occurrences which would once have excited universal interest either cease to attract our attention or become “ a nine-days' wonder ” at the best. In olden days, if an empire had been added to some feudal crown, it would have agitated the nations ; in our own, Washington, with her fair sisters, the Dakotas and Montana, stepped into the legislative halls of the American Congress, received the congratulations of their peers, and added four stars to the azure field of the Union, with scarce a ripple of excitement. Yet they were an empire in themselves, rich in every good and perfect natural gift with which the beneficent All-Giver can endow His creature man, and, moreover, fast filling with a population of which any nation under the sun might well be proud.

It now becomes our task to trace in outline the course of legislative action by which Washington passed from her circum-



W. M. Chambers



W. F. Windsor



M. G. Rice



A. B. Callow



scribed territorial limits to the full enjoyment of all the rights which our Constitution accords to a legally recognized sovereign State.

Evans tells us that "the proposition to admit Washington as a State had been discussed in the United States House of Representatives even before the meeting of the constitutional convention of 1878, created by the territorial Legislative Assembly." The first bill, however, to admit to statehood was offered in the national Congress by Thomas H. Brents, Washington's delegate in the Forty-fifth Congress; it proposed to admit under the constitution of the convention already named. Objections were made, and the matter went over till the Forty-seventh Congress (1881-83), when he introduced a second bill, drawn in accordance with the legislative memorial. It was an enabling act, authorizing the people of Washington and the northern part of Idaho Territory to hold a convention to frame a State constitution and form a State government. The smallness of her population was made an excuse to further delay recognition, but the real reason lay in the fact that the party in power dreaded a vote which might be cast against them at the next Presidential election, and possibly send to Congress two senators to strengthen the opposition. Session after session the prayer for admission went up from the territorial Legislature, but without favorable response. Senator Dolph, of Oregon, ever the friend of the Territory, championed her cause in the spring of 1886 by introducing a bill for her reception. Of this bill Evans says:

"Its boundaries included the pan handle or northern counties of Idaho. Another bill travelled hand in hand, an adjunct bill, providing for the annexation of those three northern Idaho counties to Washington—both of their Territories had passed memorials favoring such annexation, and the people of Northern Idaho had voted for it almost unanimously. It passed both Houses of Congress, but was vetoed by President Cleveland. Later on separate bills had passed the Senate for the division of Dakota, and to enable the people of North and South Dakota, Washington, and Montana to form constitutions and State governments. The Presidential election of 1888 was over. The next Congress and administration would be Republican. There was no just cause to keep out these Territories, teeming with wealth and population, vastly superior to many of the States.

“Springer’s Omnibus Bill was obnoxious to the friends of the applying Territories. Hope of admission by the Fiftieth Congress seemed dead. Already was there talk of an extra session to do this act of simple justice.” Cox, of New York, rose superior to party. On January 15th, 1889, he addressed the House, then considering the admission of Dakota; he favored Springer’s Omnibus Bill, with certain amendments; he proposed, as a last resort, if the Territories could not be brought in within a reasonable time, to help any conference between the two bodies looking to the statehood of Dakota and the other Territories; he admitted that Congress had been derelict; he urged that decisive action should be immediately taken; his proposition included New Mexico, but purposely ignored Utah; he argued the question of population, and declared that there was a moral as well as a legal touchstone by which States should be admitted; he warned the House that these Territories would be received in any event by the Republicans of the next Congress, and their people prove their gratitude by advocating at the polls the principles of their friends; he declared that Congress might as well refuse to admit as to enact that frost should cease in the North and bloom in the South, or the figure of Proteus could be fixed by statute. Then, with a grand and well-deserved tribute to the people of the Northwest, he concluded as follows: “Their spirit is that of unbounded push and energy. These are the men who have tunnelled our mountains, who have delved our mines, have bridged our rivers, who have brought every part of our empire within the reach of foreign and home markets, who have made possible our grand growth and splendid development. They are the men who have made our national life. There is no parallel in history to their achievements. You cannot hold them as captive to the federal system. You must give them self-reliant statehood.”

We now quote from the same speaker’s magnificent Fourth of July oration, delivered in 1889, at Haron, Dakota. He entitled it “The Four New States.” He spoke as follows:

“After many weary delays, on January 16th last the Senate bill for the admission of South Dakota was taken up. It was very unlike the measure which was reported by a majority of the House Committee on Territories. That committee disfavored the division of Dakota. Finally it reported a substitute known

as the Omnibus Bill—this included New Mexico. It was the result of much caucusing, and was greatly changed from the original proposition made by both Senate and House representing the dominant party in each House. Neither of these propositions proposed the absolute division of Dakota or its prompt admission. It was, however, debated on that day. In that debate I had the honor, along with the delegates interested from the Territories, to take a somewhat prominent part. When the bill came up on January 17th it was debated at length, but it went over until the 18th. Again on that day an amendment, offered by Mr. McDonald, of Minnesota, was voted down. Then an amendment by Mr. Springer, of Illinois, was proposed, resubmitting the Sioux constitution of 1885 to the people, with some incidental provisions as to boundary, etc. . . . Other amendments were offered. The amendment of the majority of the committee of the House was debated on that day. Thereupon Mr. Baker, of New York, proposed to recommit the bill, with instructions to admit South Dakota into the Union, and to provide enabling acts for North Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territories.

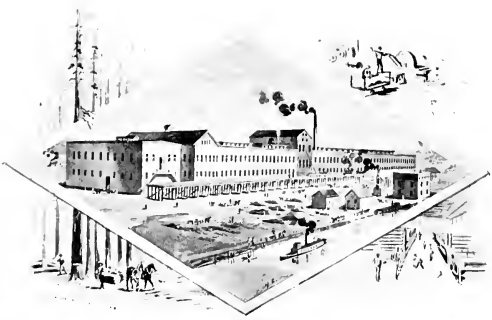
“The bill went to the Senate. It was disagreed to by that body. Then there was a long hiatus, and the friends of the Territories were becoming restive. However, it was called up on February 14th, with the report of the failure to agree between the two Houses. Amendments were tendered to the motion, among them one of Mr. Baker, of New York, which was an instruction for the House conferees to recede so as to allow, first, the exclusion of New Mexico from the bill, and second, the admission of South Dakota under the Sioux Falls constitution, and third, the resubmission of that constitution to the people, with provisions for the election of State officers only, and without a new vote on the question of ‘division.’ It also provided for the admission of North Dakota, Montana, and Washington, either by the proclamation of the President or by further action by Congress in the way of formal acts of admission. This was an advance, but it left for the conference to say whether the old question should come up again in a new Congress, either at an extra session or at the regular session of the Fifty-first Congress.

“Thereupon I had the honor to propose a sweeping substitute, which I had outlined and urged in the *New York World*, in the

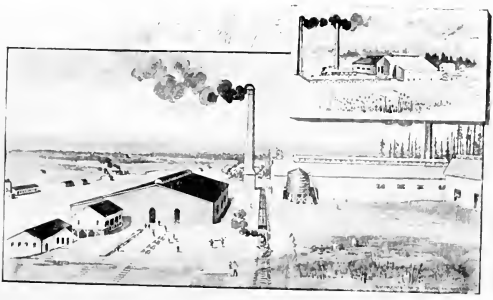
caucus, and in the House. Inasmuch as time was precious and was fast gliding away, and as I knew the intention of many friends, who honestly thought that Congress ought to do nothing, and as the Senate would not admit New Mexico, I proposed, first, its absolute exclusion from the bill; second, an unqualified instruction to the Committee of Conference to provide for the division of Dakota and the admission of South Dakota under the Sioux Falls constitution by proclamation, and a new election of federal officers, as well as State; and third, the admission of North Dakota, Montana, and Washington on the same basis, and all of them under proclamation by the President. The last instructions referred all other matters of detail to the Committee of Conference for their discretion. This proposition was intended to be a finality. It was instruction, not advice or request—absolute instruction. There was in it no ‘if’ nor ‘and,’ no ambiguity or alternative. It was attacked bitterly; but at last the House was brought to a vote upon it directly. A Kentucky statesman insisted upon a separate vote on every separate proposition. This, under the rules, he had a right to do. The vote on the exclusion of New Mexico was 135 against 105. Mr. Breckenridge voted in the affirmative, in order to move a reconsideration, and the fight was kept up. He failed on a vote of 136 to 109.

“The second proposition, for the admission of South Dakota by proclamation under the Sioux Falls constitution, and for a new election of State and federal officers, and without a new vote on the question of division, then came up. It was carried by 137 to 103. The Territories were gaining, and the opposition was losing. Then filibustering began by a motion to adjourn. That failed by 82 yeas against 143 nays, the Territories still gaining and the opposition losing. Another motion to adjourn failed. The subject then went over until the next day, on the condition that no more dilatory motions should be made. Upon the next day the second proposition was again voted on a motion to reconsider. The House stood by the Territories and the instructions.

“I confess that I did not spend a very quiet or sleepful night; but I was gratified when in the morning the vote showed that the Territories had 146 yeas and the nays only 109, the instructions still gaining. The resolution as to North Dakota,



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Montana, and Washington to be admitted on the same basis, and all of them by proclamation, went through without an aye and no vote, together with the last proposition as to indifferent matters. Thereupon the indefatigable gentleman from Kentucky insisted upon a vote upon the initial clause of instruction. He desired to submit a preliminary inquiry to the Speaker. The Chair heard it. He desired to know whether, if the enacting clause of instructions was voted down, the conferees would not be free and uninstructed. The Speaker replied, except in so far as they may accept these votes as expressing the sense of the House. The gentleman undertook to argue it after the previous question. To this I objected. The vote was taken. The yeas were 148 and the nays 102. So that from the beginning to the end of the struggle the sentiment of the House was expressed in favor of the instructions. This was on the 15th day of February. Congress was drawing to a close. Day after day passed.

“The friends of the Territories again became restless and anxious. Should there be an extra session? Should the whole matter be taken up in the Fifty-first Congress, or should the matter be ended promptly? After much conference outside, of which gentlemen who are here are well advised, there were a few accommodations made, and the instructions were complied with, and very slowly the conference reported, and the bill became a law. *It was signed by the President with a quill taken from an American eagle*, which, it was said, had once been given to some Indian champion to entwine around his scalp-lock.

“Thus it appears from this record, the pages of which are open to all, that the straight line to settle the question of admission and division not only of the two Dakotas, but of the other Territories of Montana and Washington, was carried in such an emphatic manner that the people have universally accepted the four States and placed their starry emblems upon our flag in advance of the formalities which are to-day proceeding in the Territories.”

The bill was entitled “An act to provide for the division of Dakota, and to enable the people of North Dakota, Montana, and Washington to form constitutions and State governments, and to be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, and to make donations of public lands to such States.”

With excellent good taste, as involving a most patriotic suggestion, President Cleveland selected the anniversary of

Washington's birthday, February 22d, 1889, as the most appropriate on which to add his official and final approval to the congressional act, and, as above stated, it was signed accordingly.

Its provisions included an election of delegates, seventy-five in number, who were to convene at Olympia on July 4th, 1889. The State was certainly favored in the selection of national anniversaries for its entrance days. The convention met and remained in session until August 22d. The constitution, the result of its labors, was submitted to the popular vote on October 1st, 1889, when it was ratified by a vote of 40,152 favoring to 11,789 opposed. In accordance with its provisions, the first State Legislature of the State of Washington assembled at Olympia, the seat of government, for the purpose of electing two United States Senators and otherwise perfecting the organization of the State government. But an omission had occurred in the certification of the adoption of the State constitution, required by the enabling act to be sent to the President of the United States, which omission delayed the President's proclamation of admission until November 11th, 1889. As provided by the constitution, the State officers were inaugurated on Monday, November 18th, 1889; and, as directed by the enabling act, the State Legislature, on Tuesday, November 19th, elected John B. Allen and Watson C. Squire the first United States Senators of the State of Washington—a choice attended by rather more than the usual rivalries and those heated conflicts of words which both at the time and afterward are apt to leave bitter germs, fostered by disappointment, and sure to gender future political feuds.

As may well be imagined, the citizens of the new-born State celebrated with no little enthusiasm the culmination of its star, the consummation of her espousals with Uncle Sam by the Territory whose long engagement seemed at times to threaten the annulment of the match. It was, indeed, a most auspicious event, and the marriage feast of Washington and the federal sisterhood was worthy of the occasion. There were public and private rejoicings, many reunions, and much gratulation; some with blare of bugle and roll of drums, with roar of cannon fired in national salute, with a universal flinging to the breeze of that beloved banner now enriched by a quartet of stars. There were quieter gatherings also, no less marked by feeling, which, if not so

demonstrative, flowed with deeper tide. Those were the meetings of the men and women who had borne the burden and heat of the day; had heard, some of them at least, the war-whoop of the Indian and fled from blazing homes, or, it may be, returned to gaze upon the faces set in the last agony of their mutilated dead; who had let in the light of day with their keen axes upon wilds unbroken for centuries, bending the forest to their will and converting its gloomy pines into the roof-trees of happy homesteads; who had cleared the fields and given the virgin soil to the kisses of the sunshine; who had hoped and struggled on, even when hope seemed dead and further effort useless, seeing silver linings to the clouds when the prospects of the infant Territory were dark as the gloomiest day that ever folded its wings of mist and rain above the waters of Puget Sound. There were odes and oratory, with prayer both before the altars of consecrated temples and beside the hearths where two or three were gathered together to meet their Lord, entreating the Divine blessing upon the future of the new-born State.

And here we leave the path of our direct history. Washington is still in the infancy of her statehood—a child of five years' growth, but a wonderfully progressive one, increasing daily in all that most nobly constitutes a State; making wise laws and carrying them out; extending equal rights to all, to the meanest as well as the most honored of her citizens; generous and far reaching in planning for the education of the young by a public-school system which, considering the newness of its inauguration, is the marvel of all who examine it; developing and maintaining a militia whose national guard is the pride of the people, and under its zealous and devoted officers rapidly advances toward perfection; and, best of all, when considered with relation to the character of the bulk of her population, as advanced as any of her sister States in the quality if not in the quantity of her people, men and women of whom any community might well be proud—not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, and in many cases as deeply interested in the moral improvement as in the temporal progress of the community. Well may they of Washington, in view of her early trials and present condition, declare that her march has ever been onward and upward, though too often, like the motto of her sister of Kansas, "*ad astra per aspera*"—"through sorrows to the stars."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE COUNTIES OF WASHINGTON.

“ Fair factors of a sovereign State,
We pray you meet us here,
And tell your story while we wait
With most attentive ear.
Disclose your area and age,
Your names, and how begot—
Of Indian chief or modern sage,
A varied polyglot.
With nomenclature wild and strange,
Mixing the old and new,
Permit us through your bounds to range
And pass in grand review.
CHEHALIS sits by MASON'S side,
With WHATCOM close at hand,
While CLALLAM northward stretches wide
By Juan de Fuca's strand,
PACIFIC, bounded by the wave,
Near WAHKIAKUM is found ;
But names that CLARKE and LEWIS gave
Lie inland from the sound.
COWLITZ with SKAMANIA mates,
And PIERCE agrees with KING,
While STEVENS north of LINCOLN waits,
'Neath OKANAGON'S wing.
SKAMANIA and YAKIMA
Hold KLIKITAT in ward,
Nor call we WALLA WALLA far,
With FRANKLIN close aboard.
See THURSTON point with modest pride
To fair OLYMPIA'S walls,
Where mingled wit and wisdom meet
In legislative halls.
SNOHOMISH, SKAGIT and WHATCOM
With KITSAP kiss the sound ;
But many leagues is JEFFERSON
From far COLUMBIA found.
WHITMAN and GARFIELD side by side,
With ASOTIN will wed ;
DOUGLAS and ADAMS, once our pride,
Recall those statesmen dead.



W. J. Cowley

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KITTITAS holds a central place,
 But boasts her mountains brown,
 While ISLAND and SAN JUAN must face
 The billows when they frown.
 Last but not least, SPOKANE invites
 The farmer to her fields ;
 With wealth of wheat his heart delights,
 And wondrous harvest yields."

—BREWERTON.

OUR best excuse for this unusually long poetical heading is this: holding, as we do, in bitter remembrance the difficulty with which, in our long-ago school-days, we endeavored to memorize the names of persons and places whose queer jargon of syllables seemed suggested by the evil one himself, we fancied that our rhyming review, which includes every county in the State of Washington, might aid some unfortunate child in acquiring their nomenclature, who would bless our memory accordingly.

And now to our task, for their bead-roll, with the record of their charms, both natural and artificial, is somewhat of the longest—their aggregate being no less than thirty-four. Queerly christened are they withal, the old and the new being about equally favored. Savage chiefs, or the titles of the territory where once they stalked, sit cheek by jowl in peaceful geographical accord with old-time pale-face enemies. The memory of the dead explorers, whose feet, now turned to clay, once trod the soil that bears their earthly appellations, is perpetuated in Lewis and Clarke. Far-seeing Jefferson and Adams, with Franklin, the Quaker-garbed friend of the "Old Thirteen," are not forgotten. The "Little Giant" and the wise governors, whose deeds and words of patriotic fire are inseparably entwined with the early territorial struggles of Washington, are enshrined in Douglas, Stevens, and Mason. The legislative acts which created them were eminently appropriate in the naming of sea-washed Island and Pacific, grew Spanish in San Juan, became a recaller of martyrs in Whitman, Lincoln, and Garfield, were kind to Pierce, and though apparently disloyal in honoring the king, were grandly patriotic in their recognition of our own Columbia, sitting in queenly state by the broad river christened by the Yankee skipper, Gray, a full century ago.

And now, from what point shall we pass these subdivisions of a great State in review? Let us imagine a position and create for the reader a grand stand from whence, as from a favored

“coign of vantage,” he may consider their relative attractions, and, it may be, criticise the word painting through which we endeavor to present them to his view.

If the eternal snows of Mount Tacoma, or, as our good friends of Seattle greatly prefer to call it, Mount Rainier, could be lifted up many thousand feet above its present altitude into the unclouded skies of the brightest summer day that ever smiled on favored Puget Sound, so as to enable some eagle-eyed observer to command a radius of vision sufficiently extended to embrace the whole State of Washington, the prospect it would reveal might not inaptly be generically painted as follows :

A vast extent of territory, expanding on the west till it was lost in the mists of the Pacific's horizon ; bounded on the south by Oregon, the State from whence it came, with the rugged steeps of British Columbia on the north, and varied Idaho for an eastern terminus. Seen in detail, it would present a mingling of lake, valley, and sierra—carpets of verdure flecked and broken by darker shadows of the endless pines, here and there walled and divided by sunlit crags and yet higher ledges of glittering snow peaks ; foothills and lower lands seamed with immeasurable meander lines of silver, interrupted by waterfalls crowned by rainbows and founded on foam, marking the courses of the streams that go singing to the sea to join the diapason of that eternal anthem whose chorus is the thunder of the billows that break upon the shore. But best of all, scattered here and there, encroaching upon the empire of the wilderness, like diamonds on a bed of mossy green, would be beheld towns and villages—fair cities, the children of yesterday, yet already assuming the *loga civilis* of Eastern conventionality, with hamlets nestling among the hills, the embryo of a metropolis yet to be. The very thought is bewildering ; till amid all this embarrassment and largesse of natural and artificial wealth the historian stands in doubt, like poor Ruth among the gleaners, hardly hoping that those strong reapers gone before have left even a waif of ungathered thought or stray of unappropriated description.

We write, too, in wholesome dread of that unsparing criticism, ever ready to detect a neglect of its own special locality, to whom Squashtown, if they dwell there, is all the world, and for whom, therefore, no history, however elaborate, is perfect which neglects allusion to that which they regard as all-important--

themselves—a personality which they patriotically extend to the place, however inconsiderable, which they favor with their presence. What, then, shall we do? how treat a chapter which ought to particularize, but must generalize, the beauties and advantages special to each of the counties of Washington? To select seems invidious; to detail is impossible; while to give place to extended eulogy, however great the temptation, would exhaust our space and beggar us in words of commendation even upon the threshold of our theme. Let us, then, marshal them in their order, and endeavor as best we may to say a pleasant and instructive word for each.

We will, therefore, standing with the reader upon this our suppositious “coign of vantage,” arrange them alphabetically, like the roster roll of the soldier, and in that order call them one by one to the front. First, then,

ADAMS COUNTY.

Sandwiched in between Whitman and Douglas, with Franklin and Lincoln—excellent company—for near neighbors, lies Adams, named for that statesman of the past, strong in his mental individuality, and, like Gladstone of our own day, well entitled to the reputation of “the old man eloquent.” Topographically considered, Adams County is flat, but neither “stale nor unprofitable.” Relieved by no hill or mountain shadow, it is one vast plain, without a natural tree or even shrub of consequence to break the monotony of its sunlit area. But Dame Nature, ever a believer in compensation, hides beneath this outer dearth of promise a rich soil, so wonderfully fertile that it matures crops without requiring artificial irrigation. It is, nevertheless, a fit subject for the beneficent offices of the so-called modern rain-makers, with whose help it might do even greater things. With its almost two thousand square miles of territory and even larger number of inhabitants, it is certainly entitled to the favors of that most uncertain god Jupiter Pluvius. Adams was admitted in 1883. Its county-seat is called Ritzville, after a pioneer nurseryman of Walla Walla. So far this is the only town of importance. Another decade may tell a far different story. In shape it is almost square, save a little corner on the southeast, nibbled off by the incursion of Whitman. It is fortunate in the presence of the Northern Pacific Road, which

crosses it diagonally, and makes five stations besides the "shire town" in its transit. With so powerful a helper, Adams should have no difficulty in marketing her products.

ASOTIN COUNTY.

Poor little Asotin! What have you done that you stand in the southeastern corner of the State like a bad boy subjected to punishment? Evans himself, usually complimentary, speaks of this county rather irreverently, ranging it last upon his list, and referring to it as "a short horse and soon curried," perhaps because it is so little, being the smallest county east of the Cascades, with only six hundred and forty square miles of territory; and who does not know that the weak and diminutive, even among counties, are apt to go to the wall? There is nothing in-secure or slippery about it, though, even if it be named after that elusive water snake, the eel, *hushotin* being the Nez Percé word for that semi-amphibious creature, which greatly abounds in this vicinity. Unlike Adams, Asotin is a broken county, so diversified as to be attractive to the eye; it possesses, moreover, a remunerative soil, well adapted to tillage, only needing the labor of the husbandman to give excellent results. Irving voices Bonneville's opinion in "The Adventures" when that worthy explorer, carried away by the beauty and fertility of the surrounding landscape, was moved to prophesy that "one day there would be farms there." It has been verified, and in coming years will doubtless be more abundantly fulfilled. It was admitted in October of 1883, has a population—or had in 1890—no doubt larger now—of 1580 souls. Its county-seat, Asotin, looks over into Idaho, being situated on the left bank of the Snake. Anatone, Theon, and Tilcott are minor towns. Taken all in all, Evans' "short horse" is well worthy of being trotted out and critically examined by those intending to invest.

CHEHALIS COUNTY.

The next on our alphabetical roll finds its origin in an Indian word meaning "sand." Sitting in queenly state beside the waters of the Pacific, this county, though a large portion of its northern boundary is devoted to an Indian reservation, has made great advances, having a population of 9214 and an assessed financial value of over two millions. It rejoices in the beautiful and fertile valley of the Chehalis, rich in farming lands of the best



James E. Denton



quality, boasts of Gray's Harbor—the Duluth of the Pacific—formed by an arm of the ocean which thrusts itself in, some five-and-forty miles north of the Columbia, as though weary of the monotony of the straight coast-line between Toke and Hanson Points and anxious to look upon the interior. If this be so, its visit of curiosity is a rare blessing to Chehalis, for this fine body of water, navigable for fifteen miles inland to the mouth of the river, penetrates and unlocks many resources, giving them export access to the sea. The entrance of this beautiful bay, though, like its sisters of the Northwest coast, unhappily barred at its mouth, opens with a width of over a mile; this increases to twelve in breadth, and then gradually diminishes, as if more modestly to meet the kiss of the incoming stream. The general shape of this bay is almost exactly that of a huge skate. It has a channel fifteen hundred feet wide, which carries twenty-two feet at low tide. In the bay itself there is nearly ten square miles of anchorage, with an average depth of twenty-five feet of water even at the lowest ebb. The rise and fall of the tides on this portion of the Pacific coast give from eight to fourteen feet, so it will easily be seen that with a harbor so placid and sheltered as Gray's vessels of average, though not the largest size, may enter and find safe anchorage. Then, too, the bar, that *bête noir* of mariners on the Northwest coast, is, in this case, a "respectable" one, keeping regular hours, having lots of "sand," but by no means "rocky," and openly defining its position, for it maintains the old stand and never shifts, by hanging out its sign in the shape of a line of breakers white as the driven snow. In a word, it is an honest bar, like that of John Willet's famous Maypole Inn, in no way deceptive. Into this bay flow no less than twenty rivers and streams, so freshening its waters that even the teredo, the destroyer of all wooden structures exposed to the sea and a dreadful *bore* to the shipmaster, finds the locality too enervating for his pursuits, and with his fellow-parasites fails to do damage. What wonder, then, with all these advantages, that Gray's Harbor, like many another promising location on the coast, should be afflicted with "booms," which break out periodically, not only leaving something solid in the way of progress behind them, but, as in this case, frequently "coming to stay." It takes its name from the smart Yankee captain of the Columbia who in sailor phrase "wiped Vanconver's eyes for him," nearly a century ago, when that eminent British discov-

erer, too self-contained to seriously regard the suggestions of the commander of an American trading ship, "couldn't see" the river that Gray recommended him to find. Passing inland from the bay, we see hills so crowded with the pines that their dark battalions, extending as they do north to the base of the Olympics, make its reserve of timber the most inexhaustible in the State. Though the busy saw-mills, with their eternal whir, average an aggregate of half a million feet per day, though the axe is ever busy, and the streams crowded with logs drifting to the booms, the inroads of the lumberman upon the virgin forests are scarcely perceptible. Then, too, Chehalis has store of coal, iron, and stone. In agriculture there is not only enough produced to support its large population, but to furnish a considerable excess for export. The soil on the rivers is remuneratively tillable, with small patches of fertile prairie on the uplands interspersed with the timber; add to this the thousands of acres of tide lands easily reclaimed, and we have shown that there is ample room for the farmer, as well as for the mill man. Fruit flourishes; timothy and clover, all the grasses, daintily feed the numerous cattle; grain gives its generous yield, and the hops grown upon its soil equal any in the State.

The county-seat is Montesano, situated at the head of tide-water on the Chehalis; it is a flourishing city of nearly two thousand souls, beautifully located, and securing its full share of emigration. It was not laid out till 1881; but with that phenomenal growth, so wonderful, yet so common to the Pacific coast, is already metropolitan in appearance, needing but the completion of the Puget Sound and Gray Harbor Railroad to fully utilize its many resources. There is also the new city of Gray's Harbor, for which its projectors predict favorable things, planted at the head of deep water on the north shore of the bay. Minor towns well worthy of description we must pass by lest we exhaust the space we allot to other counties. There is Aberdeen, suggesting the presence of some canny Scot, who, though far distant from the Land o' Cakes, still remembers "Aberdeen awa," Hoquian and Wynoochee. Evans suggests Chehalis as a good place to settle. For our part, we will go a step farther and declare that there are very few places in the great State of Washington where a man could go and yet find reason from lack of natural advantages to regret his action. It was organized in April of 1854, and has an area of 2104 square miles.

CLALLAM COUNTY,

now to be described, is another bad boy in the corner, though big enough to have known better. He is posted in the far-off Northwest, and is diagonally the *vis-à-vis* of poor little Asotin. Sea-washed on the north by the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and on the west by the unbroken surf roll of the broad Pacific, with Cape Flattery as its terminal misnomer, Clallam County is a disappointment; for this, the extreme northwestern limit of the American Union, is almost uninhabited. But what better could you expect from a region that takes its name from a "clam," or worse still, from a clam man or clam people, from the Indian words "*elobib*," meaning clam, and "*abil*," man. From its rugged surface rise the densely wooded heights of the majestic Olympian range, which find their highest altitude between the counties of Clallam and Jefferson. Of these mountains the author will venture to predict, though laying claim to no special spirit of prophecy, that one day the prospector will stumble among its unexplored recesses upon mines which will rival those of the far-famed Californian Eldorado. The Indian reservations of the Makah and Quillihute tribes are contained within its borders. Port Angeles, also a speculative seduction, and Pysht, together with Port Dungeness, the county-seat, are the principal places. No less than twenty creeks and rivers connect the melting mountain snows of the Olympics with the strait and sea. It was organized in April of 1854, has an area of 1824 square miles and a population of only 2771. Yet if our predictions be verified, it may one day, as in the rush for gold, teem with people.

CLARKE COUNTY,

with its twin, Lewis, suggests to the well-instructed reader the origin of its title, for Lewis and Clarke are household words in a land where every league bears witness to the faithful explorations of their original discoverers. First known as Vancouver, when counties were districts in the early days of Oregon, in 1844, it was more patriotically dedicated in 1850. With an area of 648 square miles, it supports a population of 11,700. Its property list approaches three millions. Heavily timbered, but exposing a fertile soil when opened to the sun, it offers an attractive "pitch" to the locater and attracts a fair part of incoming emigration. Bounded on the south and west by the full

flowing Columbia, it is also a corner county, and the extreme southern district of the State ; but though " cornered," is in less disrepute than little Asotin or big sea-washed Clallam. It is occupied by an enterprising people, is well dotted with towns, with Vancouver, the ancient throne of the autocratic Hudson's Bay Company, for its county-seat. Of this city Evans writes as follows : " Historically this county, by reason of its containing Vancouver, the ancient capital of the Hudson's Bay Company, is one of the most interesting on the coast. Vancouver, after many years of lethargy, is now becoming one of the most active places in Western Washington. Its situation is one of such superlative magnificence that any other natural city site in the whole Pacific Northwest dwindles in comparison with it. No wonder that Dr. McLoughlin chose it as the headquarters of his kingdom. If there is not a great city there sometime it will seem a wanton waste of the favors of Providence. There is one thing, though, the people who build a city there will have to build a grand one ; anything short of that would be an insult to nature." Besides Vancouver, La Camas, with its superb and well-utilized water-power, and Washougal are worthy of notice.

COLUMBIA COUNTY.

Evans again becomes geographically irreverent when, forgetting its high origin, he calls Columbia " a team horse with Walla Walla." What sacrilege is this ! it is even worse than putting poor Pegasus in the pound. Think of it ! " Columbia, the gem of the ocean, the boast of the brave and the free," in harness, and bound to an Indian mate at that. But a truce to badinage. We are writing history, a serious subject at the best ; and even if history have her *humors*, they are seldom permitted to break out. This county lies directly east of Walla Walla and south of Snake River ; it is also penetrated by the famous Walla Walla valley with undeteriorated richness. The incline of altitude to the eastward adds to the rainfall, and of necessity stimulates agricultural growth. With its southern base along a spur of the Blue Mountains, it slopes gradually north to the Snake River. It is finely watered by streams rising in the mountains just named, of which the principal are the Touchet, Tukannon, and Petit. Outside of the delightful valleys which follow the streams, and vary from one to two miles in width, the country



W. Jones



is rolling prairie, beautiful in aspect and fertile as to soil. These prairies would be named differently in accordance with the localities from whence their observers came; an Illinois farmer would call them hills, while the New York or New England man would designate them as magnificent plains. One fifth of this whole country is mountainous and broken, but by no means worthless, for it is heavily timbered, bearing tamarack, spruce, and the different varieties of pine; then again, as the higher land sinks into foothills, it offers a choice grazing ground well adapted to the business of the herder. Wheat, oats, and barley are its principal productions; forty to fifty bushels per acre are no uncommon reward of good tillage, and oats of high quality reach from fifty to one hundred bushels. No failure of a crop has ever been known, even when not a drop of rain has fallen after May. Vegetables of all kinds, with no other moisture than that which they draw from the ground, are both large, full flavored, and abundant. Sugar beets weighing fifteen to twenty pounds are raised anywhere, and beet sugar is regarded as a large industry of the future. Tobacco, we regret to say—for we hold it in slight regard—has been cultivated with marked success. Broom-corn and sorghum are also profitable crops. Hops are abundant, and the soil seems adapted to flax. Without doubt the superior excellence of all these things, both here and in other sections of Washington, is due to the absence of those insect pests ever the annoyance of the Eastern farmer. It may be they too will come, but as yet the ubiquitous potato bug, with all his kindred nuisances, have not been able to penetrate the passes of the Rocky Mountains.

The county was created in November of 1875, being carved out of Walla Walla. The census of 1890 rates it at 864 square miles and 6709 inhabitants.

Taken all in all, with its absence of drought and possessing a soil which ardently responds to every kiss of cultivation, it offers every inducement to the settler to visit, examine, and remain. Well provided with railroads, it blossoms with flourishing farms and well-equipped ranches.

Dayton, its beautiful county-seat, is situated in the charming valley of the Touchet, at the confluence of Petit Creek, thus giving it the double advantage of clear, pellucid mountain water of admirable purity, and still flowing with sufficient volume to jus-

tify an occasional cut off for manufacturing purposes. With a population of 2000, it already surpasses in the conveniences even of city life many Eastern towns which have long considered themselves metropolitan. We regret that space does not permit further presentation of its advantages. Other towns are Tuckan- non, Huntsville, and Marengo.

COWLITZ COUNTY

comes next into line, making a very nice alliteration. In Cow- litz we recognize an old settler, her admission dating back to the comparatively venerable age of April, 1854. Clinging to her bosom the meanderings of the famous Cowlitz valley, she boasts the finest body of lands suited to agricultural purposes in West- ern Washington. Alive with cattle who thrive upon its rich grasses, with near by and easily approachable markets, her dairy farms cannot but prove profitable. It is equally rich in his- torical reminiscences. It was the field of labor spiritually of the Catholic priest, and in a temporal point of view of the old Puget Sound Land Company. Here, too, in those dis- tant by-gone days was the British lion mauled by American hands. Though backward in growth, Cowlitz is wealthy in natural resources, magnificent in timber, productive in soil, rich in mines, both in reality and indication. It finds its legal foun- tain-head at Kalama, on the Columbia, and considers Monticello, Freeport, Kelso, and Olequa places of growing importance. Square miles, 1124 ; population, 5917.

DOUGLAS COUNTY,

the next to attract our attention, with Lincoln and Adams on its right and a surrounding on its other boundaries of Indian- named neighbors, makes a large showing as the principal central figure on the map of the State of Washington. It is, as a glance will show, "*couléed*" to perfection. These "*couléés*" are a sin- gular natural feature, for whose origin various theories have been suggested. Evans inclines to the belief, as most reasonable, that they were the result of the draining of the great lake which evi- dently once filled the entire upper basin of the Columbia, brought about by the disruption of the Cascade Range at the present gorge of the Columbia, which, when the waters of the lake were nearing the bottom, the monstrous attrition of the

flood literally scooped out these immense channels, hundreds of feet deep, and in some places a mile or more in width. Other theories attribute these "*coulées*" to the presence of the old beds of the Columbia, now gone dry and for many years deserted by the river, which sought a different outlet. The name "*coulée*," corrupted from the French word "*coulter*," meaning a "cut off," was probably given by some of the French-Canadian voyageurs, of whom the Hudson's Bay Company had many wandering through these regions, and to whom we are indebted for many prairie and mountain terms and appellations inseparably linked with the nomenclature of the primitive Far West. Some of these are exceedingly appropriate. We are told that a famous resident of one of these "*coulées*," possibly the extensive one on the western border which bears his name, is no less a personage than Chief Moses; unless history does him wrong, by no means as meek a man as the famous law-giver of Hebraic legend. An Indian more admired (or better expressed, perhaps, by the word feared) than any other warrior on the Northwest coast, he is described as being magnificently formed, dreading neither God nor man, well educated, and the idol of his people. To this word portrait is added the very significant suggestion: "He is a chief whom all travellers through these vast solitudes will do well to propitiate." Situated west of Lincoln County, and bounded on the northwest and south by the Big Bend, which the Columbia River here describes, it is nearly all arable—its climate, rainfall, expanse of treeless, open, gently rolling prairie and similarity of soil and productions making it in every way the counterpart of Lincoln County. In area Douglas is one of the largest in the State, being exceeded in this respect by only three others. It is rated at 4552 square miles. It has a population of 3161 souls. Wild and comparatively speaking uninhabited as it is, its property valuation foots up over half a million of dollars. Its county-seat is Waterville, situated in the northwestern part of the county, not far from the Okanagon County line. It is a flourishing place of over one thousand inhabitants. Minor towns are called Badger, Okanagon, Orondo, and Lincoln. This county was constituted in 1883.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Little did the wise Quaker philosopher, of whom Mirabeau writes, "He caught the lightning from heaven and the sceptre

from the hands of tyrants," dream that ere a century should elapse his name would be revered in both hemispheres, would be selected as the fittest to stand sponsor at the christening of the subdivision of a State which should link his memory with that of his distinguished contemporary, Washington. Looking like a wedge of desert earth driven in between those great rivers of the Northwest, the Snake and the Columbia, it is less unpromising than it seems, and when a sufficiency of water is obtained will doubtless be found pleasantly deceptive. But alas! here comes the rub. For the proposition of successful irrigation is one yet to be satisfactorily demonstrated. It is arid, a desert clothed only with the sage bush, unfit for agricultural purposes without artificial aid, and with no means of supplying the deficiency of rainfall yet in sight. It contains some bunch grass pasturage, but their only productions are limited to stock and wool. These, too, are but indifferently watered, and the streams on which they might otherwise depend flow from them, affording no opportunity for cheap or easy irrigation. Nevertheless, unproductive as it is, it is by no means friendless. Many are ready to speak a good word for Douglas. And why not? It is one of the mysteries of farming throughout the whole State of Washington that "the unexpected is always happening." In a word, land that the superficial observer, accustomed to the rich alluvial deposits of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, or the deep black loam of corn-bearing Nebraska's prairies, would deem valueless, not worth the turning of a furrow, proves when that furrow is driven, seeded, and properly cared for, through the silent eloquence of an enormous return, an astonishment for which no agricultural logic can account. Franklin County, as we have shown, needs irrigation; but with sufficient capital judiciously applied to that end will undoubtedly give a favorable response to labor so bestowed. It has an area of 1244 square miles, but her total of what the Arkansas man calls "humans" foots up an aggregate of only 696—the smallest population of any county in the State, though Skamania in this respect is almost equally wanting. It boasts but one town, which of necessity is the county-seat, Pasco, which the "Guide to the Pacific Northwest" speaks of as follows: "At Pasco, in the southern part of Franklin County, efforts are now being made to procure water by artesian-well borings. A depth of 600 feet has already



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been reached without obtaining it as yet ; should the same success attend these efforts as has been met in the prairie States of the East, the agricultural reports of this county will be of an astonishing character, for no finer body of fertile land, with this one defect, no more healthful and pleasant climate can anywhere be found than that which is possessed by the county of Franklin." Its assessed value, with all these drawbacks, already exceeds half a million. Not bad that for a "one town region." Its organization dates back to 1883.

GARFIELD COUNTY.

So named in remembrance of the martyred President, who succumbed, after a long and lingering battle with death, a victim to the pistol of the crazy assassin Giteau, enduring months of agony, during which the great heart of the American people may truly be said to have beat responsive to every throb of their stricken ruler's pain. It was erected into a county in 1881. Favored by nature, it rejoices in the beauty and fertility of its rolling plains. In shape it stands like a long-necked vase upon the map between little Asotin and Columbia, with a bit of the Blue Mountains as a very substantial base, and the serpentine coils of the Snake River by way of cover. By way of garniture this same cover follows the famous Snake River fruit belt, while its navigable waters furnish excellent facilities for transportation. With the exception of its more rugged mountain base the whole county is rich in farming lands of the finest quality. The southern portion is finely timbered, with a sufficiency of mills to supply the large local demand for lumber. Sloping gradually from the mountains, the whole space between Asotin and Columbia teems with fertility. Crops are abundant and easily matured. Fruits do well, especially the smaller ones, which are found in unlimited quantity. It needs but larger railroad development to place Garfield in the front rank ; as yet not more than one fifth of the arable land is under cultivation. Pomeroy, the county-seat, pleasantly situated on a tributary of the Snake River, had even in 1889 a population of 1500. It is located on a flat which here widens out beneath the hills, leading to the lofty uplands. It is a prosperous and growing place, rapidly becoming metropolitan. Its towns, though not numerous, are steadily advancing, and their inhabitants are credited

with the possession and exercise of great push and energy, qualities which go far in building up, even with more indifferent materials than those good gifts so liberally bestowed upon Garfield. Its property list already touches the two-million-dollar mark. Its area is quoted at 672 square miles, with 3897 dwellers within its borders. Other towns beside the county-seat are Pataha, Alpowa, and Ilia—their names alone would entitle them to special mention, if only to emphasize their singularity.

ISLAND COUNTY.

And now we suffer a sea change, from inland rock and lake and craggy mountain-side, or rolling prairies stretching out with motionless billows like a verdant sea, to the wave-washed shores of the county so appropriately called Island. We go back in memory as we write to the fair representatives, though duplicated in number, of the "Apostles," the island gems of Lake Superior. But not more beautiful are these children of the Father of Waters than those of which we write. We may group them thus, like an emerald cluster, set with pearls of the ever-sounding sea, the larger brilliant being the islands of Whidby and Camano, the first named for one of Vancouver's lieutenants, and the latter, as its greater euphony suggests, called, in the more sonorous language of Old Spain, after one of the early Castilian navigators. Whidby is linked, alas! with sorrowful memories of Indian foray and outrage, with bloody revenges upon its innocent and unoffending settlers, its outlying and exposed position rendering it especially vulnerable to the incursions and attacks of the warlike sea pirates of the far Northern tribes. Clustered round these, the larger gems, are one or two baby isles; but a link of land bridging Saratoga Passage is wanting to have made sea-set Island County a "solitaire." It fills a large space at the mouth of Admiralty Inlet, has an area of only 220 square miles, the least of any other county, but no less than 1787 islanders. Its wealth is assessed at half a million. The acreage of the larger island (Whidby) is about 115,000; that of Camano, the smaller, nearly 30,000. Both are fortunate in the richness of their soil and the possession of some fine belts of timber. Coupville is not only the county-seat, but a seat of learning also, for it boasts an academy. Utsaladdy and Coveland are also places of importance, the former being the location of the

immense mills of the Puget Sound Lumbering Company, whose busy saws are fast converting the denizens of the primeval forest to the uses of civilization through repeated assaults of the cold steel at close quarters, which finally ends in boarding, preparatory to the shipment of these woodland captives both by land and sea, there to be prisoned in many a home, whose denizens little dream that the roof which shelters them once waved in the winds of far-off Puget Sound. Let us call a halt here and continue our review, lest its long procession grow wearisome in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE COUNTIES OF WASHINGTON CONTINUE TO PASS IN REVIEW.

“ With varied face and climate fair,
Soft breathings of the Chinook air,
Topography in vain may try
Some fatal error to descry.
From Puget Sound to Cascade Range
See counties rich in mine or grange :
Green foothills fit for herder's flock,
Broad sounds the inlands to unlock ;
Vast forests crowded with the pine,
Fair fields with fruitage rich as wine ;
Prairie swells, where tasselled corn
And bearded rye are swiftly born.
Let him who pines for want of wealth,
For comfort, happiness and health,
For all good gifts by labor won,
A homestead seek in Washington.”

—BREWERTON.

ONCE more recalling our brigade to attention, we continue our review of these grand subdivisions of a glorious State with Jefferson County.

JEFFERSON COUNTY

recalls the wise, and, considering the times in which he flourished, the remarkably far-seeing statesman, whose eagle mental eye, piercing the shadows of the uncertain future, saw “ a possibly friendly empire” one day to be in the regions, then a *terra incognita*, which lay beyond those snow-clad barriers, then known as the “ Stony” or “ Shining Mountains.” He it was whose genius and persistent official efforts sent Lewis and Clarke to explore the hitherto unknown way. It is well, therefore, and in the case of Washington specially appropriate, that patriotic gratitude should here, as in many another State, perpetuate his memory by giving that honored name to a district of densely timbered and almost uninhabited mountains. Yet there is something grand in the thought that such a region, so wild, so



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untamed, so affluent in possibilities of hidden gold and buried silver, should bear the name of our distinguished third President, whose mentality was as strong in its wonderful originality as the craggy chain which in Jefferson links its eastern inland bay with the surf that tumbles in upon its western shores from the restless billows of the Pacific. In shape it is almost a perfect parallelogram save for its outlying eastern boundary, which rather unaccountably travels northward, cutting off Clallam from Admiralty Inlet, and stealing the metropolis of Port Townsend from a county which has no population to spare. For its southern limitations it has Chelalis and Mason, while Clallam marches with its northern border. But however unpromising as a whole—for the uncompromising Olympics hold their stately court within its territory—nature, which always abhors a vacuum, has given Jefferson much of compensation in its northeast corner; for here, overlooking the sound, sits fair Port Townsend, the county-seat, a lively town, growing, and likely to do better, where art and original advantages combine to produce results which assure substantial progress; but of Port Townsend we propose to write more fully under its own especial head. Add to this infant metropolis the towns of Port Discovery, Ludlow, and Hadlock, with their great saw-mills, and Irondale, whose name indicates the nature of its predominant industry, and it will be seen that mountain-cumbered Jefferson is not so badly off, after all. Organized during Washington's twinship with Oregon, it dates back to 1852, becoming in 1854 one of the first-named Territory's charter counties. With a tax list of over two millions, it supports upon an area of 1688 square miles 8368 inhabitants; but most of this wealth and the bulk of its population cluster about its commercial centre, Port Townsend. It is rich in historic reminiscences also, belonging as it does to a region figuring largely in the early settlement of the State. Port Townsend is, moreover, honored and dignified by being the favored residence of the "Duke of York"—not exactly a scion of England's royal house, the name having been filched, for your average Indian will steal anything, from a name to a camp kettle; or, not to do this child of the forest injustice, it may have been applied by some jocose pale face to the famous old savage in question, who is credited with being what the Hibernian would call "one of the real old stock," and, moreover, in this

case one of those exceptions which prove the rule, "a good Indian," more difficult to find than an uncut Kohinoor.

KING COUNTY

very properly comes in after our passing allusion to this gallant "son of York;" and well may it be called King, for even though uncrowned in itself, which it is not, it possesses a fair spouse in the metropolis of Seattle, who, with much show of reason, delights to call herself the "Queen City of the Sound," upon whose beauties and excellencies we propose to dilate farther on, confining ourselves at present, despite the temptation to do otherwise, to what journalists call "mere mention." Mildly mountainous on its eastern border, the county of King kisses the sound, with gentler pine-clad hills and sandy beaches on its western boundary. Its charming fresh-water Lake Washington is the pride and pleasure resort of the Seattleites. It is emphatically one of the great, if not the greatest, counties of the Northwest, well dotted with villages, the anchorage of many ships, the site of large industries, and the possessor of incalculable reserves of coal and lumber. Organized into a county in 1852, it was received into Washington two years later. At first glance it might be supposed, remembering the long sufferance of indirect British rule in Washington, to have been named for her potentates; in reality, however, one of the sovereign people, no less a personage than that Republican lord, Rufus King, a former Vice-president, was responsible for its origin. Its area is 194 square miles; its population at least 70,000; its wealth—well, we don't dare to quote its millions, lest we appear to rival the sailor whose mother discredited his story of the flying fish, but implicitly believed his narrative of the recovery of one of Pharaoh's long-buried chariot wheels, which came home with his anchor while cruising in the Red Sea. There is still another reason for our hesitancy in this respect, and we will interpolate the suggestion here that we use the census of 1890 for our data as to area and population throughout, while for taxable wealth we have based our calculations on Evans' figures, all of which, though reliable in their day—some three years ago—must now be received *cum grano salis*. Indeed, it is simply impossible to make correct figures in a State like Washington, where the ample bounds of to-day prove too limited on the morrow; where

cities spring up as if beneath the magician's wand ; and the assessor, liberal as he is inclined to be in his valuations, is eternally underestimating his totals. Then, too, there is that ever-present Western factor, the "boom," occasionally, like Jonah's gourd, springing up in a night to wither in the sunshine ; but in Washington they seem to be born of more enduring stock, for they come to stay. We cannot better conclude our eulogium upon this county than by quoting from Evans, who dismisses it with the following benediction :

"There are two facts especially worthy of notice in connection with this whole county : the first and most important of these is the wonderful pluck and cohesiveness of its people. The second is the remarkable facilities for communication which exist here. The means of traffic by railroad and steamboat are not surpassed, if they are equalled, by those of any place in our whole country. And it is by the energy and self-sacrifice of the people of Seattle themselves that these most desirable results have been secured. No powerful outside corporation has taken them under its wing."

Aside from Seattle, the chief towns of this county are Squak (whose English should certainly be the cry of the wild goose), Houghton, Newcastle, and Snoqualmie.

KITSAP COUNTY

comes next to be mentally manipulated in our descriptive mill. Of the name of this county we have already most inadequately expressed our disgust. To void the appellation of Slaughter, selected by the territorial Legislature, and given in honor of that gallant soldier and gentleman shot down by the savage enemies of the settler in the performance of his duty, and then by a popular vote, at a general election of its citizens, to change it to Kitsap, in memory of a drunken Indian chief, the avowed enemy and murderer of the whites, even then in arms against them, was an act both disreputable and extraordinary. This same Kitsap was twice a prisoner, escaping the white man's justice to fall a victim, as is elsewhere described, to his stupidity in playing the "medicine man," being butchered by his fellows while in a state of intoxication for his professional "taking off" of their friends. Organized in January of 1857, it is so seamed, cut into, and intruded on by the bays and indentations of the

sound that it reminds one of the irreverent remark made by some unregenerate soul upon a similar state of things in Wisconsin, this profane individual declaring that "when the Lord divided the land from the water He forgot Wisconsin." Kitsap County would seem to have been overlooked also. It has a marine flavor, moreover, on its western boundary from the introduction of Hood's Canal. Little bays look in as if to see how the interior was getting on, and indentations of wave-worn meander lines gridiron the eastern shores. Its strong growth of pines, shooting up thick and stately and massing their dark battalions as they extend their serried lines from inland camps to outposts on the strand, attract and reward the lumbermen. The buzz of the busy saw and the stroke of the invading axe seem eternally present, and gradually eat into forest depths which must one day disappear to give place to the sunny lawns, trim hedges, and ornate seaside villas which the luxuriant civilization of a century to come will undoubtedly plant upon its hill-slopes. At present Port Gamble, Blakeley, and Madison boast colossal mills, whose daily aggregate runs into the hundreds of thousands of feet. Seabeck, on the western shore, is also a place of some trade. Port Madison is the county-seat. Its assessment—we refer to the county—over three years ago exceeded a million; it has but 392 square miles of territory, but the census of 1890 gives it a population of 4624.

KITTITAS COUNTY.

The origin of this name is too evidently Indian to require an interpreter. It is only surpassed by King County in the richness of its developed coal mines, whose deep veins, seaming the beautiful valley of the Kittitas, promise an unlimited supply of this carbonaceous fuel for centuries to come; yet this is but a tithe of the many good gifts which stand ready to be profitably utilized, only waiting a unity of capital and labor for their development. It is rich in minerals; the mountain region offers timber; the sweet grasses of the foothills, with the pure waters of their numerous streams, cry to the grazier for herds to taste their richness and offer abundant pasture to the innumerable cattle who should range and browse upon their uplands. Its more level valleys need but irrigation to excellently reward the tool of the husbandman with fruits Brobdingnagian in size, with



Jesse F. Cochran



Howard Tilton



John B. Berry.



D. Thos. Denny



cereals and "garden truck," whose selected specimens already take front rank at the industrial expositions. Nestled in the lap of this teeming abundance both of fruition and promise sits its county-seat. Ellensburg, once flame-scorched, but now more than recovered from her disaster, is its legislative centre and located on the Yakima. This county was erected in November of 1883. Mountainous on the north, with grand Mount Howard lifting its majestic peak above its fellows to crown its extreme upper corner with its neighbor, Mount Stuart, till lower down, Kittitas broadens out to an eastern boundary of sixty miles on the Columbia, having the Yakima to meander through its centre till it joins with the county of that name on its southern base. It has 3344 square miles of area and a population of 8777 souls; its money valuation reached three millions some time ago, and is now doubtless largely increased. In scenery it offers a natural studio to the artist, uniting the Alpine beauties of the Swiss mountain-passes with the Arcadian softness of its southern vales. Frowning mountains, snow-capped, and hiding the secrets of the centuries beneath their cloud shadows, rough and rugged with the savagery of uncounted years, look down upon smiling fields gemmed with those flowers which the poet of the Rhine tells us are "stars that in earth's firmament doth shine," and offering to the less aesthetic eye, as we have already hinted, the more seducing charms of sweet grass and good water. Roslyn, Cle-Elum, and Kittitas are numbered among its towns.

KLIKITAT COUNTY,

organized in December of 1859, presents itself next in due order of reception. It is, of course, also a name of Indian origin. Reported fertile and beautiful, it finds a convenient and unmistakable boundary in the Chehalis, which, occupying, as it does, the extreme south centre of the State, also separates it from Oregon. Skamania draws its perpendicular on the west, while an unbroken straight line divides it on the north from its neighbor, Yakima, with an Indian reservation between. Like many of her sisters, Klikitat is strong in her still undeveloped resources — mines waiting the pick and shovel of the prospector, virgin soil praying to be broken, and beautiful building sites on which homes are yet to appear. It is, moreover, one of the great stock counties, while its valleys teem with fertility. Its needs are

greater facilities for transportation and the development of industries, which capital can alone supply. To counterbalance this, it finds some advantage from a frontage of great extent on the Columbia, which is, moreover, below its worst rapids. Its metropolis, Goldendale, is also its legal centre. Bickleton, Luna, Columbus, Fulda, Lyle, and White Salmon are also noticeable places. In area it reaches 2176 square miles; its population numbers 5167; its financial strength upward of two millions.

LEWIS COUNTY.

Again almost a perfect parallelogram in form save for a saucy turn up at its right-hand upper corner, as if it could not bear to be cut off from taking in a share of the spurs of thrice glorious Mount Tacoma (Seattle's Rainier), but had broken out of bounds and gone up to meet them. Sierra-barred by the Cascades in their greatest immensity on the west, it falls away more gently, as though repenting of its former sternness, to meet the valley of the Cowlitz and the vicinity of the sound, from which, however, it is separated by the county of Pacific. Lewis, too, is *par excellence* an old settler, and may if it please put on airs of seniority, as old pioneers are sometimes apt to do, with its younger "tender feet" sisters, for it once belonged to Oregon and dates back to 1845. Its name, a most appropriate one, is derived from that of the ranking officer of that famous expedition of Lewis and Clarke, which did more to open the pathway to settlers and prove the real value of this Far Western land than almost any other agency. It owes much, if not all, to that wonderful triumph of modern engineering, the Northern Pacific Railroad, which provided the means, hitherto lacking, whereby the inmate of its heretofore almost untraversed wilds could find a market and turn its forests to profitable account. Avoiding as it does the great northern gravel belt of the sound county, its soil is of the fertile character of the Columbia and Willamette River regions. It is, however, difficult to clear, for amid all the tangle of heavy upper and even denser undergrowth closely clinging and luxuriantly growing in so favorable a soil, it is no easy matter to let in the daylight upon the centuries-gathered rich vegetable mould beneath. It pays in the end, nevertheless, and the thriving farmers whose homes dot the valleys of the Chehalis and Upper Cowlitz are beginning to find it out. The wild regions of the

Cascades, which occupy more than half of this county, lifting their jagged peaks and huge pinnacles to the skies, may well be deemed God's own reservations for the storing of His harvests of the winter snows, that they may give verdure to the valleys through the myriad streams that sluice their river waterways or break into foam clouds as they precipitate themselves from the higher cliffs. These are the threads of silver, so beautiful when seen from afar, that delight the eye of the traveler and link the brown Sierras, steep and bare, with smiling fields verdant with various grasses and perfumed with the presence of the fragrant pine and rose. The same beneficent Hand has planted iron and coal beneath the foothills—localities which will one day respond bravely to corporate improvement. This county measures 2308 square miles in extent, boasts a population of 11,499, and collects taxes on an assessed value of over two million of dollars. Its county-seat is Chehalis, a lively and rapidly improving town. Other points of interest are Toledo, the head of navigation and steamboat communication with Portland; on the Cowlitz side, Winlock is a place of note, as also are Napavine, Centralia, and Newaukum on the Chehalis side of the county.

LINCOLN COUNTY

brings to mind both sweet and sombre memories of the great and good man whose honored name it bears—the man of tender heart, but, in the pursuit of duty, iron will, who never spared himself, but often forgave others—the Moses of our years of wandering in the wilderness of disunion and fratricidal strife. It was indeed well done to link our dead President's martyr fame with that of the leader who stood eminently "first in the hearts of his countrymen." It was well, too, the days of their political conflicts being forever ended, that these two giants, the "little" and the great, who wrestled so oft in the arenas of argument or the disputations of oratorical antagonism, should here lie peacefully side by side embalmed in the counties of Douglas and Lincoln.

In the order of its organization, Lincoln County preceded its neighbor by four days, only being admitted in November of 1883. In character it resembles its mate, but though less than half the size of Douglas (which again reverses the precedents of their originals) it is more thickly settled with towns and shows thrice the population of its neighbor, having an aggregate of

nearly ten thousand. The little city of Sprague, its county-seat, is the leading town between Spokane and Yakima, and bids fair to retain its supremacy. Well provided with railroads, Lincoln offers special inducements to the incomer, and will amply repay an inspection by those who may be "prospecting" for a location among new homes and a strange people. Other places of importance are Crab Creek, Harrington, Davenport, and Sedalia. Its property valuation already reaches nearly three millions.

MASON COUNTY,

the next to engage our attention, derives its name from one most truly honored and respected by all who personally knew him or were acquainted with his private and public history, Governor Mason, whose official acts and words of wise counsel and admonition are inseparably connected with the early struggles of the infant Territory in the dark days of its greatest discouragement. Filling with dignity the oft-times long-vacated gubernatorial chair, he performed its arduous duties with credit to himself and infinite advantage to his fellow-citizens. When first organized, in March of 1854, it bore the name of Sawamish until January of 1846, when the Indian was very properly obliged to give way to honor the pale-face chief. Comparatively small at the best, having less than a thousand square miles of area, it is so cut up and invaded by the ramifications of the sound and the incursion of Hood's Canal that it almost rivals Kitsap in the extent of its territory under water. Heavily wooded with magnificent pine, its industries find remunerative employment in lumbering. With a population of nearly 3000 and over a million of dollars of taxable wealth, it makes an excellent showing for its size and opportunities. Its "shire town" is Skelton. It has two others, Skohomish, signifying in the Indian tongue "river people" (the termination "mish," often found in Indian words, meaning "people"), and Oakland, which has yet to reach the dimensions of its Californian namesake.

OKANAGON COUNTY.

It is well for our readers that the space required to describe this overgrown region, a State in itself, is not equal to its size, for it is the largest of all, having an area of no less than 7258 square miles, a vast extent of territory, yet almost uninhabited,



Wm H. Small



its total population footing up an aggregate of only 1487 souls—less than one quarter of a man to a mile. Fancy loves to anchor hope most strongly upon the mysterious and unknown. If this be true of Okanagon it must be a perfect treasure-house of expectation, with no limit to pleasant possibilities. Its mountains, rude and rugged in the extreme, may prove the rock-ribbed roofs to stores of hidden gold; coal may crop out of its foothills and iron furnish raw material for other smiths than the ghostly, bow-legged Vulcans of its Titanic steeps. It costs no more to believe this than to imagine them as inhospitable as their frowning brows would suggest.

It was the last created of the counties of Washington, being erected in 1888, and was borrowed from its almost equally overgrown neighbor, Stevens, whose immense limits could well afford to lose so unprofitable a portion. Their carving will probably not stop here, for as settlers flow in convenience will probably suggest further divisions in both. Okanagon, however, is not all mountain, having a large fertile tract well adapted to agriculture in the vicinity of the Wenatchee River. The map shows it well watered with many creeks and greater river-courses, all of which finally go to swell the volume of the Columbia, though some reach it by way of the Wenatchee, its tributary. It has, too, a magnificent lake—Chelan—which is the largest body of fresh water in the State, being forty miles in length, with a width at the broadest of over five miles. This great sheet of water, fed from the Cascades, finds its outlet in the Columbia through Downing's Rapids. The memory of Bonaparte is also revived in a mountain which bears his name, probably given by some old soldier of the empire whose broken fortunes made him a wanderer in these inhospitable wilds. Ruby City is Okanagon's law centre—a gem of a place we doubt not from the name; but then "all is not gold that glitters."

PACIFIC COUNTY

wafts us, as if seated on the fabled carpet of the Arabian magician, from the lakes and mountains of Washington's far northeastern boundaries to the shores where the Pacific thunders on the strand, christening its namesake with eternal drenchings of its billows. This, too, is an old Oregonian county, a creation of February, 1851. It has a bay of which, considering the shrewd-

ness of the natives, its people at first sight would seem to be unduly proud. Shoalwater Bay is not an attractive name—at least to the mariner—but like every other locality in Washington, Shoalwater Bay has its hidden merits, which when brought to light improve on closer acquaintance. It is indeed well that it is no deeper, for is it not the home of that succulent and widely appreciated bivalve, the oyster, and do not its inhabitants find compensation in the raking and reaping of these submarine fields which more fertile inland pastures might fail to supply? To all of which we answer, “They do indeed.” Then, too, there are the clams—such clams as Rockaway and Cohasset never even dreamed of—one of which would almost fill a bucket, of which the “old settler” sings:

“No longer a slave to ambition,
I laugh at the world and its shams;
Then envy my happy condition,
Surrounded by *acres of clams.*”

Coming back to grander roll, with which the historic tide should ever flow to meet its termination, we will endeavor to do Shoalwater justice in soberer prose as we find it described in the “Pacific Northwest.” It says:

“Shoalwater Bay, another arm of the Pacific Ocean reaching into Pacific County, is navigable for a lighter draft of vessels. Here the lumber trade is large again and permanently established. The fishing industry, too, is flourishing, and the oyster and the clam beds are the finest on the coast, and a good export business is done and steadily increasing in this line. The surrounding country is generally heavily timbered; but there are some rich river bottoms, and agriculture there is lucrative and offers good opportunities. Here, on the southwestern corner of Washington, Shoalwater Bay, the Pacific Ocean, and Baker’s Bay, an estuary of the Columbia River at its mouth, form a long peninsula, called by the Indians ‘Tee-choots.’ The extreme southern point of this is Cape Disappointment (strange, is it not, that our western Washington shore should begin in Disappointment and end in Flattery? Perhaps a moral might be deduced from reversing their order, for who does not know that flattery often ends in disappointment?) The lofty cliffs surmounted by towering firs present a scene of picturesque grandeur. North of the cape the shore slopes to a charming

sandy beach, back of which is located on the upland, Sea View, a most delightful summer resort. Thousands dwell or visit here in summer. The famous large crabs for which the coast is celebrated are taken here in any quantity." Oysters, good society, and clams—what more could Newport, Long Branch, or Coney Island itself give to life's wayfarer?

Oysterville, most unromantic, but in this case appropriate name, is the county-town, and Knapton, Ilwaco, and Bay Centre are also worthy to be named. It has an area of 896 square miles with a population of 4358.

PIERCE COUNTY.

Good neighbor, yet chronic rival of King, at least where Sister Pierce claims that Seattle is in any respect superior to her own Tacoma, for the "Queen City" and she of the "City of Destiny," like jealous beauties, are eternally pulling caps for pre-eminence. It is a large and possibly for any dweller in that region of Puget Sound a dangerous subject to treat one-sidedly. There is, by the way, one universal touchstone through which the curious inquirer can instantly discover from which of these antagonistic locations a stranger, if to the manor born, hails. If from Seattle, he calls the great snow mountain whose twin bosoms, cold with the snows of centuries, look down upon them both, "Mount Rainier;" while he of the "City of Destiny" would die the death sooner than recognize it by any other name than "Mount Tacoma." Indeed, we have sometimes wondered if its good people had not come to believe that this mother of rivulets was named after their own city, now growing venerable in the beginning of its second decade of existence. As may well be imagined, this slight difference of opinion leads to many a wordy war, and as to the merits of which the author, being a peace lover, does not propose to express an opinion—no, not even in type.

"Poor Pierce," as he used to be called in the political controversies of his day, sometimes regretfully or, yet again, in derision, as the speaker happened to accord or disagree with the party of the President—and then, too, the alliteration was a tempting one—is responsible for the name of this wealthy and flourishing county of the State of Washington. Like some of its neighbors, it stretches from the rocky barriers of the Cascades to the waters

of the sound, growing topographically more amiable, and with added sweetness fairer favored as it descends, showing that decadence in circumstance sometimes brings out better qualities. It was also one of Washington's original "old settlers," being transferred from Oregon, where it was organized in 1852, to Washington in 1854. It may claim agricultural excellence in the fertile valleys of the Puyallup, White, and Stuck River regions. We have ourselves seen vegetables and fruit grown in these localities of so unusual a size that one would hardly dare to describe them truthfully among the "doubting Thomases" of the East, lest he should be set down as a near relation of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ananias. It is the land of hops, of which the Indian brave and his squaw—particularly the squaw—are the industrious and well-paid pickers. In this connection it is worth recording as a curious fact that one of the first investments which the brave in question makes with the money so earned is in the purchase of a *trunk*, though for what particular reason the author has never been able to discover, as an Indian's belongings, like the goods of a Parisian shop, are generally all on view. It is a sight worth pausing to contemplate on the streets of Tacoma or Seattle to watch the Indian with his family—squaw, papoose, and minor bare-footed responsibilities—as they plod the streets "doing their trading" on their return from the hop-picking. The buck loads the squaw with their purchases till she resembles an overweighted express wagon rather than a female. She is simply extinguished with his selections, while he, in all the dignity of forest manhood, leads the little procession, gallantly carrying a blanket if there is no place left to hang it on the submissive concentration of ugliness who plods patiently in his rear. But to return to the hops of Pierce County. Their exportation is large and constantly increasing; the quality is so fine they command the best prices and go beyond the seas to give zest to the mirth of the German "beer garden" and the song which finds its stimulus in the Englishman's "'alf and 'alf."

Of the prairies of its southern border but little good can be said, the soil being gravelly and for the most part worthless, unless they lie near enough to a "city" to blossom into "additions," in which case their staked-out "lots" produce a larger harvest to the fortunate possessor than the most prolific yield of the richest loam; yet even here it has its hills bristling with tim-



Leah Freeman

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ber-giving pines, veined beneath with iron and coal, and well equipped with such means of transportation both by land and water as few localities enjoy. Of Tacoma itself, Evans very justly speaks as follows: He likens her to Minerva, "springing full armed from the Jupiter brain of modern railway development." But the City of Destiny, as well as her queenly sister of Seattle, are too large subjects to be handled under a generic head, so we reserve them for more elaborate and specific treatment in the special place which we propose to allot to them; and withal, considering the difficulty of equally doing justice to the charms of both these jealous beauties (though we by no means propose to emulate the unwise example of Paris by giving the apple, sure to prove one of discord, to either), we are almost inclined to echo the old legal prayer for a good deliverance in so doing. It is a pleasant thing, nevertheless, to chronicle in this connection that as "one touch of nature makes all the world akin," so times of trial and disaster bear good fruits in forgetfulness of rivalries and the jar of conflicting interests. This was well exemplified in that dark hour when the "Queen City" literally sat in the ashes of her desolation, swept by the unsparring flames, amid the ruins of the business heart of her most prosperous streets. Tacoma, with an open hand and sympathetic heart, came nobly to the front and raised some ten thousand dollars among her citizens for the sufferers by this baptism of flame, sending, at the same time, the companies of her well-drilled and soldierly national guard, under the leadership of their accomplished commander, the gallant Captain Fife, to protect the burned district from the inroads of the thieves and thugs ever ready to gather, like carrion birds over a battlefield, to take advantage of any great disaster.

Pierce County also claims the coal towns Carbonado and Wilkinson. The insane asylum is located within its borders at Steilacoom. Puyallup, with its fine orchards and large hop-growing, is another noticeable place. The population of this county, as given by the census of 1890, is set down at 50,940, but has since then been largely increased. It is one of its highest ambitions to excel its rival, King—perhaps we should rather say elder brother—quoted at 63,989. After all, few things excite effort and induce healthy growth like good-natured, ardent competition.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TWELVE LAST COUNTIES OF WASHINGTON GRACEFULLY CONCLUDE THEIR LONG PROCESSIONAL REVIEW.

“ What hath God wrought of glorious change,
Where once the savage sought his range ?
See homesteads smile, hear childhood's song,
Or merry reapers' chorus borne
On breeze too soft to wake the flowers
Or sway the woods that shade their bowers.
See marts of trade where grew the pine,
Tall spires that tell of faith divine ;
Great ships that to their anchors swing
Where but the wild duck spread his wing ;
Vast solitudes, where once the gale
Would vainly seek an answering hail,
Now vocal with each sound that tells
Where Commerce's strident call outwells
With roll of dray and chime of bells.
All this man's enterprise has done
In western wilds of Washington.”

—BREWERTON.

Our final division, twelve in all, now take up their line of march to pass in due order the reviewing-stand. And first and least to head the procession of the counties we will summon little San Juan.

SAN JUAN COUNTY

again takes us almost literally to sea. This county, whose name, born of Castile and Leon, recalls the days of old-time Spanish discovery, is an outlying archipelago, a cluster of islands more numerous, yet of much smaller dimensions, than their neighbors of Island County. They are little fellows, either singly or collectively, but have, despite their diminutive proportions, played no minor part in the early as well as in the later events of Northwest Pacific coast history : for it was there that that unfortunate pig was slaughtered whose untimely decease

almost brought the cloud of war to break in thunder over two great nations, and finally took his bacon to be cured by no less a personage than William of Germany himself. Who knows but the memory of that pig has something to do with the Teutonic rejection of American pork. But we digress. The islands of San Juan are geographically known as the Archipelago de Haro. The names of the larger are Lopez, San Juan, Orcas, and Blakeley—a mingling of the Spanish and English nomenclature—the three first being evidently of Castilian origin, while the last smacks strongly of Admiral Blakeley, of British naval renown.

The beauty of these islands, the softness of their summer climate, rivalling that of Rhode Island's far-famed Newport or England's Isle of Man, with their accessibility to the various cities of the sound, will certainly one day bring about the condition of things which Evans predicts when he suggests that the future will see them studded with ornate villas, the homes and resort of Washington's "four hundred," where the retired merchant and the successful speculator will secure a resting-place and dream away his final years in a climate unequalled for salubrity in the world. But all these good things are in the yet to be. At present their chief source of revenue is confined to the rather prosaic burnings of the lime-kilns of San Juan Island, whose industries in that direction supply the coast. It gives to its county seat, situated on the island last named, the generally counted unlucky appellation of Friday Harbor, which, however, does not appear to affect it unfavorably. The united area of the islands of San Juan is variously quoted, but is of limited extent; the census makes it 600 square miles; the same authority puts its population at 2072. The other towns are Orcas and San Juan. It was formed into a county in October of 1873.

SKAGIT COUNTY,

the next on our alphabetical roster, is heavily timbered, has resources of buried coal, valleys that invite the labors of husbandry, and with its outlying islands and many-harbored shores possessing commercial possibilities the greatness of whose ultimate value it is difficult to compute. Like its neighbors on the same range, it is backed—perhaps one should rather say bordered—by the crests of the Cascades, whose ruder features are gradually lost as they approach Puget Sound. The Skagit River with

its tributaries irrigate its centre, and its county-seat, Mount Vernon (name so closely linked with the Father of his Country), finds a resting-place upon its banks not far from its many-channelled terminus in the sound. Its people are noted for their enterprise and energy, qualities whose development cannot fail sooner or later to bring Skagit into the front rank. Its area is put down by the last national census at 1916 square miles, with a population of 8747 souls. It is recommended as a good county for a poor man to go to. Outside of the county-town, the chief places of note are Fidalgo, Skagit, and La Conner. In shape it is long and narrow, perfectly straight as regards its northern and southern boundaries, but broken by the meander lines of mountains on the east and indentations of the coast on its western border.

SKAMANIA COUNTY.

The name of this county, like its predecessor, Skagit, is too evidently of Indian origin to require explanation. It was formed into a county in April of 1854. Evans speaks of it as "the least in population of any in Washington, having but 600 inhabitants to 1200 square miles of territory. The census of 1890 somewhat modifies this, though considered relatively, the proportion of people to miles shows even greater discrepancy. The population as given by census is 774, leaving Franklin, with its 697, the smallest in this respect in the State; but later surveys make the area of Skamania 1636 square miles, showing in reality a smaller occupancy to the square mile than before. Its property valuation is also inconsiderable. But for all this Dame Nature, not always so considerate as she should be, is to blame. It would seem that in forming Skamania she gave herself up to the inspiration of her wildest moods, sacrificing fertile valleys and the deep soil of the prairie to occupy its almost entire area with mountains grand, gloomy, and sublime, rugged steeps and snow-fed, foam-flecked cascades fighting their way to the sea, yet ever hindered by a thousand obstacles. She has made it the land of the poet and the painter, but bars with her fast-sealed portals of rock and bleak elevations the pathway of the hard-handed, practical emigrant, who cares little for aestheticism, and would give more for a level wheat field than for "all the scenery in the world." Still, even from a utilitarian point of view, there is the



Abner Stinson



ubiquitous timber, and, furthermore, a mountain chain always suggests buried treasure. Gold seldom dwells upon the plain unless brought there by washings from above. No; the most precious of metals is, so to speak, mountain-born. God prepares the secret processes of its alchemy in the laboratories of His everlasting hills, in the deep recesses and rock-ribbed caves of solitudes such as these. Who shall say, it may be that it is forged and purified by the eternal fires which philosophy tells us rage and roar as they vainly strive to escape their thralldom within the hollow of this terrestrial ball upon which we mortals float through space as we fill the span of our appointed days? Be this as it may, if the steepes of the Cascades are indeed destined to prove caves of Aladdin, yielding to some fortunate prospector's "open sesame" a great treasure house, as well they may, then will Skamania rejoice in wealth beyond compare, and new-fledged Washington rival the placers of well-worked California.

SNOHOMISH COUNTY.

Quite as Indian in name as its predecessor, Snohomish has not as yet entirely shaken off its primitive savagery, but is far better equipped to do so than the county last described, having the advantages of an eastern border, with its harbors on Possession Sound, while the Cascades, holding sternly to the east, are marked here and there with such pleasant suggestions to the miner as silver and lead. It is well watered, too, by many interior streams. In the west the sound, as if anxious to take a step or two to welcome the influx of the Snohomish, strongly indents the coast, leaving quite a bay between it and the opposite island of Whidby. There are rich lands on the rivers, many of which still await improvement. This county was organized in January of 1861, with Snohomish City for its county-seat. It possesses the finest timber in the State—gigantic pines, which for many a year to come will prove a source of affluence. The axe is ever busy in these, comparatively speaking, unbroken forests. Evans says of this that "it surpasses any equal area in the world in the production of timber. It is estimated that not less than a hundred million feet were produced in 1888, while probably not less than a billion feet of logs have gone down the Snohomish River during the last twenty years." It is evident that in this respect Washington will be able to supply the world for a gen-

eration or two to come. The area of Snohomish is 1720 square miles, with 8514 inhabitants.

SPOKANE COUNTY

involves a long leap from the seaside district just described, beside which we have been lingering, to the extreme east of the State boundary. Here we find Spokane County, flanked by Idaho on her right, lying almost mathematically divided from its fellows save where Stevens cuts irregularly into its northeast corner. It has Whitman to the south and Lincoln for a left-hand neighbor. And now, upon the very threshold of this outline sketch of one of the noblest and most affluent counties of Washington, we pause to endorse Evans' assertion that "any one who would attempt to describe Spokane County within circumscribed limits should be executed for presumption." He calls it "Spokane the Wonderful," and regards its metropolis as the most extraordinary place in the whole Pacific Northwest, an opinion in which, were it not for fear of arousing local jealousies, we should be strongly inclined to concur. The county was organized in 1880. It is as magnificent in its broad farming lands, where wheat seems to reign monarch of the cereals, as in its natural wonders—wonders most emphatically emphasized in Medical Lake and the wild and romantic scenery of its falls—the Niagara of the Far West—cascades which the cunning of man has so thoroughly utilized, making even its "laughing waters" subservient to his will, that he not only delights his eye with its beauties, but amplifies his bank account as well. The city of Spokane, now abbreviated from Spokane Falls, is too large a theme to be treated save under its own appropriate head. We reserve it, therefore, for fuller justice. It is, of course, the head centre of law, fashion, and trade of Spokane County. Outside of its metropolis there are many towns, some of them sadly associated with the Indian troubles of the past, which might well be remembered; we will name Cheney, Medical Lake, Rockford, Spangle, Marshall, and Waverly, being for want of space obliged to omit others equally worthy of notice. The Indian origin of the name Spokane is quite poetical. It is derived from the native word for "sun," these Indians, the Spokanes, being originally sun-worshippers. It is suggestive, too, of that brighter sun of a purer religious civilization, whose dawn in this once

wild region was so dim and troubled, but whose orb, having surmounted the clouds of its early morning, now promises so bright and effulgent a day. The area of Spokane County is but 1680 square miles, while its population as recorded by the last census was no less than 37,487. Since then its increase has been great—larger in proportion, possibly, than that of any other section of the State, the fine farming lands of its southern country attracting immigrants, who came not as speculators, but “to farm it” and stay.

STEVENS COUNTY

bears the thrice-honored name of Washington Territory's first Governor, a man who left the impress of his strong personality upon every official act—a pilot who stood at the helm of her ship of state through many dark and stormy days, guiding it ever onward through mists of doubt and difficulty and amid breakers of danger which might well have appalled a less fearless soul.

This county, immense in extent, fills the whole northeastern corner of the State. It was created in April of 1854, yet with all its years of possible growth it is, comparatively speaking, uninhabited. Originally it was little less, as they count space in the Old World, than an empire in area, occupying all of Eastern and Middle Washington. Neglected as it is, it is not without resources, but they need both capital and its servant, Labor, to develop and render them remunerative. Both have so far, unfortunately, seen fit to pass Stevens County by, being attracted elsewhere by more apparent natural facilities; but as action and reaction are ever equal, and as it is the peculiarity of the American pioneer to press on with a restlessness which seems part of his nature still farther into the wilderness till the ocean cries, “So far and not a step beyond” to his adventurous progress, so when the far west of Washington shall have been thickly settled up, the undertow of this human flood will reverse its tide and flow backward. Then will the wealth of minerals which are supposed to hide themselves beneath its broken surface, people its mountain-sides with miners, send axemen to invade the sanctuaries of its forests, and herders to feed their flocks upon its thousand hills; then will it realize the blessings which a higher power ever bestows upon persistent effort since the day when He ordained labor for the employment of fallen man; and then, too, will its wildernesses, now so desolate, rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Its county-seat is Colville, situated in the valley of the river of that name, where fine land and many opportunities await the settler who shall decide to cast in his lot with the people of Stevens. It divides with Okanagon a large Indian reservation. Its area is 6194 square miles, being only second in size to Okanagon. Its population—4341—according to the census of 1890, indicates about two thirds of a man to the square mile.

THURSTON COUNTY

owes its name to the Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, the first delegate to Congress from Oregon. Created in April of 1852, it became a charter county of Washington in 1854. Affluent in forests which shade a soil too poor for husbanding, which is even more evident on its occasional gravelly prairies, it is nevertheless strong in its timber interests, though in a less degree than its neighbors farther north; it has also manufacturing interests at Tumwater, a place associated with the first settlement of Puget Sound. It may well hold up its head among its fellows, for it boasts within its borders the capital of the State, the yearly consensus of its legislative brains and most eminent law-givers. A city, too, that rejoices in a beautiful natural site and all those social advantages which naturally cluster round the State capital. Shall not the Olympia of Washington have its "lobby," its State halls, its wrangles, its "personal explanations" and "desires to be informed," as well as that older Washington on the banks of the classic Potomac? Thurston, Tumwater, Temio—we love to be alliterative—and Yelm are also places worthy of mention. The area of Thurston is 768 square miles; its population, 9675.

WAHKIAKUM COUNTY.

Evans pretty much covers the ground in that pregnant sentence which tells us that "from the standpoint of a disinterested observer, it might seem that the best thing that this county could do would be to effect a matrimonial alliance with Pacific or Cow-litz." Be this as it may, even if Wahkiakum should reject the suggestion and continue to sit lonely and alone in her corner by the Columbia, with her long arm dipped in the Pacific, "in maiden meditation fancy free," she is, like many another old maid, not without some personal attractions. Among other charms she is dowered with timber, with some land which, when



L.H. Rhodes



Catherine Rhodes

cleared and cultivated, will undoubtedly prove rich and tillable. She has even now great lumber mills, whose whirling saws admonish the neighboring forests that they too must greet the ground. Cathlamet, once her county-seat (meaning in the Indian tongue "a stone"), sulks beside the Columbia, mourning, perchance, for her departed glories—for the maps now indicate the more central location of Skamokawa (named after a famous Indian chief) as its official headquarters. Another town is Brookfield, noted for its salmon-curing. Its area is but 244 square miles, while the aggregate of its people foots up no less than 2526.

WALLA WALLA COUNTY,

still Indian, and, alas! but too suggestive, as we turn the pages of Washington's blood stained history, of the war-whoop and the scalping-knife, comes next under review. Its Astoria, Walla Walla, and Vancouver are household words in the story of territorial strife and struggle and indelibly associated with the darkest of her early days. They are to the native of Washington "to the manor born" what the Tower of London is to the Englishman—the repository of dreadful deeds and by-gone sorrows—for we make history more rapidly in our days than in those vaunted "good old times." As we breathe the name, the syllables of Walla Walla trip glidingly over the tongue with the musical step of many another Indian appellation, as, for instance, Minne-ha-ha; it is appropriate, withal, for as the latter means "Laughing Water," so Walla Walla signifies "Valley of Waters," which is even better, for we have seen Minne-ha-ha in the arid season when it laughed not at all. It is derived from "walatsa," meaning "running"—for it carries both the interpretations—but this is the less mellifluous Nez Percé, the "Walla Walla" or "Wallulu" meaning the same thing, being taken from the language of the tribe whose name it bears—the Walla Wallas. This region is indeed well named "the Valley of Waters." From whence, we wonder, does the "Siwash" get his poetical inspiration, for it would oftentimes puzzle the pale face to better either the beauty or appropriateness of his nomenclature. It cannot be inherent, still less inherited. It is, we fancy, unconsciously absorbed from the surroundings (natural, we mean, not artificial) of his every-day life. However he gets it, it may not be denied that the divine afflatus is held in most

repulsive vessels, the filthy, unwashed jar of the red man's human clay. Of a surety poor Pegasus was never prisoned in a filthier stall. To return to more prosaic themes, Walla Walla County was admitted in 1854, the only one of the Southeastern Washington counties created with the establishment of the Territory. It then embraced all the valley of the Columbia east of the Cascades, an area of nearly 200,000 square miles—an imperial domain, as it has very properly been called. It has, however, suffered successive curtailments till reduced to its present dimensions of 12,224 square miles. "What is left," says Evans, "is the oldest, best-cultivated, and in every respect the most advanced part of Washington." Yet this grand expanse of exceedingly desirable country in all its original fulness and fertility was shut out from settlement for an extended season through the foolish or vindictive action of General Wool, who endorsed the equally short-sighted policy of his subordinate, Colonel Wright—a policy that protected the Indian, neglected the white, and practically relegated to its primitive savagery this mighty and most productive domain. The original empire of Walla Walla, we are told, was recognized as a garden-spot even long before some other regions, where the soil was equally good, were deemed eminently desirable. It is said to produce more money's worth of grown products than any other county of the State. Walla Walla digs its wealth out of the ground. So enriched is this county by nature that it is not improbable that her recorded population of the last census—12,224—will be doubled within the next decade. It is well watered, being bounded on the north and east by the Snake and Columbia rivers, while its southern border is irrigated by the Walla Walla and its tributary streams. Its county-seat of the same name is well supplied with transportation, being located on the Union Pacific. Take it all in all, it is a lively, progressive region, an example to all good counties in the State, prospering and likely to prosper. "So mote it be."

WHATCOM COUNTY.

Whatcom, not entirely guiltless of "booms," is a long, narrow county of the far Northwest, with British Columbia for her very near neighbor. She is barred on the west by the Strait of Georgia, but owns an off-lying island or two, with the military

reservation of Point Roberts, which forms the extreme end of an English peninsula, which, as our line cuts its terminus about equally, should have been called after the Briton's favorite beverage—"Point Half and Half." The Cascades, with Mount Baker for their grand central figure, guard her on the east, while Skagit fences her southern border. We have in this county the same generic natural features so often described as the characteristics of her sisters, a great extent of her area being occupied by steeps so bleak and rocky that their hope for future income must rely mainly upon the possible discovery of mineral wealth. It is a land over which the artist would go into raptures, but where, were it not for the ameliorating influences of soil and climate in the lower lands, the agriculturist, labor as he might, would certainly starve: but leaving the dark, surly Sierras to their frowns, we find as we turn toward the coast enough to justify both exultation and expectation. Bellingham Bay is her stronghold. It has New Whatcom, the county-seat, and such towns as Sehome and Fair Haven, between which we do not desire to particularize or compare their relative advantages. If real estate prophets are to be believed, each and all of them expect within a lustrum to put New York and Boston to the blush. It may be so—who can tell? Did not Dean Berkeley, afterward Lord Bishop of Cloyne, write in his day, "New York bids fair to rival Newport," and has it not come to pass even as he predicted? With an area of 2468 square miles, Whatcom need not enlarge her borders, even though she should multiply by a hundredfold her census credit of 18,591 souls.

WHITMAN COUNTY,

another remembrancer of the martyrdom of that gallant soldier of the cross, Dr. Marcus Whitman, who fell at his post of duty, dying a dreadful death in the effort to better the condition of those who treacherously slew him. There are none of our readers to whom it will be needful to recall the memory of that fearful winter ride to secure Oregon for the American Union nor the details of the shocking tragedy which sent him, Bible in hand, to a bloody grave beneath the strokes of an Indian's tomahawk.

It was a good and gracious thing to call so grand a county as Whitman after this devoted missionary martyr, and thus forever connect his fame with the cause for which he died. The

county was organized in November of 1871. It is heavy in wealth and population, second to none in the fruition of its numerous and productive farms, and occupied by a people well worthy of the natural blessings they utilize and enjoy. Topographically varied, it embraces a wide range of surface—mountain, forest, arable and grazing lands being all well represented, and, withal, a water supply so abundant, sweet, and sparkling that its facilities for irrigation, if such were required, would defy competition. It is, indeed, a banner county, nobly named, finely peopled, and excellently improved. It has its sad memories also, for the most part linked with the red man's futile attempt to retain his ancient hunting grounds. Steptoe's Butte, fifteen miles north of Colfax, the county-seat, recalls the defeat and near escape from annihilation of the United States Regular troops, under the command of that unlucky officer, by Indians in 1858. The author mourns among those who fell in that day's battle a gallant brother officer and fellow-townsmen, Captain Oliver H. Perry, than whom a braver soldier or more accomplished gentleman never fell in the discharge of his duty. It may be said of him, as of Latour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France, were we to call the roll of our bravest dead, that he lies "*mort sur le champ de bataille.*"

The area of Whitman is 2124 square miles; its population, 19,109.

YAKIMA COUNTY.

Last of this long bead-roll to answer to her name comes Yakima, the thirty-fourth on our list; last, but by no means least, with her 5760 square miles of territory, she is excelled in size by only two counties in the State—Stevens and Okanagon—but her meagre population of only 4429 would seem to indicate either barrenness of soil, want of water, or such dearth of general attractiveness as to discourage the influx of settlers. But in the case of Yakima, so unflattering a diagnosis would be untrue. She is in reality a sleeping giant, only waiting to be awakened to prove her strength. Then Yakima will come to the front and speedily utilize the ten talents committed to her care. Professor Lyman, whose organ of reverence, wise geographer though he be, certainly requires cultivation, describes this county as being "shaped like a mutton-chop"—a favorite edible of that learned gentleman, we should fancy, for it is a simile he seems to pre-



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fer. The mutton-chop in question has been cut off very straightly upon its southern side and almost equally so on its western end, while its eastern and northern outlines are, as an orthodox "mutton-chop" should be, irregular and meandering. We are free to confess, however, that to our eyes it does not resemble "a chop" at all, or if it does, we have yet to meet with one so generous in breadth.

The natural gifts of Yakima are gracious and manifold—timber, minerals, foothills dotted with cattle and sheep which thrive and grow fat upon their rich grasses. The valley of the Yakima, replete with fertility and other advantages too numerous to mention, may well justify Professor Lyman when he ventures to predict "that all these things are but a slight forecast of the time, now near at hand, when Yakima County will be the home of happy thousands, provided with all the appliances and comforts of the most civilized condition;" and what this writer says for Yakima we most confidently predict for the State of Washington at large. Surely hath the Almighty blessed her with every good and perfect gift, and wise are they who go in and occupy this favored land, so full of promise, so rich in victories already achieved.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLIMATE AND NATURAL BEAUTIES OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

" A dual climate here is found,
With softer airs for Puget Sound,
Where klanes of the ' Chinook ' gale
To curl the flowers seldom fall,
Divided by the Cascade ridge
It finds its isothermal bridge ;
For on their eastern slope the snow
Hath freer leave to fall and flow,
To hang its garlands on the pine,
Or bid the mountain grandly shine,
While less of rain its fields obtain
Than those the western pastures gain,"

— BARRETTON.

CLIMATE, ever important as affecting both the comfort and industries of life, now demands something more than mere mention of Washington's historian. The State of Washington, nothing if not diverse, and never given to sameness, has a dual climate, the ridge of the Cascade Range being the natural divider of its isothermal lines. It possesses two as separate and distinct temperatures as ever marked the variations of an orthodox San Francisco day, where you wear your summer suit in the morning, finding it quite comfortable, but acknowledge the usefulness of furs as the afternoon draws on. The winter snows, that fall a foot deep, hanging with " ermine too dear for an curl" the pines of the eastern slope of the Cascades, lay a carpet so light upon the hill slopes of the sound that it hardly obscures their perennial verdure and scarce conceals the winter blooming flowers, which oftentimes thus literally blend " the lily with the rose," till the first kiss of the morning sunshine lifts its white robe heavenward. Then, again, Jupiter Pluvius would seem to have established his residence in Western Washington from November till the pussy willow sends forth its April blossoms, and, if the

truth must be spoken, is most persistently at home—too much so, perhaps, in the dreary December days, but, like a ghost, to his credit be it spoken, most busy in the dark hours, and consequently seldom “dropping” in till the afternoon. Were he to come oftener during the summer solstice he might find himself a more welcome guest; but paradoxical and nonsensical as it seems, if there be such a thing as a rain that never wets what it should not—at least, never drenches to annoy—that rain is the persistent downpour of Puget Sound. Children play out in it regardless of overcoat, and light waterproofs are all that the most delicate woman desires if exposed to the shower. Then, too, this aqueous god brings with him the whole family of Fogs, with their half brothers, the Mists, who come arrayed in thick, foul weather wrappings, forgetting the greater beauty of their lighter August robes. But in other matters he is much more considerate. He shuts out the gales. He has had enough of the boisterous “blizzards” and the winds, with their continual contention; so, well knowing their quarrelsome disposition, he leaves them to hold their revels as they will upon the Atlantic coasts. They are challenged and halted by the snow-helmeted sentinels of the Cascade mountain-tops. So also is elsewhere all puissant Jove, the Thunderer; he too must enter Western Washington unarmed, leaving his bolts in their keeping. But there is *one* guest to whom his halls are ever open, who comes with light footsteps and airy caresses—the ever-welcome Chinook wind, sweeping in from the sea-warmed tides sun-heated in distant Japan, a breeze the like of which blows not on earth save in the State of Washington; a breath so mild and balmy that it might well have filled the silken sails of Cleopatra’s galleys or stirred the palms above our first parents’ heads as they slumbered beneath their shadows amid the bowers of Eden.

Then, too, the Cascades, if they be, like all mountains, as many aver, “weather-breeders,” they are at least honest enough to confess it, for they make most reliable barometers, forecasting the approach of storm centres or their opposites, and anticipating foul or fair weather with a certainty that might put the signal service to shame and bring a blush to the cheek of that oft-quoted and as frequently mistaken authority “the clerk of the weather.” In this respect they are to the close observer of their ever-changing moods what Mount Pilatus is to the dwell-

ers in Switzerland's Lucerne. If Mount Tacoma (the geographical Rainier) throw off her vests of rose tint or silver and hide her beauties beneath the mists, or Mount Baker conceal his native savagery by assuming his cloud blanket, there will be a change, and not for the better, in the aspect of the day. How often is the pulse of the weather thus felt and its conditions diagnosed through these natural monitors and most truthful instructors, let the carefully kept and oft-quoted records which mark the days when they were visible or obscured answer the question. And now, leaving the language of hyperbole and poetic imagery, let us in all soberness of commonplace, everyday prose discuss the climate of Washington.

First, of the Chinook wind. It would be difficult to find a more graphic picture of its benign influence than in that given in the following quotation from Professor Lyman's "Pacific Northwest of To-day." The location selected to show its effects is among the Rattlesnake Mountains in Kittitas County, just east of the Cascades. He says :

"The Rattlesnake Mountains are especially exposed to the visits of the Chinook winds in the winter, and, in consequence, are said to have a warmer climate than the greater part of the country south of them. Here more than anywhere else can the stockman perform his feat of letting stock run all winter with no feed except the bunch grass nature cured on the ground. Sometimes on the table of the elements" (remember, this is east of the Cascades), "in the eternal flux and reflux of the seas of the air, the biting blizzard from the frozen northeast strikes the vanquished squadrons of the south in midheaven and turns their treasures of mist into fleecy flakes of snow. Then six, ten, or, in rare cases, fifteen or twenty inches of snow cover the boundless bunch grass plains. Then the stock must paw for a living. Their weakening legs carry them less and less farther, and they begin to stretch out for a final surrender. Then, while the stockman looks anxiously around the sky for some hope of relief, suddenly he sees, far away southward, a blue-black line forming along the horizon. He goes to sleep happy, for deliverance is at hand. In the night a roaring is heard. The prairies are taking breath. Bedclothes begin to be uncomfortable. Dripping from the eaves begins to be heard. By morning the mercury has risen to 60°, and still it blows, and by night the ground



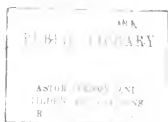
Jesse Arthur



V. G. Belknap



C. O. Downing



is bare. Sometimes, to complete its victory, it blows another night, till the humbled northeaster sullenly retires even from the lower mountains and takes refuge in the fastnesses of the Rockies. What has happened to all the snow? The ocean breathed upon it, and it is gone. The stockman stands on a height of scab-land and surveys the scene with a countenance irradiated with joy, and says, 'Chinook, old fellow, you did a pretty good job that time., None too soon, either.' Such is the great Chinook wind. The most remote parts of the inland empire are subject to its benign visits, and in consequence immigrants find it much easier to make their homes with scanty shelter than they do in the blizzard-ruled realms in Dakota."

If there be such a thing as a photograph in words, mind painted on the sensitive plates of the brain, we have it in the vivid description just recorded.

Our space does not permit an enlargement of this portion of our theme. Ascent of course means additional coolness until coolness becomes positive coldness in the presence of unmelting snows. Descend to the west and find a tropic winter, making its presence known by fog, dampness, and almost continual rain precipitation, with a summer correspondingly dry, cloudless, and delightful. We may safely challenge the world to produce the equal of the summer months on Puget Sound. East of the Cascades the climate is dryer, and partakes more of the characteristics to which the Middle State immigrant is accustomed, but nevertheless disarmed of its usual winter rigors and continual cold, with the storms attendant upon it, by the ameliorating influences of the wind of which we have spoken. The summer is correspondingly warmer, being further removed from the breezes which soften the same season in the vicinity of the sound. Of agricultural advantages, soil, etc., we have spoken so fully under the head of "counties" that this branch of our subject hardly seems to require any detailed description here. Let those who doubt the wonderful fertility and adaptation to the most diverse crops of Washington visit her industrial expositions, see their exhibits, and then judge from experience of the wonderful results. The writer has seen vegetables almost, as it were, chance grown, with only ordinary care, whose dimensions must be seen to be believed. In the matter of fruits, with the exception of those which require a long period of high temperature to ripen,

she may challenge the nurseries of California itself. In cereals, the exports of Spokane, and, indeed, the whole wheat-growing lands of Walla Walla, with its forty-bushels-to-the-acre crops, should convince the most incredulous that the output of Washington grain will rank with the best, both in quality and quantity, except, perhaps, in the growth of corn, which the most favored lands east of the Rocky Mountains have produced. The soil of Washington cannot be judged by external tokens or by merely superficial examination. "All signs fail in a dry time," says the proverb, and it is even so here. You will get a crop where you least expect return. Nature in this region seems to have hidden forces and reserves at her command by which she insensibly and mysteriously supplies elements which even to the eye of expert agriculturalists appear totally lacking. There are undoubtedly sections where artificial irrigation will have to be resorted to, and those lands are naturally neglected by the settler, whose only capital is his hard-handed labor, for other and more favored regions; but when the best are settled up, the backwater of this human tide, with capital to aid its efforts, will flow in and force from the hitherto reluctant soil—only needing the stimulus of moisture—results which, if we mistake not, will put the so-called naturally better lands to shame. It is the hackneyed, oft-quoted Latin motto which, after all, covers the whole ground, whether in Washington or elsewhere: "*Labor omnia vincit.*" There is, indeed, no victory without work. The grand old first gardener, Adam of Eden, found it so; and the year of grace 1893 only echoes his experience. In this connection we would suggest that, even making due allowances for the eccentricities of that most uncertain element, capital—now eminently rash and foolhardy in its ventures, and then equally stupid and short-sighted in its holding back—we cannot understand why its plethora does not flow more readily into the channels of Far Western investments. Men of wealth at the East are content to let funds lie idle or put them out to use at almost nominal interest, when eight, ten, and even fifteen per cent might be realized on as safe securities in Washington, if its possessors had only the courage to see, judge, and venture a surplus with such men as Allen C. Mason, of Tacoma, or many another investor, whose honor makes their word as good as their bond. Besides all this, there is the added gratification that capital so employed is not only

yielding a satisfactory amount of interest, but going to build up and develop the natural resources of a State whose star, now so newly risen, will, ere many decades have declined, occupy as proud a place in the national constellation as any of those which have blazed the longest in the azure field of our country's flag. It is not speculation in real estate, in town lots and outside "additions" that we recommend, though fortunes have been realized even in this way, but the development of the farming and manufacturing interests of the State, which improves, beautifies, and renders realty more valuable, and at the same time gives employment to toiling thousands, who are thus enabled to establish and maintain homes and swell the wealth and population of the State in which they dwell.

The cattle and stock-raising interests alone of Washington would fill a chapter. It is estimated that the Pacific Northwest produces one hundred thousand beef hides a year, and this was a calculation of three years ago. This, considering the number of live cattle exported and the number of hides not sold, would double those figures and still keep the aggregate within reasonable bounds. Says a writer on this subject: "At the low value of twenty-five dollars each, this represents a source of income about equal to each of the industries of grain-raising, wool-raising, and the fisheries, and one half of that of the saw-mills and coal mines. When dairy products are taken into consideration, our beef cattle and cows rise into very high importance. If the horns, bones, hoofs, hair and hides were kept in the State, and tanning, manufacture of fertilizers, of leather, gelatine and neat's-foot oil carried on, the total value of our herds would be almost doubled." This, however, is but the crude beginning, the dawn before the rising of the sun of an industry peculiarly adapted to the State. In this connection it would be easy to make calculations of increase, available area of grazing lands without trenching upon those required for agricultural purposes, and deduce the amount of profits direct and collateral to be derived; but solid fact so far outstrips even large estimates in Washington that it seems idle to waste time on tabulated predictions. We will conclude our remarks under this head by another quotation from Professor Lyman, who seems to have made himself master of this interesting theme. He says, speaking of the first cattle introduced into the Territory of Oregon:

“The first were three animals, sent by ship from England to Fort Vancouver, intended simply for the use of the chief factor and the gentlemen at the post, to supply milk, butter and cheese, and veal at times for their table. Dr. McLoughlin, however, cherished them as the apple of his eye, killing only one calf a year, and soon had a handsome herd. These were English Durhams, and furnished some of the best milch cows ever in the country. In 1841 Ewing Young brought up from California a band of Spanish cattle, the tall, bony, fleet, long-limbed and dagger-horned stock imported from the fierce herds of the land of bull fights. Joseph Gall soon after brought another herd, and there were importations from time to time thereafter. These fierce-eyed animals of beastly savagery, which made the fields unsafe for women and children, and even made men on foot keep the inside track for a tree, soon gave character to the herds of our young State, and until 1861 were the conspicuous type.”

Since then from various causes this ugly and inferior breed have almost entirely disappeared; they have given way within the last twenty years to the fine-blooded stock from time to time imported by fanciers, thereby improving the strain through selected breeders. There are not a few of the Jerseys, everywhere favorites, in the stables of those wealthy enough to afford such luxuries. It is needless to say that the beauty and docility of these channel cattle, with the richness of the butter-making milk they produce, make them in Washington, as elsewhere, fully appreciated. Ben Holladay was the first to bring them to the State, and the herd is still increasing on Clatsop plains. There are also some Durhams, Holsteins (the Dutch short-horn), Ayrshires, and Herefords, besides the universally esteemed polled Angus.

Of the timber resources of Washington, one of her principal sources of wealth, now being rapidly developed, with apparently endless material to draw from, we have already spoken in our description of her counties. Steamers have been built exclusively of its woods; it has roofed thousands of humble homes and furnished the material for many an aristocratic mansion, spars the ships, and, self-destructive, builds the mill that boards and captures its brethren. Yet this is but a tithe of the uses to which it is put; and even when the home demand is fully supplied it leaves millions of feet for export. Properly protected and



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shielded from their worst enemy, the fire-fiend, the forests of Washington should supply the continent with timber till the march of invention and discovery finds some new material to take its place. We shall refer to this matter again under a statistical head. It is as rich in variety as in quantity, and in quality not to be excelled. "Oregon pine" carries its own certificate the world over.

Of the widely renowned fisheries it is needful to say but a word; they are too well advertised to need description. There is but one fear to be suggested in regard to them in the absence of proper protection—we do not mean legal, for there is usually a superabundance of game laws, all or most of which are in every new county practically a dead letter; and that is the possibility, as is too much to be dreaded in the case of the seal, of their absolute destruction and final disappearance. This is no idle fancy. The buffalo, which the writer has seen in 1848 crowding the great prairies far as the eye could reach, is but a memory to-day; the beaver is hard to find; the deer and bear are disappearing; and already we begin to hear that the "salmon run" is not what it was in localities where they used to abound. The deep-sea fisheries of the coast, in which prey might be taken by the thousands, are as yet almost undisturbed by the net and line of the fisherman. We venture to predict that Eastern capital will yet be more heavily and profitably employed in this pursuit than ever before, even in the palmy days of Gloucester and Nantucket. Were we to attempt a roll-call of the finny tribes—sound, stream, and sea dwellers—we should exhaust the patience which Adam must have exercised ere he concluded his christening of the animals of the first great unexhibited and unaged menagerie. The salmon, of course the staple of the "Big Fish Eaters," is king. Of this fish, or, rather, its total of capture we shall speak again when we come to our feast of tables—the mathematical ones—which, after all, are but *figures* of speech. It is a business running into the millions, and just now needs protection—to the raw material rather than the stimulus of encouragement. There are salmon good and bad, the Chinook or *Quinal* standing at the head of the list, red, fat and juicy, but so rich that he palls upon the appetite and fully explains, if long indulged in, why, in the early days of Maine, it was a clause of every far-seeing apprentice's indentures that he was not to be fed on

salmon more than three days in the week ; then comes the steel-head, who will not depart this life under two blows of the club, and thereby gains a name from the hardness of his skull ; the blue-back, a smaller brother, and the hook-nose ; fall and dog salmon, smaller and poorer in every way, but through that very poverty gaining a free passage, when salted, to those warmer climates where their richer brethren, the Chinooks, would be unacceptable. In size, the largest are caught in the Columbia ; then follow those of the Frazer, the Sacramento, Puget Sound, and the smaller streams of the coast. The maternal instinct of the salmon must indeed be strong when we remember that their nurseries are far distant from the sea, requiring, as in the case of those of the Columbia, a literally up-hill river journey of over a thousand miles ere they reach their spawning grounds. Among other fish the halibut grows grandly, and rivals his brother of the Newfoundland banks both in size and flavor. His haunt is the Strait de Fuca and more distant outside waters. Forty thousand pounds in three days to one vessel is no uncommon catch. Cod abound, but, unlike the halibut, must acknowledge their inferiority to their kindred of the Atlantic seas. The moonlight-loving herring, the rock cod, and the smelt are also finny brethren in good and regular standing in the waters and rivers of the coast. Of the fish of the inland lakes and streams there are already too many disciples of "the gentle art" ever ready to sing their praises for us to join the chorus here.

Of the mineral resources of the Pacific Northwest we may premise that they are as yet, comparatively speaking, but distant acquaintances, with whom not a few desire to become better and more closely connected. In a word, they are still hidden treasure, delicately suggesting their presence by outward signs, a dumb speech called "indications" giving promise of results, which may or may not be fulfilled. Of coal we are sure, for the black diamonds have not only been located, but proved gems of the first water to their fortunate mine-owners. Iron, too, waits the pick, thus giving, as some writer remarks, "to the industrial world both power and tissue" (what the carbonaceous and nitrogenous foods are to the body). Coal, the producer of power, which some one has practically called "the stored sunshine of the ancient world," and iron, the raw material of the giants, as used in the varied forms of machinery, aid man to coerce the elements

and make even the lightnings subservient to his will. It is a poor town on Puget Sound which has neither a coal mine nor timber range to bring fuel to its doors. The Cascades are a rich storehouse of iron. Magnetic iron is also found in their foothills. Aluminum, yet to be cheaply manufactured, bides its day, waiting in our clays. The precious metals, gold and silver, are, we may say, suspected rather than detected; but we are firm believers that primeval forces never upheaved the Olympians and Cascades from their prehistoric beds without giving them something more precious than volcanic rock to secrete and guard in their hidden recesses. California, as the writer well remembers, looked less promising in the fall of 1847, but the gold nevertheless was there. Geology has a vast field of research before it in Washington; and we cling to the impression that an intelligent and scientific research will develop astonishing results. Gold is ever associated with the oldest and doubtless the most aristocratic rocks, quartz being its closest intimate—indeed, the latter has been called the “most polite” of all rocks, for it gives place very readily, as a gentleman of the old school should, to others seeking room. Nor does this courtesy go unrewarded, for it becomes in many cases filled with granules of gold, thereby making it one of the most valuable of stones. There is enough of this to indicate a placer *somewhere*. The sands of the rivers, the beaches that break the income of the sea, all witness to an auriferous presence, but not as yet in “paying” quantities. Where the fountain-head of these wandering wave-worn particles may be is a thing not yet discovered, though ardently desired by many a prospector. Gems, too, are occasionally found, few and far between, it is true, but quite sufficient to whet an appetite for more. Says a recent New York journal: “An opal, found and cut as a gem in this country, was sold by a jeweller in this city the other day for \$500. It was obtained from a newly discovered mine in the State of Washington, near the Idaho line. At that place, which has been called Gem City, the volcanic rocks are honeycombed with cavities that contain small nodules of this precious variety of hydrated quartz. Many of these are of great beauty and value.”

The present facilities for transportation, once the great unsolved problem and difficulty of the Northwest, now find two all-sufficient solutions—the steamers that plough the sound and

its adjacent seas, and the Northern Pacific Railroad, in the interior, with its constant progress and continual improvements.

Having thus done justice to the material and prosaic, we turn with a pleasure—in which we trust our reader will fully sympathize—from the enumeration of foundations for wealth to the description of one or two of the grandest natural features of a region where nature may be said to have exhausted herself in the production of the beautiful and almost terribly sublime, as well as in the idyllic and pastoral—in a word, ascend from the commonplace to the poetical. In this, the Switzerland of America, there is so much to choose from, that the very richness of the material at our disposal makes it difficult to select. We will, therefore, attempt the description of but two of the various beauties which crowd in upon us like rival belles, asking us to do justice to their own peculiar charms, and these favored ones must be “Mount Tacoma,” *alias* “Rainier,” and the Falls of “Spokane the Wonderful.” First, then, by reason of altitude and commanding presence, let us essay :

MOUNT “TACOMA.”

To comfortably clear the way for that sense of freedom and airy expansion with which one should pay their respects to a mountain whose snow crests claim an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet—to be exact, 14,440 feet—we will discuss the much-mooted question of name—both its popular and geographical—as also a word or two in relation to the mountain tribe, so to speak, among which this white-plumed chieftain rules pre-eminent. First, then, for the name. Vancouver, to compliment some British naval officer, whose fame, by the way, so far as we are able to discover, is in no wise, save possibly as a casual visitor, in any way connected with the exploration of Puget Sound, called it “Regnier.” This name, afterward corrupted to “Rainier,” was generally accepted by early settlers up to the time of the completion of the Northern Pacific to Tacoma ; then re-naming the mountain after the city, the company called it Mount “Tacoma.” Yet our geographers and chartists, most unpatriotically, as we must believe, have clung to and finally officially recognized Mount “Rainier,” which is neither one thing nor the other. So this glorious relic of volcanic upheaval must go down through the ages with some misspelled British captain’s name



J. Campbell.

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tacked on to it, as we would humbly suggest, like a tin kettle to a dog's tail. Having thus disposed of the English cognomen, let us see what is to be said for the Indian appellation. The Puyallups, who inhabit this region, call all snow-clad peaks by the same name—"Tak-ho-ina"—and that name, so liquid in sound as we abbreviate it, has a meaning both appropriate and poetical. It means "the breast that feeds," or to amplify their translation, "the nourishing bosom of fountains" (and consequently valleys) "below." Who does not know, who is at all familiar with mountain topography, that the eternal gathering and subsequent meltings of these treasure houses of the snow is the means by which the innumerable streams which leap their sides and thread their crevasses are fed, thus enabling them to make green and fertilize both foothills and valleys, giving beauty to the blossom and sweetness to the grain. Is there not, then, greater appropriateness in preserving the original native christening, that means something, than in humiliating one of nature's grandest creations by accepting the dictation of a foreign navigator, who chose to call it after a brother officer, and saddle us with the necessity of retaining "Rainier"—misquoted at that! We express no opinion, but leave the reader to decide. Leaving the "head centre" of this numerous association of the Cascades, to discuss their family at large, we may say that their entire range is one tremendous mass of volcanic rock, upheaved, torn, rent and fissured in some prehistoric age, when the Vulcans of fire and frost were forging the world anew. The Cascades are long, but nevertheless, as compared with other mountain chains, uncommonly narrow, their width nowhere exceeding fifty miles. Marching in their order through Oregon and Washington till they cross the British border, they exhibit at regular intervals no less than thirteen great volcanic cones, or, as one might well imagine, superior watch-towers, exalting themselves with an average height of about 9000 feet each over the broken wall, possibly of half their altitude, which links these giants together. Professor Lyman thus marshals them: "Taken in their order, beginning at the north, with their heights given in round numbers—Baker, 10,000 feet; Rainier (?) 14,440; St. Helens, 9750; Adams, 13,300; and then crossing into Oregon, Hood, 11,225; Jefferson, 10,000; Three Sisters—highest about 9500 and the lowest about 8500; Diamond Peak, Thielson, Scott,

the heights of which are not accurately known, but probably do not vary much from 9000 feet; and last of all, towering above the Klamath lakes, and looking over into California, Mount Pitt, which is nearly 11,000 feet high. This says nothing of dozens of lesser peaks, many of which reach 7000 feet.

The Indians have a tradition that there were once, in the very long ago, two mountains instead of one where Tacoma now rears its crest, but that the mountains were angry and battled, belching out fire and smoke; that at last the greater, Tacoma, "swallowed the other," which would suggest in some ancient day an earthquake of no ordinary activity. Their hidden fires lie dormant now, but occasional perturbations or some faintly heard inner growl of the prisoned giants only biding their time tell of forces occult as yet, which may one day assert themselves most destructively, baring the old foundations of primeval granite, to build anew with the lava streams of which more than one huge river, with its half-consumed tree trunks, are still to be traced. And now let us dismiss the generic, the geological and statistical, and soar aloft upon the wings of poetic description to scale the ledges of their unrivalled queen, Mount Tacoma. First of all, she is grand in her individuality. Standing surrounded by her subject foothills solitary and alone, she lifts her crests, or, rather, double bosom, of snow so boldly above the sound, that for a radius of over a hundred miles she is ever, when the weather favors, distinctly visible. During the day she sits soberly swept by the cloud shadows. The moonlight beholds her grim and ghostly, with form just traceable beneath the gleam of stars; but it is at dawn and sunset that Tacoma grows gloriously beautiful, when she binds her breast with roses, arraying herself in blushes to meet her bridal with the coming day, or when, flinging back the last kisses of the afterglow, we see the red light fade out like an angry flush on a maiden's cheek long after the lower lands have composed themselves to sleep in the twilight. Some years ago the author strove to put in verse his tribute to this majestic mountain. He makes no apology for quoting at length this description of "Heights only trod by the morning and evening and angels of God."

TO MOUNT TACOMA.

Tacoma, queen of the mountains, from thy vestal veil of snow
Thou lookest o'er the valley where Puyallup's waters flow.

O'er many a mile of forest, o'er many a league of pine,
 Thy snow peaks, all untrod-den, like a truce-flag whitely shine.
 What is thy ancient story? what changes hast thou seen
 Since horn of threes volcanic thou first looked o'er the stream?
 What forms of life, now vanished, once made thy cliffs their lair?
 What birds of Arctic plumage once fanned thy freezing air?
 But, most of all, what nations dwelt ere the white man came
 To fell these gloomy forests or plough Pacific's main?
 Beneath thy reaching shadows, thy misty robes and gray,
 What home-lights glanced and sparkled as dimly closed the day?
 What lovers watched the rising moon or saw its crescent wane,
 And wondered as the sunset gave thy rock-ribbed sides its stain,
 When hues that mocked the afterglow, yet lingering in the west,
 Were painted till its roses grew on snows that bound thy breast?
 All vainly may we question; thou keep'st thy secrets well,
 Thy story, like thy summit, in mists of doubt must dwell;
 But as the bow of promise smiles o'er the stormy sea,
 I hail thy truce-flag shining as a sign of peace to me;
 For it speaks of rest and welcome, of promise yet to be.
 When the argosies of nations shall crowd this inland sea,
 When their plashing human billows shall, like a mighty tide,
 Sweep from the hills the forest, and crowd each mountain-side,
 With those who 'neath its shadows shall find a rest or home,
 Till through these forest arches, where now the night winds moan,
 The roof-tree and the spire, with mart of many a trade,
 Shall well fulfil the destiny by lips prophetic made.

The sanctity of Mount Tacoma's apparently inaccessible summit has once and again been invaded by the masculine footsteps of daring explorers, but as yet only one woman has honored its highest pinnacle with the gracious presence of femininity; and then, O most ungallant Mount Tacoma! she confesses to have received a very chilling welcome. There was a marked coldness, almost freezingly so, in the wintry greeting extended to Tacoma's well-known lady scribe, Miss Fay Fuller, who tells her own story, as well as that of other ascents, so modestly and gracefully below:

"Mount Tacoma is one of the three greatest scenic attractions on our Pacific coast—the Yosemite and the Muir Glacier being the other two; but Mount Tacoma is grander than the Yosemite, and not only grander, but far more varied and interesting than the Muir Glacier. It is the highest mountain on the coast south of Alaska, and since government survey of St. Elias, which was only thirteen thousand and odd feet, it is higher than that peak and one of the highest in the United States. It rises

peerless and alone out of the Cascade range, sixty miles east of the city of Tacoma, to an elevation of 14,444 feet. The crest of the range on either side is about five thousand feet above Puget Sound, but as seen from the city, looking up the Puyallup valley, there are no intervening foothills to intercept the view, and therefore it is visible in its entire magnitude and altitude, from the base at sea level to its summit against the sky.

“This is the grand peculiarity of Mount Tacoma. No other great mountain in America, unless it be Mount St. Elias, in Northern Alaska, far beyond the limits of tourist travel, presents itself so completely to view. Several of the Rocky Mountain peaks in Colorado have a greater maximum height, but they stand on a plain that is higher above the sea than the Cascade range, and, like nearly all of the famous mountains of the world, are surrounded by foothills and other peaks, so that only parts of them are seen. It is the universal opinion of those who are qualified to make the comparison that Tacoma is the most impressive mountain in America or Europe, or anywhere within the reach of ordinary travellers. It is the mountain *par excellence* of this country, as its Indian name (a generic term, doubtless, in part) at least signifies. Nature, though prodigal of scenery, has given but one Niagara to the continent, and but one complete mountain of the first rank.

“General H. V. Boynton, one of the distinguished correspondents of the press who visited this State at the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the autumn of 1883, concluded a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* by saying: ‘If any one alive to the beauties and sublimities of nature were to ride blindfolded over the plains to Puget Sound, and were then allowed to look for a day on the white dome of Mount Tacoma, this sight alone would repay him for the long journey made in darkness. This mountain, by common consent of all who have travelled most widely, is the most impressive in the world, standing, as it does, alone, its base reaching thirty miles along the horizon, and rising nearly fifteen thousand feet above the sea level, which is the spectator’s point of view.’

“Though visible from many points between the Columbia River and the Straits of Fuca, Mount Tacoma is best seen from this city. In the clear atmosphere of the coast it displays its glories, not only in the sunlight and moonlight, but in clear



Mr. S. Baker

moonless nights when 'visited by troops of stars.' This city is also the best place for the tourist to start from if one wishes to brave its rugged heights and see what they reveal, or what more the mountain hides in its awful solitudes. *Mr. John Muir and Mr. George B. Bayley, of California, both experienced mountain-climbers, assert that Tacoma is the most difficult mountain in America to ascend.* But the ascent has been safely made several times by parties of gentlemen, and once by a young lady of Tacoma. The first one to attempt it was *General A. V. Kautz*, of the United States Army, while he was a lieutenant at Fort Steilacoom in 1857. Kautz did not, however, reach the summit. Theodore Winthrop had crossed the range north of the mountain in 1853, and awakened much interest by his descriptions in the 'Canoe and Saddle.' But the impossibility of obtaining guides—no Indian daring to approach the ghostly heights—and the difficulties of reaching it through the intervening forests and the unknown perils beyond, had deterred every one from an attempt upon which none but the brave would enter and the strong get through, until this sturdy young officer undertook it. General Kautz had as his reward not only the personal joy of an ardent soul in triumphing over nature, but the honor of being the first to establish the existence of glaciers in United States territory. In following up the Nisqually River to its source in the mountain, he found that it emerged from an immense glacier, and his published report at the time in the Steilacoom paper antedates all other discoveries of glaciers in our national domain. In the summer of 1883 Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, visited the glaciers of Mount Tacoma, and pronounced them far superior in extent and grandeur to any he had seen in the Alps of Switzerland and Tyrol.

The first successful ascent of Mount Tacoma was made August 17th, 1870, by General Hazard Stevens and Mr. P. B. Van Trump, then both of Olympia, the former a Bostonian now and the latter a resident of Yelm Prairie, where one of the best views of the mountain may be obtained. An interesting account of this trip was contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* by General Stevens. They found two extinct craters at the summit, which made it warm enough for them to keep from freezing during the night they were obliged to remain there. This is a very important fact for exploring parties to know, as it takes nearly a full day to climb

up from the last camping-place on the skirts of the mountain. Since then several parties have made the ascent, and its successful accomplishment by the young lady before referred to shows that it is not impracticable to the strong of either sex.

“The journey to the mountain and up its base to the snow fields is very interesting, and less difficult each year, with the advance of settlers subduing the wilderness. The route from the prairies just south of Tacoma leads through the grandest of virgin forests, ‘massy, tall and dark,’ ‘unpruned, immeasurably old,’ streaming with mosses. There are comfortable places to stop on the way, one of which, the Longmire Springs, is an attractive summer resort, with bath houses and dwellings for the accommodation of invalids or tourists. They are at the foot of the mountain and within four miles of the Nisqually glacier. A short distance farther on, at an elevation of 4000 feet, there is a beautiful park clothed with the greenest of grass, myriads of various fine flowers, with here and there a little lake thickly surrounded by asters and the purple Scotch heather. These green slopes, which seem to extend around the mountain, were named by John Muir the Lower Gardens of Eden. About two thousand feet further up the mountain is Paradise Valley, which has been visited with great delight by many ladies and gentlemen who did not set out with the purpose of essaying the heights beyond. Here a wonderful view of the mountain is obtained, unlike any other, its great white form seeming not like ‘a mount that might be touched,’ but cold and forbidding in its dazzling light. ‘With God’s own majesty are touched the features of the earth.’ Just beyond is the Camp of the Clouds, where preparations for the supreme effort are made. From this on *hoc opus, hic labor est*, but without the consolation of knowing that it will be easy next day to retrace one’s steps, or that ‘on the heights there dwells repose.’ For every one who has worked his perilous way around the rim of the crater, to spend a night in the ice caves or over the steaming fissures, has found some reason to doubt whether the conflict of ages through which this mighty dome was builded up is entirely exhausted. The satisfaction in looking down upon the world from such a height, together with the consciousness of the arduous greatness of the thing done, may be easily conceived, however, to assist in supporting one in the fierce Alpine air.”

The summit and the experiences of a night there are graphically described by Miss Fay Fuller, the young lady before referred to, in *Every Sunday*, as follows :

" At last we stood on the rim of the big crater, where the wind was blowing so strongly we could hardly keep our footing, and oh ! it was bitter cold. The middle peak was some ways off, and for fear anything should happen we hastened on to the great high knob, and at 4.30 P.M., August 10th, 1890, we stood on the tip-top of Mount Tacoma. It was a heavenly moment : nothing was said—words cannot describe scenery and beauty : how could they speak for the soul ? Such sensations can be known to those only who reach the heights. The scene below was a wonderful panorama. Some years when it is very clear the sound can be seen, appearing like a small straddle bug, and the Olympic range is visible. The clouds prevented that sight this year ; but besides Adams, Hood, St. Helen's, and Jefferson, we could see Mount Baker away to the north and miles of mountains forming one great circle round the horizon. The glaciers of the Nisqually, Cowlitz, Carbon and White rivers were seen, and the valleys and prairies beyond. An idea of the size of the top of the mountain can be formed when it is said that the distance from the north to the southwest peaks across the top is more than two miles. Standing on the summit we see below us two large craters looking like immense bowls with a central common rim. The large crater is estimated 1100 feet across ; the small one, 750 feet. They are filled with snow and solid ice, with the rim around the circumference of bare rocks rising about sixty feet in some places. The steam keeps these rocks bare all the time. Coming down from the summit, where we could hardly stand on account of the wind, we were sheltered in the crater, and examined the steam jets, looking as if a row of boiling tea-kettles had been placed along the ridge. We sat on the rocks, and were soon damp with the moisture and par-boiled by the heat, and it was necessary to move. We started to make our beds before the sun went down. We saw it glide behind the summit, and before 6 P.M. were all ready for the night. On the east edge of the big crater we entered an ice cave between the snow and rim of the crater, and there, with steam beside us, we spread our blankets, which seemed light enough now, took off shoes, bathed our feet in whiskey, and began the night. We melt-

ed some ice in a cup over the steam, heated the water, dissolved some extract of beef, and served good hot beef soup for supper.

“Two blankets over us seemed little protection for the night. Through the small opening in the cave above we could watch the stars and meteors and all night long hear the awful avalanches roaring down the mountain-sides. From the faintest sound of running brook to the fierce lash of the ocean and the roar of these rock and snow-slides, it is all God’s music, the sounds being grander than the sights. We will pass over the chilly night, during which I was the only one fortunate enough to be able to sleep. When we rose our shoes were frozen stiff and had to be melted in the steam before we could put them on. The blankets where the steam had been were icy. A light snow storm visited us early in the morning and covered all our cave and blankets with snow, the gentlemen’s mustaches were frozen like ice, and the wind howled fiercely. There was nothing to do but prepare for the descent, and a weary journey it was down through the clouds.”

The author has been permitted to personally inspect many of the greatest mountains of earth—to view the Andes, the Rockies, the Alps, those of Mexico and Brazil, and many more of lesser note—but Tacoma, making the most as she does of her individuality, impressed us more strongly with a sense of altitude and majesty than any other, though of greater height, that we have as yet seen.

And now, turning inland, let us stand beside the eternal disturbance of boisterous Spokane Falls. We have left the realm of silence save for the crash of the avalanche; we enter the region of perpetual unrest, the mad conflict of angry waters hurrying to their fall. We have heard citizens of Tacoma speak jocosely of the time when Washington’s great mountain would become the ice-house of the cities of the sound, and by some means, as yet not fully perfected, give up its glaciers to supply the demand for genuine frost-hardened crystal blocks. In Spokane Falls, alas! utility has already invaded the poetical and done its profitable work. Spokane Falls is “a water-power,” and Spokane City employs its forces and exults accordingly, as, all unmindful of sacrilege,

They break on the wheel of base barter
This beautiful child of the mist,



John P Paul



And doom to the driving of mill-wheels
The foam that young Iris has kist.

Drainer of lakes, devourer of streams, taking tribute from a thousand torrents, and drinking the foam of myriads of mountain cascades, as the sunshine absorbs the morning dew, the falls of Spokane fill with their eternal rush and roar the "Valley of the Waters." It almost would seem as if the light leap and airy spring of the tiny rills as they put on their robes of silver and break in spray wreaths, rainbow-crowned from their parent fountain-heads, were practising for the tremendous declensions which await them below, when Spokane, having seized them in its relentless grasp, hurries them on to the charge and combat of its waters. Little does Lake Cœur d'Alene, but ten leagues away, dream, as his great cup catches the drippings of the hill-sides or the constant gushings of his hidden springs below, how wild a fate awaits the waters he so silently dismisses to meet their doom. Like the desperate man pictured in Cole's "Voyage of Life," they emerge from the calm and peaceful beauty of their morning to move with quickened step, insensible at first, but ever increasing, till at length, caught in the toils, and unable to escape, they mingle with the swirl and wild gambols of the Iris-crowned grand cascade. Coming first in one solid column of attack in its course through the city itself, "Spokane the Wonderful," with all the impetus born of a declivity of nearly one hundred and sixty feet of declension, divides into four channels, separated and barriered by rocks that may break but cannot stay the impetuous charge of their foam-plumed battalions. Escaped from these impediments, they once more reunite their forces, and then, like charging steeds maddened by some strange terror, dash onward with successive leaps, each wilder than the last, till with one final plunge of full sixty feet they are free again, and move placidly on through a deep gorge as if striving to recover from the fierceness of their advent.

So much for the æsthetic; now for the practical. We are no longer the painter looking with artist eye to seize the most striking effect, but the practical millwright prospecting for a convenient site to tap its water-power. Water-power, indeed—a net efficiency of thirty thousand horse-power at the least, even at its lowest stage! What says the chief engineer of the water works: "This power, as compared with that of any other stream so far

developed in any county, is almost the peer of them all." It is so great as simply to be beyond discussion. Nor does winter lock, as elsewhere, with her icy bolts the freedom and consequent utility of the fall. There is no day in the year that it is not ample in volume, ever ready to do the manufacturer's bidding. There is no need to vary your motive forces with steam or beg assistance from the whirl of wind-driven sails; it is nature's free gift to man, given without let or hindrance, a constant torrent from springs that never fail.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

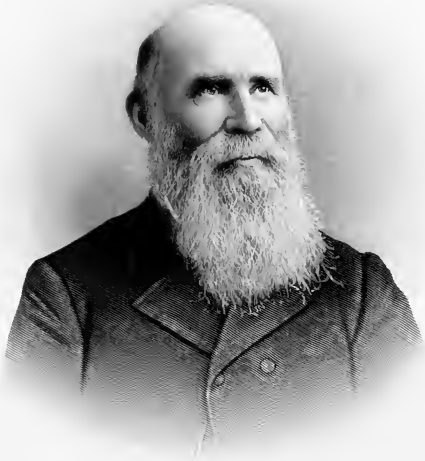
TWO CITIES OF WASHINGTON—OLYMPIA, THE "CAPITAL CITY," AND SEATTLE, THE "QUEEN CITY."

" ' Cities of refuge,' God-ordained,
Thus Hebrew legends told,
Altars where Mercy made her shrine
And pity ne'er grew cold.
When flying from pursuing wrath,
Bearing the brand of Cain,
Murder, red-handed, fresh from crime,
With fearful footsteps came.
Our Washington hath cities fair,
Havens of refuge, too, .
That watching wait with outstretched arms
To greet the good and true.
' Cities of refuge,' not from crime,
But sweet to weary souls,
Who gather here from every clime
That tyranny controls.
They ope their gates to honest toil,
Though poor the toilers be,
And offer lands with fertile soil
To serfs beyond the sea.
A freer life, a purer air,
A field to found a home,
To smooth the furrowed brow of care,
And rest, no more to roam."

—BREWERTON.

SIX " cities of refuge," as Hebraic legends inform us, opened their sheltering gates to those who, having slain a fellow-man in their wrath or been guilty of accidental homicide, fled to find protection from the avengers of blood fast following upon their footsteps. Now, though our similitude lacks the essential element which characterizes the special purpose of these ancient cities of the olden time, we may affirm that the wide bounds of favored Washington contain many a city fairer by far than those of the Jewish dynasty, which are, indeed, in a higher and holier sense " cities of refuge" and oases of repose. They speak, though

with dumb lips, no uncertain language; they are eloquent in invitation; they say to the toilers in lands beyond the seas, "Why wear out your patient lives in hopeless, unrequited toil, working for some lord of the soil or hard-hearted taskmaster, who sees his hireling spend youth and strength in faithful service, yet cares not when the uselessness of premature old age, with its palsied limbs and failing vigor, relegates him to the poorhouse and the infirmary, or, more frequently still, turns him out to die like the overworked beast who perishes unsheltered by the roadside. They do more than this; they promise equal rights, just protection, and a system of government founded upon a plan which makes each individual not only the governed, but an integer of the power which formulates the code under which he lives; they point to our broad prairies, our boundless woods, our vast water-power, still running to waste, with wonderful facilities for transportation by land and sea; above all, to the possibilities of securing at a merely nominal price lands teeming with fertility and affluent in all that rewards the labors of the husbandman, growing the wood which will ere long furnish the material for a home far excelling the peasant's wildest dream, not to mention the impossibility of his obtaining it in the land of his nativity. To the physically broken and enervated they promise a renewal of strength, the pure breeze of the prairie or the bracing breath of upland heights as opposed to the stifling heat of the factory and foul-smelling mill; the music of bird notes instead of the dull, monotonous whir of ever-revolving machinery, redolent of odors dense and deleterious. Nor does this unspoken welcome appeal only to the serf and slaver in foreign lands; it has a suggestion of advice and extends a beckoning hand to those within our own borders—to the clerk drudging hopelessly at his city desk; to the toilers who find a scanty living amid New England hills, who, dwelling in those brown old homes, wrest by careful husbandry a meagre living from a cold and reluctant soil, tilling the worn-out fields first broken by their fathers in the far-off days that reach back to the time when the Puritan sang his thanksgiving hymn beneath the wintry stars, ere, at a later period, he burned the witches at Salem or gently indoctrinated the rebellious Quaker by scoring his transgressions upon his bleeding back, or, still farther on, compelled the Baptist, in the person of Roger Williams, to find



P. M. Gowan

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a way by water to a terrestrial paradise, and explore, with welcome of "what cheer," the sunny waters of Narragansett Bay. There is something better to be found amid the woods and wilds of yet almost virgin Washington than this hopeless hand-to-mouth existence on the Atlantic border. Why then remain? It offers a soil still unbroken, enriched by the vegetable deposits of centuries, which needs but the turning of the sod and the planting of the seed to grow white with wheat or golden with the tasselled corn. Mile after mile of the "forest primeval" wait the stroke of the axe and the rending of the saw. The streams teem with trout, the sound with salmon. The ordinary course of nature is calm and serene—the cyclone bates its breath, the blizzard stays its hand, the bolts of Jove refuse to fly, the tempest loses its terrors, a severe winter is so infrequent as to be memorable, an ideal summer too common to excite special comment—in a word, it is a land where the silent forces of nature invite capital to utilize powers and avail itself of materials whose possibilities of recompense exceed the estimate of its most optimistic dream, while to the less affluent seeker for a home it suggests a broader field, a freer life, an oasis amid the desert of unrequital, a veritable "A-la-bama" and haven of rest.

Having thus generalized its advantages, we will endeavor to become specific and bring into evidence in the present chapter three of Washington's most important cities, beginning with

OLYMPIA.

The first in rank, if not in size, to claim our attention is Olympia, the "capital city," as it is called, for it is here that the Solons of Washington—the Jupiters and lesser legislative gods of this modern Olympus—meet to discuss and settle as best they may the affairs of state; to emulate "the fateful three" and tangle or set in order, as destiny may decree, the business of the good people of this new-born commonwealth; to wrangle and disagree at times, like the heroes of the ancient mythology, and then again coincide in all charity and lovingkindness when party tides flow on more harmoniously. The city of which we are about to speak, one of the oldest towns in the State of Washington, and, moreover, the county-seat of Thurston County, is situated 122 miles distant by rail from Portland, and 36 from Tacoma by steamer. It is located at the head of Budd's Inlet,

an arm of Puget Sound, and the extreme southern limit of its waters—we say an arm of the sound, for all its many inlets and ramifications are regarded but as side streets and lanes leading to, but not a part of, that great watery thoroughfare to which Vancouver, so generous in nomenclature, gave the generic title of Puget Sound. Olympia is most fortunate in the enjoyment of a site which unites facility of access with more than ordinary beauty of position, while, unlike the mountain from whence it takes its name, and wherein also it differs materially from its sister cities of the sound, its shores are not precipitous, but rise gradually into picturesque prominence, disclosing its whole extent as approached from the bay, and revealing a situation unexcelled by any water front in Western Washington. There is, of course, as in all comparatively newly settled regions, much that remains to be done; but when we remember the brevity of the period during which such remarkable improvements have been accomplished, we can only wonder at the result and lose ourselves in speculation as to the possible greatness of her future. If we are to judge from the past, what may another lustrum not do for Olympia? Though the flatness of the shore would seem at first sight to militate against the utilizing of her otherwise excellent harbor, it only requires the building of piers sufficiently long to connect the natural meander line with deep water to obviate all difficulty and furnish dockage and shipping facilities which may be rendered available to any desired extent. Meanwhile, her waters, both sea and tributary, are generously prolific in sea foods. The succulent clam is, as elsewhere stated, found in immense quantities, and attains a dimension astonishing and unknown save upon the Pacific coast.

The oyster, ever a philosophic dish, opens with the regularity of the legislative session; smelt, cod, halibut, and the epicurean salmon are so plentiful that, so far as the latter is concerned, it would almost seem that the contract of a Puget Sound employé should be modelled upon those of the old-time indentures of the apprentices of Northern Maine, to which we have already alluded. As for the smaller lakes and inflowing streams, the disciple of old Isaac Walton's patient art may follow his pleasing toil from morn till dewy eve, yet never want for encouragement. The city itself, with its broad, well-shaded streets, its abundance of fruit trees, its wealth of smiling gardens

redolent of sweets, its commodious public buildings, elegant private residences, churches, hotels, and institutions both financial and educational, needs but one element to assist its progress—a boundary-line on wheels, for its corporate limits are continually expanding, while the growth of its population, like an o'er-filled cup, overflows its boundaries. The capital city is by no means an isolated metropolis shut up within itself. Steamboats run daily to Tacoma and Seattle; even the denizens of the saw-mill towns and lumbering camps that dot the beaches or invade the monotony of the otherwise wooded shores of Hood's Canal can "run up to town" and get their supplies almost as frequently as they please. It has a hospital well maintained; its school facilities and educational methods are, as, indeed, everywhere else in the Evergreen State, excellent; the secret societies are represented by elaborate lodge-rooms; street railways connect distant points with commendable rapidity; the electric light is ubiquitous—in a word, to sum it up briefly and complete this outline word picture with a single sentence, Olympia is not only "the capital city," but a capital city, well worthy of its distinction as the selected site of Washington's senatorial and legislative deliberations and the official residence of its Executive.

Passing from the centre to the circumference, we may say that its outer setting of resources and industries furnishes a fit adornment to the inner gem, advantages which the many inlets afforded by the extensive shore-line of the sound utilize with abundant ease. This is especially true of the wealth of timber, one great source of manufacture and profit, and all important to the needs of every growing city. Here, as elsewhere in Washington, nature has showered her gifts with a prodigal and wide-open hand; the surface of the surrounding country is covered with fir, cedar, oak, maple, alder, and pine of enormous growth; the rain and sunshine of uncounted years have been silently at work preparing the material which should one day roof in the habitations of thousands, then unborn, who now people the happy homes of the Evergreen State; but when this demand, great as it is, has been supplied, there is still an abundance, and will be for years to come, to supply the cargoes for export. The annual cut is even now very heavy and the increasing facilities of the numerous mills are taxed to their utmost capacity. Should there be any doubter of this statement, let him watch the almost

endless procession of log rafts as they are towed or drift lazily along to encounter the rough usage of the whirling saws, so soon to convert the pine tree of to-day, deep rooted in the recesses of the primitive forest, into the enclosure of God's most beautiful dwelling upon earth—a home—or follow the white-sailed ships whose keels are continually cleaving the waters of the sound, to bear them afar to lands beyond the sea. Nor are the skirts of this Olympian goddess unadorned with treasures, hidden as yet for want of that development which capital will in the fulness of time undoubtedly supply, for there exists, as prospectors have demonstrated, any amount of coal and iron and some copper in the vicinity of Olympia. Unappreciated as they may be at present, yet as a part of Western Washington's material prosperity we believe her mines, here and elsewhere, are destined to become eminent factors not only in gaining substantial dividends for the investor, but by supplying occupation to thousands, whose presence and labor will help to develop new sources of revenue and add to the bone and sinew of her population by attracting settlers to the State. We are prepared to express the opinion that, when once inaugurated, the success of these mining industries will be simply startling. There is a fine water-power derived from the falls of the Tumwater, which, largely as it has been employed, still offers sites for occupancy. It must not be imagined because we have dwelt thus strongly upon the lumber and mining interests of Olympia's vicinity that agriculture has no place, and must, therefore, stand with idle hands amid this affluence of more important industries: it is far otherwise, as witness the following description from the pen of a close observer, who clearly proves that she has much to do and the wherewithal, moreover, to accomplish her vocation. He says:

“The surface of the surrounding country is by no means rough, even when thickly timbered; and the soil of the valleys and occasional patches of open upland prairie are very inviting to the agriculturalist, for they afford many varieties of fertile lands. Aside from these alluvial river bottoms and sandy and gravelly uplands, all the cleared lands will make good farms and pay well when brought under cultivation. Wheat and grain of all kinds are grown here of fine quality, while hops are produced that equal any in this section. There is no limit to the yield of vegetables, and fruits, apples, pears, quinces, plums,



M. P. Foulis



H. Raymond



J. A. MacEachlan



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and peaches are all grown in excellence, and some in perfection."

Olympia and Thurston County, in which she sits enthroned, have a history withal, rich in events, holding memories both dark and light, overflowing with scenes and incidents never so well described as by her old pioneers. Want of space forbids, or it might be entertaining and certainly most instructive to trace its settlement and gradual upbuilding from its first clearing in the solemn silence of the hitherto untenanted forest to the fair city of to-day; and here it seems necessary to repeat in detail what we have generally referred to in a previous chapter. The first term of a district court ever held there was convened January 20th, 1852, under the judicial supervision of the Hon. William Strong, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Oregon Territory and Judge of the Third Judicial District, a session necessitated by the seizure of two vessels—the Beaver and Mary Dare—detained for infraction of the revenue laws. Before the adjournment of this court several new limbs were added to the legal tree; among others then admitted to the Bar was that learned lawyer and all-accomplished historian, the Hon. Elwood Evans, still practising in Tacoma, to whose graphic pen and faithful record we have been so deeply and constantly indebted for material embodied in these pages. We have told the story before in briefer words, but a good story will bear telling again; so, though it be "a twice-told tale," we will venture to inflict a new description upon the reader of Olympia's first Fourth of July celebration, never to be forgotten, the precursor and first-born of many a more elaborate demonstration in honor of our natal day yet to be holden beneath the shadow of Pacific's pines, yet none, perhaps, more feelingly kept or fittingly honored. It took place in the same year (1852). The commemoration attracted settlers from all parts of Northern Oregon, many of the sound settlements being largely represented. We can imagine the scene: The men, rough, bearded and sunburned, driving in over the recently opened roads, with the old farm wagons newly greased and painted in honor of the occasion, in which their families had made the weary journey of the plains; the women in their sun-bonnets and calico Sunday best, with here and there a ribbon or gay-hued parasol—relic of by-gone

Eastern finery, but still treasured and kept with care in the wilderness as a link between the old-time fashions and the new ; the children, the younger born beneath the "Evergreen" pines, the older all agog to see "Fourth of July" once more ; the homely but hearty fun and junketing by the old school-house, then new and unfinished, or beneath the neighboring trees ; the reunions and reminiscences of those who had crossed the plains together by ox team, but had never met since they "whacked bulls" across the big divide ; the harmless mirth, the thorough good-fellowship, and, above all and pervading all, the love of the dear old flag and the revival of patriotic sentiments that lit anew the flame of slumbering but never entirely extinguished love which every true American bears for all that belongs to these United States ; how they must have cheered the orators' "spread-eagle" utterances to the echo, how enjoyed the suggestions of "what our fathers did at Bunker Hill" ! But it was not to be a mere demonstration, the keeping of a day of remembrance, a festival soon to be forgotten. It had a deeper meaning, a larger intent and outcome. We are told that after the ceremonies of the day had been concluded an enthusiastic meeting was improvised, and the division of the Territory—then entirely Oregon—was discussed, and resulted in an arrangement for a convention to be held during the fall to promote that object. It gave an impulse to journalism, too, for we find James W. Wiley and Thornton F. McElroy, the former being the editor, issuing the first number of a journal—the *Columbian*—to assist the desired separation by advocating the interests of Northern Oregon and Puget Sound, and specially championing the formation of a separate Territory north of the Columbia River, to be denominated Columbia—a movement which proved an opening wedge to bring about an agitation which in due time resulted in the establishment of the Territory of Washington. The capital city is indeed a treasure-house rich in incidents. We have no space to record the abortive attempt to expel the obnoxious Chinese, an effort ending only in the prosecution, conviction, and sentence of its well-meaning perpetrators. Nor may we longer dwell upon the perfections of this Olympian queen, but pass to her sister sovereign, both by rank and title, Olympia's neighbor and friend, Seattle, the "Queen City of the sound."

SEATTLE, THE "QUEEN CITY."

It is simply impossible within the circumscribed limits of a few pages to do justice to the birth, growth, situation, and peculiar advantages, not to mention the many interesting incidents which rightfully belong to and are inseparably bound up with the history of Seattle; we must, therefore, confine ourselves to a mere outline of three or four most memorable events, such as the Indian siege, the lynchings, the anti-Chinese excitement, and the great fire, which gave her citizens an opportunity to show the world how rapidly zeal, courage, and true energy could repair the ravages of apparently irremediable disaster. The right to wear, as she does so regally, the proud appellation of the "Queen City," was bought with a price the greatness of which her inhabitants of to-day can scarcely appreciate. She is the child of patient self-sacrifice and heroic effort; her birth was accompanied by throes of anxiety, privation, discouragement, and danger, with all those evils which retard the development of the frontier settlement. She passed through the phases of an infancy oftentimes clouded, a later existence continually menaced by unforeseen difficulties, and a maturer civic life hampered by rivalries hardly less embarrassing. That she should finally not only have emerged triumphantly from the obstacles that obstructed her progress is alike creditable to American manhood and its special application to the upbuilding of Seattle by the pioneers of Puget Sound. The site they so wisely selected is at once suitable and commanding, for the "Queen City" sits upon her single bluff with as proud an air of civic dignity as ever Rome of old when she "sat upon her seven hills," and from her throne beside the Tiber ruled the world. Looking down upon Elliott Bay, a beautiful expansion of the sound, she rises step by step up the steep eminence, whose envious crest conceals the many evidences of substantial progress that lie beyond, but that which is visible is strikingly handsome, and it would be difficult to select amid all the ramifications of Puget Sound a location more entirely appropriate. Rising from the eastern shore of Elliott Bay with a regular but decided acclivity, the greater part of the city proper is to be seen; at its foot extends its sheltered harbor, with abundant anchorage dotted with ships, and lined with docks and wharves

loaded with produce or merchandise, and all alive with the activities of busy labor. Like its sisters, Olympia and Tacoma, it is surrounded with every source of wealth known to Western Washington. More fortunate than either of these, Seattle possesses "a water front," to speak paradoxically, in her rear; for Lake Washington, with its sister, Lake Union, two of the most beautiful sheets of fresh water upon the Pacific coast, are behind her, semicircling her borders to the eastward for more than thirty miles; a canal is now being built which will connect the two, and thus afford water communication from the city far inland. Though disappointed in the hope that the United States Government would select it as a naval station, yet the time is not far distant when Lake Union will be united with the sound, and thus furnish a safe retreat, even for the largest vessels, from the ravages of the terrible "teredo," so destructive to all that it invades. This "teredo" is a barnacle which bores into piling and ships, and whose power of inflicting injury is almost incredible. Six years is the limit of durability for timbers subjected to their assaults; they then become completely honeycombed, but it cannot exist in fresh water. These lakes will, therefore, furnish a thorough defence against all such molluscos destroyers. The three great specialties of Seattle's commerce and trade are coal, lumber, and shipping. Space would fail us were we to attempt an enumeration of minor industries. As for her realty sales, to say nothing of the vast increase in values, they are simply enormous. Washington might well be called the land of astonishment, for her cities spring up and flourish like Jonah's gourd, but, unlike that celebrated and oft-quoted vegetable, do not wither with the sunrise. There is one peculiarity about the people of Seattle which accounts for much of their prosperity—a unity of purpose and public-spiritedness that enabled them to hold their own even against the rivalry of her fair sister of Tacoma, a city whose infant progress, though it has long ago laid aside childish things, was not a little aided by those twin crutches the Northern Pacific Railroad and the Tacoma Land Company. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether has been the motto of the Seattleites, and with all due regard for Tacoma, we think she might find something worthy of emulation in so laudable an example. To return: Seattle has every advantage, convenience and facility that tend



Chris. L. P. Coe

to render a city delightful and desirable as a place of residence. Miles of double-track electric and cable roads overcome time and space and make the ascent of her steep grades a pleasure; water-works, gas and electric light plants perfectly fulfil their important missions. In educational matters, from the primary public school to the University of Washington, she is not to be excelled throughout the bounds of the Evergreen State. Every religious denomination has its place of worship, every secret society its lodge. And now, having thus treated the "Queen City's" charms not only generically, but, we trust, *generously*, as they deserve, we will attempt a more specific description of certain prominent events in her history to which we already have alluded in laying down the outline of incidents we intended to chronicle.

THE KLIKETATS BESIEGE SEATTLE.

The connection, not always an agreeable one, of Seattle's early history with the Indians dates back to its birth, for its very name is derived from that of a chief—Seattle—who was greatly enraged when he first heard of the honor done him, for he feared that it might injure the future welfare of his spirit; but he was finally not only reconciled, but proud of the distinction so unexpectedly accorded him. As it was, Seattle narrowly escaped being called Elliott, after the English admiral who gave his name to the noble bay on which it stands. The chief, Seattle, lived across the inlet on Bainbridge Island, at Port Madison, in the great lodge known as the "Old Man's House," pronounced "ol-e-man." This singular name is explained by the fact that the Chinook conceives all inanimate things to be either masculine or feminine, but their language has no way of expressing it except by using the prefix "ole-man" or "ole-woman." This house, being both big and strong, was classed with a superior chief, and took the "ole-man," or masculine appellation, accordingly. We cannot pause to describe the personal characteristics of this savage, who was a chief of importance and constant friend of the whites. He was thick-set, round-shouldered, and was thought to bear a striking resemblance to the late Senator Benton of Missouri. He professed to remember Vancouver, was neat in dress, and died a Catholic, at the estimated age of eighty years, in 1866. His grave is marked

by a memorial shaft erected by the citizens of Seattle. His name, as pronounced by the Indians, was "Sealth."

A correspondent, writing recently from Seattle, calls attention to a native-born American princess, a direct descendant of the forest kings who for so many centuries roamed undisturbed through the wilds of Western Washington. She is probably a centenarian, having been born nearly or quite a hundred years ago upon the shores of Puget Sound. She is well known to the dwellers in the "Queen City" as the Princess Angeline, a daughter of old Chief Seattle, from whom, as we have already stated, the city of to-day takes its name. Though withered and decrepit, she is still a living link between the old times and the new, and is most kindly regarded by the citizens, having the privilege accorded her of purchasing what she fancies without paying for it. However large the bill, it is sent to and defrayed by certain wealthy Seattleites, who have not yet forgotten the time, moons and moons ago, when she hastened through the forest paths to warn the feeble colony of an intended surprise. She had overheard the Indians plotting a general massacre of the settlers, crept from her wigwam, and thinking nothing of the miles to be traversed, accomplished her object, returning with torn hands and bleeding feet from her successful mission. The attack was made, but found the people prepared; and though the Indians outnumbered the pale faces two to one, they were signally defeated. The red men vowed vengeance against the traitor, but Angeline was never suspected. The habits of her race prevent the exhibition of gratitude in the ordinary way. She prefers the freedom of the tent and full liberty to wander; but whatever form her fancy takes when she goes shopping her order is filled, and though her wishes are almost invariably eccentric, they are sure to be gratified. She is liberal, too, in the extent of her purchases, and regards herself as the almoner of her people, by whom she is held in high esteem. As may well be supposed, her life in a small way is a continual "potlatch party."

The natives knew lakes Washington and Union only by the names of "Tenas Chuck" and "Hias Chuck"—"little water" and "big water." A public meeting was called by the citizens to bestow some more distinctive appellations, and a Mr. Mercer very happily suggested those by which they are now designated.

It is impossible to trace the causes and sequence of events

which converted the Indians into enemies and led to the siege of Seattle—one of the boldest attacks ever made upon a town of consequence by savages west of the Rocky Mountains—which, had it not been for the presence, most opportunely, in the harbor of a United States man-of-war (the Decatur), would in all probability have been successful—a result which would have so encouraged the Indians that every wavering or friendly tribe would have joined the hostiles and annihilated the whites throughout the whole of Northern Oregon. January 25th, 1866, was a memorable day in the history of Seattle, for it brought the intelligence to its alarmed inhabitants, through an Indian spy—who barely escaped with his life, being pursued and fired on to the very edge of the town—that the hostile Kliketats had been ferried across by the Lake Indians to the number of a thousand warriors, and were preparing to attack the town. Captain Gansevoort, the commander of the Decatur, who had already disembarked ninety-six of his men, both sailors and marines, under the command of lieutenants Phelps, Drake, Hughes, and Morris, upon receiving this intelligence immediately increased the number of marines on guard in and about the town, and advised all the families on shore to sleep in the block-houses. Meanwhile, the hostile chiefs, Leschi and Claycum, held a conference with a Duwamish Indian named Curley, whom they supposed to be favorable to their cause, but who was in reality attached to that of the whites; they confided to him their plan, which was to attack the town at ten o'clock the next morning—this time being selected because it was argued that the marines, weary with their night watch, would then have returned to their ship and the families who had slept in the block-houses to their respective homes. This scheme was immediately revealed to Lieutenant Phelps, who communicated it to his commander. In accordance with this plan, the hostiles crept up to the borders of the town and grouped their advanced guards into concealed squads around each house outside the line of stockades, and prepared at a given signal to rush in and slaughter their inmates—a plan well conceived, but destined, as the sequel will show, to be rudely interrupted. A sudden commotion among the friendly Indians, who were observed to be rapidly removing their effects to the canoes, revealed the fact that a number of the enemy were massed in Tom Pepper's cabin, a de-

sented dwelling directly east of the south end of the town and within range of the block-house howitzer. Calling his men hurriedly from their unfinished breakfast, Captain Gansevoort ordered Lieutenant Morris to fire a shell directly into the house where the Indians were supposed to be concealed. "The boom of the gun," says Grant, in his exhaustive "History of Seattle," "had hardly died away before it was followed by a terrific whoop from a thousand throats and a volley from the rifles of the savages along the whole line;" and well they might, for the aim was accurate, and the shell not only struck the cabin, but demolished it; and here we may remark that these explosive shells, wherever they have been used against the savages, have proved themselves not only destructive but appalling weapons. As far back as the days of the Seminole War, the Indians of the Everglades learned to respect them. We think it was Alligator, the famous Seminole chief, who, in describing some conflict in which his people were badly defeated, said: "Warriors fight good till Captain Jackson's men fire wagon at 'em, and then warriors run away." The mountain howitzer taught these marauders a similar lesson on the plains, and in this instance the defeat of the Indians was largely owing to their terror of such missiles; they could not understand a ball that "fired twice," the original shot entering into their calculations, but the explosion afterward being an entire and most destructive surprise. What wonder that the ignorant Kliketats concluded that the evil spirits fought against them and grew discouraged at methods so novel and alarming! To return: Then on the part of the whites followed a general stampede of men, women, and children for the block-houses; and, says Grant, "had it not been for the fact that the rifles in the hands of the Indians had been generally emptied by the first volley many of the inhabitants would have fallen on their way to a place of safety. Fortunately all escaped without difficulty." Until high noon the battle thus commenced raged without cessation; the crack of the rifle of the concealed savage alternated with the explosion of the marine's musket, the cheer of the sailor and the constant whoop of the foe; while over all roared the guns of the Decatur as they tore up the ground beyond Third Street with their exploding shells. Bancroft tells us that "above all the other noise of battle the cries of the Indian women could be



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heard urging their warriors to greater efforts; but though they continued to yell and fire with great persistency, the range was too long from the point to which the Decatur's guns soon drove them to permit of their shots doing execution." It was a fortunate circumstance, moreover, that Captain Hewitt's Volunteer company had returned to Seattle the day before, its term of enlistment having expired; as it was, it did gallant service and greatly aided in the defence. At noon the Indians ceased firing while they feasted on the beef of the settlers, which their women had killed and roasted, a lull taken advantage of by the whites to convey their women and children on board of the Decatur and the bark Brontes, then lying in port. We will tell the rest of the story in the words of Grant:

"At the same time, an effort was made to gather from the suddenly deserted houses the provisions, guns, and other valuables left in the hasty flight, before the Indians, under the cover of night, would have an opportunity to rob and burn them. The savages, perceiving the men rushing into the houses for this purpose, immediately commenced firing upon them, some of the dwellings within range being pierced by as many as fifty bullets. Before this vigorous assault the whites were forced to retire within the line of the stockades. The attack was now renewed with increased vigor, a fierce charge being made upon fourteen men of the Decatur stationed near the opening of the woods which marked the beginning of the lake trail."

This little band, however, met the charge with such energy that the Indians retreated. "Had they not flinched," says Bancroft, "had they thrown themselves upon these few men with ardor they would have blotted them out of existence by sheer force of numbers; but such was not to be, and Seattle was saved by the recoil."

To resume Grant's narrative: "All the afternoon a desultory firing continued on both sides. At times when a bombshell exploded in the midst of the Indians a hideous yell would be raised, but still the savages showed no signs of retreat. Toward evening, scouts sent out by Captain Gansevort reported that the Indians were placing inflammable material under and around the deserted houses preparatory to a grand conflagration in the evening, which it was believed was to have been the signal for all the Indians on the beach and across the sound to join in the attack.

To prevent the carrying out of this plan a vigorous shelling of the town was resorted to, which resulted in dispersing the incendiaries before they had an opportunity to enter upon their work of destruction. Upon the return of the night the fire on both sides gradually ceased, and by ten o'clock was discontinued altogether. When the morning of the 27th dawned the hostile force had disappeared, taking what cattle they could find, and plundering every house within the line of their 'retreat.' "

It was a happy termination and a narrow escape from utter annihilation, for had the assault succeeded, there is no doubt that every inhabitant of Seattle would have succumbed to the scalping-knife of the savage. The shells of the Decatur saved the town, and the Indians for many a day spoke with reverence of the Bostons as a tribe who fired wagons at their enemies. On the part of the whites but two men were positively known to have been killed—Milton G. Holgate, shot while standing in the door of the Cherry Street block-house early in the action, and a young man named Robert Wilson, killed by an Indian sharpshooter on the porch of a hotel near the site now occupied by the Standard Theatre. Two houses were burned and several plundered. As usual in such affairs, the loss of the Indians could never be ascertained—they conceal their wounded and carry off their dead. The hostile chief Claycum had a narrow escape, a bullet from a white man's rifle cutting off a lock of his slaggy gray hair.

THE LYNCHING OF HOWARD, SULLIVAN AND PAYNE.

Lynch law seems to be inseparable from the rough, lawless life on every unsettled frontier, and even of a more advanced civilization whenever, through a miscarriage of justice, the community, to escape some reign of ruffianism, takes the law into its own hands and becomes at once its judge and executioner. It is not within our province to argue for or against its summary methods and self-appointed tribunals. It must be approved or condemned by the circumstances which engender it, but it cannot be denied that, judged by its results, its general effect is beneficial—desperate diseases require desperate remedies—and vigilance committees, as in the case of San Francisco, are cyclonic agents, destructive to individuals, but nevertheless purifying to the moral atmosphere of the neighborhood at large.

The condition of affairs in Seattle when the three men whose names head this paragraph were taken from the protection of the officers of the law and summarily dealt with by an excited and indignant populace was, to say the least of it, peculiar. Crime had gone unpunished—robbery and threatened murders upon the streets; public patience was exhausted; the ordinary course of legal procedure seemed powerless and its officers of no avail; the whole town was in a state of agitation; the recent murder of President Garfield had evoked a still deeper feeling against assassination. It was such a condition of affairs that led to the lynchings perpetrated by the people of Seattle on January 17th, 1892. The crime, as related by Grant, was as follows: "At six o'clock on the evening of that day, George B. Reynolds, a well-known and popular citizen, was returning from his home to his place of business; he was met near the corner of Third and Marion streets by two men, one of whom, with a pistol in his hand, ordered him to throw up his hands. This Reynolds refused to do. Realizing his danger, he attempted to draw his revolver. His assailant, perceiving his intention, at once fired, the ball taking effect in Reynolds' breast. As the wounded man fell he fired at the assassins, but his aim was not accurate, and both of them escaped in the darkness. As Reynolds sank to the ground he called for help, and several persons who had heard his cry, as well as the reports of the pistols, were soon on the scene. The sufferer was carried to his home, where, two hours later, after enduring the most intense agony, he died. The news of the shooting spread rapidly, and popular indignation called loudly for summary action. The ringing of the fire-bell caused two hundred enraged and resolute citizens to congregate at the engine house. A vigilance committee was formed, and squads of men were selected to patrol the streets, watch every means of egress and ingress to the city, and if possible detect the authors of the crime. About ten o'clock, four hours after the shooting, two men were found secreted under some hay which was stored on Harrington & Smith's wharf. One of these, a one-armed man, had a revolver on his person with four loaded cartridges and one empty, the latter plainly showing that it had been but recently fired. The other had in his pocket about a hundred cartridges which fitted his comrade's pistol. The committee, some of whose members had discovered them,

delivered their prisoners to a police officer, by whom they were taken to the county jail. Later in the evening, as public excitement intensified and the belief became general that the guilty parties had been secured, two hundred members of the vigilance committee visited the jail, guarded by L. V. Wyckoff, Van Wyckoff, his son, J. H. McGraw, then chief of police, and James H. Woolery, a member of the police force. The hall leading to the sheriff's office was soon filled with angry and excited men bent on vengeance. To forcibly break down the door which separated the prisoners from them was the work of a moment, and then the surging crowd, almost within reach of the quivering and frightened wretches, demanded that they be surrendered. There was now no barrier between the wild and furious throng of enraged men save the sheriff and his party. With drawn pistol, the sheriff implored the crowd to desist from violence, and announced his determination to protect at all hazards the men committed to his charge. Before the determined stand taken by this brave man the crowd hesitated, and finally, upon a solemn promise being given by the sheriff that the prisoners would be produced in court at nine o'clock the next morning, the attacking party retired, taking with them the prisoners' shoes, in order to compare them with tracks in the vicinity in which the murder was committed. At half-past nine on the following morning Justice S. F. Coombs opened court in Yesler's Hall, and a few minutes later the officers appeared with their prisoners. Every foot of standing room was occupied, but the gathering was strangely quiet, and nothing in the appearance or demeanor of the immense crowd indicated the stern resolve so soon to mete out summary justice to the criminals, who gave the names of James Sullivan and William Howard. The circumstantial evidence adduced was overwhelming—the prisoners were in hiding; their pistol recently fired; the ball found in the body of their victim fitted it, and was made at the same factory with those still undischarged. No doubt of their guilt remained, and no denial was made by the accused. They were held without bail to await the action of the grand jury and returned to the custody of the officers. Justice Coombs had scarcely rendered his decision when a wild and deafening shout arose. The crowd rushed forward, and as many as were able to get within reach grasped the prisoners. At the same instant the officers were seized and



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overpowered. It was a scene of wild and intense excitement. Resistance was useless. The vast throng was moved by a relentless purpose; mad and furious passion seemed to have taken possession of all. The prisoners were hurried through the alley back of the hall to Occidental Square, where two scantlings had been placed between the forks of two trees near Mr. Yesler's residence. One of the prisoners made some resistance while in the alley, but was quickly thrown to the ground and overpowered. In another instant both men were beneath the bar. A rope previously prepared was fastened about the neck of each, and the other end was thrown over the timbers and grasped by many hands, and within one minute of the time that Justice Coombs remanded the prisoners to the custody of the officers they were dangling in the air in the presence of two thousand citizens. A terrible deed, but done with the open approval of an outraged community in inadequate requital of a base and unprovoked assassination. Chief Justice Green alone was conspicuous in his efforts to prevent their execution; he even went so far as to attempt to cut them down while yet alive, and only desisted when forcibly prevented. Neither of the men was heard to utter a word from the moment of their seizure in the court-room. Within a few moments after the act of justice had been performed, some one in the crowd suggested that Benjamin Payne, then confined in jail for the murder of police officer David Sires, should suffer the same penalty. The crowd was quite ready to respond. The fire-bell again rang out, calling the committee together. The ominous tapping of the bell three times three carried to the ears of Payne his doom. It was the rallying signal for five hundred men to proceed to the jail. The tall fence on the south side of the building was torn down and the jail yard invaded. The heavy outside wooden doors fell before their axe strokes, and the two iron doors which separated the crowd from the cell where the doomed man was secreted were battered to pieces with sledges. The trembling wretch was then seized, and with an escort of citizens on either side and several in front and behind he was marched down to the gallows, where the former victims were still hanging. For a moment his eyes rested on the ghastly spectacle of two corpses with blackened faces and protruding tongues suspended from the scantling. He realized that he was soon to die, but did not quail; not a tremor of his

pallid face betrayed the thoughts which must have surged through his mind. While the rope was being adjusted he was asked to make a confession, but protested his innocence, crying out: "You hang me, and you will hang an innocent man." If he said anything further it was unheard, for the roar of several hundred voices drowned all else, and before the shouts subsided the body of Payne took its place between the murderers of Reynolds. The latter were hung at one o'clock and Payne one half hour later. At two o'clock the bodies were lowered to the ground; they were buried the same evening by the county undertaker."

The tragic events we have narrated, though in direct contradiction to established law, grew out of that higher law of self-preservation, a condition of things not unusual upon the frontiers, where repeated miscarriage of justice or some temporary rule of ruffianism calls for a self-administrated justice, a remedy sharp and sure, which not only cures the present evil, but gives warning to ill-doers generally, lest similar deeds invite a like retribution. We now pass to a brief outline of

THE ANTI-CHINESE AGITATION

as it developed in Seattle near the close of 1885, when a wave of similar excitement swept over Western Washington, and, in the case of the Queen City, ended in strife and bloodshed, only quelled by the intervention of the federal authority. Want of space forbids an exhaustive examination or even enumeration of the causes which brought this long-slumbering volcano of suppressed feeling to an eruptive result. Race antagonism, business depression, and lack of enforcement of the Exclusion Act were all factors which, united with Eastern strikes and labor disturbances, determined the settlers of the Territory to abate a nuisance which they believed was becoming unbearable without recourse to the processes of law—in a word, they determined that the immoral, filthy-feeding Mongolian should no longer rival or menace the white in the field of honest wage and profitable employ. There were 3276 Chinese by actual count in the Territory, most of whom resided in the principal cities of the sound. It was impossible to Americanize them; it was, therefore, determined that they should be evicted, and that without delay. The sentiment that "the Chinese must go" was not con-

find to the uneducated working class ; on the contrary, it found many approvers among those holding public trusts and high in social position. On September 25th an anti-Chinese congress, with delegates from many parts of the Territory, was held in Seattle. This body issued an edict that the Chinese must leave Western Washington before November 1st. This decision was endorsed at Tacoma on October 3d following, and delegates were appointed to carry it out in that city—a movement which largely encouraged the excitement in Seattle. Meanwhile, the work of expulsion went on in the smaller towns of Pierce, King, and other counties. On November 4th Governor Squire issued his proclamation, warning all good citizens to refrain from acts of violence. Upon the night following its appearance a mass-meeting was held in Seattle, where the opinions of both parties—for they were not without their champions—were fully ventilated. The antagonism aroused by acrimonious words only served to complicate and intensify the difficulties of the situation. Saturday, March 7th, an anti-Chinese meeting was called, and there were grave apprehensions of trouble ; to such an extent did this feeling exist that as a measure of precaution the revenue cutter Oliver Wolcott lay off Yesler's wharf with ports open and guns shotted. Sheriff McGraw assembled hundreds of deputies who had been previously sworn in. The two companies of territorial militia were also held in readiness at their armories. The federal authorities at this juncture interfered. President Cleveland issued his proclamation, the United States troops were directed to act, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. DeRussy was ordered to move with his command from Vancouver barracks to Seattle. They arrived on Sunday, November 8th. General John Gibbon, the senior officer of the Department of the Columbia, reached Seattle the same evening. These energetic preparations had a quieting effect. For a time the excitement subsided, and the *Post Intelligence*, one of the most enterprising journals on the Pacific slope, reported on November 10th that "Seattle was as quiet as it was possible for a city to be occupied by a military force." During November fifteen persons were indicted under the Ku-Klux Act, tried and acquitted. Matters had apparently regained their normal condition, and the United States troops were withdrawn. Weeks went by—the trouble was not dead, but sleeping. On the evening of Saturday, February 6th, an

anti-Chinese mass-meeting was held at the Bijou Theatre. A committee of fifteen was appointed to visit Chinatown, ostensibly to see if the Mongolians were observing the city's sanitary regulations. Headed by the chief of police, and attended by an enormous crowd, they commenced their work early Sunday morning. The occupants were called to the doors, and while engaged in answering questions their goods were removed and loaded into wagons. The Chinese were obliged to submit, and generally acquiesced with as good a grace as possible. They were then conducted with their effects to the ocean dock, where the steamer *Queen of the Pacific* lay ready to sail for San Francisco. At this juncture Sheriff McGraw arrived upon the scene and ordered the crowd to disperse. The fire bells were rung, the Home Guards called out, and Governor Squire, who was in the city, issued his proclamation. It was received with howls. The Home Guards were taunted and jeered and the authorities openly defied. Money was subscribed and collected to pay the fare of the expelled Mongolians on the steamer to San Francisco, but an injunction was obtained and the vessel held at her dock. About midnight a movement to send the Chinese by train to Tacoma was prevented by dispatching the cars with a sufficient guard two hours ahead of time. We are compelled to omit the details of occurrences which finally led to the bloody encounter of the next day : suffice it to say that an attempt was made to return to Chinatown all the Mongolians who did not willingly (?) depart by the *Queen*. They marched under escort of the Home Guards. A rush was made upon them, followed by a general *mêlée*. The crowd were repeatedly warned to fall back, but disregarded the admonition. Under the leadership of a powerful man named Charles G. Stewart, they charged the Guards, seizing the muzzles of their guns and endeavoring to disarm them. It was a critical moment ; the Guards were being overpowered ; suddenly, without any order being given, several rifle shots rang out, the assailants fled precipitately, leaving four of their number writhing on the muddy street. Stewart, who had fought desperately, urging on his followers and screaming curses on the Chinese till his strident tones could be heard above the roar and tumult of the crowd, was among the fallen ; but though wounded to the death, he vainly attempted to rise, uttering dreadful oaths, while his distorted face indicated rage



Frank Allen

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

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rather than pain. Re-enforced by the Seattle Rifles, the soldiers loaded with ball cartridge in full view of the crowd, when they were further strengthened by the arrival of Company D, under the gallant Captain Haines, and the fight was stayed. The scene at this moment was sufficiently dramatic—the troops, stern and determined, formed a hollow square, within which the terrified Chinese grovelled on the ground, while without surged the frenzied crowd, gesticulating and screaming like demons. The wounded men were removed to the hospital, where Stewart died on the following day; the soldiers then continued to face the threatening mob, not a man flinching for nearly an hour, when the crowd dispersed sufficiently to permit the removal of their charges to Chinatown. Martial law was then declared, and a call for volunteers issued. The federal power was invoked, and the United States troops were once more posted in the streets of Seattle. The direct conflict was over, peace having been practically restored previous to the arrival of the federal forces. We must omit the legal proceedings that followed, ending finally in the acquittal of the few persons held for trial; and so ended a conflict whose personal dislikes and bitter heart-burnings outlived the events which precipitated it. Peace was restored, law and order once more reigned triumphant, and the Queen City entered upon an era of prosperity, which continued until interrupted by the great fire of 1889.

THE GREAT FIRE OF SEATTLE.

Standing upon the heights of Tacoma on that fateful June 6th, 1889, it was the lot of the writer to see the clouds of smoke rising nearly thirty miles away, that hung like a pall over the business portion of the Queen City's busiest mart of trade. The great fire had begun its work of devastation, inaugurating a calamity apparently irreparable at the time, but in reality a blessing in disguise, for though it destroyed millions of property, it was to be deplored only for the loss inflicted upon individuals, the city itself being positively benefited by the conflagration. This grew out of the fact that the burned section was owned by comparatively few, and covered extensively by leasehold tenants, many of whom were occupants by verbal contract. These were disposed to hold on, claiming in many instances life tenure or long-time leases. Considerable litigation was in progress to

dispossess, and the effect was to retard improvement. The fire cleared the docket, and the original owners being assured of the character of their neighbors and the style of buildings to be erected, have replaced the burned buildings with much handsomer and more substantial structures; but at the time it was hard to find any silver lining to this threatening cloud, or perceive the bow of future promise. Nor is it to be wondered at; for within the space of one hundred and twenty acres, divided into sixty blocks, it eliminated in twelve hours' time property to the value of \$10,000,000. The rising sun beheld thoroughfares lined with attractive and costly buildings, filled with yet more valuable merchandise; the dawn of another day saw these streets a confused mass of tottering walls and smoking ruins. The weather was bright and clear on that almost ideal June 6th; there had been no rain for weeks, and the fated structures were dry as tinder. The mischief began on the north side of Seattle's business centre; the fire started in a building on the northwest corner of Front and Madison streets, owned by Mrs. M. J. Pontius. The cause, as usual, was trivial. In the basement of this frail wooden tenement was a paint shop kept by James McGough. A workman boiling glue allowed it to run over on the stove, setting fire to some shavings below; he attempted to extinguish it with a pail of water, but so unskillfully that the whole lighted mass was scattered upon the floor, igniting the oil and turpentine and carrying the flames to the apartments above. The fire department were promptly on the ground, but the water failed, and the slender streams seemed rather to irritate than subdue the evil. The work of ruin was begun. The opera house soon fell a prey; the Deuny Block burned furiously; it leaped the street, and the houses across the way were wrapped in flames. The terrible heat rendered it impossible to combat the evil efficiently. Men who attempted it were obliged to retreat with burning garments, and the hose melted where it lay. The magnitude of the danger was now fully appreciated, and the whole fire department was called to repel the foe. Unhappily its chief was absent, and his assistant proved incompetent to meet the emergency. Discipline, so necessary to efficient and concerted action, was at an end. Mayor Moran organized the crowds who thronged the streets, utilizing them not only to fight the flames, but to protect prop-

erty rescued from the buildings already destroyed. Attempts were made to check the progress of the conflagration by blowing up buildings, but in vain. It was hoped that the brick walls of the San Francisco Store might stay its course, but it swept them away. And so the fire fiend continued to hold high carnival till it rested at last as if weary of destruction. Meanwhile, the neighboring and even distant cities were entreated to send aid. Tacoma, Seattle's rival sister of the sound, was the first to respond. A hose company of forty men arrived in fifty-eight minutes by special train, and dashing into the burning city, amid the cheers of its distressed inhabitants, went to work right gallantly; and later on the noble City of Destiny, forgetting all but the need of her sister in distress, contributed thousands to relieve her necessities. Nobody asked that day whether the great snow mountain that looked down, white-robed, like an angel of peace upon the scene, should be called Tacoma or Rainier, and there has ever since been a kinder feeling between the dwellers in these rival cities. As "one touch of nature makes all the world akin," so the sorrow of the hour called forth for the inhabitants of afflicted Seattle a sympathy which took practical shape and form. Provisions flowed in by the carload; tents, blankets, every necessary that the occasion demanded were given with a wide-open hand not only by Tacoma, but by the towns and cities throughout the State. The dweller on the Pacific slope has a great big heart in time of trouble, and the people of Seattle should be the last to gainsay it. Engines and men were sent during the time of need not only from Tacoma, Port Townsend, Snohomish, and Olympia, but even from Portland and Victoria, B. C. The militia was called out, and Colonel Haines, with the First Regiment of the National Guard, rendered most efficient service. The steamers Ancon and Mexico lay at the wharves, and were fully freighted with rescued valuables; when the fire approached the docks, they hauled out into the stream and saved everything committed to their care. The safe-deposit vaults also proved places of security. Good order was enforced by the strong arm of the law. Thirty arrests were made, and one thief, who attempted to snatch a purse from the hand of a lady, was pursued and narrowly escaped lynching. One case of incendiarism occurred. No lives were lost, but many narrow escapes were chronicled. Out of the ashes of this

fire rose, phœnix-like, this twin angel of good, demonstrating the pluck, energy, and reliance upon self and a Providence that overrules all things for the best on the part of the people of Seattle—who, ere the ashes of their ruined city grew cold, planned for its more substantial reproduction—and, better still, it called forth a great-hearted sympathy throughout the Pacific slope, which ignored all petty jealousies and engendered a kinder and more brotherly feeling, whose influence remains to-day.

Poetically the situation may not inaptly be portrayed through the following lines, suggested by this fearful visitation :

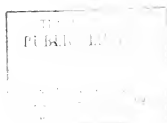
“ Though evils might menace and fire sweep all,
 You rose, like the Phœnix, to conquer or fall ;
 For when the blow fell, and your city lay black
 'Neath the pall of the smoke clouds that soared from its wrack,
 Ascending to heaven to tell the sad tale,
 While the red embers flew on the wings of the gale,
 You showed your reliance by helping yourself.
 Not waiting to grieve o'er the grave of your wealth,
 Ere its ashes could whiten foundations were laid,
 And your city rejoiced in revival of trade,
 Though your store was a shanty, your mart but a tent,
 You faced each disaster with spirit unbent,
 And let the world see that ' the Evergreen State '
 For the springtide of fortune could labor and wait,
 Till her Queen City rose from that furnace of flame
 In a garment more fair, without blemish or stain.
 While Tacoma, your rival, with wide open hand,
 Bade you trust in a bounty her best might demand,
 And know that henceforth whate'er you might call
 The mountain whose truce-flag o'ershadows you all,
 Tacoma or Rainier, you ne'er could forget
 The eyes that grew dim when your own were tear-wet,
 Whose sympathies ran like the prairie's swift flame,
 And forgot in your sorrow all questions of gain.”

—BREWERTON.

And now let us pass from the “ Queen City,” leaving her to grow and increase, holding her “ coign of vantage” as she sits in her beauty overlooking the calm waters of Elliott Bay, and taking the carpet of the Oriental magician or the wings of the balmy Chinook upon some breezy morning, fly far inland to observe and chronicle the manifold advantages of “ Spokane the Wonderful,” whose varied excellencies are well worthy of a separate description ; but before doing so we will pause for a moment and interpolate a chapter which treats of a subject, or, rather, of subjects,



W. B. Gray



so fair and withal so intimately connected with the story of the "Queen City," just completed, that even Spokane, the central gem of the Valley of the Waters, must veil her lesser charms and give place to the superior beauties of "Mercer's ship-load of girls;" so, *place aux dames*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EARLY SETTLERS OF WASHINGTON FIND WIVES AMONG THE MAIDENS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THE EMPIRE STATE.

"The Mayflower of New England blooms beneath no foreign air,
And Southern woods refuse the robe their Northern sisters wear,
When rainbow hues of frost are laid with varied tint and dye,
As sadly through the solemn shade the gusts of autumn fly ;
But these transplanted human flowers from Massachusetts Bay
Still blossom 'neath our Western bowers, and bloom anew to day,
While some were gathered 'neath the hills, in vales their childhood knew,
Where proudly sits the Empire State beside Atlantic's blue.
Their sweetness perfumes many a home by pine-clad Puget Sound,
Till where the mother brightly bloomed the daughter now is found ;
These maidens of the distant East, no flowers half so fair,
Journeyed afar to find their mates, as summer birds to pair,
To meet a love full warm and true, beside the sunny sound,
And realize 'neath some settler's home the happiness they found."

—BREWERTON.

THE following narrative, whose incidents are most graphically told in the columns of the *San Francisco Examiner* by the pen of their able correspondent, who would seem to have exhaustively interviewed the hero of its adventures, Mr. Mercer, now the editor and proprietor of a newspaper at Cheyenne, needs no apology at our hands for its reproduction in the pages of this story of the Evergreen State. Strangely enough, it has, so far as we have been enabled to discover, never yet found a place in any history of the Northwest or even in that of Seattle, the theatre of its *dénouement*, and of all the cities of the sound most deeply interested in its consequences. Yet, considering its far-reaching influences upon the future of the then unborn State, it cannot be ignored. Moreover, it is just possible that this infusion of Puritan blood, with its mingled flavor of Boston culture and New England shrewdness, combined with those graces seldom wanting in the daughters of the Empire State, may in some measure account for the happy blending of all that is sweetest and best in the fair matrons and blooming maidens of the Wash-

ington of to-day. But we will let Mr. Mercer, then a young man of twenty-six, who looks back, as well he may, with no little pride to this praiseworthy and most notable undertaking of his early life, speak in his own words. It must have required no small amount of courage, to say nothing of administrative ability, to engineer his attempt and chaperone a party of three hundred girls from ocean to ocean *via* Cape Horn, in the year of grace 1865, with the sole object of providing the hardy pioneers of Puget Sound with much-needed helpmates. As his very interesting narrative goes to show, he succeeded, but bankrupted himself in so doing. To quote the interview literally, he says :

“ I overloaded myself with girls,” said Mr. Mercer, “ and broke my back financially, but from every other point of view the expedition was a success. The results were notably good. To-day many of those New England girls are the leaders of society in the Puget Sound country. They are wives and mothers in many of the wealthiest and best families of Seattle, Olympia, and other towns of the State. So far as I can learn, all but one of my cargo got married soon after reaching the coast.

“ In Washington Territory thirty years ago

“ ‘ There was lack of woman’s nursing,
There was dearth of woman’s tears.’

“ In fact, the women were not there to nurse or cry. There were few real homes because there were few women. The sturdy blows of the axeman, the work of the pioneer farmer, the labors of the lone fisherman, were all unrelieved by the companionship, ministrations, and transforming hand of woman. Western Washington was a dense forest jungle. The population was largely made up of lumbermen from Maine and the provinces, with an influx of men from the Southern and Middle States. The great forests, the mighty rivers and lofty mountains had just begun to yield their treasures. Men alone were hewing the pathway of empire. The dual touch of humanity, the composite forces which make the perfect civilization, were lacking.

“ I was President of the Washington Territorial University, then just completed, and with but few students. I went through the Territory, visiting logging camps and settlements, to awaken an interest in school matters. Seeing the need of teachers, I arranged for bringing out thirty school ma’ams from Massachusetts. The acquisition was hailed with delight. The only

trouble was that they were too promptly grabbed up and married off; but the experiment was so successful that I began to have visions of the greater scheme. The women were pleased with their reception and good fortune, and enjoyed the new life which they had entered upon. I brought out the school teachers in May, 1864. In the spring of 1865 I determined to attempt the importation of women on a large scale.

“Historical parallels are not wanting in the record of similar enterprises,” said Mr. Mercer. “The Romans captured the Sabine women and made them wives. The London colony sent to Virginia in 1631 ninety maidens to become wives of the Jamestown settlers. In the early days of the settlement of Quebec France sent out a shipload of young women to Canada. All these experiments resulted happily, and, full of enthusiasm, I started for New York with the great plan in my mind. I arrived there in April, 1865. My plan was to leave for Washington the next day and interest President Lincoln in the idea. I had conned over a nice little speech to make to him, referring to the fact that the war was over, and that he had a large number of idle transports and steamers, and that I had use for one of those steamers in a good cause. I would say: ‘The war has made thousands of widows and orphans. We have a world of young men of good, enterprising character in the Puget Sound country, and we want to bring out five hundred women from the East. Give me a United States vessel and men to manage it. I will furnish the coal and provide for the provision and other expenses, and guarantee the best results.’ I had letters from the school teachers who had gone to the coast, and from prominent men of Washington and Oregon.

“That night came the fearful news that shocked the whole civilized world—the assassination of President Lincoln. This event changed my plans, and I went to Boston to lay the scheme before John A. Andrew, the great war Governor. The Governor’s office was besieged by men interested in various war matters, army officers, freedmen’s agents, contractors, etc., and I had great difficulty in procuring an interview. The third day I gained access to the Governor, who received me very cordially, and when I had explained my enterprise to him he said at once, very heartily, ‘It’s a good thing, and I will aid you in every way possible.’



Robinson



John Arthur



George F. Foster



A. Twichell

“ He gave me the *entrée* to his office at all hours, and stated that owing to the pressure of public business he could not give the personal attention to the matter he desired to. ‘ But,’ said the Governor, ‘ I will give you a letter to a friend of mine who will help you.’

“ He then gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, asking him to interest himself in the matter. Mr. Hale gave me a pleasant reception, and we spent the evening together, talking over the subject in its various phases. The result was that he pledged himself to co-operate with me, which he did in a very peculiar way the next Sunday.

“ I strolled into the church before the services had begun and took a seat in the central part of the audience-room. One of the ushers came and said that Mr. Hale wished to speak to me. I walked up the aisle, and Mr. Hale came down the steps, grasped me by the hand, and led me up on the platform. The church was rapidly filling at this time, and we sat and talked together until the opening exercises, when I found myself corralled.

“ The preacher announced the text of his sermon from Genesis 1 : 28, ‘ Replenish the earth and subdue it,’ and occupied about fifteen minutes in an eloquent discourse, when he closed abruptly and announced to the large audience that a gentleman from the Pacific coast was present, who would address them on the subject which he had introduced.

“ It is needless to say that I was about paralyzed. I gathered myself together as well as I could, my knees shaking, and the audience assuming an indefinite haze before my eyes. I was angry, too. Probably that fact saved me, and I talked over an hour ; but I knew from the crowd that gathered around me at the close of the meeting that I had awakened enthusiasm in cultivated, classic Boston in favor of my undertaking. At this point I considered the enterprise successfully launched.

“ Leaving Boston, I took a letter from Governor Andrew to President Johnson, spending many weeks in Washington for the purpose of procuring Government aid in transportation. President Johnson was involved in bitter quarrels with Congress and his Cabinet, and I had little success in gaining his attention.

“ I visited and talked with all the Cabinet officers, and impressed the majority of them favorably. I found, however, my

best friend in the person of General Grant. He had been stationed in the Puget Sound country in early days, and was thoroughly familiar with the conditions that existed there. He promised to aid me in every way possible, personally and officially. I stopped around his headquarters a good deal, and one day the General said to me: 'I have been invited to a Cabinet meeting, and I will bring up your matter for action. You wait here till I come back.'

"In less than an hour Grant came back and said in his brief way: 'I have fixed it.' Then he ordered Captain Bowers, his secretary, to draw up an order on the Quartermaster-General for a steamship, coaled and manned, having sufficient accommodations for the transportation of five hundred women from New York to Seattle, to be in my charge. I waited there till the order was drawn up and signed, and then started for New England.

"My real work now began. I travelled through Massachusetts to make my mission known and recruit my shipload of five hundred girls.

"After two months I was assured of my cargo, and went to Washington to get the promised transportation. I took Grant's order to the Quartermaster-General. Here I encountered a setback. Meigs was very busy settling up war business, and was involved in the pending quarrel between the President and Secretary of War. He scrutinized my requisition and refused to honor it.

"I then went to Secretary Stanton, accompanied by Senator Williams, of Oregon. The great War Secretary was in a belligerent humor. His quarters were crowded, and, as we entered, he was storming at a fearful rate about a swindling contractor who was there with a dead-horse claim. He ordered the fellow from his office and immediately took up our matter. He favored the scheme, but decided that he could not overrule the Quartermaster-General. He proposed, however, to aid me by having one of the war steamers appraised and condemned for sale, that it might be purchased for a reasonable sum. The steamer Continental was selected, and a valuation of \$120,000 placed upon her. This price was considered a 'snap,' and many were eager to make the purchase, among them Ben Holliday, who at that time controlled the steamship lines to the Pacific coast.

“ ‘Let me purchase the steamer,’ said Ben to me, ‘and I will give your five hundred women free passage to the coast.’

“ This was finally agreed upon, and the contract signed. On the strength of this contract I issued tickets of transportation to my passengers and arranged for them to arrive in New York to take passage in the latter part of October, 1865.

“ The newspapers were at this time full of the enterprise. It was a surprise to me, however, when three of the leading city papers came out one morning with long articles denouncing the whole business. These articles were based upon stories which came from San Francisco. They slandered the character of the settlers of Puget Sound, claimed that the women were to be entrapped for immoral purposes, and in every way possible endeavored to excite people against the expedition. The effect of these influential utterances may be imagined. The next morning I received forty or fifty letters from women who had agreed to join my party, withdrawing from it. In dismay I went to Holliday to plead for more time. It was evident he had inspired the antagonistic articles. In fact, he refused to take my party at all unless the full number of five hundred took passage. He pointed to the agreement to this effect, which had been so drawn by his attorney.

“ I went to William Cullen Bryant, of the *New York Evening Post*, and showed him my letters and credentials and explained the situation. Mr. Bryant nobly came to my rescue, printed these letters in his paper, and added his own earnest commendation of my plans. This was a good lift. One day about this time also old Peter Cooper quietly strolled into my office. The old gentleman looked around and said :

“ ‘ My young friend, I want to see you succeed, and I have come down to tell you so. If I can help you, you may command me.’

“ He added many other expressions of friendly interest, and before the steamer left sent me a fine collection of books to be added to the ship’s library for our long voyage.

“ Finally three hundred of the girls were gathered in New York ready to make the trip. The *Continental* was coaled and manned and in waiting, yet Holliday refused to take my party except at the rate of \$100 each. This amount I guaranteed and paid.

“On the morning of January 4th, 1866, the girls embarked, and amid the cheers of a large crowd assembled on the wharf the steamer started on its long journey. The voyage lasted nearly six months, and was marked by no misfortunes or exciting incidents. Except the crew of thirty or forty, there were only two men passengers. The girls took to the life agreeably as a vacation time, and occupied the hours by sewing, writing, reading, singing, etc. We had Sunday services, in which I read Beecher's sermons, and the girls sang the hymns. There was a good library on the ship, which was in constant use. Dances were frequent, and various games served to vary the monotony of those long days upon the ocean. No sickness occurred except sea-sickness.

“At last the supreme moment arrived when we were to reach San Francisco. On May 23d, 1866, we steamed through the Golden Gate. Our arrival had been expected for several days. Excitement was at fever heat. It was one of those times when San Francisco gets a move on herself. As we sailed up along the wharves a black, surging mass crowded every avenue of approach for three or four miles. Even at a distance we could hear the mighty cheers that swept across the water. We came to anchorage, but the anchor had not touched the bottom before the sea was alive with hundreds of boats pushing out to us. The air was lively with songs, shouts, and merry interchange of talk. There was quite a rivalry among the boats to get alongside for a glimpse of my precious cargo. None, however, were allowed to get aboard. One man attempted to make it by climbing up the ship's side on a rope, but I stood by the railing and knocked him off into the water. This action, noted by thousands of spectators, was greeted with cheers. After a brief struggle the fellow was rescued, but the incident was made the subject of a sketch by Jump, a well-known artist of that day. The scene, as depicted by his pencil, was displayed at the Lick House the next day, attracting immense crowds.

“When I went ashore that night things were looking pretty dark for me. Holliday had refused to take the women any further. All my available means were exhausted, and I had nothing left but youth and grit to carry on the expedition. I wandered around awhile thinking over the situation, and finally went to a hotel on Jackson Street, and said to the proprietor,



John Mitchell, Jr.

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Mr. Wygant : ' I have three hundred women on my hands, with nothing for them to eat and no place for them to sleep, and I have no money to pay for it. What shall I do ?'

'' Bring them right up to my house,' said Mr. Wygant, without a moment's hesitation, ' and I will take care of them.' His heart was built on the California plan, and he supplemented his generous offer by sending omnibuses to convey the girls to the hotel.

'' But besides the financial difficulties which now confronted me a new trouble arose. Evil-minded gossips were at work spreading scandalous reports of the character of the women and the object of my mission. Some of these reports appeared in the morning papers, which were circulated on the steamer, and caused much distress among the young women. On going back to the boat I found most of them in tears, and others were ready to abandon the trip. I called them together, and said :

'' Although I have brought you here at a large pecuniary loss to myself, I claim no further control over your actions. You are in a free country. You are intelligent and moral young women. You will find good friends and honorable employment anywhere on this coast. Those who choose to leave me here can do so ; but I promised to take you to Puget Sound, and I propose to carry out my contract to the letter if I am permitted to. I have made arrangements for you at a hotel, and will soon provide you with transportation to Seattle. If any of you wish to leave now, all you have to do is to say so.'

'' This cleared the atmosphere, and the girls all resolved to go on. I found acquaintances, raised what funds were needed, and arranged for the transportation of my party by sailing vessels from San Francisco to the Sound.

'' I went ahead overland to Seattle to make ready for their accommodation when they should arrive. At Olympia I caught the first boat coming up with my passengers. I took this boat and went on with them, against the advice of some of my old friends, who said the people of Seattle had been prejudiced against me and my cargo by evil reports. They predicted not only trouble, but personal violence. As we neared Seattle an old minister advised me to hide on the boat instead of going ashore. I told him I would take my chances.

'' As we entered the harbor I went on deck and saw an im-

mense concourse of people on the wharf. A nearer view showed my brother and many personal friends in the crowd, and when the boat struck the wharf I swung my hat with something of a triumphant air. In response everybody swung their hats and broke into cheers. It was an ovation to be proud of. That afternoon another boat arrived with forty more of my girls. These arrivals were heralded abroad and sent a thrill of joy through the big manly hearts of the Puget Sounders.

“It was necessary that prompt action should be taken. I had handbills struck off calling a public meeting in the town’s biggest hall. Everybody was invited, and everybody came. The girls occupied the platform, and looked their sweetest, and they were really attractive. The sea voyage had given them bloom and plumpness. The sturdy pioneers assembled that evening looked upon them with unconcealed admiration and perfect respect. In addressing the audience I said :

““My contract has been fulfilled. I have bankrupted myself, but I have brought you virtuous, refined, and practical young women. They will gladden your lives, make beautiful homes, and assist in the development of this great Northwest coast. They are ready and willing to take any honorable employment as teachers, housekeepers, seamstresses, cooks, clerks. Meanwhile, arrangements must be made for them. What will you do ?”

“An old preacher started in by saying he would take six. Others followed with offers, which resulted in the cargo being divided up in squads and located in different quarters of the town. Soon they were all provided with permanent places, and good fortune smiled upon them. In a few weeks Cupid’s arrows began to make havoc in their ranks. Men found out that it was not good for them to be alone. Many of the girls would come and ask me about certain persons who had begun to show them attentions. In six months nearly all had got married and were happily settled in life. In those days every industrious man made good wages. Money was plentiful. The earth yielded abundant harvests. Forests, rivers, and mountains contributed their splendid resources to the general prosperity. While shadows have fallen across the pathway of all human lives, the Mercer girls have had their share of sunshine. Their lines have been cast in pleasant places, and they have truly gained a

goodly heritage with generations rising up to call them blessed."

The muse of history is seldom seen to smile; her mission is far too serious for levity. Like some broad river moving on with deep and solemn flow to its appointed bourne, she marches with rounded periods bearing argosies of fact; yet there are times, infrequent, it is true, when mirth becomes a relief and seems admissible, just as some little tributary rill leaps laughing into its grander channel, giving a momentary sparkle to the gloomier waters into which it so suddenly subsides. We will, therefore, venture to add the following, where the advent just narrated of Mercer's fair freightage of marriageable females endeavors to reproduce itself, but fails to materialize.

It is not yet five years since an incident occurred most amusing to the good citizens of Puget Sound, but dreadfully annoying to the Mayor of Tacoma, a gentleman named Wheelwright. Some wicked wag amused himself by publishing in the Eastern papers an appeal, purporting to come from his honor, which set forth in moving terms the womanless condition of Washington, the lack of material for wives, and the consequent enforced celibacy of its numerous bachelors, ending with an appeal to the overstocked New England States, and Massachusetts in particular, to forthwith send their surplus of marriageable females to enable the Evergreen State to "multiply and replenish the earth" among the wilds of Western Washington, where, as it assured them, homes and husbands awaited the most unprepossessing. The bait took. It was the theme of every tongue in the cities of the sound, and even assumed a poetical form, as will be seen by a few lines which we cull from some verses entitled "A General Invitation," published at the time in the Tacoma *Ledger*. It began:

"Come, all ye ancient spinsters, let the schoolmarms lead the van,
And march with single purpose for unity to man.
Come from the Hampshire mountains, its hills of granite gray,
From valleys of Connecticut and Massachusetts Bay,
Where little Rhody's verdant isle smiles through the summer mist,
And Providence plantations boat of beauties never kist;
From flashing founts, where streams of Maine sweep singing to the sea,
And maiden hearts 'mid green Vermont go mateless, fancy free."

It then goes on to suggest, possibly by way of encouragement, that

“ Our bachelors are many, our spinsters fair but few ;
Your wall-flower, quite too old to press, shall sweetness here renew ;
Clean cooking and a tidy home, with good behavior, too,
O'erbalance years and youthful charms when wedlock comes in view.
Our rancher, when he seeks a claim, leaves scenery for soil,
And much prefers the girl whose hands are not too white to toil.”

And so on through various verses. The result was simply overwhelming. The supposed official request was copied not only throughout New England, but the Middle States, abundantly advertising the Northwest, but driving the unfortunate Mayor, who was besieged with epistles from would-be wives, setting forth their expectations and eligibility, almost to the verge of iusanity. As he informed the writer, his letters during this miss-mating period from willing maidens, widows, and divorcees averaged, and not infrequently exceeded, two hundred a day.



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CHAPTER XXXV.

“SPOKANE THE WONDERFUL,” THE GEM OF “THE VALLEY OF
WATERS.”

“How few the years since first they saw,
Close planted by thy wave,
The mill-wheel with its whirling saw,
Whose echoes woke the glade.
The wild Cascades that rushed to greet
Columbia's calmer stream,
Then swept along with freer feet,
'Neath endless bowers of green.
The Indian fished or made his camp
Each babbling brook beside,
And when the bright stars lit their lamp
Wooded there his willing bride.
Now all is changed, the engine flies
Like lightning o'er the rail,
Tall marts of trade and steeples rise
Where only sighed the gale.
'Spokane the Wonderful' sits throned
Beside the fettered stream ;
Where once the savage freely roamed
Her lighted factories gleam.
A diamond fair 'mid emeralds set,
She shines the valley's gem,
Turning the tide her mill-wheels wet,
To use of brainy men.”

—BREWERTON.

THERE is perhaps no portion of the world where rapidity of metropolitan growth is so wonderfully exemplified as in America. The fabled palace of Aladdin, the magical creation of a night, and many another dream of Oriental fancy seems almost paralleled by the phenomenal progress of some of our Western cities, and this is especially true of those planted upon Puget Sound and in the interior of the State of Washington. It is like a vision—to-day the primeval wilderness, to-morrow the settler's hut, a few months hence the town, a decade later and the new-born city claims recognition from all. “Spokane the Wonder-

ful" is no exception to this statement. Asserting herself as the metropolis of Eastern Washington, with none to gainsay her right to be so regarded, she can easily count the yeats since the Indian roamed at will or pitched his migratory tepee where now rise her temples of worship, her palaces of trade, and her residential avenues lined with tasteful homes. We desire to do justice to her greatness, but two difficulties stand, like twin dragons, on the threshold—difficulties which beggar description and render our task, within the limits we must assign to it, almost a matter of discouragement; the first arising from what the French term "the embarrassment of riches," a wealth of material almost unbounded in extent, and the second, from want of space to do justice to the evidences of progress, we are necessarily compelled to touch lightly or totally ignore.

The beginnings of the wonderful city of to-day were exceedingly feeble and oftentimes threatened with actual dissolution. A mill site, with its inconsiderable improvements, changing hands, as its original owners grew discouraged and sold out; a growth which barely held its own, and at one time was almost fatally discouraged by the failure of Jay Cooke, and the consequent temporary stoppage of work on the great interoceanic highway; a gain in population which took grateful note of even a single family added to its strength; a time when even far-seeing General Sherman repaid a frontier welcome, while making a passing visit to the then feeble settlement of Spokane Falls, by a speech in which he declared that its little band of pioneers could expect no protection from the general government, but, like Daniel Boone, amid the forests of Kentucky's "dark and bloody ground," must rely upon their trusty rifles to ward off the savages, as Uncle Sam had no troops to spare, and added, moreover, by way of further encouragement, that the same paternal government would probably take the ground where they had located for an Indian reservation—as indeed he had already recommended—such were some of the unpromising antecedents of a period little more than a decade of years ago, when Spokane put forth her real strength and began to assert herself. And now we will let Major E. A. Ronthe, the eloquent and accomplished champion of her beauties, both natural and acquired, sound the praises of Spokane in his own felicitous way, himself a pioneer journalist, knowing whereof he writes. He is

well fitted to perform the task he so charmingly essays. He says :

“ A little cluster of houses, some fifty or more, upon the south side of the river near the falls, comprised all there was of the city of Spokane Falls ten years ago. A little rope ferry and a couple of canoes afforded the only means of passing over the swift stream as it rushed among the small islands and tumbled over a series of precipices in its adamantine bed in unrestrained freedom save at one point, where a noisy dam reached across a quiet arm of the river, to furnish power for a busy saw-mill. A missionary, a merchant, a miller, a district clerk, a sturdy smith, and a tavern-keeper comprised the representative element of the then ambitious hamlet. Travellers tarried to gaze upon the falls as a thing of moving beauty, and to consult the village oracles as to future possibilities of the place and of the surrounding country. Some wisely remained and prospered, some passed on to the shores of the sunset sea, and some are going still in quest of fortune ready to their hand, as did old Ponce de Leon in his quest for the fount of perpetual youth in the land of sun and flowers. Indian tepees dotted the hill-side and pleasant spots upon the river's brink, while blanketed braves lounged or stalked in the shade of the slumbrous pines as their ponies browsed at will over the site of the future city. The pack-horse and freighter's wagon afforded the only means for the transportation of goods. The merchant's wares and the iron for the smith were brought from Walla Walla, then the great supply centre for the inland Northwest. Indian outbreaks on the part of the neighboring tribes, the discovery of precious metal deposits in the mountains near by, and the land laws furnished the chief topics of conversation. The occasional visits of army officers and soldiers passing from post to post, and the news from Forts Cœur d'Alene, Colville, Spokane, and Walla Walla served to break the quiet and give additional life to the intelligence of the day. Like the burghers of the village of Falling Waters, in Irving's 'Knickerbocker,' the settlers of Spokane Falls bided their time, but with hearts high with hopes of the future, they foresaw with an indefinable prescience a place of great growth and importance, and they uttered prophecies. Why should they not? Were not the rolling prairies, stretching out upon the west and south, as full of promise for mighty

harvests of grain as the far-famed deltas of the Mississippi? Were not the foothills and valleys studded with the finest timber in the world? Where would they find stock ranges more vast and rich, and, above all, so inexhaustible a water-power? And was there not a gigantic railroad—the longest in the world—pioneering its slow but steady progress to the sea, and did not the village of Spokane Falls lie directly in its course? Why should they not prophesy? Why not predict that ‘some day here will be a mighty city?’

“The career of Spokane Falls was not one of uninterrupted progress. When the mining world of the West was stirred to its utmost centre by the discoveries in the Cœur d’Alenes and the miners from the southern Territories rushed pell-mell into this new Eldorado in midwinter—it was one of the longest and severest winters ever experienced in the Northwest—and were snowed in and starved out before spring, their retreat was almost as precipitate as their oncoming had been, and they retired with dire maledictions upon the Cœur d’Alenes. Most of them came empty-handed and illy prepared to open and develop mines. Following this tentative endeavor and failure to unlock the great mineral deposits, which have since proved so profitable, the times were dull in Spokane Falls and its people greatly depressed. Business came to a standstill. This period of depression was followed by a new influx of immigrants, and it was not long before the settlers were again possessed of their old-time spirit of enterprise and energy. The development of the mines marked a new epoch in the history of the city. Farmers, merchants, and men of capital began to flock to this inviting centre. A daily newspaper sprang into existence: a fresh plot of the town was filed, the water-power developed at several places, and other lines of business sprang up. From a village of 500, within three years it became a place of 4000, with two daily papers, three flouring mills, a planing factory, several saw mills, three banks, and a large number of mercantile houses representing various kinds of commerce. Additional lines of railroad were projected, branches built, the mines in the Cœur d’Alenes and other points adjacent to Spokane fairly developed, lime kilns established, quarries opened, and the success of the city assured. A careful census in June, 1887, gave the city a population of 7000. Two years later the directory showed 22,000 in-



Myron A. Ferguson



habitants. Spokane Falls had become a handsome city, with more than thirty squares of business edifices, three systems of street railway, extensive water-works, electric lights, morning and evening papers with associated press dispatches, jobbing houses, and many other metropolitan features were also prominent. Few cities could show greater signs of life or more crowded thoroughfares. Trade poured in from a radius of country extending hundreds of miles. All things appeared auspicious for a continuance of material progress, at least for the near future; but a terrible disaster was at hand. On a quiet Sabbath evening (August 4th, 1889) a cloud of desolation overshadowed the city like a pall, and for a time obscured the sunshine of prosperity. Over thirty blocks in the heart of the city disappeared in flames. Handsome brick buildings filled with merchandise and business offices went up in smoke. The loss aggregated many millions. The blow was as terrible as it was unexpected. Nothing daunted, though somewhat discomfited, the old spirit of enterprise resumed its wonted sway. The *débris* of brick, mortar, and iron was brushed aside, and within ninety days from the sad moment of disaster new buildings of iron and brick towered many stories high over every portion of the burned area. Not a vestige of the ruins remained. Among the new edifices thus rapidly erected may be enumerated an opera house six stories high with a hundred-foot frontage, a large hotel building of five stories, several brick and granite bank buildings, as fine a post-office building as there is on the coast, and many other splendid structures which would reflect credit upon any city in the world. Following the fire there was renewed commercial activity, a greater energy than ever displayed before. No time was lost by business men. New supplies of merchandise were ordered immediately by telegraph, tents were erected, tradesmen from abroad flocked in with their stocks, shelters were planted all over the burned district, and whole squares of frames were erected just outside the fire limits. In fact, the business centre was expanded to just twice its former size. There was no depression in real estate; on the contrary, property of every description, from choice corners in the old centre to suburban lots, advanced fully twenty-five per cent above former prices. The market was active—in fact, has continued to be so ever since, and with a gradual upward tendency. There are now more

than one hundred business blocks, costing from \$30,000 to \$250,000, and presenting a most imposing appearance, standing upon the ashes of the great fire of a year ago. Fine pressed brick compose the material of which the greater number of these buildings are constructed. There are, moreover, not less than one thousand residences costing in the aggregate fully \$600,000. Since the early days of spring an army of mechanics and laborers have been employed in renewing the city upon a grander scale. It is safe to say that \$5,000,000 will be expended during the present year, and no city on the continent will be built more substantially. Many things conspire to make Spokane Falls the wonder of the West. As some writer in the *Daily Inter-Ocean* of Chicago has expressed it: 'Upon one side lies a vast and rich region of agricultural lands, which is being rapidly populated with the most pushing and intelligent element of the farming districts of the East.' It comprises many millions of acres in extent highly productive of all kinds of grain except Indian corn and affording the finest field in the world for stock. Indeed, these fine ranges on the west and south have been the source of supplies for all the region lying west of the Cascade range and as far east as Central Montana, and yet not more than one fourth of these lands are occupied. Upon the other hand are the timber and mining districts, with inexhaustible forests of pine, cedar, fir, and hemlock upon the foothills and mountain ranges in sight of the city. The lumbering interests are increasing in magnitude, and in the near future will rival those of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The mills in and near the city employ a great number of men the year round, and it is plain that this will become, within a few years, one of the greatest milling centres for grain and lumber in the West. The development of the mines in Cœur d'Alene, Okanagon, Kootenai, Colville, Chewelah, and the opening of newly discovered placers engage the services of thousands of men. Most of these make Spokane their headquarters and rely upon its merchants for the purchase of their supplies. A smelter will soon be in operation and furnish every facility for the reduction of ores.' When we consider these facts, and remember that they were written three years ago, it is easy to perceive that Spokane as an inland city is practically without a rival, at least none nearer than Helena, while the cities of the sound lie fully three hundred miles far-

ther west. "All of which," as the writer from whom we quote goes on to say, "warrant the conclusion that Spokane is destined to become one of the largest and most substantial interior cities in the United States. With four transcontinental lines of railway centring there and radiating to as many points on the coast, Spokane is sure to secure terminal rates, and thereby be enabled to supply the interior trade for hundreds of miles in every direction. Among the principal business firms are a score of jobbers in various lines, and a respectable number of mills and factories in lumber, iron, brick, lime, and dressed stone for building, breweries, a soap factory, tile factory, terra-cotta works, potteries, cigar factories, etc. The presence of so many industries at a point where seven lines of railroads centre must necessarily invite other manufactories, while the utilization of the many thousand horse-power, afforded by the several water-power and electric motor companies, is being recognized by manufacturers, who realize the great inducements they hold out. The field offers the best advantages for woollen factories and paper mills, furniture factories and mercantile lead works of any place on the continent. It is only a matter of time ere the dull thunder of Spokane's congregated mills will make itself heard above the roar of the falls and the rattle of the passing train, giving employment to thousands of skilled and intelligent workmen, who will add to her wealth and find homes in the metropolis of Eastern Washington."

Statistics may well be termed the barometer of commerce. If this be true, and to the mathematical mind at least they carry strongest conviction, the following figures may prove not only corroborative but interesting:

Lands taken up for the year ending November 30th, 1889, 28,559,479 acres.

Sales of city property from December 1st, 1888, to December 20th, 1889, \$18,756,323.

Sales of city property since January 1st, 1890, \$10,870,000.

Grand total of freight received at Spokane for the year ending November 30th, 1890, 49,733 tons, for which the railroad companies received about \$2,000,000.

The seven regular banking houses—remember, this was three years ago—represent an aggregate cash capital of \$857,661.84. Two savings banks foot up \$150,000. The total of bank deposits,

excluding the savings banks, for the month of November alone reached the satisfactory sum of \$3,212,832.56.

The assessment on real and personal property for 1889 (county and city) was \$15,131,928. The shipment of ore from the Cœur d'Alene mines for a year, 72,000 tons, average value per ton \$40, giving a total of \$4,320,000.

The output of lumber for the year was 30,000,000 feet. During the same period (1889) \$2,510,450 was expended in public and corporation works. Add to this \$841,000 paid out in subscriptions to various religious, educational, and commercial objects, and we fancy that no one will deny to the citizens of Spokane a reputation for enterprise and liberality, which finds few, if any, equal within the borders, wide as they are, of the Evergreen State.

We desire to express our obligations to a very handsome illustrated souvenir published in Spokane, entitled "Spokane Falls and its Exposition," in the fall of 1890, from which we have quoted generally Major Routhe's elaborate eulogium upon the city he so well knows and in whose future he so evidently believes. We only regret that want of space prevents us from availing ourselves more largely of the exhaustive information therein contained. Had Spokane the Wonderful required any additional evidence of her growth and material prosperity, her Exposition Building alone would have certified to its verity and convinced the most incredulous.

Another writer speaks of Spokane as "a city of homes"—certainly the highest and best title which may be applied to any assemblage of human habitations—a grace peculiarly American, for nowhere throughout the world, except, perchance, in England, whose happy homes Mrs. Hemans eulogizes so feelingly, is the home so all important a factor for influential good as in this favored land we proudly call our own. He says:

"Spokane Falls is essentially a city of homes. Let the visitor cast his eyes upon the hills or the valleys surrounding the business centre of the town, and he will be amazed at the number and extent of the handsome and happy homes in which the city abounds. They are homes in the fullest sense of the word; not mere tenements rented and occupied, but built and owned by those who have grown with the city. From the humble abode of the laborer to the palatial residence of the capitalist and mill-



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ionaire these castles represent the results of their owners' toil and business sagacity; they are not the temporary dwelling-places of a transient people, but sacred precincts, where the family ties are respected and honored. Moral and religious influences pervade them, and it is a matter of public record that Spokane harbors a smaller amount of the criminal elements than any other city of its size."

Of public improvements the same writer adds: "They have been steadily inaugurated since the fire, and its thorough sewage system will place Spokane Falls on a better sanitary basis than any city west of Chicago. A full-paid fire department has succeeded the volunteer corps which existed a year ago, and they are provided with an apparatus and *personnel* amply sufficient to cope with any fire that may visit us. A reservoir will be added to provide an additional water reserve large enough to meet any emergency, though the present city supply, taken from the Spokane River, with three pumps in operation, give an average of twenty million gallons per day."

Climatic conditions seem equally satisfactory. There is, unless exceptionally, neither a condition of extreme heat nor cold, with an average annual temperature of 47° and a total absence of that distressing humidity so terribly trying during the summer solstice on the Atlantic coast.

Among the multiplicity of magnificent edifices belonging to Spokane, it is impossible to particularize public buildings; we will, therefore, select one only, as a fit exponent of the many splendid structures which add beauty to the streets of the inland city of the West. Her Temple of the Muses, the elaborate opera house built by A. M. Cannon and J. J. Browne, is the most complete and best-appointed building of its character to be found in the entire Northwest. Its owners are to be congratulated upon their selection of so elaborate a plan, which they have carried out at an expense of not less than \$300,000. In point of decoration, in completeness of stage arrangements, and perfection of general details, it will have but one superior in the Northwest or on the Pacific coast—the California Theatre in San Francisco. It is patterned after the Broadway Theatre of New York. The entrance hall is ninety feet long and twenty wide, and is reached through a high stone archway; the corridors are provided with niches, in which handsome statues are

placed ; the walls are hung with beautiful paintings, and the ceilings frescoed in the highest style of art ; the foyer is carpeted with handsome Turkish rugs ; the auditorium, being 70 × 90 feet, is furnished with eight hundred upholstered opera chairs of the latest design ; four fine proscenium boxes and stage boxes flank the circle.

We have lingered longingly, regretting our inability to quote more fully an exhaustive description of the rise and progress of her influential newspaper press and the literary career of its accomplished scribes from the first issue of its inaugural sheet, published, perhaps, with many misgivings of ultimate success, to the numerous papers of to-day, whose offices are replete with every modern aid known to progressive journalism, and whose proprietors number their subscribers by the thousands. This much of commendation we must find room for :

“The newspapers published in Spokane are a credit to the city and speak volumes for the intelligence of its citizens. They are conducted in a spirited, fair, and unbiassed manner, and show that their management is in able hands. They are metropolitan in character and appearance, and the two morning daily journals contain eight pages of the highest and best news to be found in any Eastern city. The progress and development of Spokane are in no small measure due to their efforts, and it is a cause of congratulation to the citizens of so prosperous a town that they have a press in their midst so strongly and honestly conducted.”

Of the original attraction, and, later on, one of the most potent influences, in the success and upbuilding of Spokane we find her wonderful water-power thus prominently alluded to :

The one great factor which has made Spokane the active, prosperous, and growing city it is has been the water-power in the centre of the city. It offers great inducements for the location of manufacturing industries and for the purposes of fire protection. The magnitude and mechanical value of this water-power depends not only upon the fall, but also upon the quantity of the water. In making an estimate of the amount of power available from a stream, the only proper basis upon which to figure is the extreme low water flow ; and taking this as our minimum, we find that the lowest recorded flow of the Spokane River occurred in the year just past, and amounted to 2000 cubic

feet per second. The city of Spokane is situated on the eastern margin of the broad Washington prairie. This prairie has an annual rainfall of about twenty inches, but the watershed of the river above the falls is chiefly a mountainous area sloping toward the west. These mountain slopes condense more moisture, borne by the prevailing westerly winds from the Pacific Ocean, than does the plain. The depth of the annual rainfall upon the watershed of the river may safely be estimated as averaging twenty-four inches for the whole year. This watershed embraces part of Washington, part of Idaho, and a small area of Montana, and measures about forty-five hundred square miles. The beautiful Cœur d'Alene Lake, in Idaho, receives the greater part of its drainage from the St. Mary's, St. Joseph, and Cœur d'Alene rivers, and it acts as an unailing reservoir to equalize the rate of flow of the river during the entire year, storing up the vast volumes of water brought down by the melting snow in the spring to feed the flow of the river during the succeeding months when the rainfall on the lower part of the watershed is very light. This lake has an area of about sixty-nine square miles, according to the survey of Lieutenant Haydens, of the United States Army. This natural storage is a very important factor in determining the value of the water-power in the Spokane River, and should the time come when the demands for power exhaust that which can be furnished by the present natural low-water flow of the river, a dam placed across the mouth of the lake would greatly increase its storage capacity and so increase the minimum supply very materially. The water-power of the falls has also natural divisions, made by the several islands which break the stream, thus making its development a comparatively easy proposition, and, moreover, distributing power sites over a larger area of territory, thus giving ample space for the construction of mills and factories desiring to utilize it. The total fall of the river between Division Street and Monroe Street is one hundred and thirty feet, divided into two main falls—that between Division Street and Post Street, and the large cataract between Post and Monroe streets. The upper fall is sixty feet, and the lower or main fall seventy feet in height. A very fortunate characteristic of the Spokane River, and one which is due to the vast quantity of water in the Cœur d'Alene Lake, is that the temperature of the water varies through

a very short range during the year, being quite cool in summer, and in winter never becoming so chilled, even in the coldest weather, as to form anchor ice, which on some Eastern streams offering water-power is a source of much annoyance and expense. The amount of power available within the city limits of Spokane at extreme low water is thirty thousand gross horse-power. It will, therefore, be seen that the advantages derived from this source are practically inexhaustible, and as compared with the water-power so far developed in any country is almost the peer of them all; and as its development proceeds and this immense force is more fully made available its financial value will be something enormous. When we consider that to replace this power with steam would necessitate an expenditure of \$10,000 per day for fuel alone, the immense natural resources with which the city of Spokane is blessed will be more fully realized. An idea of the actual money value of this water-power may be obtained when it is known that the cost of producing one horse-power for a year by steam is \$50, and as the lowest available force of Spokane Falls is thirty thousand horse-power, a very simple calculation will show a total of \$1,500,000 added to the prosperity of the city.

And now, leaving the mere monetary view of this bounteous gift of a generous All Father, and forgetting for a time that spirit of gain which would utilize every force of nature to achieve financial results, even to the harnessing of Niagara or the painting of their trade banners, if such were possible, upon the bow of promise itself, let us consider the æsthetic beauty of these tumbling, tumultuous waters of Spokane Falls. Born of the far-off mountain rills or nearer lakes, dropped from the open hand of the spring-tide rains, dissolved from melting snows or condensed from the misty veils that shroud the cliffs of the pine-clad Cascades, they gather their forces and creep reluctantly to their doom. There is a ripple of disturbance, a secret premonition, as it were, of the strife so near at hand. They chafe the opposing shores and move with quickened feet, they cling to tangled root and stranded log, yet all in vain, the wild leap of the wave-worn precipices must be made. A moment of hesitation, as if they feared and would fain nerve themselves for the final shock, a pause of indecision, and they go madly plunging to lose themselves in the foam clouds that hover over the pools



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below, while young Iris, robed in rainbow hues, dances lightly over the abyss where they are engorged, and from whence they emerge after a period of struggle to find a calmer flow, and sink like mortals weary of the strife, no more to rise beneath the all-grasping billows of Pacific's distant sea.

As a diamond is most exquisitely set when encompassed by kindred gems, so this jewel of the Valley of Waters, the city of Spokane, is the fitting centre of an assemblage of towns and villages, many of them already standing upon the threshold of civic dignity, which cluster about her so nearly that some of them, as the superior planet attracts the lesser star, may one day become suburbs of Spokane. An enthusiastic orator says, in dwelling upon the manifold charms and excellencies of the Evergreen State: "The eloquence of Demosthenes could not do it full justice: even a Henry Clay would find it hard to picture the grand possibilities of our State, and none but an Ingersoll is capable of portraying the beauties and glories of our natural scenery and material wealth." And the surroundings of Spokane might well deserve his eulogium. They are not only replete with evidences of natural advantages wisely applied to remunerative ends, but many of them are rich in historic memories, legends of Indian attack and foray, wild tales of massacre and fierce revenge, for these hills and wooded glens have echoed the war-whoop of the Nez Percé and his savage allies, and been the silent witnesses of many a treaty, unreal and evanescent as the smoke of the peace pipe smoked at its council fire. Above all, they have beheld the daily un murmuring endurance of its hardy pioneers, patiently waiting mid the gloomy trials of the present for the coming of brighter days.

As we look back upon this varied and troubled past, from the standpoint of 1893 it seems a matter of astonishment that a man holding the position of General Wool should, to gratify a personal animosity, have so far stultified himself as to issue an order virtually closing this magnificent region of Eastern Washington to the settler, and thereby delaying its civilization by a decade of years. It is well that the more patriotic Clarke, believing that the claim of the white was superior to that of the Indian, had the good sense to perceive that the Almighty intended Spokane and its beautiful environs, its wonderful water-power, and wheat fields yet to be cultivated for the occupation

and sustenance of the home-making American rather than for the reservation and the hunting grounds of its aboriginal people. Let us glance at the map and consider the surroundings of Spokane geographically. To her north lie the Colville mining and timber districts, with the towns of Colville, Marcus, Springdale, Kettle Falls, Deer Park, Chatturoy, Chewlah, and many another. To the east the Cœnr d'Alenes, rich in mines, lively in camps, and studded with growing settlements. To the south we find the rich farming county of the Palouse, with such thriving places as Farmington, Rosalia, Rockford, Fairfield, Latah, Tekon, Garfield, Spangle, Colfax, Palouse City, Pullman, Ritzville, Spangle, Winona, and others no less flourishing, whose names we lack space to record. Then looking toward the sunset, we observe the rich grain fields of the Big Bend, the grazing lands roamed over by innumerable herds, and the sites of Wheatdale, Almira, Davenport, and their numerous sisters, all rich in promise, which only asks to gauge the future by the achievements of the past.

And now, having written but a tithe of the words of deserved commendation we had meditated for the City of the Falling Waters, this gem of Western Washington, sitting crowned with her chaplet of wheat, amid the roar of her falls and the whir of her busy factories, surrounded by treasures of the mine, fields white to harvest, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, we will, ere we pass to the consideration of Tacoma, "The City of Destiny," interpose a somewhat substantial barrier between Spokane and her ambitious sister of the inland sea in the shape of the latter's grand old namesake, gray with the storms of centuries, white with the snows of years long dead, sitting solitary and alone, encircled by the icy arms of her myriad glaciers, yet carpeting with flowers the network of glens that nestle at her feet—the peerless "Mount Tacoma."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE GLACIERS OF MOUNT TACOMA—THEIR WONDERFUL EXTENT —ITS NAME AND ORIGIN.

“ A rock-ribbed dome, crested with sheltering snow,
Mid glaciers set, whose fountains westward flow,
Mountains of ice, where melting torrents sweep
The vales that link them with Pacific's deep,
And strange attraction, clothe each crystal base
With buds they woo to bright their chill embrace
What wondering eyes are theirs who slowly climb,
To see fierce winter with sweet spring combine,
Stooping to gather blossoms fresh and fair,
Rarer in bloom than Alpine valleys bear,
Or verdant moss within the crater cave,
Whose sides no more the molten lava lave,
Leaving the 'Park of Paradise' below
To scale the heights where Arctic breezes blow.”

—BREWERTON.

THERE is, perhaps, no better authority on the subject of Mount Tacoma, the mighty snow mountain of Western Washington, and considered in all its bearings the most interesting peak within the federal borders, than Mr. Fred G. Plummer, the Secretary of the Washington Alpine Club. Mr. Plummer is a resident of Tacoma, and a civil engineer of remarkable ability. He has made the mountain, its name, altitude, general features and surroundings an exhaustive study, and we consider ourselves fortunate in being enabled to give our readers the benefit of his researches. He says, writing from Tacoma, under date of June 1st of the current year :

“ There are probably not a dozen people in the United States who have any idea of the wonderful system of glaciers to be found on the slopes of Mount Tacoma, in Pierce County of this State. Thousands of people gaze upon this grand and majestic peak from the city of Tacoma, forty-four miles away, but have no idea of its real magnitude. The State of Washington is

traversed north and south by mountains of lava and lava flows, forming a section of that great system which stretches from Alaska to Cape Horn, and marks upon the surface of the earth probably the mightiest geological catastrophe the world has ever seen. To the westward of this range stand three great volcanic peaks—Mount Baker, Mount Tacoma and Mount St. Helens. All are active, but not violently. Several eruptions of Mount Baker are recorded, notably that of 1853, when streams of lava covered the western slopes. St. Helens has frequently clouded the skies of Washington with dry volcanic ashes, but it is otherwise quiet and peaceable. Steam and smoke often issue from the crater of Mount Tacoma. It is probable, however, that the Puget Sound valley is as safe as any volcanic country could be, as its wonderful growth of large timber upon the foothills testifies.

“When George Vancouver saw Mount Tacoma in the year 1792 he named it Mount Rainier, after a friend of his in England—a British admiral and an enemy of America. In doing this he ignored the Spanish discoveries of several years preceding, and also the old Indian name, Tahoma, which is pronounced as it is spelled—Tachoma. The nearest English spelling is Tacoma, and the word is pronounced without accent.”

We interrupt Mr. Plummer's valuable statement at this point to say that, as the reader may remark, we have already laid stress upon this re-christening of Mount Tacoma elsewhere, quoting the opinion of another erudite authority—Judge Wickersham, of Tacoma, who has given this matter much studious attention. Should the evidence now adduced seem cumulative, we can only plead the importance of a mooted question, regarding which so much has been said and written, and where opinions are held so literally and diametrically differing. We therefore reiterate the decision elsewhere expressed, that every sentiment of patriotism, appropriateness, and antiquity decide in favor of the ancient Indian appellation. To return: Mr. Plummer tells us that

“The Tacoma Academy of Science,” of which he is a distinguished member, “has, after an exhaustive investigation, determined that Tacoma is the name, and in this they are upheld by all the leading geographical societies, many of which have passed resolutions favoring the action of the Tacoma Academy.



Peter M^o Geyer



H. E. Messman



O. Moody



E. Quinn

11/12/1911

“ Mount Tacoma rises from the sea level to a height of 14,450 feet. It is an almost symmetrical dome surmounted by three small peaks. Above the elevation of 4000 feet the mountain is covered with perpetual snow save where the rocky ribs project and mark the boundaries of the glaciers. To those who love large figures, it may be well to say its mass is roughly about ten hundred cubic miles. Its glacial system is on the same magnificent scale, and is probably the largest in the world radiating from one peak. This glacial system is simply tremendous, and far superior to that of Mont Blanc, Switzerland, which is not one quarter the size of Mount Tacoma's. The Mer-de-Glace of Mont Blanc does not cover one half the area of the Carbon Glacier, which is only one of the medium-sized ice rivers which flow down the sides of Mount Tacoma.

“ It is a curious fact that although these glaciers are arranged on radial lines, yet all their vast drainage goes westward to Puget Sound and the Columbia, forming four rivers—the White, Puyallup, Nisqually, and Cowlitz. The mountain is flanked on the south by the Tatoisch range, and on the north by the Shuiskin range, both spurs of the Cascades, forming a natural park, which has lately been reserved by proclamation of the President.

“ Paradise Park, on the southern slope of the mountain, is already a favorite resort of the people of Tacoma who have the strength and pluck to make the journey to this charming locality. Many persons who have seen the finest scenery in the world say that nature has exhausted her resources to make Paradise Park one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Words are inadequate and photographs hardly better in describing it. The valley is carpeted with lovely flowers of every hue and dye, and dotted with clumps of mountain fir and ash. Through it runs Paradise River, which comes from Siniskin Falls with a leap of nine hundred feet. The Tatoisch range of volcanic bluffs, peaks, and pinnacles form a rugged and grotesque outline against the southern sky, while to the eastward the enormous cliffs of the Cascades rise in successive folds until lost in the distance. To the north and at the bend of the valley stands Mount Tacoma, which seems, by the very grandeur of its presence, to impose absolute silence upon both nature and he who regards it. Go, then, to Paradise Valley to learn the poverty of language.

Many beautiful things have been said and written about Mount Tacoma, but one glance at its majestic altitude from Paradise Park is worth a thousand pictures by pen or pencil."

Mr. Plummer's contour map of the mountain, with its dependent glaciers, is probably the most complete, if not the only one of its kind; and though of course not absolutely accurate, it gives an excellent general idea of the whole. The lines of contours show elevations above the level of the sea of from 3000 to 14,450 feet, the contours being drawn at intervals of 1000 feet of elevation; they cover the whole of the wonderful glacial system of Mount Tacoma.

Our own impression of the name which properly belongs to this the grandest volcanic eminence of the Pacific slope seems appropriately expressed in the following lines, suggested by an editorial in the Tacoma *Ledger*, and published in that journal a year or two ago under the head of "Let us call it Mount Tacoma:—"

"The Indian christened it long ago with a true poetic name,
 For he watched and worshipped its snowy crest
 When it blazed with a brighter flame,
 And the lava lights o'er its burning breast
 Poured forth their fiery vein.
 'Twas 'the mother of streams,' he saw it reach,
 With white arms lifted o'er wood and beach,
 With snowy finger raised on high,
 Pointing its peaks to the Manitous' sky,
 So he called it Tacoma; and far and wide
 That name still clung to the sunset's bride.
 The nations faded, the seasons fled,
 The babe was born and the man lay dead,
 But the mount, with the storms of centuries stained,
 Its ancient title still retained,
 Till in later years an admiral came,
 An English sailor unknown to fame,
 Unless, perchance, he helped to hold
 Our colonies tribute to greed of gold.
 When the 'old thirteen' with stubborn stroke
 Severed the chain of that British yoke,
 Vancouver, to help a friend so dear,
 Concluded to call it 'Mount Rainier.'
 But who was Rainier, what deed had he done,
 What eminent action by valor won,
 Save this, that his friend first ploughed the bay
 Where many a ship ere long should lay?

What wonder the mountain of countless years
Should veil its forehead in mist and tears,
Hiding its brightness and shunning the day,
Robing its glaciers in garments of gray,
Bidding its summit indignantly flame
As it dumbly denies this 'discovery name,'
That flouts the fair fame of the 'heights only trod
By moonbeam and starbeam and angels of God.'
Then bid our snow-mountain its ancient name bear,
Nor borrow from Britain a title to wear."

—BREWERTON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

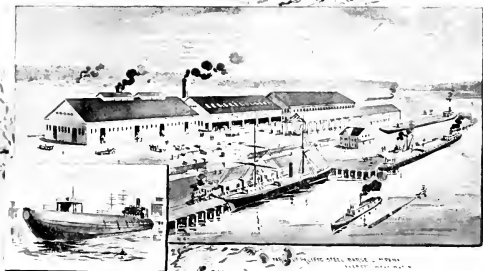
TACOMA, THE "CITY OF DESTINY."

"Success to Tacoma, fair city of rest,
Enthroned on the hills that the summer loves best,
Eneircling with emeralds, brilliant and bright,
The billows that sparkle like gems in the light ;
Where spring comes full early to clothe the dark pine,
And bid its green tassels more verdantly shine ;
Where the rose finds a welcome and blossoms beguile,
Where the soft, sunny turf of their home gardens smile ;
Where e'en winter disguises the year's dull decay
By folding the landscape in mist robes of gray,
Lending veils of the fog to each desolate pine,
And white arms of vapor the firs to entwine ;
Where autumn the golden brings harvests to greet,
And lays her full store at the husbandman's feet ;
Where the hop vineyards blossom in graceful festoons
And the breath of the cedar the upland perfumes ;
While the walls and the roof-trees of homes yet to be
Wave in woods that shall journey far over the sea ;
Where the fruit strews the sod with its shower of gold
And the granaries burst with the treasures they hold ;
Where the Orient's tea and the car piled with wheat
Give constant employment to railroad and fleet ;
For Pomona and Ceres their good gifts combine,
And Flora's fair children 'neath corn-tassels shine ;
Then success to the mart, that Aladdin-like grew,
Where but forests unbroken the Indian knew."

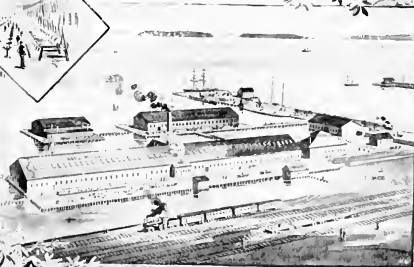
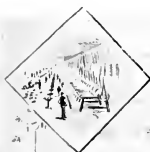
—BREWERTON.

STRICTLY speaking, Tacoma has no history ; her municipal life has been too brief, her embryo condition too uneventful. Like the erratic Topsy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the "City of Destiny" never was born, "it growed," and still continues and is likely to keep on growing—and such a growth !

It happened, as modern progress counts time, or, as the children's fairy stories begin, "in the long ago" of 1852, when, upon a certain spring day of that year, one Nicholas Delin lo-



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cated his donation claim at the extreme head of Commencement Bay, within what are now the corporate limits of the city of Tacoma, a rough sketch of which, with the original Indian names, showing Delin's selected location, the author has examined, for which, with its accompanying certificate, giving under oath the testimony of many Indians as to the native names of Tacoma and other mountains, we acknowledge our indebtedness to the friendly interest taken in our work by Judge James Wickersham, of Tacoma.

Little did Delin or the first settlers who built their rude log-cabins in the humble hamlet of old Tacoma dream as they listened to the stroke of the axe, the crash of falling timber, or the drone and buzz of the little mill eating its way into the pine, that the hills, so rude and desolate, that towered above them would, as years rolled on, look condescendingly down upon their comparative littleness and poverty as a rich new neighbor moved suddenly in is apt to do. Yet all these changes, so wonderful and unexpected, were ere long to be. But we must not anticipate.

Early in the spring of the following year (1853) Delin formed a partnership with Colonel Simmons, the original pioneer of Puget Sound, and a man named Hayes to build two saw-mills, one on Delin's claim, the other at Skookum Bay. The builders employed by them—Hodgdon, Ethridge, and Taylor—reached the mill site on April 1st, showing that there are wise as well as foolish things begun on that inauspicious day, and commenced operations, cutting their frame timbers about where the present Jefferson Street intersects Pacific Avenue. There was then at this point an old Indian "medicine house," some 40 × 60 feet in size, which the workmen engaged in putting up the mill utilized to live in. One of their employés, Jake Barnhart, took the claim subsequently transferred to Peter Judson. In due time the mill, a small water-power affair, located at the present site of its larger successor, Paulson's, or Dock and Twenty-fifth streets, was completed and got to work, shipping its first cargo of lumber to San Francisco on the brig George Emery, Captain Trask. This officer found five fathoms where now the "tide land" is scarcely bare at high water, showing that the *débris* of the Puyallup is still feeding the "mud flats" and encroaching on Commencement Bay—a fact which, when they come to build

a proper outside embankment or sea wall, should save much filling in and strengthen the pile structures.

We break off our own narrative here to interpolate information just received from the valued correspondent, Judge Wick-ersham—to whom we have referred. He writes :

“As a matter of history, our neighboring town of Steilacoom is the interesting spot in our county—Steilacoom and Fort Nisqually. But Tacoma dates back as far as Steilacoom, although it bore no prominent part until the location of the railroad terminus, in 1873, on the shores of Commencement Bay.

“About the summer of 1852 old man Judson (the father of Steve and John Paul J., the lawyer) took a donation claim extending from near Seventeenth Street along the water front to about the Northern Pacific's headquarters building—Seventh Street—three hundred and twenty acres, covering all of what is now the wealthy business portion of Tacoma. The land north of the Judson claim was filed on by a logger of the name of Barnhart, but after it was robbed of its timber it was allowed to go back to the Government. The Indian war drove out all these people, and the town site of Tacoma was an unbroken wilderness without a single white inhabitant till in the year 1868, or about that time, Job Carr and his sons, Howard and Anthony, appeared upon the scene. Then came General McCarver” (of whom we shall speak at length), “who took a claim alongside of the Carrs and began to talk city.”

This McCarver, or to more appropriately and respectfully designate him, General Morton Matthew McCarver (he having served as Quartermaster-General of the State of Iowa), was no ordinary man. As Warwick was a king-maker, so was McCarver destined and designed to become a founder of cities. As the real pioneer and projector of the fortunes of Tacoma, where his universally beloved and respected widow (Mrs. Julia A. McCarver) still resides, and as the father-in-law of C. P. Ferry (known as the “Duke of Tacoma”), General McCarver is well entitled to the extended biographical notice at our hands, which is his due. Indeed, the history of the city cannot be written without acknowledging his agency. We therefore devote to him a space which we have accorded to no other individual. His biographer thus describes him :

“Born in Lexington, Ky., on January 14th, 1807, General

McCarver was a man of independent and determined mind, of great courage and enterprise, which, combined with love of adventure and a roving spirit, well fitted him for the life-work he was destined to perform. After serving in the Black Hawk War, and having married (his first wife) a Miss Jennings, of Galena, Ill., he left his home, intending to locate upon lands soon to be opened to settlement by treaty with the Indians he had assisted to subdue. He was then twenty-six years old. Halting at a point on the Mississippi, then known as Flint Hills, he found shelter for the night, before crossing over from the Illinois to the opposite shore, beneath the hospitable roof of a pioneer named George Buchanan, whose wife during the night gave birth to a son, who before McCarver's departure was christened after his father (George Buchanan), and who afterward, by one of those singular coincidences which go to prove that 'truth is stranger than fiction,' became the general's host when he went to examine the site of the future 'City of Destiny,' stopped as Mr. Buchanan's guest at his residence a few miles distant; and then, as if to complete the resemblance, this young Mr. Buchanan's wife also gave birth to a boy during the few hours of the general's stay, who ere he left the house was in like manner christened George Buchanan." An angel guest and winning man truly was this locator of cities yet to be; even the children seemed to follow him. To proceed with our biographical sketch—and we regret that our space does not permit us to enter more fully into the details of the general's busy, adventurous and most useful career. "Upon the following morning he crossed the river, made his selection, located, and built a cabin on land about to be vacated, on the top of the Flint Hills, by the Sacs and Foxes; but as the treaty was not yet ratified and the troops were ordered to drive out trespassers—as in the Oklahoma troubles of our own day—Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant of cavalry, stationed at Fort Snelling, was ordered with his command to evict the squatters, and at once proceeded down the river to oblige them to depart. His soldiers, acting without orders, burned McCarver's home to the ground, thus forcing him to leave his new home till the full ratification of the treaty. Returning in June of 1834, when this much-coveted territory was thrown open for settlement, he founded a town, speculated in lands, took the contract for carrying the mails, and became

during his nine years of residence the most prominent citizen of the afterward thriving city of Burlington. He was," says his biographer, "a leading member of the convention which formed the Iowa State constitution, one of the men who went from St. Louis to attend the first public sale of lands at Chicago, and the only one of the parties who had the courage and foresight to invest in the then muddy shores of the creeks now bridged by the many avenues of the Columbian Exposition city. In 1843 he emigrated to Oregon and settled on the Tualatin Plains. Later on, with Burnett (afterward Governor of California), he projected the town of Linnton (named in honor of Senator Linn). Becoming convinced that this was a mistake the general moved to Oregon City, where he engaged in farming, and was elected a member of the Oregon Provisional Legislature, of which body he was chosen speaker. Here his wife died in 1845. He took part in the Cayuse war, in 1847, and in 1848 married Mrs. Julia A. Buckalew, who still survives him.

"Then came the rush for gold to California, and the general, carried away with the tide of treasure-seekers, started overland with a Mr. Hannah, reaching Feather River in August. Here McCarver selected as a location on which to found a town the site of the present city of Sacramento. He formed a partnership with his old associate, Governor Burnett, and embarked in merchandise and real estate, building their store with their own hands. In 1849 Hannah bought the general out, he having been elected a member of the Monterey Convention that framed the original State constitution of California, under which she was admitted. In 1849 Hannah returned to Oregon, bringing with him Mrs. McCarver." They journeyed by water, and a wild and dangerous trip it was—worthy of being recorded, if only to show the traveller of to-day, who chafes if the "overland flyer" is an hour or so too late, what it was to change location in the forties on the Northwest coast of America. We are told that

"They left San Francisco on the bark John W. Decatur, bound for the Hudson's Bay Company station, now Victoria. Reaching the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca (which, it is more than probable, De Fuca never saw), the wind failed, and the bark was obliged to stand out to sea until the next day, when, running in with a fair breeze, she took a squall at the entrance of the strait and encountered heavy seas, which carried away her



C. E. Paul



rudder, made a hole in her stern, and stove her timber heads. After battling with stormy waves for four-and-twenty hours she was only saved by the cutting away of her mizzen-mast. An entrance being finally effected, she got inside, but was forced to anchor and wait for the flood tide, when she drifted up the strait, anchoring on the ebb. The second night inside an alarm of 'Indians' was given, and every one was ordered on deck armed. Upon their approach within hailing distance the supposed savages proved to be a Captain Scarbrough, a pilot of the Hudson's Bay Company's station, who, sighting the vessel in distress, had engaged a crew of Indians and come to their relief. It is needless to say that he was warmly welcomed by the storm-tossed people within the bark. They arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company's station after a passage of thirteen days, and travelled thence by canoe to the Nisqually River, from which point two days on horseback brought them to the Cowlitz, then down the Cowlitz by canoe and up the Columbia four days to Oregon City, which they reached on January 1st, 1850, having been twenty-seven days on the passage.

General McCarver himself, who had prospered greatly in California, returned to Oregon in 1851 by sailing vessel, bringing with him the hull and machinery for a steamboat, which he put together and launched upon his arrival, this being the first steamboat on the Columbia River. He afterward built another boat above the falls of the Willamette and ran her from Canemah to Corvallis. All this time he was managing a nursery and orchard in Oregon City and taking first prizes for his fruits exhibited in California. So scarce was fruit at that time that he received \$18 a bushel for apples.

"Ever a busy man, he experienced all the vicissitudes to which activity and enterprise are liable, sometimes floating on the top wave of success, then finding himself in the trough of the rough water of some unexpected financial storm. He accumulated a fortune, went to New York, and was the first man there ever engaged in selling quartz mines on the market. During his absence his buildings and other property in Idaho City were destroyed by fire, and 1866 found him back again in Portland, comparatively speaking, a poor man." Here, in partnership with Starr, the president, and Steele, the cashier of the First National Bank of Portland, he made enough in buying up

war claims to enable him to embark upon an enterprise which had long engaged his attention, and whose successful evolution entitles him to so large a place in our history. He determined to locate a town at some point on Puget Sound, which should be so advantageously situated as to become the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad—an enterprise then regarded as the future great transcontinental highway.

“It was a day big with the fortunes of the yet unborn city of Tacoma when General McCarver, having formed a partnership for that purpose, of equal shares, with Messrs. Starr and Steele, mounted his horse and left Portland for the purpose of locating on Commencement Bay, ‘the town that, after a careful study of its geographical position, he had decided upon as having the best harbor facilities, and being so situated as to make its connections with the interior easily accessible by railroad. This location he thought would eventually commend itself to the managers of the great railroad line as the best site for the western terminus of their road.’

“A careful examination of the surveyor’s maps in the Land Office at Olympia, where he first proceeded, only strengthened the general’s previous determination to select the site of ‘Old Tacoma,’ and he at once started to visit that point, stopping, as we have already stated, the night previous to his arrival at Commencement Bay, at the home of the George Buchanan, so queerly mixed up with his wanderings five-and-thirty years before. It is said that this singular occurrence, so intimately connected with earlier incidents, and recalling, as it must, vivid recollections of his former successful enterprise, was a large factor in inspiring hopes of an equally fortunate result in the present venture. Who shall say? All great men are supposed to be more or less superstitious; and it may be that McCarver saw the ‘sun of Austerlitz’ again about to rise with old-time radiance upon his present plans. He remounted his horse, and before noon stood gazing from the summit of the bluffs on the placid waters, then unbroken by any keel save the light pressure of the Indian’s canoe, whose primeval forests knew no smoke but that of the camp-fire, and no clearing save where a few pines had fallen to feed the mill. It would be curious to know his thoughts as he thus stood contemplating the site of the great city yet to be. We are told in some quaint story that a stout old member

of the council of New Amsterdam—whether of ‘Hard Kopping Piet’ or Walter von Twiller we are unable to state—drowsing among his cabbages on a hot afternoon in a summer of long ago, saw in the smoke wreaths of his pipe as he dreamed a wondrous vision of the city that was yet to be—the New York of to-day—and marvelled with a great astonishment. It is just possible that some such prophetic fancy of McCarver’s might have imagined the light mist clouds of the sound folding their silvery robes into shapes of dome and spire, of busy street and mast-crowded harbor, of mart of trade and legislative hall; that the winds sighing through the tree-tops overhead may have sounded to his ear like the far-off hum and murmur of the multitude yet to throng its streets. Who shall say? If so, he had at least a far slighter foundation to build upon than the Dutchman of whom we have spoken, for he dreamed beneath the shadow of his roof, while the general’s visions, if such he entertained, were baseless save for the droning of the little mill or the fantastic figures of the clouds as their shadows glided over the placid mirror of the bay.

“At this time the present site of Tacoma boasted but two settlers—a man by the name of Gallihier, who was running an old saw-mill at the mouth of the creek of that name, and Mr. Job Carr, who some five years previous came from Iowa with the idea of settling (we find here rather a remarkable agreement of opinion) at the point which he believed would one day become the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Carr’s diagnosis was a correct one, and he made a financial mistake when he sold five acres to McCarver of the claim he had taken as a squatter, the land being yet unsurveyed by the Government, and it was not until two years later, and even then only by paying two thirds of the expense, that he succeeded in having it done. After concluding his bargain with Carr the general located a claim in his own name, and shortly afterward left for Portland, having selected as a name for the proposed town Commencement City.

“Arriving in Portland, and passing the night at the residence of his son-in-law (C. P. Ferry), the name came up for discussion, and Mr. Ferry raised the very sensible objection that Commencement Bay was too long, and suggested, by a most happy inspiration, Tacoma. The discussion upon this point was

again resumed on the following day at a meeting held at the First National Bank of Portland, when several names were proposed, but without the adoption of any, and eventually, at a meeting held at the Tacoma mill, Mr. Atkinson proposed Sitwell, the name of the then head chief of the Puyallups; but Tacoma was finally adopted." Let us linger for a moment to give this name, now world-wide known, a thought or two as to its origin and appropriateness. First, for its origin, we quote from Judge Wickersham, who, engaged as he now is in writing an exhaustive work upon the language, traditions, and legends of these Indians, makes his evidence on this point conclusive. He says:

"The Puyallup—Nisqually Indian name for Mount Tacoma" (and, consequently, that of the city which adopted it)—"beyond any question is 'Tacobet,' while the Klicketat rendering is 'Taboma.' This is authoritative and to be relied on. I hold many certificates to its truth, and shall collect one from each source and each band of Indians."

In this connection the following curious affidavit is interesting, and shows that in Judge Wickersham we have a historian who, lawyer-like, is determined to take nothing on hearsay, so he fortifies his nomenclature with the sworn certificate of seven "original settlers," who, whatever their native failings, must be admitted to have made "*their mark*." It runs as follows:

"PUYALLUP RESERVATION, October 9, 1892.

"We, the undersigned, Indians belonging to the Puyallup Reservation, do say, That the Nisqually-Puyallup name for Mount Tacoma is *Ta-co-bet*. The Klicketat name is *Ta-ho-ma*. The Indian name of Mount Baker is *Co-ba*; of Mount Adams, *Pah-to*, and of Mount St. Helens, *Sench* or *Scng*. Signed: George Leschi, aged forty years; Bill James, Jack Simmons, William Bob, Bill Petowow, George Walker, and Velui Jim." Put a cross between and add "his mark" (X) above and below each of these native gentlemen's signatures—the art of writing having been omitted in the list of their accomplishments—and their testimony is complete, even without the addenda of the judge, who adds: "All in the presence of James Wickersham."

The interpretation of this name, however differently it may be spelled, or, rather, pronounced, in the original, has but one interpretation, which we regret was not added to the affidavit of



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the seven. It is, as we have elsewhere suggested, not only romantic but full of practical meaning, as well as of unrhymed poetry. It is, indeed, all that the author claimed for it when, writing a few years since, beneath the inspiration of its shadows, he wove his thought of Tacoma *versus* Rainier into the following lines :

We'll cling to no name save its title of old,
 When sunrise first gilded its summit with gold,
 Smiting the robe by the frost spirits given,
 Christened by tears from the azure fields riven,
 By mortal well named, for its meaning appears
 In the snow-crested bosoms Tacoma uprears,
 For those Indian accents that liquidly flow
 Mean "nourishing mother of valleys below,"
 Whose breasts feed the fountains and sweeten the corn
 By streamlets that trickle through rifts water-worn.

Being thus appropriate and mellifluous, it is hardly to be wondered at that the good people of the City of Destiny stand proudly and uncompromisingly both by the prophetic and native appellations of their much-loved city.

To return : "A short time afterward the general moved his family, consisting of a wife and three children, to Tacoma, where they took possession of a log cabin which the general had erected for them in what was afterward known as Old Woman's Gulch, opposite the coal bunkers. A week later Mr. Ferry came to Commencement Bay to visit his father-in-law. There were then but two ways of getting from Portland to Tacoma—the one by trail through the forest, the other by water *via* Victoria—a route which Mr. Ferry selected as being the most direct and comfortable. The schedule of fares in those days is pleasantly suggestive of both difficulty and distance to be overcome. The tariff by water was as follows : From Portland to Victoria, \$36 ; from Victoria to Vashon Island, \$9 ; thence to Tacoma, about three miles out of the regular route to Olympia, \$9, giving a total of \$54"—a sum of money for which a deal of transportation, with every modern convenience, could be obtained in what is sometimes termed by lovers of the uncomfortable antique "these degenerate days."

Upon arriving at Tacoma, the general's biographer informs us with a quaint sense of humor, "the shores were so heavily timbered that some difficulty was experienced in finding *the*

city, which consisted of two cabins—Carr's and General McCarver's—but Mr. Carr set fire to a stump and discharged his rifle, whereupon the steamer, being thus directed, stopped and sent a boat ashore with Mr. Ferry and wife. Communication between the two cabins, though separated by less than a mile, was entirely by water; so dense was the undergrowth that it was impossible to traverse the shore. From this time on the population of the infant colony increased, but only by driblets. Hanson, Ackerson & Co. were persuaded to come to Tacoma and erect a mill. Then other settlers followed, and the baby town began to put on an air of prosperity. Carr, Steele, and McCarver laid out the original town plot, covering about sixty acres, which includes Carr's five-acre tract. Steele sold his interest to his partners, and the general went vigorously to work to accomplish the cherished object of his endeavors—the establishment of Tacoma City as the terminus of the great Northern Pacific Railroad. Having by this time succeeded in interesting a number of railroad men in his enterprise, he bought for the railroad company large tracts of what was subsequently known as New Tacoma." Let the reader imagine with what joy, after years of unceasing and almost superhuman toil and endurance, the general received the following telegram, the original of which is still cherished in the archives of the McCarver family:

" KALAMO, July 1, 1873.

" To GENERAL M. M. MCCARVER :

" We have located the terminus on Commencement Bay.

" R. D. RICE,

" J. C. AINSWORTH, *Commissioners.*"

This was the first announcement of their decision, and was sent to the general as a special compliment.

If, as we have surmised, the general's fancy dreamed out the accomplished details of the city yet to be as he sat in the saddle, resting his weary steed on that memorable morning when he first gazed from the hill-tops on the wide waters of the bay as they revealed themselves through the forest aisles, whose pillars were the pine trunks, what must have been the enlargement of that prophetic vision when he read the fulfilment of his long-cherished hopes in the words of the telegram we have recorded? Did Anticipation and Realization join hands and meet in fond

accord, or was there, as is described to have been the feeling of depression that haunted Mungo Park upon accomplishing the discovery of the sources of the Nile, a sense of hollowness and disappointment, of something lacking in the hour of his victory, a vanity so marked that we are told of the great explorer :

“ He wept, the stars of Afric’s heaven
Beheld his blinding tears,
E’en on the spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years”?

Who shall say ? Whatever may have been General McCarver’s sensations, Tacoma certainly had nothing to cry for. Her future was assured, and her fair sister of Seattle was for the time being left to “ wear the willow” of desertion and despair.

It is needless to say that a vast impetus was given to the City of Destiny by this decision. Tacoma, the coy beauty of the forest, was no longer the suitor but the sought. Her inhabitants increased in number during a single month from 200 to 1000. In the language of the stock market, Tacoma was “ looking up,” and fortunately not in the sense in which the writer once heard “ looking up” applied by a distinguished divine to the condition of a church, financially and spiritually speaking on its last legs, of which the reverend humorist declared that the parish of Zionzebra must be “ looking up,” being flat on its back, and consequently obliged to look upward to heaven, its only hope for help or consolation. Then, to cloud this bright vista of profit and speculation in city lots, came the announcement of Jay Cooke’s failure, the apparent collapse of the railroad scheme for which this firm had been furnishing the funds. This bid fair to relegate the city to its former position of a struggling frontier settlement. Figuratively speaking, poor Tacoma might well sit weeping beside the waters of Commencement Bay and hang her harp, or what would answer just as well, the nice maps of the real estate speculators, upon the branches of the pines that overhung its depths and weep her fill. Well might she lament, but a day ago the promised and expectant bride of that lusty and wealthy young suitor, that heir to so many rich expectations, the gallant Northern Pacific, already on his way to meet her, and now, almost in the hour of her espousals, to be disappointed and abandoned. The scoff of Seattle and the recipient of but one kind of sympathy which

might be relied on as entirely sincere—that is to say, the condolences of her common sufferers, the lot and land holders speculating for a rise, who thought, poor deluded souls, that their financial greatness was full surely a-ripening, when there fell upon their schemes that chilling frost of the great failure of Jay Cooke & Co., with the collapse of the railroad, whose bonds were no longer negotiable. But Tacoma was not destined to entire disappointment nor to die a neglected old maid. The match with the Northern Pacific was not yet “declared off,” it was only deferred by circumstances, for the present beyond her suitor’s control. It was, however, to be a long engagement: four or five years were to elapse, during which Tacoma saddened and aged a little, perhaps, suffering, as such *fiancées* are apt to do, from that “hope deferred which sickens the soul.” But at length the happy event was duly solemnized. Tacoma, the wilderness bride, bashfully expectant, met her lusty lover as he came wading across the “tide flats” to meet her, not in gallant style, but clinging to his trestle-work, and puffing and wheezing as he hurried along, more like an asthmatic old fellow than a suitor eager to embrace his bride. Then came the celebration, to the wedding march of the clang of bell and trumpet blare and the racket of every serviceable gun in town, while the pines still unfelled waved their approbation, and Mount Tacoma looked smilingly on, and from her foothills furnished the flowers that naturally graced so auspicious an occasion.

But the father who should have given her away—the grand old pioneer, who had worked through weary years to bring about so desirable a union—was, alas, not there to witness the final consummation of his most ardent desires. He had gone up higher, no longer to found cities on earth, but to become, we may believe, a welcome resident in that city “not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—the New Jerusalem, whose streets are paved with gold and whose eternal radiance is ‘the presence of the Lord.’”

His biographer thus narrates the close of General McCarver’s most eventful career:

“In 1875, while on a trip to the newly discovered coal fields of the Upper Puyallup, General McCarver contracted a cold, which, after a fortnight’s illness, resulted in his death, on April 17th. His life for half a century was full of action, events, and



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excitements, was earnest and useful, and left many a mark behind him which will endure for all time to come. He was one of the men who build great cities and make States and empires."

Truly does he rest from his labors; but Tacoma cherishes the fact with pride that the scene of his last and most successful efforts is still the residence of his widow, Mrs. Julia A. McCarver, herself an immigrant and pioneer of early days, for years a dweller in the wilderness, exposed to all its perils, and patiently enduring with her noble husband the privations of the frontier, yet hoping, sometimes almost against hope, for the dawning of brighter days. Universally respected and revered, she links the old time with the new. Her perfectly preserved faculties make her memories of the past both interesting and historically valuable; and, best of all, she possesses such sweetness of manner and amiability of disposition that no one can meet without learning to love "old lady McCarver."

And now, by way of preface to the further description which the largeness of our theme must accord to the City of Destiny, permit us a word or two of explanatory remark. The author of this history is, or ought to be, better acquainted with Tacoma than with any other of her sister cities of Puget Sound. He should, therefore, from personal residence and regard be able to speak fully and frankly of her defects, as well as of her wonderful progress, acquired wealth, and extraordinary advantages. We propose, then, to treat our subject faithfully—not with the flatteries of an injudicious friend, but rather as a wise physician, who, if his art compel him to apply knife or caustic, does so, not to inflict pain, but with an honest desire to relieve or cure. Tacoma, to speak figuratively, was, so far as the "new city" is concerned, a sufferer from infant overcoddling. Wedded to the Northern Pacific, with whom she is now more than half inclined to quarrel, and from whom, when the irritating question of excessive freight charges are discussed, she is well disposed to divorce herself, and having the Tacoma Land Company, in more respects than one, for her dam, she would have been sturdier and more self-reliant at an earlier period if less cared for and nourished by outside influence. While it cannot be denied that her infancy was not always a promising one, being subject to fits, with critical periods, in her young childhood, when the prospects of dying from inanition seemed highly probable, she found the two

crutches of which we have spoken so convenient and reliable that she began to think she could not walk without their aid. She had some excuse for this, perhaps, naturally dreading as she did the return of the clouds after the rain—those stormy days of financial depression when lot-holders acknowledged they were "land poor," and would have been glad to have realized even at a loss; when Pacific Avenue was little better than a blazed trail or the primitive Boston cow-path, and the present alphabet of the hillside streets was a thing unknown save to the nicely drawn maps of the Tacoma Land Company. Now, this Land Company comes in for a word or two here. It claims to have made the city. We beg to differ. Tacoma made the Land Company; accepting the niggardly policy of this corporation, which, with a capital of \$1,000,000, purchased, with the railroad at its back, three thousand acres within the corporate limits and thirteen thousand of outlying adjacent land, and then accorded streets of sixty and eighty feet, intersected by alleys of the ridiculous dimensions of forty feet in width, while they cut down their lots to only 120 × 25 feet, giving twelve to a block, and a consequent frontage between streets of only three hundred feet. These lots were sold upon apparently favorable terms to the purchaser, with a proviso as to building, which was practically a dead letter. In consequence, some fine avenues have been spoiled by the unsightly appearance of a dozen houses—small tenements—crowded into one block, when a more liberal frontage, like that of Seattle, would have enforced fewer and more substantial residences. This company did one good thing—it built the Tacoma Hotel at a cost of \$250,000, and is erecting a still greater hostelry at an estimated expenditure of \$750,000. It stands on a commanding site, will be five stories high, and a magnificent structure. But not to dwell upon this matter longer, we will sum it up briefly thus: If the Tacoma Land Company has in any way aided the progress of Tacoma—which, taking all in all, we gravely doubt—it has been blessed in the giving, for it has reaped a hundredfold.

In the "dark days" to which we have referred, some there were who were then regarded by their fellows as "lucky" in selling out their realty, getting dollars where hundreds and even larger advances were afterward easily obtained for the same property. Others again, unable to help themselves, were

obliged to hold, much against their will, grumbling at paying taxes on what would never be remunerative. Yet these men, forced into plutocracy, and made millionaires in spite of their foreboding, loved to pride themselves upon their wise foresight and financial ability. Some of these rich realizers—we are happy to say but a few—who had the greatness of wealth thus thrust upon them, became, in their greed of inordinate gain, the worst enemies of Tacoma's progress and financial development. They seemed to suffer from an insanity of money-getting. As if anxious to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, they advanced rents so rapidly on hastily erected structures and to such an exorbitant extent that their yearly income from such investments exceeded, in one instance at least, the original value of the property they thus leased. This was particularly true of one man—a former mayor. Then, too, these rents were a constant drain, being invariably collected monthly in advance; and the landlords being unwilling to lease for longer periods than the current month, it left the tenant at the mercy of the owner, whose rapacity might at any moment so increase his terms as to render necessary the surrender of the tenement. This narrow-minded and mistaken policy worked much evil to the future of the city. Good men of small means but business talent and enterprise flocked in, looked over the ground, were satisfied of its capabilities, desired to locate, but were discouraged and disheartened on the threshold by rentals, both business and residential, which would absorb the whole profits of their trade. They consequently went elsewhere, literally driven away by short-sighted property holders, some of whom lived to regret their action in the depression following the boom. They forgot that as a general principle a man would rather work for himself than his landlord. We may as well look the ugly fact squarely in the face that the City of Destiny lost, through the inability of intended settlers to obtain proper facilities at reasonable rates, at least twenty per cent of possible population. And all this she owes to a few who, having known the time when it was hard enough for them to earn their own daily bread, forgot, in the hour of their unlooked-for prosperity, the duty "to live and let live," thus driving away not only many desirable residents, but a considerable influx of capital.

But if the fortunes of the City of Destiny seemed at one

time only destined to decay, there was a good time coming, and even then at hand, when the Northern Pacific, after much apparent doubt and no little coquetting, finally yielded, through the blandishments of General McCarver's match-making, to Tacoma's superior charms—a union which brought with it not only vast possibilities of future advantage, but actually dowered the bride with millions, to be presently expended in the extensive and manifold improvements necessary to the equipment of the western terminus of this gigantic undertaking.

Tacoma at that time found herself, when financially ailing, provided, so to speak, with two physicians, one the Northern Pacific and the other its ally and twin, the Tacoma Land Company, both of whom prescribed the "gold cure," and administered liberal doses to their interesting patient. Then came the boom, whose existence, unmistakably present, was as religiously denied. Maps, circulars, and rose-tinted statements—yet in many instances less extravagant than the truth might have warranted—were scattered broadcast over the land by agents anxious to earn their commissions or landholders even more desirous to convert their wild land, still verdantly pine-encumbered, into another kind of greenbacks. Capital was attracted. Money, weary of five per cent, and anxious to realize fifteen, poured in by the thousands. Men no longer walked, but ran. Women caught the financial fever, and from the washerwoman in the gulch to the diamond-hung dweller at "The Tacoma," all went "hot crazy," and for the most part did well. Men who had "scratched gravel" for the railroad and kept peanut-stands built branch railroads for themselves. Teamsters declined \$5000 for a business location because they wanted \$6000, and got it. If a broker went to the owner to ask the price of a Pacific Avenue lot for a possible purchaser, he was not infrequently told, "I will take \$20,000 to-day spot cash, but the price will be \$22,000 to-morrow," and he often made money by waiting. The auditor and his assistants were worked beyond their strength. Companies were formed to examine titles, and abstracted hundreds from the pockets of willing clients. Real estate men were driven to death and buyers more anxious to purchase than holders to dispose of their property. Buildings went up by the thousand. Everywhere was heard the sound of the hammer or the grating of the saw. It was no longer a question where to

get employment, but how to obtain help. No mechanic was without work. Every lumber mill was driven to the utmost of its capacity—the tree of to-day was the house of to-morrow. The influx of immigrants and prospectors was something tremendous—far more than the town could accommodate. Respectable men with money in their pockets walked the streets all night because every hotel and lodging-house was crowded to its fullest capacity. Others more fortunate found tent covering or camped on vacant lots. Private residences were besieged with prayers if only for shelter and sleeping-room. Lots once counted dear and hard to get rid of at \$100 now suddenly materialized into bargains at \$1000 each; and the man who sold generally went round town next day regretting that he had not held on and got as much as the party he sold to. And yet, with all this, there was little or no misrepresentation; the agent or owner's inducement to buy being summed up in the curt suggestion, "Take it or leave it, just as you please." Many doubters who came to scoff remained to pray, throwing prudence to the winds, and joining with as little delay as possible the army of land-seekers. Then there came the reaction, which ever follows either panic or inflation, and from which the city has not yet fully recovered. People began to ask themselves, "Is there real value here? Did I not pay too much when I gave \$1000 a front foot for a lot on Pacific Avenue, entirely unimproved?" And he certainly did *then*. In the mean while, however, fine buildings went up, lots were cleared, residences built, streets opened and sidewalks laid, metropolitan improvements of all kinds made, so that to-day this apparently paradoxical condition of things exists in Tacoma realty: Three years ago she had a lively market, based upon fictitious values; to-day she has a quiet one with a real value, exceeding the prices paid during the prevalence of the boom. Then, too, there has been a lack of wisdom and certainly of unity of purpose in the municipal government—a want, perchance, lately much improved—of clear-headed, business-like treatment of the needs and means by which those needs should be best supplied—in short, that hard commonsense which the average "city father" is anxious to bring into his own affairs, but too often neglects to secure for the municipality. We may not dwell longer upon the shadow side of the shield, but will venture the suggestion that what Tacoma most

needs is that kind of public spirit so hard to obtain, but so eminently satisfactory in its results, which acts unitedly and unselfishly, that pulls together, and self-sacrificingly too, for the public weal. Again, there has been too much in the way of premature improvement—assessments for streets and sewers not yet needed, which, being of wood, will be rotten when they are wanted; too heavy taxation and too large an interest on taxes overdue (twenty per cent)—a hard burden to be carried by those who would pay if they could. The free horse of city improvements has certainly been driven to death in Tacoma. So much, and possibly a thought too much, of plain talk on possible mistakes. We turn with infinite pleasure to the sunny side of assured results and evidences of growing prosperity.

Look where you will, it is everywhere visible—banks crowded with depositors, with steady business and large showings of surplus gains; stores well stocked with every sort of merchandise; a harbor where more than one great ship folds its white wings while it receives its lading; huge coal-bunkers filled to overflowing with the product of inland mines; churches lacking neither eloquence in the pulpit nor reverence in the crowded pews; business of all kinds; homes rich in aesthetic externals and artistic adornments within; a great industrial exposition building run up in ninety days, thronged with its thousands of curious visitors in exhibition time; wharves lively with steamers; rails crowded with incoming or outgoing freight and passengers; tide flats—or mud flats, as you please—of to-day, destined to become the Venice of the future, now nothing more than a vast unsightly shoal, almost or quite bare with the receding tide, where the great lumber mills alone, with their surrounding cabins and the black trestle bridge of the railroad, invade its borders, through which the slimy, sluggish tide of the Puyallup winds its crooked way—and a dirty crook it is, from low association with “the flats.” Built by the still growing deposits of centuries, brought down by the freshets from the hills, the “tide flats,” as we have suggested, are one day destined to become the manufacturing Venice of Tacoma, being naturally canalled by the Puyallup, and reaching boldly out to suddenly subside in the deep water of the bay. Here the outer sea wall will be, here the great ships and steamers will lie convenient to their cargoes. It will be a Venice of energy and action, busy with the life of trade, not like its name-

sake, a city of water-washed palaces falling to decay, of gliding gondolas, of sea-wedding Doges, of bridges echoing the sighs of unhappy captives, or memories linked with poison, torture, deadly jealousies and swift revenge—in a word, a Venice whose only cloud shall be the smoke of colossal factories, where tinkling guitars and midnight serenades shall be more sonorously replaced by the throb and roar of machinery and the clang of the foundry.

Already Tacoma has one of the largest smelters on the coast converting its car loads of ores. It would exhaust space to specify the manifold ramifications of its wholesale and retail trade.

The location of the City of Destiny, like that of her sisters of the sound, is on a series of high bluffs ascending for the most part abruptly from the bay. Her principal business street—Pacific Avenue—is, however, after reaching the top of the slope, perfectly level. In regularity of plan and general width of her avenues and other thoroughfares she excels Seattle. In things acquired Tacoma may boast a population second in character, intelligence, and respectability to none—in hotels, the Tacoma, Fife, and others of lesser note, with the huge hostelry in process of erection amply supplies present needs; a fine fire department, only injudicious in not permitting certain localities once and again ignited to burn and make way for better improvements; a police, mounted and ordinary, apparently efficient; excellently well-drilled companies to represent the soldierly character and careful training of her State troops, who in this matter owe much to the genius and enthusiasm of Captain Fife; fraternities of all kinds, literary, ecclesiastical and benevolent; a society the kaleidoscope of whose brilliant and of course exclusive “four hundred” presents every shade of “high tea” to all properly endorsed guests of its sacred inner circle, to say nothing of that well-bred, more truly refined and sensible membership, whose quieter if less elaborate hospitalities wear all the charm of home comfort and sincere welcome. In the matter of schools and other educational facilities she stands unsurpassed, and the moral forces suffer no stagnation for want of influence to action or fields in which to employ their philanthropic labors. And when we come to the learned professions—law, physic, and divinity—it suffices to say that no man need suffer in mind,

body, or estate, provided he have the wherewithal to pay for advice, for lack of spiritual, legal, or medical counsel ; for every known and some unknown creeds are represented in her clerics, to say nothing of lay preachers, who would not hesitate to riddle the hardest sayings of St. Paul. And as for physicians, you have only to choose the particular school you may desire to graduate from into angelhood to obtain every assistance from that faculty. The lawyers—well, of these we will say nothing, for from learned judge to new-fledged attorney, their “shingles” are plentiful as leaves in Vallombrosa. What more would you desire of all the good things of this mortal life than are to be found in Tacoma, the beautiful City of Destiny ?



R. L. Boyle



CHAPTER XXXVIII.†

EXPULSION OF THE CHINESE FROM TACOMA.

“ Filthy in food as birds of prey,
Or beastly dens in which they lay,
Selfish and careless of their kind,
In morals famed for vulgar mind,
Their sole ambition wealth to earn,
Then to their native land return,
And in that Flowery Kingdom find
The graves of those they left behind.
Tacoma fiercely drove them forth,
To them the terror of the North ;
For ‘ velly well ’ those heathen know,
‘ Me sabe ’ Chinaman must go.”

—BREWERTON.

ONE of the most remarkable episodes of the latter years of Washington’s territorial history was the expulsion of the Chinese by the citizens of Tacoma—an attempt which in Seattle had ended in defeat, but which in the City of Destiny was so perfect a success that no Chinaman dwells within or has willingly visited its limits up to the present day. Indeed, if there be any trisyllable more calculated than another to make every particular hair of a Chinaman’s queue rise up in terror, that word is Tacoma.

In its narration of the events and incidents which led up to and finally eventuated in their entire expulsion, the Tacoma *Ledger* daintily heads its history : “ They all went away—How the Chinese were *persuaded* to depart—Tacomians say good-by and good riddance to the heathen horde.” “ Persuaded ” is a delicately suggestive word in this connection, and a word susceptible of many degrees of difference. The “ persuasion ” in this instance seems to have been stretched to the very verge of gentle coercion, even if it did not go a shade beyond it.

Quoting in outline, or, rather, condensing, as we go, the main facts of their enforced exodus are given as follows. It is pre-

aced by a little special pleading to justify, though there is no disposition to apologize for, the act, which covers the usual charge of being generally disagreeable, and, as a writer, who appeared to speak from experience, diagnosed the Indian, "a nuisance wherever found." The *Ledger*, moreover, seemed to think that "laboring men would find Tacoma a pleasanter place to reside in, in consequence, than the other Chinese-enduring cities of the sound."

These considerations, says the editor, in a minor degree aided in inciting the people of Tacoma six years ago to expel from their midst about twelve hundred of the representatives of the yellow-skinned Mongolians who had found habitations within their limits. In a greater degree, perhaps, were the natural feelings of repugnance and disgust at the squalor, the filth, and disease-breeding beds of the detested race the motive cause of the uprising. Fifteen men were the apparent heads of the movement; but the fifteen men were chosen by the mass, and were but obeying the call, and working, generally speaking, by their direction.

The chief nests of the Chinamen in Tacoma were along the water front, their houses or shacks being built upon piles on the upper side of the Northern Pacific wharf, near the Tacoma mill in Old Town, and on C Street, from Eleventh to Thirteenth, and Railroad Street, from Seventh to Ninth. By far the greater number dwelt on the water front, which was a miserable combination of men, women and children, hogs, chickens and ducks. Living in horrible degradation—not greater, probably, than is customary among American Chinese, but horrible for the contemplation of a Tacoman in his own city. Their sewer system was the only cleanly thing about the dens, and this was so only because the ocean tides furnished the means of disposing of their garbage. Between one thousand and twelve hundred Chinamen dwelt in Tacoma at that time, and our people never took kindly to them. They were engaged in labor of all kinds; there were a few tradesmen, a few skilled laborers, and some women and children among them. They never owned a foot of real estate in the city, but some of them had shacks of their own. Most of them rented buildings put up by white men.

Murmurings were always heard against them. The laboring men felt that the Chinese usurped their rights and degraded

them, and most of our people considered their presence an injury to the city. Very few people defended them. More thought that no violent means should be taken to rid the town of the pest, and while expressing their regret that the Chinese were here, were nevertheless certain that they must be tolerated. Their argument was: "There is no lawful means of ridding the city of them; they will not go at our request; if we use violence the State will aid them, blood will be shed, and our city disgraced in the eyes of all civilized people." Notwithstanding this plausible argument, however, the feeling grew, and was constantly manifested by resolutions passed by various bodies, chiefly labor organizations.

The first general anti-Chinese meeting was held on February 22d, 1885—and it was a lively one—at which Mayor R. I. Weisbach appeared on the platform and made an address, which was greeted with enthusiasm; and two ministers also took part. The preachers who talked were Revs. Thompson and Ward. After the Mayor's address a series of resolutions were adopted, which covered the usual arguments against the presence or employment of the Chinese, and provided for the appointment of a committee of three from each ward (there then being but three) to "perform all such proper acts as in their judgment might be deemed necessary to secure the expulsion of the Chinese." The committee so appointed, most of whom are respected residents of Tacoma to-day, were as follows: Dr. Spinning, John N. Fuller, Dr. Beardsley, representing the First Ward; W. I. Thompson, Jacob Ralph, M. I. Coggswell, Second Ward; Frank Magill, J. B. Abler, William Christie, Third Ward.

Shortly after the appointment of these gentlemen a communication appeared in the *Ledger* from Mayor Weisbach, which did nothing to pour oil on the troubled waters, but fanned, as it was intended to do, the flame of discontent into burning still more fiercely. The Mayor wrote as "a private citizen," pointing out the danger to the American people of finally merging with so inferior a race, and the yearly loss from the drain to China of the large sums sent back by them. The next meeting was more largely attended, and was held in the Alpha Opera House. The following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, It is notorious that the Chinese have invaded some of the best business blocks and streets of our city, and are

still extending their quarters, containing wash-houses, opium dens, and other vices to the jeopardy of the health, morals, and dignity of our city, as a law-abiding community; therefore,

Resolved, That we ask the Mayor and Common Council of this city to take such steps as are necessary to remove the nuisance specified, by either establishing limits within which the Chinese shall not be allowed to reside, or by such means and in such manner as they in their wisdom may deem best."

Enthusiastic speeches were made at this meeting, echoing the sentiments which every one attending it felt. The feeling was by this time growing so strong that it became the chief topic of conversation on the streets, at home, in places of social gathering, in business offices—everywhere, in short, it was the all-absorbing question. The aggressor in these discussions was almost invariably the champion of the Chinese, who were derisively called "white Chinamen," and many other equally complimentary names. This side felt it necessary to combat the evident purpose of the "antis," and were constant in their protest against violence of any kind, or even against any step looking toward the removal of these pig-tailed people whose cunning, little eyes are cut upon the bias. They were also often accused, and to some extent with truth, of being personally interested in keeping the Chinese in Tacoma, in order that labor might be cheap.

During the months following mass-meetings were occasionally and committee meetings frequently held. The committee of fifteen which has since become so famous was appointed at one of these mass-meetings, and consisted of James Wickersham, Jacob Ralph, E. G. Bacon, John Forbes, M. Kangman, H. S. Bixler, M. F. Brown, H. C. Patrick, H. A. Stevens, John Budlong, Dolph Hanna, John McGoldrick, A. U. Mills, William Christie, and Charles Johnson. This committee had entire charge of the agitation, and held their meetings every week, calling when necessary a meeting of the citizens. Mr. Bacon was chosen Chairman and H. C. Patrick, Secretary. As their proceedings were understood to be outside of the pale of the law, no record of them was ever kept.

In the mean time the anti-Chinese movement was general in the Northwest. Seattle had gone through a very similar experience (as elsewhere narrated) as Tacoma, and the smaller towns

had also taken action. Many manufacturers in Washington, Idaho, and Montana had been notified not to employ Chinese labor under pain of a vigorous boycott, and to a considerable extent this boycott had been put into effect. The Seattle people finally carried a resolution calling for an anti-Chinese congress on September 28th, 1885, and asking that every city, town, and village in Washington be represented. A mass-meeting in Tacoma, at which A. Macready presided, chose Mayor Weisbach, A. Macready, and A. U. Mills as delegates from Tacoma. The trade and labor organizations of the city, among whom were the Knights of Labor and Typographical Union, also sent delegates. Mayor Weisbach was chosen Chairman of the meeting in Seattle, and a lively day's session was held. This meeting adopted resolutions calling for the expulsion of the Chinese from every city in Washington by October 1st.

The delegates returned to Tacoma, and a meeting was held which ratified their action. From that time till the Chinese went Tacoma was the liveliest town in America. Torchlight processions were conducted to keep the enthusiasm up; mass-meetings at which fiery speeches were made were frequent. The committee of fifteen visited the Chinese and told them the result of the meeting. The Orientals were badly scared and commenced to leave the city. They were also pouring into Tacoma and Seattle from the smaller towns which had partly expelled them. Nevertheless, the number in Tacoma was constantly diminishing, and Portland and San Francisco got the benefit of it. At the end of the month over half of them were gone. From over one thousand they dwindled to about four hundred during the month; but this number declared their intention of remaining, if not in words, at least in showing not the slightest sign of preparation to depart. The anti-Chinese citizens were faced by the constantly recurring objections of some of their fellows, but their ranks were continually gaining both in recruits and in resolution.

When at the end of the month many of the Chinese were still in Tacoma, the leaders met in council to find some means of removing them. At a meeting of the committee of fifteen, held on November 2d, one of its members expressed his conviction that they could not get rid of the Chinamen, and it would not be safe to try. He was promptly relieved from duty and an-

other man, whose name appears above, was substituted. The committee adjourned, and all that night was spent in waking people from their slumbers and communicating a mysterious message to them. The next day no one went to work, but every one by common consent came down to the business part of the town as though it were a holiday. People wandered about aimlessly, not even gathering in knots in any considerable number. Some prominent citizens who were against the movement inquired what was wrong, but received no satisfactory answer. The committee of fifteen was making its last visit to the Chinese quarters, to ask them to go in a peaceable way. It had already been done time and again, and it was decided to give them one more chance. They were at the site of what is now the Kirby House, No. 1552 C Street, and about to enter it, when suddenly the fire whistle began to blow. As though it were a signal the people gathered and ran toward the point above mentioned. About fifteen hundred men, among them—most of them—representative citizens of Tacoma, gathered about the shacks then occupying the site of the hotel. Part of the committee were surprised at the appearance of the crowd, but quickly gathered the significance of it. Several men entered the building, pointed to the determined crowd outside, and in a quiet way advised the Chinamen to go. They could see for themselves the force of this word of warning, and expressed their willingness to leave the city which had proved so inhospitable to them. "Me sabe, me sabe," was heard on every side as the Chinamen, frightened nearly to death, began to gather up their effects. Carts and wagons were provided for them. In the mean time the self-appointed committee proceeded to their task of cleansing the City of Destiny. Going up C Street, the occupants of each Chinese house were informed of the desire of the delegation outside that the room occupied by their bodies should be left for the free circulation of air, and every Chinaman agreed that the change of air suggested under the circumstances seemed desirable—in fact, that they rather preferred being out of than in Tacoma. They began in hot haste to pack up their wash-tubs, shovels, and picks, with all the paraphernalia of the various businesses with which they had so long been crowding out decent white labor.

After C Street had been cleaned out of these disease-breeding

vermin the crowd separated, the larger part going to the wharf, where the main body of these Orientals existed during their hours of idleness. Another portion went to Old Town, and others scattered about the streets to dispose of those members of the tabooed race who occupied quarters here and there apart from the herd of their fellows. It did not take long for the men to gather the inhabitants of these various abodes. At about three o'clock they were all assembled in front of the Halstead House, on Pacific Avenue, between Seventh and Ninth streets. They numbered in all, including women and children, the adult males being largely in the majority, between three and four hundred Chinamen. There were probably some two thousand whites watching these proceedings, which were carried on in the midst of a drenching rain. No violence whatever had been used. One fellow, hiding under the sidewalk on C Street, in front of the Methodist Church, had been poked out with a long stick. Another Chinaman, slow in moving from his quarters in Old Town, was hurried up roughly, but the man who thus treated him was quickly rebuked.

They were driven, herded, or led, according as necessity demanded, from the place where they had gathered to Lake View. Their goods were carried out in wagons and carts. More wagons were loaded with vegetables, fruits, coffee, tea, bread, and butter, and taken to the poor wretches. They were better fed that evening, perhaps, than they had ever been in their lives. The same night a freight train was loaded with them, and before morning a majority of the Chinamen of Tacoma had slightly thickened the swarming masses of humanity inhabiting Second Street in Portland. The next morning the remainder were in like manner deported. The few left in Tacoma, because unable to get their property ready for removal, left during the day, and at last, after nearly a year's agitation, the city was free from the pest of the Pacific coast.

Many of the Chinamen were furious at their treatment, and made violent threats against the city, the principal one being that they would sue the city for damages, in case their buildings were burned or injured. It was, therefore, intended to secure the condemnation of their shacks in a legal way, and to that end the places were visited by the committee of fifteen, in company with Health Officer McCoy. Guards had been posted to prevent

the firing until it could be done according to law ; but in spite of these precautions, a few hours after it had been visited by the committee and the health officer these hovels took fire. The flames started in the heart of these shacks, among the greasy floors and walls and amid the accumulated rubbish, and burned so fiercely that it was impossible to extinguish them—at least, the Fire Department so reported. The difficulty was increased from the fact that water, which for ages had been accustomed to run down-hill, in this particular instance refused to do so. Even the buildings on the water front could not be reached by the water ; so in the absence of any hydropathic treatment the fire had it all its own way. We have never known the department to prove itself so inefficient. There was, however, no special regret ; many, indeed, seemed to fancy that the breezes of Puget Sound came in with less of unpleasant adulteration, and filled their lungs as if they enjoyed it. Be this as it may, the oft-repeated threat “ that the Chinese must go ” was an accomplished fact as regards Tacoma. It is singular how easily some people yield to “ persuasion.”

By way of *finale* to this good work, Seattle, as elsewhere recorded, being encouraged by the success of her sister Tacoma, made an attempt to rid herself of the same Oriental incubus ; she was put under martial law and failed dismally in her effort. Twenty-seven of Tacoma’s best citizens, good men and true, were “ wanted by the law,” the federal authorities expressing a strong desire to interview them. As the “ mob ” of Tacoma had been reported violent, and it was supposed that the parties thus doubly “ warranted ” would resist arrest, no less than two companies of United States troops were ordered to Tacoma to assist, if necessary, the officers of the law. They arrived, but found “ all quiet on Puget Sound.” The officers sent word to the twenty-seven men, and the twenty-seven cheerfully responded *in propria persona*, giving themselves up as peacefully as ever did willing martyrs of old. They were arrested on November 12th, and spent the night in the county court-house in the custody of United States Marshal George, of Seattle (a brother of Congressman George, of Oregon). This detention was not particularly painful, as the culprits of Tacoma not yet locked up took occasion to supply these happy prisoners with every delicacy, both eatable and drinkable, including a choice brand of



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champagne. An attempt was made to place a cordon of soldiers about the building, but an intimation from some of the prominent citizens of Tacoma that such an indignity would lead to trouble caused it to be given up. They were taken to Vancouver the next day, and again spent the night in the courthouse, receiving the same courteous attention—in fact, their reception was an ovation. It had been intended to immure them in the jail. When the train arrived, and the arrested party were found to include the Mayor, several of the councilman, and other prominent citizens of Tacoma, the official changed his mind. They met the United States Marshal at Portland on the following day, being allowed to go on their own recognizance until then, and gave bonds. In Portland they were *filed*, feasted, serenaded by several bands, and given tickets to all the theatres—in short, presented in an informal sort of way with the freedom of that city, thus showing the estimation in which they were held for having freed their own from the thralldom of Chinese filth and “Chinese cheap labor.”

The final result, so far as its active participants were concerned, ended in nothing. Though repeatedly indicted, the cases, strange as it may seem, never came to trial.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SOME LESSER CITIES OF WASHINGTON AND TOWNS THAT SOON MAY BECOME METROPOLITAN.

“ As the bud sets the fruit, the acorn the oak,
So these cities have risen from prairies unbroke,
From valleys and hills, where the cedar and pine
Saw the sun through their branches infrequently shine ;
Or plains where the south wind perfumed its soft wings
With blossoms that bloom where the meadow lark sings,
Now fair alien flowers and trees line the street,
Where culture and commerce in harmony meet,
Where a silence so deep it could almost be felt
Reigned supreme, as if Nature had prayerfully knelt.
The shriek of the engine, the whirl of the mill,
And saw grating loudly the scared echoes thrill,
With roll of the wagon, each deep loaded wain
That hauls for the farmer his harvest of grain—
All tell the swift progress a decade has made,
Since the axe first invaded the unbroken shade.”

—BREWERTON.

WHERE so many places are deserving of attention and even special remark it seems almost invidious to particularize ; we must, therefore, confine ourselves to mere mention, omitting, for want of space to do them justice, many localities whose natural beauties and acquired advantages it would have given us pleasure to record. We are met at the very threshold by some forty names of places which we should be delighted to eulogize as they deserve. Their list is a formidable one, for it includes Aberdeen, Anacortes, Bay Centre, Buckley, Colfax, Cle-Elum, Colville, Colton, Dayton, Dixie, Elberton, Everett, Ellensburg, Farmington, Fidalgo, Fairfield, Garfield, Ilwaco, Kettle Falls, Latah, Mount Vernon, Montesano, Ocosta, Orting, Oakdale, Pasco, Pataha, Pullman, Puyallup, Pomeroy, Rosalia, Ritzville, Rockford, Roslyn, South Bend, Sprague, Stanley, Snohomish, Thorp, Tekoa, Walla Walla, New Whatcom, Wenatchee, Waverley, Waitsburg, and Yakima, all thriving towns or chartered cities,

fast arriving at a civic dignity which may one day prove metropolitan, for, judging from the past, we should be the last to limit the growth of even a mustard seed of civilization, if properly planted and duly encouraged, in the State of Washington. We will, therefore, without following our alphabetical sequence, say a kind word for or indulge in a line or two of description here and there in regard to the places enumerated, giving the greatest attention to those coming more prominently to the front.

Waitsburg, for instance, the oldest town in this section, having been settled in 1870, situated in the pleasant valley of the Touchet (pronounced Tu-shy) River, is both inviting and prosperous. It is surrounded by a fertile farming country of the very best character, boasts a flouring mill of large capacity, and elevators taxed to their utmost to handle the overwhelming influx of grain.

Pomeroy, located on Pataha Creek, has its site upon a flat which widens out beneath hills leading to lofty uplands. It is the centre of an agricultural region noted for its harvests: has factories, shops, flour and grist mills, all run by water-power; rejoices in the metropolitan dignity of a board of trade, city water works, and homes replete with every modern convenience for comfort.

Fidalgo, in Skagit County, Ilwaco, in Pacific, and Montesano, in Chehalis, though foreign—or, perhaps, we should rather have said native—in nomenclature, are nevertheless possessed of not a few of those thoroughly American qualifications which make them like that most toothsome apple of the old-time New England orchards, “seek-no fartherers.”

Colfax, the county-seat of Whitman, occupies a plain, having an altitude of 2000 feet, which widens out where the branches of the Palouse converge. Its business portion already covers the whole of this level, while its handsome residences ascend the gentle slopes and add much to the appearance of the town. It is a strikingly pretty place, has a good fire department, artesian wells are being bored, churches find worshippers, schools furnish ample facilities for instruction. The Masons and Odd Fellows meet in an elegant temple built especially for their accommodation; a new court-house is being erected, and the G. A. R. have an established post.

Pullman, on the south branch of the Palouse, is a grain ship-

ping point of no little importance ; it is also an exporter of flax, has two hotels, as many churches, excellent schools, a bank, and, above all, a newspaper. Water is abundantly supplied from an artesian well, flowing fifty gallons per minute.

Farmington is an incorporated village, and, as its name would seem to indicate, is also an agricultural centre. Its quarries are practically inexhaustible ; they produce the finest quality of sandstone, a species of granite. The city itself has an elevation of 2640 feet. Its advantages are equal to any of its sister towns. It has churches, banks, lodges, and hotels, with a school system so perfect that it leaves little to be desired.

Garfield stands on an elevated level 1960 feet above the sea. It is incorporated, and must necessarily progress, being impelled thereto by the business energy and needs of its surroundings. It has a school, loan agency and bank, a live newspaper and an excellent hotel.

Fairfield is beautifully located on a rolling prairie within sight of the lofty Cœur d'Alenes ; it is well laid out, has broad and attractive streets and a handsome railroad station, grain warehouses, and one of the largest " bulk elevators " in use. It is near Cœur d'Alene Lake, and the many mining camps scattered through this region, whose occupants find it a convenient point for the purchase of supplies, stimulate its trade.

Colville, the county-seat of Stevens, is a flourishing railroad town, and needs only a thorough system of irrigation, the natural rainfall being insufficient, to challenge comparison with any section of the State. The mines of the Colville valley are exceedingly rich. One of the most productive is the Old Dominion, lying ten miles from the town of Colville. So rich are these ores that they are hauled nearly one hundred miles to the railroad and then shipped to Omaha for smelting, a distance of over fifteen hundred miles. This was in 1886, when Colville was credited with a population of only five hundred ; since then it has largely increased. Old Fort Colville, historic as connected with Indian difficulties, is an abandoned military post within three miles of the town. The falls of the Colville River furnish a magnificent water-power not yet fully utilized.

Waterville is the thriving and likely to flourish county-seat of Douglas. It is situated in the northwestern part of the county, and as far back as 1889 had a population of over one

thousand. The county itself needs more railroad facilities to develop its fine natural advantages; when these are obtained Waterville will feel the influence of the rising commercial tide and increase a trade which readily responds and is quick to improve every new opportunity.

Pasco has its site in the southern portion of Franklin County. If the efforts now being made to obtain water by artesian boring should prove successful she will be enabled to abundantly realize her otherwise vast natural advantages—fertility of soil and a delightful climate; as it is, wheat, corn and oats are raised in considerable quantities on the sage brush land near the town.

North Yakima, the county-seat and the largest city of the county of that name, had in 1889 a population of over two thousand. It was then a baby town still, being but four years old, yet a promising child withal, putting on airs of dignity—as precocious cities will—and with good reason, too, if water-works, an electric light plant, churches, schools—both public and academic—the various fraternal societies, newspapers, banks, excellent hotels, and a fine natural water-power can excuse them. The mineral resources—iron and coal—near and about the city are alone sufficient to establish its prosperity. Much, of course, remains to be done in the way of development; but from what has been achieved reasonable expectations may be indulged of still greater and even more satisfactory progress.

Ellensburg, over which, as in too many Western cities, the fire fiend swept disastrously, doing its devastating work, and for a time paralyzing business, is once more on the high road to prosperity. The visitor looks for the relics of that ruin in vain. A new city and a fairer one has risen from its ashes. Thanks to the well-known courage and industry of its citizens, they have plucked victory from this “nettle danger,” turned a mighty loss into still larger gain, replaced their old habitations with buildings of greater stability and beauty, and proved most conclusively the truth of the saying that there is hardly ever a visitation of this kind, especially in the West, however terrible, that does not ultimately show itself to be a blessing in disguise. It was a thriving city of over two thousand inhabitants when the fire laid it low; the varied interests of the county concentrated there; it had schools, banks, two newspapers, and all other con-

veniences of life, both general and personal, yet the present is an improvement upon the past.

Sprague, the county-seat of Lincoln, is the headquarters of the Northern Pacific, whose shops, employing a large number of men, are located here. It has hotels, various stores, a brewery, newspaper, a bank, three churches, and a large public school building; it is within two miles of Lake Colville. Sprague is located on the land of the "*coulées*," the name given to the old dried-up water-courses, so generally utilized by the railroads running through the upper country, whose tracks find it convenient to follow the banks of their departed streams.

Ritzville, the county-seat of Adams, has a newspaper, a hotel, and a sufficiency of stores; it is, moreover, the point of departure for the farming and stock-raising country of Crab Creek, north of the railroad, and in the Big Bend of the Columbia.

Whatcom, to whose importance, both present and constantly increasing, we have alluded elsewhere, is the most northern settlement of importance in the Puget Sound country; it sits in queenly fashion on beautiful Bellingham Bay, and looks out upon the east upon the Gulf of Georgia and the Straits of Juan de Fuca. It is rapidly developing into a place of no inconsiderable commercial importance. It has a fine harbor, abundant depth of water, and good anchorage everywhere. Lake Whatcom, with an elevation of 318 feet, lies directly in its rear, drawing its supply from the numerous streams fed by the never-failing snows of magnificent Mount Baker. This beautiful sheet of water, pure and limpid, has its utilitarian features also, for it not only furnishes a supply for domestic purposes but a water-power also, utilized by the lumber mills, which have a combined capacity of nearly three hundred thousand feet per day. It has three most respectable near neighbors in the towns of Sehome, Bellingham, and Fair Haven, whose growth and general expansion bid fair to obliterate their individual limits and merge them into one. To enter into details would simply end in an endeavor to set the old words to some newer air, the burden of which is ever the same—*increase and perpetual improvement.*

Goldendale, though a stranger to our alphabetical enumeration, is too important a place to be passed without a word of comment. It is the county-seat of Klickitat, lies twenty-six

miles northeast of the Dalles, has an increasing population, and a market for town lots, which makes the full price of to-day the "snap" of to-morrow.

Starbuck is a small settlement with large possibilities, which must, as the real estate people say, "be seen to be appreciated."

Dayton, the fair county-seat and commercial centre of Columbia, is situated in the charming valley of the Touchet, at the confluence of Pettit Creek and two mountain streams rich in natural water-power. Dayton is to-day better equipped with the conveniences of living than many an Eastern city; its water supply, carried into every house, is especially worthy of commendation. It is illuminated by electricity, has an organized fire department, fire limits, two planing mills, a large iron foundry, a machine shop, two flouring mills, a national bank, various lines of mercantile establishments, schools, newspapers, a public library, no less than ten church organizations, lodges, and a post of the G. A. R. The public schools are graded from primary to classical, and those who desire more may have their educational longings fully satisfied in Washington Seminary, situated but a few miles away. Few places can boast more evidences of almost metropolitan progress than the thriving county seat of Columbia.

Walla Walla, conveniently placed at the junction of two lines of railroad, is centrally located in a farming country of such extraordinary fertility that we can scarcely wonder at her growth in all that constitutes a city, rapid as it has been. It is generously laid out, with a principal business street of one hundred feet in width, as are all those that lie parallel to it, while its intersecting ones are only twenty feet less. Mill Creek flows with a fall of seventy feet to the mile directly through the town, following the slope of the valley from the foothills. It has a reservoir fed by unfailling springs, which are indeed subterranean streams, which form brooks requiring a twelve-inch pipe to lead off. Its coldness renders ice unnecessary. The city is lighted both by gas and electricity, has a horse railway, a finely drilled volunteer fire department, fixed fire limits, and no less than three daily papers, edited by able and energetic scribes. The last fact is a sufficient exponent of the culture and social status of its citizens.

Orting, separated by a short railroad ride from Tacoma,

nestles on a plain once dense with pines; its presiding spirit, ever working for its improvement, has been its late mayor and present councilman, Dr. F. E. Eldredge, who has labored most anxiously for its advancement. It possesses all the leading characteristics of a flourishing place of much future promise.

Kettle Falls has an altitude of 700 feet less than Spokane City, but is nevertheless 1200 feet above the sea level. It has every natural advantage that climate, soil, and water-power can give to assist its growth. Its scenery might tempt the artist to tarry and fill his sketch-book with her yet virgin beauties, and the tourist may while away his time on a midsummer day by watching the silvery salmon as they leap to the crest of the falls from the depths of the agitated pools below. An observer thus describes it: "Swimming swiftly up the river on the surface of the water, to within a few feet of the descending torrent, the fish will suddenly leap into the air to the top of the waterfall. As many as five or six will often be exposed to view at the same moment. The larger fish frequently fail in making the necessary distance and will turn quickly with the descending water to make another trial, which is often repeated a number of times before a successful leap is accomplished. The Indians, by bringing their canoes up to the falls between eddies, manage to secure huge baskets under them in such a position that numbers of the fish which fail to make the ascent are caught as they fall. These fish the Indians cure by smoking or drying for winter use."

Rosalia, in Whitman County, lies thirty-five miles south of Spokane Falls, on the railroad; it is surrounded by a belt of the best agricultural land. Though yet in its infancy, it does an immense amount of business. It is specially New English in appearance, having withal the wide-awake, prosperous Western look—or rather, we should say, the New England style without that sleepy, inactive air, into which, in these days of worn-out Eastern farms, too many of the old-time Puritan villages have insensibly fallen. In the fall of 1888, 380,000 bushels of wheat were shipped from Rosalia alone, which the next harvest was expected to double. Putting this at the low price of fifty cents per bushel, and we have a total of \$300,000 to reward the labor of the farmer and bring smiles to the faces of the merchants of Rosalia, with whom they freely trade; and this for



W. J. Kindred



George Kindred

wheat alone, to say nothing of a vast crop of oats, barley, and potatoes.

Tekoa is another baby town of Whitman County. It was a promising infant at the age of two, but since then has made rapid progress toward recognition as an important commercial centre in the valley of the Palouse. Plotted in August of 1888, up to which time it could only boast a saw-mill of very moderate capacity, it came rapidly to the front, and owing to its railroad connections and proximity to valuable agricultural lands, speedily attracted the favorable notice of investors and capitalists. Its future is well assured, the pay-roll of railroad employés alone aggregating \$12,000 per month. It has a splendid artesian well, and enjoys advantages, natural and acquired, to describe which would require a separate chapter.

Rockford, situated twenty-five miles south of Spokane Falls, holds its site at the confluence of Mica and Rock creeks, in a narrow basin hemmed in on all sides by hills crested with forests of pine. It is considered one of the most fertile and productive regions of Eastern Washington, the ground being a dark rich loam with a clay subsoil; it cannot be excelled, and is excellently adapted for farming and stock-raising. No less than ten saw-mills as far back as 1890 were in active operation at Rockford, besides the planing-mill and sash and door factories. It, moreover, enjoys the distinction of possessing the finest clay beds for brick-making west of the Rocky Mountains; two brick yards having all they can do to keep up with the demand for their superior product. Gold and silver are also found within ten miles of the town.

To disassociate Pnyallup from hops would be simply impossible, and the same is equally true of fruits and vegetables. As one has a natural dislike to being credited with any possible relationship to the lamented Ananias, we forbear special description, but may confess to having seen potatoes whose weight ran into pounds and whose ivory centres were only rivalled in purity by the satiny softness of their spotless skins, something of which is possibly due to the fact that that foe to the farmer, the ubiquitous and pestiferous potato bug, has yet to find his way across the Rocky Mountains. The town itself is only a repetition of others; the same elements of energy, patience, and persevering effort bringing about like

results of large remuneration. Its population, as given in 1890, was 2001.

Ocosta is located on the south side of Gray's Harbor, at the junction of South Bay and the main anchorage. It seems naturally fitted for a city site, having about three hundred acres of beautiful prairie fronting on the water, while in the rear rises a tableland from fifteen to thirty feet high. This is comparatively level and covered with heavy timber, while the prairie below is already cleared by the hand of nature, as if to invite settlement. The views from this higher ridge are magnificent. The town itself is being peopled by an excellent class of citizens; three saw-mills are already erected and others projected; two hotels are up and another still larger under construction; one bank is doing business. All that Ocosta needs is the capital to develop her natural advantages and establish those industries for which the raw material lays ready to her hand. An enthusiastic writer, who seems fully alive to the merits of Ocosta, winds up an eloquent appeal for aid in money and men "to increase her greatness" as follows: "We want dozens of intelligent young ladies for our bachelor friends, for the town and woods are full of them, like the birds of the forests seeking mates."

Aberdeen, a city of Chehalis County, on the north shore of Gray's Harbor, has five churches, supports two newspapers, and finds employment for workmen in a shipyard and foundry, besides extensive lumber mills. It is a flourishing place, though not yet as large as its evident namesake of "old Scotia." Aberdeen "awa."

Anacortes, which the "Gazetteer" describes as "a post town of Skagit County, situated on tide water," has a population of 1131; these figures are quoted from the census of 1890. It is needless to say that the three years which have elapsed since it was taken have added materially to that number. It is a place of growing importance, has four churches, two banks, a newspaper, and iron foundry.

Bay Centre, seven miles from South Bend, is one of Pacific County's thriving villages. It has a church, graded schools, and a salmon factory, and was credited in 1890 with a population of 250 souls.

Buckley, lying thirty-two miles southeast of Tacoma, has

three churches, a bank, and one newspaper—quite enough for a good beginning. The last census accords it 878 inhabitants; the next will probably increase that number fourfold. It has three churches, a bank, and the inevitable newspaper, without which a town, however small, in Washington would hardly think it had begun to live.

Cle-Elum, in Kittitas, has yet to make its way into Lippincott's "Gazetteer," a fact which by no means argues against its standing in a later issue. It is a town never born to die and make no sign.

Colton, Dixie, and Elberton, which deserve something more than mere mention at the hands of the historian, are all making a good showing, and can well afford to bide their time, in the fulness of which they will undoubtedly be heard from, and that most favorably.

Last, but never least of this long but most interesting array of towns, so full of interest not only to those who occupy them, but to the growth and general prosperity of the State at large, comes Snohomish, the county-seat of the county, and situated on the river of that name. It is reached by steamboat, being only nine miles by water from Puget Sound and thirty from Seattle. It enjoys the special distinction—rather unusual where the cities of Washington are concerned—of having been quoted in two successive census tables—that of 1880 crediting it with only 149 inhabitants, while 1890, but a decade later, gives 1993 souls. Compare and mark the increase. It is needless to enter into details when the story of Snohomish's prosperity is so thoroughly because arithmetically told, not by figures of speech, but by those units and tens which, unlike the figures aforesaid, are never, or, at least, "hardly ever" known to be wrong; but though apparently slighted here, they are fully able to speak for themselves, and are directly eloquent in deeds that need no words to prove present progress and give promise of yet more substantial advancement.

Latah had a population of 232 in 1890. Who shall say what six-and-thirty moons may not have added to her score?

Mount Vernon, a name especially appropriate, and well worthy to find repetition in the State that bears the appellation of him whose honored residence and yet more sacred ashes have made the Mount Vernon of the Potomac hallowed

ground, is a flourishing town located in Skagit County. It has a record of 770 in the last census tables.

Oaksdale and Pataha are living evidences of energy wisely applied to purposeful ends, and, better still, reaching satisfactory results. The former place, situated in Whitman County, had a population of 528 three years ago.

Roslyn, of Kittitas, the county of fertile farms and grand areas for grazing, is, as her population indicates (1484 in 1890), a place of no little importance, a commercial centre where the farmer can obtain his supplies and the cattleman trade to advantage.

South Bend, Stanley, Thorp, and Wenatchee are buds of promise whose full fruition is yet to be assured and recorded, as they will doubtless well deserve.

CHAPTER XL.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD—ITS INCEPTION, BIRTH, DIFFICULTIES, PROGRESS, FINANCIAL STRAITS, NATURAL OBSTACLES AND FINAL SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION.

“Perchance the world should wonder at pyramic piles,
Egyptian deserts cumber or pillared temple aisles ;
Let modern Rome point proudly to Coliseum walls,
And boast her ancient story of standing till it falls.
What did these do to better the daily life of man,
To break a single fetter or bless instead of ban ?
Alas, for all the labor, the toil of serf and slave,
Some tyrant’s freak to favor or carve his costly grave.
But modern engineering hath nobler work to do,
No difficulty fearing, it tunnels mountains through.
To bridge the foaming torrent or span the deep cañon,
Holding the highest warrant, it makes all means its own ;
To link the chains of commerce with brotherhood of man,
Provide communications to aid the settler’s plan,
Reducing miles to minutes, annihilating space,
And utilizing powers that elevate our race.
Compare the North Pacific, as it opens up the way
To regions more prolific, with the pyramids to day.
The world should count such wonders the work of wasted toil,
For use, gigantic blunders to burden Egypt’s soil ;
While modern art and science hath victories to show,
That make with need alliance and strike no idle blow.”

—BREWERTON.

THE thought which we have woven into verse we will now render into prose as the most appropriate opening to the present chapter, the subject of which is a skeleton sketch of the inception, birth, difficulties, progress, financial straits, natural obstacles, and final successful completion of that triumph of modern enterprise, industry, engineering genius and skill, the great Northern Pacific Railroad.

The pyramids are but enormous tombs ; thirty centuries of folly look down upon the gazer who contemplates their gigantic proportions. If they had any better purpose than to provide a

magnificent sepulchre for the dead tyrants whose unhappy captives constructed them, we have yet to make the discovery. And that which may be said of the pyramids is equally true of the numerous temples of the olden time; their many-pillared aisles led but to altars of heathen worship, polluted by the sacrifices of false and too often cruel gods. The ruined theatres whose vast proportions excite the wonder of to-day were but arenas where martyrs died and innocent blood flowed like water "to make a Roman holiday." Man gained nothing either in happiness, progress, or virtue from the structures thus painfully erected. Founded in ambition and destined to perpetuate memories far better forgotten, these massive piles rose to the sound of the lash and the moans of many a laboring slave. No man was the better for their building. In them the æsthetic and the beautiful grew oftentimes like some exquisite flower, rooted and springing from the slime, out of the enforced labor of the captive hordes of whom we have spoken, torn from their distant homes by the cruelties of war, and doing the will of their captors with hopeless hearts and weary hands. This, and this alone, was the sole result of the Old World's wonder-work, its worthless legacy to the New. Useless monuments, built by the suffering, planned by tyrants, erected to the memory of evil deeds and conquests, whose far-off echoes make humanity shudder. Compare these elaborate failures with the magnificent work now to be considered—the achievement of a better and nobler age. The Northern Pacific Railroad was the child of Enterprise and Energy. Genius and Skill stood sponsors at its birth. Capital and Labor nourished its infancy, and brought its feeble youth to a full and lusty manhood, till to-day the result of these combined efforts gives not only to our own land, but to the world at large, a blessing which figures cannot compute or reason justly estimate. What has it done for humanity or, rather, what has the Northern Pacific not done? It has linked two oceans; it has given birth to and sustained towns and cities that grew up beside its path; it has populated the prairies and made waste places "to blossom as the rose;" it has given and still affords remunerative employment to thousands; it has opened up avenues of progress, removed obstacles, and found channels, hitherto unsuspected, through which culture, moral improvement, and educational advancement continue to flow;

it has pressed, like an invading army, the savage from the wilderness and forced him to take refuge in the arms of civilization. We repeat, then, that the pyramids, the Coliseum, the temples and forums of the past sink into insignificance where their adaptation to any need of humanity is concerned when compared with the good gifts of that mighty highway whose iron bands wed the metropolis of the Atlantic coast with the cities of Puget Sound.

And now permit us a word of retrospect. When the author, writing in 1852 the incidents of his eventful "Ride with Kit Carson" across the continent, made in the spring and summer of 1848, declared, in the words we are about to quote from one of his overland articles in *Harper's Magazine*, that a personal examination of the ground convinced him that the building of a railroad to the Pacific across the Rocky Mountains was practicable and would yet be done, he was recognized by the old fogysm of that day as a "crank," a victim to a mild form of mania, a harmless lunatic, perhaps, on the subject of a transcontinental route. He then wrote as follows—words that seem almost prophetic now, though then quite as uselessly enunciated as similar predictions made before our time by other tongues and abler advocates. The paragraphs selected are from the closing pages of the author's "Incidents of Travel in New Mexico," published in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1854. They run thus :

"And now as we bid each other, for the present, good-by, let me choose for my 'finally' that much-vexed topic, a railroad to the Pacific. Can it be built? Will it pay? Both simple and peculiarly American questions, which I shall answer in precisely the same manner that every practical man who has crossed the continent would reply to a similar query. Let us look at the thing fairly, and, to do so, begin with the dark side of the picture. 'Can it be built?' The obstacles to its accomplishment are immense. Huge mountains rear their rugged bulwarks as if to bar its progress; precipitous cliffs and deep cañons are in its path. Overcome these difficulties, and you have yet to struggle with the shifting sands and uninhabitable wastes of the Great Basin. Hostile Indians are to be subdued, wells dug, or water brought from long distances to supply the hosts of laborers which so vast a work must necessarily employ. Such are a few of the popular arguments against its feasibility. But, though they may and do exist, does it therefore follow that they are

insurmountable? We shall hardly need workmen for the task when every day is bringing to our shores crowds of able-bodied emigrants, whose strong arms are seeking employment within our borders. Have we not engineers of the highest order of talent? Are we not, in this, the nineteenth century, endowed with the enterprise to begin and the energy to carry on this or any other reasonable undertaking? In a word, do we lack the spirit whose cry is 'Go ahead'? I, for one, should be sorry to believe that any American-born man could be so far behind the age in which we live as to acknowledge that an impossibility *can* exist which Yankee ingenuity and its servant the steam engine are unable to triumph over. We may not live to witness its completion. It may even be deferred until the springtime of our children's children, but the prophecy which hung upon my lips as our little band of wayworn voyageurs traversed with hasty steps the bases of those mighty sierras will yet be fulfilled, for I am confident that the 'iron horse' will one day thunder upon his rapid flight through these far solitudes, now so wild and tenantless. It is, most undoubtedly, the great task of our day and generation. Let us, then, snatch the honor of being its first projectors ere 'Young America' rises up to thrust aside the 'old fogyism' of his fathers and plant the corner-stone of this great national work. 'Will it pay'? Need I answer this question? Look at the countless sails which are whitening the boisterous seas of the stormy cape. Remember the multitudes who brave the pestilential miasmas of the Isthmus to reach the 'Eldorado' of their hopes. Have the coasts of China and the Indian Seas no cargoes for our Atlantic ports? Has the great country across which the Pacific Railroad would be a social, political, and Christian bond of union no resources to be developed, no products to export? Look at it in a military point of view. With such a facility we could, in case of need, concentrate an 'organized militia,' that strongest safeguard of a free republic, upon the shores of either ocean. A few days' notice would place 'the bone and sinew' of the West beside the hardy fisherman of our Atlantic seaboard. We should then be almost entirely secure from invasion from without or dissension from within our territory. Such a work would do more to weaken sectional prejudices than the legislation of a century. Once more, I repeat, 'It will be done.'



Young Bowan

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How commonplace and easy all this seems now, when not one alone, but many lines stretch out their far-reaching tentacles to grasp trade and stimulate business wherever their feelers are found, but it required no little independence of public opinion to express as decidedly as the author did in 1852 the sentiments and opinions we have recalled. Still stranger would it seem to doubt it now, or, indeed, in this age of successful invention and unprecedented progress, to discourage any scheme which involved the removal of natural obstacles, however apparently unconquerable and stupendous. And where did such barriers loom up more aggressively than in the proposed path of the Northern Pacific? Its engineers must have felt, in thus violating the sanctuaries of the primitive wilderness, so long sacred to solitude, where for centuries the wild beast and the savage had reigned supreme, that they were intruding on nature's own triply guarded reservation. Nor did she yield her ancient domain without a struggle. Her powers made alliance and fought bravely against the assaults of the railroad's most eminent engineers; but all in vain; the mountains interposed their barriers; the eternal snows joined hands with fierce torrents and foaming cascades; cañons and crevasses threw their abysses across its trail; yet Science, directing Labor, never for a moment faltered or feared for the result. The work went on. Means were intelligently applied to gain their desired end till the difficulty of to-day became the triumph of to-morrow. The mountain passes were utilized or their fortresses of primitive and volcanic rock eluded or besieged; the rivers were bridged and the gulches tresselled. Month by month the work went on, ever advancing to its successful termination.

And now, before entering upon its more particular history, let us consider the extent of territory it was compelled to traverse. The region which the Northern Pacific Railroad has already developed, or proposes by its branch lines to improve, embraces in whole or in part no less than eight of our largest States—namely, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, or, at a rough estimate, one sixth of the area of the United States, the distance between the extreme eastern and western termini of the main line on Lake Superior and Puget Sound, Ashland, Wis., and Tacoma, Wash. (inclusive of 210 miles of railroad along the Columbia),

being 2254 miles. By way of the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific it is 1961 miles. If this was the number of miles constructed and open to travel in 1886 (from which report we quote), six years ago, what must be its facilities to-day? Connected with the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis by a lateral line of 136 miles in length, it has also other branches, including one to the National Yellowstone Park, representing 700 miles of track. Then, too, there are its many tributaries. What wonder, then, that this great highway, with its allied railroads, should have opened within the last few years to civilization and settlement some of the finest, though hitherto inaccessible, regions of the country—regions exceeded by no other part of the United States in their wealth of natural resources, possessed of all that amenity of climate and fertility of soil which, combined with beauty of situation, admirably fitted them to be occupied and enjoyed by the human race—a territory which has already become famous for the prodigality of its cereal productions, the extent and variety of its mineral deposits, and the value of its magnificent timber lands, to say nothing of a diversity of scenery, which rivals the glaciers of Switzerland and the wild forests of the rugged Hartz. It has made many a home easy of access hitherto deemed almost out of the world; brought distant settlements into near neighborhood, and cities once regarded as widely separated into the closer companionship of common interest and trade alliances.

More than half a century ago the subject of a trans-continental road began to be agitated. Oregon, with her sister Territories of the Far West, looked with eager eyes for some surer and more rapid mode of communication with the East as their best hope for ultimate wealth and development. The route to Puget Sound was favored, and in this respect anticipated its later rivals. It had its friends and propagandists even before our acquisition of California, though that addition to our territory was undoubtedly a powerful factor in stimulating action and bringing it to a favorable result. Earliest and most sanguine among its believers and advocates was the Rev. Samuel Parker, who, in the course of his missionary work, explored Oregon in 1835, and upon his return to the East expressed the opinion that no real obstacle existed on the route by which he travelled to its completion. He went so far as to predict that it

would not only be finished in the near future, but that tourists would one day glide over its rails as they were wont to pass to and fro from Niagara. In 1837 Dr. Samuel Barlow, a prominent physician of Massachusetts, advocated its being built by the National Government. In this connection he then wrote as follows: "My feeble pen would fail me to expatiate upon the substantial and enduring glory which would redound to our nation should it engage in this stupendous undertaking."

In 1838 the distinguished editor and poet, Willis Gaylord Clark, ventured to predict that "the reader is now living who will make a railroad trip across this vast continent." Of the premonitory symptoms of the gigantic birth which in the fulness of time was to astonish the nations, Evans writes as follows:

"But Asa Whitney," a merchant of considerable wealth, who had made a fortune in China, "was its St. John, the voice crying in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way' for the North American route to the wealth of the Pacific and India. During all the forties he systematically agitated the building of this railroad. He addressed public meetings throughout the Northern States, memorializing Congress session after session, urging upon that body and the country at large his plan for building a railroad from the head of Lake Michigan or from Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, to the mouth of the Columbia in Oregon. He called attention to its vast importance, and declared his belief in its practicability. He estimated its extreme length at 2400 miles, and agreed to construct the road in twenty years for a government land grant of sixty miles in width along the line of his proposed route. Many State legislatures passed resolutions favoring Whitney's project, and Congress gave it much serious consideration. At one time, indeed, it came within a single vote of passing the Senate. The details of his plan contained some singular features. His scheme was far-reaching, involving a system of European immigration and also from the Atlantic cities. The laborers were to be compensated in part by land. Farms were to be prepared for succeeding immigrants by a detail of workmen. These laborers on the second year would go forward to work upon the road, leaving behind them their successors as farmers and guards. Eloquently he urged, 'Millions of poor and oppressed would be lifted to the dignity of freeholding American citizens, and the great route for the commerce

of the world would be established amid the development of the resources of the region it populated and made.' As late as 1847 Asa Whitney addressed an immense assemblage at the Tabernacle in New York, over which the Mayor presided. At the close a mob took possession of the hall and denounced the enterprise as a swindle, an attempt of a band of conspirators to defraud the people by securing an immense grant of land for an impracticable and visionary project. In 1848, however, Mr. Whitney's labors were rewarded by the presentation of a favorable report by a select committee of Congress, recommending that steps be taken to secure adequate exploration and surveys from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean."

In 1853 Congress appropriated \$150,000 to make such surveys and ascertain the most practicable route. To the Secretary of War was left the selection of the lines to be examined and those who should conduct their explorations. This resulted in instructions to Governor Isaac I. Stevens, just appointed to the gubernatorial chair of Washington Territory, to take charge of the northern route and explore and survey a passage from the sources of the Mississippi to Puget Sound, while George B. McClellan, afterward destined to play so great a part in our civil war history, but then only a brevet-captain of engineers, proceeded direct by way of the Isthmus to Puget Sound, and with his party explored the Cascade range of mountains, thence eastward until he met the main party, under Governor Stevens, who was marching westward from St. Paul, Minn. The decisive result of the labors of these two eminent engineers was a favorable report as to the eligibility of the passes both of the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade range, Governor Stevens asserting the entire practicability of building a railroad over the last-named. His report recommended that there should be two branches from the vicinity of the mouth of the Snake River, one to Puget Sound *via* the Cascades, the other down the Columbia on its northern side. He, moreover, kept alive by messages, addresses, and personal efforts the agitation of this "northern route," doing all in his power for its accomplishment.

On January 28th, 1857, the Legislature of Oregon Territory passed an act to incorporate the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Their earliest charter names as corporators Governor Stevens and other citizens representing no less than nine States

and Territories. The lines prescribed by this act are almost identical with the present Northern Pacific Railroad system. On July 2d, 1864, Congress granted a charter to the company. Josiah Perham, of Boston, who was instrumental in procuring the passage of the act, was its first president. The title defines the franchise as intended by Congress: "An act granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound on the Pacific coast by the Northern route." The company were to accept in writing the conditions imposed, and notify the President of the United States. On December 15th, 1864, the acceptance was made. As the charter prohibited the issue of bonds, the company was handicapped in obtaining funds. Perham and his associates, becoming disheartened, transferred the charter to Governor J. Gregory Smith, of the Vermont Central Railroad, and his partners.

Our space will not permit us to enter into the details of petitions for congressional aid and alternate tides of hope and discouragement to which the fortunes of this great scheme were exposed. They asked and were denied, but still kept up their surveys, finally securing a resolution of amendment which permitted the issue of bonds secured by mortgage on the property of the company. With this guarantee, Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, a firm of large reputation, who had already been most successful in negotiating the great war loans for the Government, and whose chief was regarded as one of the most eminent financiers of his day, undertook the raising of funds, the company executing a mortgage for this purpose on July 1st, 1870, to Jay Cooke and J. Edgar Thompson, trustees. The Oregon United States senators, having been largely instrumental in securing the right to issue bonds, naturally looked for a solid return in the interests of their State; and the company, recognizing the claim, entered upon a policy which tended to forward the growth, progress, and prosperity of Portland. The line across the Cascades, transposed from the main line to branch, was to be indefinitely postponed, not to say ignored. With \$5,000,000 advanced by Jay Cooke & Co., the building of the road commenced in February, 1870, at Duluth, and within that year the work progressed westward one hundred and fourteen miles to Brainard. On the Pacific slope work was also initiated

in 1870. The amendatory act required the construction of twenty-five miles between Portland and Puget Sound prior to July 7th, 1871, and so the company built from the town they named Kalama, on the Columbia River, northward that distance. During 1872 forty miles had been built in this direction, and were in operation. On January 1st General John W. Sprague and Governor John N. Goodwin, agents of the company, formally announced the selection of the city of Olympia as the terminus on Puget Sound of the road. A few months later (July, 1873) the company at New York declared its western terminus should be at Tacoma. In the following September came the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., greatly embarrassing operations. The charter, however, was saved, as the road reached its terminus on Puget Sound on the day preceding the limit prescribed in its franchise. The work being temporarily suspended by Jay Cooke & Co.'s failure, the company was reorganized on a different financial basis, with Charles B. Wright, of Philadelphia, a most enterprising and liberal gentleman, as its president.

In the mean while rich coal fields had been discovered to the east of Tacoma. The Vice-President, General George Stark, made an examination of these mineral deposits, with reference to building a sufficient portion of the branch to connect them with Tacoma. His report stated that "the building of this Cascade branch, for the development of our coal resources, seems now to be the one wheel which, if started, will put the whole train in motion; and I trust that ways and means to accomplish it will be devised at an early day."

During 1877 the first portion of this branch was accordingly built, connecting Tacoma with Wilkerson. In the spring of 1878 the Oregon senators secured the passage by the Senate of an act ostensibly for an extension of time to complete the road, but conditions were imposed which would forever have defeated the branch across the Cascade Mountains. The House of Representatives refused to pass the bill, so Congress declined to extend the time; but the company continued its enterprise under doubts and discouragements which seemed to forebode ultimate defeat and destroy all hopes that a road would be constructed across the Cascade range. In 1878 and 1879 two parties, in charge respectively of Charles A. White and D. D. Clarke, William Mil-

ner Roberts being the chief engineer, continued the examination of the passage of the Cascades.

Frederick Billings succeeded Charles B. Wright as President of the company, on the resignation of the latter on account of ill health. Mr. Billings, favoring the completion (1880) of the entire work, the surveys of the Cascade passes were resumed with increased vigor. Colonel Isaac W. Smith was appointed Chief Engineer in charge of the mountain survey; Charles A. White, C. G. Bouge, D. D. Clarke, and J. Tilton Sheets, in charge of parties, examined the Cowlitz and Nahchess passes. After a careful instrumental survey, the line was located by Engineer Sheets by way of the Nahchess Pass.

As the financial world became more familiar with the progress and probable profits of this great undertaking, Northern Pacific bonds became salable and the project itself less open to distrust; nevertheless, the method of taking the bonds and furnishing funds contingent upon securities upon accepted sections of the road and the land grant rendered it impossible to grade the incompleted line or to advance track-laying and build the Rocky Mountain tunnels. This was the case even in face of the fact that in the fall of 1880, with the avowed intention of completing the road, a loan of \$40,000,000 was successfully negotiated. Such was the condition of things in 1881 when Henry Villard, the famous financier, assumed the presidency of the Northern Pacific. A man of less nerve and determination might well have shrunk from so arduous a task and so vast a responsibility; but active, energetic, and pushing, Mr. Villard hardly knew, or, if he knew it, declined to accept such a word as "fail." He had purchased for himself and friends a controlling influence in the stock, and could therefore pursue his policy well assured of support and non-interference. The new president soon made himself felt. His purpose was to ally to the Continental Trunk Line, as feeders and extensions, the lines under his management on the Pacific coast. To accomplish this and secure an identity of interest, he organized the Oregon and Transcontinental Company, which then held a large portion of the stock of the Northern Pacific, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and the Oregon and California Railway Company, which built branches for the Northern Pacific under an arrangement by which the latter company operated them and

ultimately became the owner of their stock. Through the efficient control of President Villard, who was, moreover, its financial savior in every time of need, and that of Vice-President Thomas F. Oakes, now President of the road, while Mr. Villard still retains his general oversight, the work at both ends of the road was prosecuted with great vigor during the years 1881, 1882, and 1883, until the ends of the track advancing toward each other from both sides of the continent met near the summits of the Rocky Mountain's highest grade on September 23d, 1883. One can hardly imagine a more auspicious union or a moment of purer triumph and self-gratulation. How must the hearts of its officers, engineers, and those who still survived, of its projectors, have swelled with honest pride and delight when East and West thus met in happy accord, linking the last rails which wedded the two oceans on that mountain height of final consummation! As the great Napoleon once told his soldiers, in speaking of a certain battle, that he who fought there would in the years to come glory in the declaration, "I was a soldier of that army, I helped my emperor and France to obtain that victory," so it should be a passport to a higher and more enduring fame to all who were instrumental in that great campaign against natural obstacles in rending from the apparently impossible the victory of a magnificent success.

The wedded rails found their union at a point in the valley of the Hell Gate River, near the mouth of Gold Creek. What was the idle ceremony of the wedding of the Adriatic by the Venetian Doge compared with the impressive rites which celebrated this far more important union of these last connecting links? There is something suggestive in the very names of the localities where they met. The Northern Pacific Road had indeed come through a Hell Gate of trials, and received its final refinement in the fiery crucibles of hope deferred and obstacles both natural and pecuniary; but with Henry Villard as its standard-bearer it had escaped from these thraldoms and achieved success at last. The torrents of Gold Creek might also serve to typify the auriferous stream which, in the fulness of time, was destined to pour its gold into the treasury of that long-struggling and sometimes almost stranded corporation, the Northern Pacific Railroad.

This "victory of peace," one of the most important the nineteenth century has seen, was celebrated with such impressive and



James Lathrop

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appropriate ceremonies as so great an occasion demanded at the place above mentioned. Four trains of invited guests came over the road from the East and one train from the Pacific coast. Among the distinguished guests thus conveyed to the Northern Pacific's bridal were a number of members of the English and German parliaments, the British and other foreign ambassadors at Washington, and members of the American Congress, General U. S. Grant, the governors of the States and Territories traversed by the line, and the former presidents of the Northern Pacific Company; also a number of distinguished engineers and scientists from both sides of the Atlantic, and many representatives of leading newspapers in America and in Europe. An oration was delivered by that Cicero of the silver tongue, William M. Evarts. The last spike was driven by Henry Villard, the President of the company, than whose no hand could more appropriately and worthily have finished the work, for in so doing he must have felt like a father bestowing his final benediction on the child whom he had cared for and nurtured and was now dismissing to enter upon the labors of life.

The road being thus completed, was immediately opened to traffic, giving an unbroken track from Ashland, Wis., to the waters of the sound.

Then came a period of temporary embarrassment and shadow, which the Northern Pacific was compelled to share in common with her great sister corporations. The history of this financial crisis and the changes it brought about has been recorded as follows:

“The extraordinary decline in the market value of railroad securities which began in the fall of 1883 prevented a full realization of the plans formed by Mr. Villard. He resigned the presidency of the Northern Pacific Road the following winter, and also that of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and the Oregon and Transcontinental Company, and later of the Oregon and California Company, so that there was no longer a community of interests between these corporations. He was succeeded in the presidency of the Northern Pacific Company by Robert Harris, long a director in the company, and formerly Vice-President of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, and the general management of the road was undertaken by Vice-President Thomas F. Oakes, who removed from New

York to St. Paul for that purpose. Elijah Smith, of Boston, became President of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. The Oregon and Transcontinental Company suffered serious financial embarrassment and ceased to be an important factor in connection with Northern Pacific affairs.

“In 1885 a joint lease of all the transportation lines of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company by the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific companies on an equal basis as to trade and profits was drawn up and long considered, but was not consummated. The Northern Pacific continued in the mean time to vigorously push construction on its short line to Puget Sound by way of the Yakima valley, the Stampede Pass across the Cascade Mountains and the Puyallup valley, constructing a tunnel about nine thousand feet long at the summit of the pass.”

As a matter of course, there were many rivals for the location of its western terminus. Tacoma and Seattle, Olympia and other towns of lesser note stretched forth imploring hands and lifted eager eyes. It was indeed a boon well worth pleading for, assuring to its fortunate possessor wealth, work, improvement, increased trade, and the present expenditure of millions, to say nothing of future possibilities. At one time Kalama, on the Columbia River, from which the company had built, as elsewhere stated, twenty-five miles northward to fulfil the terms of its charter, was talked of by the settlers as the place to be selected, at least as a temporary terminus. Much effort was made or pretended to be made to materialize this station into a permanent terminal, and the town itself was “boomed” accordingly. But this short-lived expansion speedily came to naught, and in the reaction that followed the unfortunate victims of a misplaced confidence took a grim revenge by changing the name Kalama, given by the company—among themselves at least—to “Kalamity,” their mortification being enhanced by the recollection that it had even been advertised as a possible rival to Portland. As may well be believed, Seattle sulked when fair Tacoma bore away the palm.

A writer in the “Pacific Northwest,” printed in 1889, a work which cannot be too highly commended as a treasury of facts well and interestingly narrated, thus graphically outlines a portion of the Northern Pacific’s history :

“The gigantic task of crossing the Cascade Mountains *via*

the Yakima valley and the Stampede Pass was not fully accomplished till the summer of 1888. A year prior to that time, however, trains ascended and descended the range by the dizzy zig-zags of the Switchback. A thrilling experience it was to traverse this road in a train drawn by the mighty "Decapods," gladiators of steel and steam, which ground their way resistlessly up the three-hundred foot grades. The lines of the Northern Pacific are practically confined to Washington and Idaho in the region of the Pacific Northwest. The only line in Oregon is the section, thirty-eight miles long, between Kalama and Portland. Its amount in Washington in 1881 was eight hundred and eighty-one miles, and in Idaho, one hundred. The company has much valuable land for sale at reasonable prices. Its acres in Washington and Oregon in 1888 ran up into the millions, which were then held at prices ranging from \$2.60 to \$7 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1 to \$2.50 for grazing land. The main road passes through a country differing widely from that contiguous to the Southern Pacific, but not less grand and beautiful. The Yellowstone Park, the lakes of Northern Idaho, the cañons of the Bitter Root, the Switchback, the great tunnel of the Cascades, and last, soaring in unapproachable majesty into the sky, the triple ice crown of Mount 'Rainier'—these are a combination of attractions, scenic and scientific, which few roads can equal."

We wish that space had permitted a more detailed description of the history of this road, alike creditable to the past efforts of its projectors and its present excellent management. It is one of those "wonders of the world" which, unlike the useless "astonishments" of ancient days, is both beneficent and elevating, bettering in a thousand ways the condition of man. Taking advantage of every new improvement and invention, it keeps up with the times, making far better speed and much closer communications than its greedy rival, the Canadian Pacific, which leaves its passengers to languish a day in Montreal and yet another in Winnipeg to benefit their inn-keepers. Rapid and reliable, accomplishing its vast journey and arriving with the regularity of clock-work, in addressing itself to the task of rendering the poorer tourists' and emigrants' journey across the continent as comfortable as that of the wealthier occupant of their sumptuous Pullmans, the Northern Pacific is doing a good work and reaping golden rewards in return for its efforts.

And now, gentlemen of the Northern Pacific, permit the author, in concluding this chapter, which outlines the history of your road, to make the following suggestion, premising that he claims nothing of originality in the idea but only in its present application. Select some prominent point upon your road where it passes through the mountain defiles, and there, upon the face of the everlasting rock—if anything be everlasting in this world of change—engrave on its God-given tablet in huge letters, easily discernible by every passing traveller, the names of your superior officers, original explorers, and constructing engineers, especially those of Whitney, Stevens, Roberts, McClellan, Wright, Villard, and Oakes, with a brief history of the inception, progress, and completion—at least, the dates of this the great achievement of our age. Such a record, enduring as the granite on which it was chiselled, would worthily hand down to centuries unborn, names and incidents which make the individuals concerned deservedly famous, and should perpetuate through all time their genius, patience, enterprise, and industry.

CHAPTER XLI.

A TRIBUTE TO THE OLD PIONEERS OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

“ And now as in fancy I drain the rich wine,
No vintage too rare for a toast so divine,
I give you the women with hearts warm and true,
Sweet as the flowers and pure as the dew,
Who lent from life's morning till evening so gray
The charm of their presence to lighten your way ;
Whose gold beyond price has enriched every year,
And brought sunshine of home to each old pioneer.”

THE verse above quoted, which we have selected as an appropriate heading to this chapter, in which we shall endeavor to pay our tribute to the old pioneers of the State of Washington, concluded a somewhat lengthy poem delivered by the author, at the request of his fellow-pioneers, at their great yearly gathering in San Francisco, to celebrate the anniversary of the admission of the Golden State. Himself a pioneer on the shores of the Pacific in the forties, while serving as an officer of the United States regular army, and again in later years upon the southwestern frontiers of Texas, the writer is better fitted to enter into their views, feelings, and sorrows, and to more fully comprehend the nature of their peculiar difficulties and trials than the historian who, learning from hearsay only, indites his crude ideas from the easy-chair of some Eastern metropolis, fulminating notions whose conceptions of frontier life and the wilderness are necessarily tinged by ignorance of his subject and the prejudices of early training.

We have used the word “tribute” in our head line. It should, perhaps, have better read “In Memoriam,” for most of those of whom we are about to write have filled their allotted span and gone to join “the silent majority.” But though dead they still live. They speak to us through the dumb yet ever-eloquent lips of written journals and time-worn letters, as well as in their well-remembered words. Most of all do they appeal to

us in their lives—lives never to be forgotten by their immediate descendants, being filled with the sweet incense of self-sacrifice and dignified by acts so brave and manly that the people of Washington and the States at large may well be proud of those who so well exemplified the best characteristics of the American pioneer. Think not that those lives were exceptionally easy, devoid of care, or even less dangerous than those of the men who a century ago made the civilization of Ohio and “the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky’s ancient forests.” Far from it. Their every step was beset by trials, their daily paths menaced by continual dangers. Had they been made of stuff less stern, they would have failed. As it was, they would accept no discouragement. Doing the duty that laid nearest to their hand, and ever hoping for the best, they were building far better than they knew while waiting for the fruition of what then must have appeared a most uncertain future. Their monuments are self-raised; their epitaphs self-inscribed in acts bearing the stamp of their own sturdy, uncompromising, and self-poised individuality in characters which left their seal not only on material things—the buildings they reared and the fields which they cleared and cultivated—but most of all on the influence that they exercised in moulding the nature of the children who were to follow and succeed to their labors—children who are Washington’s leading men and women of to-day, growing old and gray-haired, perhaps, but none the less honored and revered by the communities in which they dwell. Like produces like; we do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles in the moral any more than in the natural world; hence the *object* teachings of these veterans of the frontiers of Washington gave us in great measure its glorious men and women of to-day. We say “*object*” teaching, because they taught not by words alone or by mere precept. *They walked themselves in the path to which they pointed*, and their best instructions were given through the silent yet ever-pregnant and most forcible lessons of their daily examples. There is much in stock, too—blood will tell. If we look for good points and pure lineage in horses and dogs—nay, even in the very kine that crowd the hills of the herder, seeking in their breeding the highest qualities of sire and dam combined, why should we not do so in the selection of that more important animal—man?—he whom the Almighty hand fashioned from the clay when

the morning stars first sung together, creating him in His own image and making him but a little lower than the angels. Whether we seek it or not, if it be in the strain it will assert itself either for good or evil. Blood tells in emergencies. It is the better birth and culture of the officer which enables him to utilize and control brute strength by the superior force of his own higher intelligence and lead men whose physical being is oftentimes superior to his own. In this respect Washington was most favored. Great Britain had her mongrels, her half-breeds, and Canadian French—excellently adapted to make "squaw men"—with whom, through the good offices of the Hudson's Bay Company, she would fain have peopled this magnificent domain; but fate willed otherwise. The cur was obliged to give way to the thoroughbred. The American strain was all iron. It combined the old Puritan stock with Western grit and energy. Hence it was that Washington was differently peopled. She was invaded by no foreign offscouring, no imported paupers, no ill-doers expatriated, to recover, if possible, lost reputation or work out the penance of sins committed at home in some distant colony. No such men as these furnished the materials for the early settlement of the embryo State. On the contrary, the men and women who "trecked" their teams across the Indian-haunted plains, dared the storm-swept seas of Cape Horn or the deadly malaria of the Isthmus to reach this goal of their hopes on the Pacific slope, were American born, and, thank God, brought their American ideas to their new homes with them. "*Calum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,*" says the Latin proverb—"They change their skies but not their minds who cross the seas." And these Argonauts lived up to the saying. They brought the flag with them and their love for it, and the deeds of their fathers in Revolutionary days were remembered in their patriotic celebrations, even in the wilderness, of the national birthday. We may well believe that these Western men, crossed with the New England breed—and there is no better strain in the vineyard of the Lord—were men in the highest acceptation of the term. The knights of the old crusades were not more resolute in their determination to compel the surrender of Jerusalem, the holy city of their Lord, than were the emigrants who tramped beside Whitman's wagons to invade the wilderness of the Northwest. They were bound to reach Oregon

or die. In those far-off days, when Oregon and Washington were twins—somewhat neglected ones withal—lying cradled in the arms of their oftentimes forgetful mother, the great republic, these incomers were no “tender feet.” They had “roughed it” before, and knew right well that no easy or voluptuous existence awaited them in the unknown land where they “calculated to make their pitch,” beside the waters of the sound or beneath the shadows of the grim Cascades.

When General Sherman—to whose action in this matter we have already referred—who, like other great men, sometimes said, and possibly did, foolish things, made his speech to the inhabitants of Spokane, then a mere hamlet of the “Valley of Waters,” he might with greater grace have spared his breath. He brought on that occasion, figuratively speaking, “coals to Newcastle” when he presumed to tell such men that they should not dare to intrude upon the domain of the Indian unless, like Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, they were prepared to take their lives in their hands and trust only to their rifles. They knew all this before quite as well as, if not better than, Sherman himself—had counted the cost and taken the risk. It was little better than a display of gross ignorance on his part, moreover, to inform them that the country whose capabilities they had proved and selected as their permanent homes was unfit for the occupancy of white men, but well suited for the needs of savagery, and that the Government, which he represented, contemplated turning their territory into a vast Indian reservation, and finally, by way of additional comfort, that they must not look to the troops for protection, as there were too few of them to guard so extended a frontier. Lucky indeed for them was it that they had already learned to expect little from such assistance. And now, in this connection, we will take occasion to remark that a careful examination of the early history of Washington compels us to admit, regular officer though we have been, that the general influence of the United States troops, as they were handled during the territorial days of perils and conflicts with the savages, seemed rather to retard than to advance the best interests and protection of her settlers. Now, in saying this we do not desire to be misconstrued, especially when we speak of those—many of whom are now dead—who were the author’s brother officers and, in some instances, personal friends. We should be the last to



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detract from their real merits. There are no braver, better, or more devoted men wearing shoulder straps or carrying a musket in the ranks than those who followed the drums and guidons of the republic on Indian trails, to search out and punish the savages during the campaigns of that trying period, covering as they did the darkest days of territorial Washington. But the good effects of their generous self-sacrifice, firm endurance, and unflinching gallantry were more than neutralized by the failure to grasp the necessities of the situation on the part of their commanding general (Wool), the pivot on which the whole military machine rotated, and from whose views, only too clearly expressed, the opinions of his subordinates naturally took tone and color. In his anxiety to render nugatory the plans and thwart the intentions of Governor Stevens, this official displayed a vindictiveness and outlined and carried out a policy so destructive and hindering, and, withal, exhibiting so vast an ignorance of the greatness of the emergency and necessities of the situation, that he negated by his orders work well performed by the officers and men serving in the field. He not only showed lack of energy—for which, perhaps, his age may possibly in some measure excuse him—but imagined a condition of peace where actual war or smothered hostility in reality existed. He seemed to believe that he was sent to protect the Indian rather than the white, and based his orders on that supposition, in all of which General Scott endorsed and encouraged him, of whose action in this respect it is charitable to believe that his once active brain was even then becoming absorbed in the overweening sense of his own military greatness, till—in imagination at least—he had become a sort of epauletted potentate, who, like the king, could do no wrong. It was an unfortunate combination, to say the least. The stanchest ship that ever floated, however ably manned, is apt to go upon the rocks or founder in deeper water with one old granny at the helm and another directing her course from the bow. Instead of willingly aiding and acting in harmony with the territorial authorities, General Wool not only discouraged the raising of volunteers by every means in his power, by neglecting to arm and declining to muster them into the United States service, even when already enrolled, but he went so far as actually to threaten to use the regulars against them should they endeavor to punish the murderers

of their families themselves. Yet these men so stupidly rejected would, had they been permitted to act, have done good service in the field, being for the most part frontiersmen well acquainted with the Indians and their methods of warfare, and for that reason better fitted to deal with the savages than many of the newly enlisted United States troops. It is not too much to say that General Wool tied the hands of the territorial executives of both Oregon and Washington at critical periods of their history, thereby encouraging the Indians and adding many to their slaughter list, to say nothing of heavily handicapping local defence and increasing the alarm of exposed settlements and isolated ranches. To all of which we have alluded in a previous chapter, but, from its pertinence to the present theme, have thought proper to re-emphasize here.

It is a noticeable fact in the history of Washington that her people have been, except on one occasion, a remarkably quiet and law-abiding community—that exception, of course, was the attempt, more or less successful, to drive out the Chinese; a people of whom, though we have neither space nor inclination to argue the question, we are free to say *en passant* “that their filthy ways, vices, unquestioned immorality and perfect selfishness, combined with the utter impossibility of bringing them within the scope of our American civilization, render them a desirable race to export with as little delay as possible. To return: The lynchings of Deadwood and Texas and the vigilance committees—who, by the way, did some excellent work—of San Francisco and other localities were unknown to Washington. That she has been spared so lamentable a state of affairs is attributable to the fact that an element of evil to which these troubles are for the most part due never sought or desired to find a home in Washington. The inducements to residence which she held out were of a different kind and entirely unlike those which brought thousands, as with the inrushing of a mighty sea, to swell the population of California and other Western States. Theirs was the temptation of gold, the possibility of sudden and easily found fortunes. Washington offered no such lure. She had no tales to tell of auriferous fields or finds of fabulous nuggets, no placers teeming with hidden wealth, no Aladdin-like caves only waiting the “open sesame” of the miner to bring their treasures to the light. She appealed to the agri-

culturist, to the tiller of fields, to the grazier, the millwright, and the lumberman; hence it was that she was so fortunate as to avoid the hangers-on, thieves, thugs, and base speculators upon the weaknesses of humanity, who are the inseparable accompaniments of mining camps and the cities that supply their needs. There was no "gambling lay out" in the possibilities of the wildernesses of Washington, no seductions to the settler save the honest invitations of freer fields for even greater labor, a healthful climate, and a virgin soil, whose productiveness might be larger than that which he was accustomed to cultivate.

While thus eulogizing the men whose keen axes first let the sunshine in to warm the long darkened ground, where the forest leaves had rotted peacefully for centuries, undisturbed save by the bound of the deer or the foot of some wandering Indian, or who broke with their ploughshares the sod of the prairie, that it might grow verdant with wheat or plumed with the tassels of the corn, we must not forget the wives and daughters who fought life's battle by their side through those oftentimes dark and dreary days of frontier settlement in the Territory of Washington. Verily God must have selected these devoted women to fulfil their self-appointed task, pouring out upon them a double portion of that self-sacrificing spirit, that forgetfulness of all save home and present duty so characteristic of true womanhood under whatever circumstances it may be found. They were indeed "helpmeets" for the rugged men beside whom they labored and for whom they prayed. Surely many of these husbands and fathers, whose religion was one of honest dealing rather than of public profession, who spoke hasty words in their wrath, but never did a mean or unkind action, will at the great day of final account justify the text that "the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife." All honor, say we, to those brave and kindly hearts, those jewels of their sex, set, it may be roughly, as wanting the graces of conventionality, but though cased in the casket of their weaker physical frame, ever stronger in all good things than their lords, the women of the frontier, first pioneers of culture and refinement, who hoped ever through the darkest day, finding some silver lining in the gloomiest cloud—these were they who wandered in the wilderness through many years—weary years withal—of self-abnegation, ever com-

forted with the thought of that promised land of rest and plenty which, before they died, they trusted they might be permitted to enter and enjoy, but which, though so long anticipated, they were never destined to attain, because the God in whom they trusted called them up higher, to occupy a better country, even a heavenly. Their lives were, indeed, like those of the chosen people of Israel, a pilgrimage, yet they fainted not in the desert, for they were led, if not by a pillar of cloud and flame, at least by that better guide of a faith which never doubted or wavered in its reliance on holy things, knowing that whatever might befall, He who beheld their sorrows would surely recompense. And here, though it may seem a strange thing to say, we believe that this religious instinct was strengthened by the deprivation of what is somewhat cantingly called "sanctuary privileges;" the ministrations of the Gospel were to them literally angel visits, few and far between, prized none the less because of their infrequency. Religion had no chance to grow stale with them. The old adage that familiarity breeds contempt is, paradoxical as it may seem, verified in "church-going" as well as in secular matters. They did not require a bngle and quartette at one end and a clerical buffoon at the other in the woods of territorial Washington to obtain reverential hearing beneath log-cabin roofs for the unlearned men who were satisfied in those primitive days to confine their preaching to Christ and Him crucified.

Yet many there were of these estimable women who folded their weary hands to a final rest beneath the shadows of the pines that sheltered their humble cabins; many more, alas! whose mangled remains were sepulchred by the wolf and prowling coyote after their immolation on the altars of Indian cruelties and still more brutal savage lust. What words of ours can do justice to the memory of Washington's pioneer dead or to the few old men and women who, gray-haired and bowed with many years, still remain, standing like withered pines upon the mountain-tops, flame-scorched, storm-beaten, tossed by many winds, seared by the lightning and twisted by the wintry gales, yet firmly rooted still, the landmarks of a bygone day, towering above the younger and greener growth by which they are surrounded and on which their ruined trunks so soon to fall look sadly down! Honor to these gray heads! let the young men rise up before them to do these veterans the reverence they have

so worthily earned ; for surely there are those who bore the burden and heat of the day, sowing that you might reap more abundantly.

Is it not a pertinent suggestion to make here that it would be a gracious deed, and well worthy of consideration, if each town and city of the State were to erect in its most beautiful park, or, better still, in its most public thoroughfare, where all eyes could look upon it, a lasting monument, ornate with suggestive decorations, whose appropriate devices should emphasize our theme by giving on its base a brief history of the founding of the place, while its broken shaft, crowned by sculptured flowers, should gain an additional wreath from being engraved with the names of those old pioneers to whose patient continuance in well-doing it owed both existence and progress.

Then, too, on the gathering of the dead to their last resting-place, let your Greenwoods and Mount Auburns of the future, as well as those which already blossom with the offerings of the myrtle and the rose, set aside its most beautiful elevation as the appointed sepulchre, should they desire to slumber with their fellows, for your old pioneers, that their descendants may be encouraged to emulate their virtues by beholding how you honor the fathers and mothers who under God made the State of Washington what she is to-day.

CHAPTER XLII.

TO CONCLUDE THE TERRITORIAL HISTORY OF WASHINGTON.

“ The hand grows weary with its task,
The work of toilsome days,
The tired brain begins to ask,
Successe in many ways.
It seems so long since first our pen
Essayed this tangled theme,
Of years long dead and living men,
’Tis like a troubled dream ;
And now as on the closing page
We gladly ‘ *finis* ’ write,
We wonder what historic sage
Will critic words indite ?”

—BREWERTON.

WHAT broader or more extensive theme could we select for our valedictorian chapter than the praises of Puget Sound ? We read of “ storm centres” from Cape Horn, the cloud-gatherer, to wave-swept Newfoundland banks, but if there be such a thing as a *peace* centre, where the weary elements, worn out with their strifes, retire to repose, this climactic Eden is located in Western Washington. Shunned by the thunder and almost a stranger to the electric bolts of Jove, it knows nothing of tempests ; no cyclone fells its forests, no blizzard heaps its valleys with snow-drifts ; on the contrary, the Chinook wind, the osculation of the Pacific, born of the Japan current upon our western shore, breathes balmy blessings upon perennial grasses, ever-green pines, and ofttimes winter-blooming shrubs and flowers ; it is, in a word, the paradise of repose—the waves slumber, no wreckage cumberes the shores of these inland seas, waters of a hundred fathoms in depth that know no quicksands or hidden rocks or dangerous shoals, where great ships may anchor within a cable’s length of the shore and ride in safety. A very practical writer thus portrays Puget Sound :

“ Saratoga Lake is at times more ruffled, but a mill-pond is

not smoother than its surface generally, being seldom disturbed even by winds and tides in conflict. Its beauty claims the least regard, striking as it is. Nature, if she ever shows design, displays it here. Place this body of water as it exists to-day in Western Washington anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains, and its serviceability would be comparatively lost. An ordinary hard blow, such as is frequent there, would wreck every vessel on a lee shore, and in a gale a steamer would hardly find sea room. Nowhere in the body of the sound can anchorage be found. Here, however, no vessels are ever lost, for here the rude shocks of nature seem never to occur; on the contrary, there is complete exemption from the agitation born of disastrous storms. However strong the indications of former turbulence, it has now subsided, and this region has dropped into that centre amid revolving forces called inert. Seemingly this is just where the reactionary powers of surrounding disturbances meet each other to produce a counterbalancing calm. Stripped of these prevailing conditions, Puget Sound, now the safest, would become the most treacherous of waters."

Reaching into the land—if we measure, strictly speaking, from Cape Flattery—not more than a hundred and fifty miles, the meander line of its shores presents a frontage of no less than eighteen hundred miles more or less rich in timber or valuable mineral deposit, all of which must reach their market by the convenient waterways flowing at their feet. Why, the value of the timber alone whose forests terminate upon its shores is estimated at \$3,500,000,000, and who shall say what buried wealth of metals may not lay beneath their sod?

A strange fancy comes to us as we write. Recalling our long personal acquaintance with the locality in question and the elemental Sabbath calm of which we have spoken as pervading the region of the sound, it seems as if the mist clouds, so often rolling over its surface or clinging lovingly to the pines they finally elude to vanish in the upper air, were the smoke wreaths of the peace pipes of the storms, gathered here to make an eternal compact, exempting Puget Sound from their terrors and converting Western Washington into the neutral ground of their everlasting conflicts.

We remember, when a small boy at school, losing, to our great grief and mortification, our place in the geography class

because unable to locate Puget Sound, little dreaming then how often in the days to come we should traverse its waters. We recollect, too, how suggestive to our infant mind its very name seemed of savagery, lying as it did in so far-off and occult a region ; the haunt of the beaver and the seal ; a natural preserve of bears ; a huge Indian reservation, whose white agents, if such it knew, were self-appointed and dreadfully liable to "lose their hair ;" a place where salmon were a drug ; and he whose insane imagination should have dared to predict the possibility of its being ever traversed by steamers or linked by railroads with the metropolis of the East would have been considered a subject for the lunatic asylum and relegated to that retreat accordingly with as little delay as possible. Now, as the French say, "we have changed all that." So forgetting the Puget Sound of the past, the theatre of combat and warwhoop, of savage incursions of far northern tribes, the sea wolves of the Northwest, paddling stealthily in their great war canoes on their errands of murder and rapine, let us consider the Puget Sound of to-day by amplifying the description to which we have already committed ourselves.

Naturally calm, bright, and beautiful, Puget Sound is fast putting off its war paint and beginning to array itself in the robes of a higher progressive civilization. Fair cities sit upon its shores, villages dot its indentations, many keels part its placid waters. Its echoes, grown familiar to the shriek of the steam whistle, no longer start at the sound ; the white wings of the pale-face canoe have become too common a sight to attract the attention of the Indian. Expectation hastens onward and Realization follows swiftly in its footsteps. The plan of to day is the thing accomplished of to-morrow. We cease to be surprised.

Regarded from a topographical point of view as it appears upon the map of Western Washington, there is but one simile, and that, perhaps, at first sight not the most pleasantly suggestive, to which we may liken this vast body of water, but nevertheless, in general scope, outline, and appearance it resembles the octopus—an octopus, indeed, broken at the centre by the intrusion of Whidby and Camano islands, whose widespread feelers reach out from thence till lost in the Strait of Juan de Fuca on the north, while its southern termini touch the mouths



A. G. Beckebach

of the Puyallup and the Tumwater ; but, unlike the octopus of the ocean, it puts forth its Briarean tentacles not to injure but to bless ; to bring great ships from afar to cities that smile their welcome upon its banks ; to make an ever-ready waterway for the log rafts floating to expectant mills, to bear upon their bosoms the argosies that carry food, shelter and fuel to lands beyond the sea—in fine, to furnish those all-needful means of communication which, combined with that great inland triumph of modern engineering, the Northern Pacific Railroad, have made the wilds of Western Washington what they are to-day, and without which it would be far less advanced both in wealth and population. Then, too, as already suggested, it seems to exercise a beneficent influence over climatic changes, softening and mellowing all, rendering the air more balmy, the mist-veiled scenery more beautiful beneath its silvery screens, and reducing to a pleasant degree of warmth the heat of the sultriest summer day—all confess to the influence of its ameliorating presence. What, indeed, would Western Washington do without Puget Sound ?

Looking back to the period of early discovery, it seems wonderful that with all its temptations to enter and enjoy it was not sooner explored and traversed. Think of it ! An inland sea in extent, a secluded lake in quietude, with a “flattering” welcome at its very mouth and an entrance far more grand and impressive than that which unlocks the harbor of San Francisco, and which may yet become the key to a more popular and auriferous Golden Gate, the “open sesame” to a land where fortune beckons, whose climate discounts that Atlantic-vaunted Newport, and whose natural gifts beggar comparison with any region of similar extent embraced by our national boundaries. Take it all in all, in its adaptation to the needs of commerce and trade, if the good people of the Northwest had been permitted to give their own order to Dame Nature’s workshop, it could hardly have been filled more perfectly.

Then, too, from an æsthetic standpoint, how majestic its surroundings ! As if to bar the ruder breezes of the Pacific, the glorious Olympians rear to the northward their mighty foundations of solid rock, pinnacled with superstructures whose minarets are the everlasting snows ; and then, as if repentant of a rudeness of exterior which might suggest a frown, these mountain giants, plumed by the clouds and armored by the plating

of the rocks guarding its gateways, soften their rough visages till all the landscape smiles, with here and there a sea-set island gem, their pine-clad bluffs, dark with their crowded denizens, looking down upon beaches of snowy sand. Such are some of the most striking characteristics of the many ramifications of Puget Sound.

Come, take our mental pass, and let us wander together, as one walks in dreams, for the last time hand in hand ; sail with us on our voyage, not of fancy, but of fact ; let us explore the sound, see for ourselves this wonderful waterway traversed by Vancouver's keel, and long before his day by those bolder navigators of Russia and old Spain, who lost themselves in its multitudinous windings. We enter its wide portals, we pass Cape Flattery ; Tatoosh Island, with its warning light, is lost in the haze of distance ; there is no longer " moan of harbor bar " or the crash of breakers on " outer rocks with waves afoam ; " the broad channel of Juan de Fuca, dividing us from that " derelict Vancouver," so worthless in Benton's eyes, but which, had it not been for British arrogance and slavery's politic yielding, we had proudly called our own to-day, is also threaded. We pause in momentary doubt in the inland sea that divides Haro Strait from Admiralty Inlet, uncertain which of two courses to pursue—to go northward, where the clustered beauties of Wave-washed Island and San Juan await and beckon us to inspect their romantic outlines, or drift southward, on even calmer tides, to leisurely examine the wealth of fragrant woods, the tree-encircled heights and ever-recurring isles of the southern shores. Let us follow them, for they lead to the finest domains of thrice-favored Washington, a region to which Nature herself invites, saying through the speech of lips ever dumb but eloquent, " Come and rest. Here tarry and find your perfect ' A-la-bama. ' " We enter Admiralty Inlet ; Whidby Island, with its Spanish sister, Camano, lies to our left ; a little farther, and Port Townsend, the harbor city, sitting gracefully on her fair eminence, needs no interpreter to tell her own story of capital and labor well applied—she is the exemplification of growth, a warrant for future progress ; then on by Hadlock, ports Ludlow and Madison, and many a city yet to be still in embryo ; and now the night, slowly and reluctantly, as if loath to draw her dusky curtain over so beautiful a scene, closes around us. Mount Tacoma (ever to us Mount Taco-

ma, let Seattle and the geographers say what they will) grows gray and ghostly beneath the feeble radiance of the new-born crescent moon, whose silver bow rises to disappear behind the pines. The twilight deepens; the afterglow dies out; the roses, fleeing to return the last kiss of the sunset, are gathered to bloom anew with the coming of the dawn. We round a point. What sudden gleam is this that, coming as we do out of the silence and dewy darkness of the night, dazzles the eyes and challenges the notice of the observer? What witchery of many-colored lights reaching from strand to hill-top? What this fleet of anchored hulls, black and sombre save for the flashes of their emerald and scarlet signal lanterns? What this incessant hum and murmur, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, upon the busy strand? What but the myriad sparkles of the Queen City's innumerable electric lights as she sits enthroned above the bay in all her pride, the oldest and most populous city of the sound.

And now once more over the night-shrouded waters till a ten-league flight brings us to the even more beautiful natural site of her younger sister and ever constant rival, "*la belle* Tacoma," the City of Destiny, as her indwellers delight to call their metropolis—Tacoma, the Aladdin palace of the Far West, where Industry rubbed the golden lamp of capital and those twin magicians Enterprise and Energy did the rest. Wonderful Tacoma, little more than a decade ago a wild of the forest, knowing no better dwelling than the wigwam of the savage, except where the "old town" nestled a hamlet beneath the hills; no song but the rude gutturals of the Indian as he kept time to the paddle of his canoe; no Christian worship save that which found its humble altar in the church whose appropriate spire—the oldest in the land, planted by the hand of God Himself to look heavenward—was a gigantic pine; but now, rich in all the comforts and conventionalities of civilization, presents an example of progress whose completeness puts to shame Eastern cities of more than a century's growth.

And now yet again, and for the last time, accompany us, if you will, for the final stage of this our long journey together. Let us end it beneath the historic shades of Olympia's legislative halls, for now the dawn is near, and, like all night-wandering ghosts, we must vanish with its advent. But ere we part,

by way of benediction and farewell, let us add these final thoughts, born of our personal affection for the State of which we are writing. The dawn is near; the sky grows gray and brightens; the red blushes of the sunrise flame and fleck with rose tints the eastern horizon. At last it comes, the orb itself wheeling slowly upward to light the Western world and its busy millions through the labors of another day of toil. It glorifies and gilds the buildings of the capital of the infant State. It has a blessing in its smile for rich and poor, for the meanest as well as for the best. The settler's humble cabin in the clearing is as radiant with light as the gubernatorial mansion. The sun has risen, behold an emblem—a fortunate one—of the noble State whose history we have written—a repetition, indeed, of that history. Faint, sad, cold and gray, weak and feeble in its beginnings, obscured by many mists of doubt and difficulty, it still struggled forth superior to all; and now, like that luminary, so pure, so full-orbed, so splendidly effulgent, rises and expands, to grow and gain in all that best constitutes a State, till, with the continuance of the same great and gracious Almighty blessing, which has so far attended her every effort, Washington will go on with eagle flight, still onward and upward, from conquering to conquer, till the culmination of her perfect day. Our task is accomplished. FAREWELL!

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE STATEHOOD OF WASHINGTON.

“ As when in some baronial hall
Of England's stately homes,
Where ivy decks the ancient wall,
Round which the night wind moans,
They gayly greet the honored heir,
To manhood newly come,
And celebrate his advent there
With feast and beat of drum,
So now to welcome Washington,
The State of which we boast,
And dignify its honors won,
Her people play the host.
And looking backward to the morn
Preceding perfect day,
Forget the darkness of its dawn
And gloom now swept away.
For history finds a higher flight,
And soars on stronger wing,
When former faith is changed to sight,
We know whereof we sing.”

—BREWERTON.

WHEN in aristocratic England, still wedded as she is to the preservation of old-time customs and feudal observances, some heir “to the manor born” or inheritor of high degree reaches his legal majority, it is made an occasion of great rejoicing and special ceremony. The tenantry gather upon the lawn beneath the shadow of its ancestral oaks and gayly keep the gala day ; speeches are made, toasts drunk, and congratulations offered to the happy mortal now ruler of his paternal acres ; whether he be the heir apparent to some lordly title or the eldest scion of a wealthy commoner, each finds a hearty greeting on coming to his own. It is even so with the new-born State of Washington, so recently arrived at its legal and legislative majority, and at last, after a long and tedious probation of enforced minority,

entitled to claim an equality in the sisterhood of the republic, even with the most honored of the "Old Thirteen." The event has been celebrated. The blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums have died away with the last echoes of our national salutes, the rainbow hues of the federal ensign no longer wave from every flagstaff to rival the glory of the sunrise. Our holiday is over, the festal garments are laid aside, and Washington, like the heir of whom we have spoken, comes back to the labors and stern realities of this practical, commonplace, work-a-day world. It has prosaic duties to perform as well as a destiny to fulfil—duties linking cause with effect, and a destiny whose outcome depends upon the faithfulness of their reaction.

We supposed when we wrote "farewell" at the conclusion of our last chapter that our work was done ; that the "*vale*" then spoken was its final word ; but it seemed, upon second thought, ungracious, to say the least, to leave our new-born State upon the threshold of its existence ; to shun the glare of the full-orbed day after following its gradual brightening from the first gleam of its doubtful dawn ; to ignore the results of a progress whose trembling steps we have watched and endeavored to pursue as it made its dangerous way through the unbroken wilds of territorial Washington. Let us, therefore, devote a chapter or two to its State history, confining ourselves to mere outline and leaving to the more minute chronicles of future historians a delineation which shall round out and exhaustively amplify what our circumscribed space must necessarily reduce to a skeleton narrative.

To follow the similitude which we have already adopted in comparing the recently admitted State of Washington to an heir just come of age, and therefore legally entitled to enter upon the enjoyment of his property, we will presume, as would naturally be the case, that the extent of that estate, its interest-bearing capital, and avenues of income would be the first object to engage the attention of its new ruler. Let us, then, examine and see from what origin and means of revenue, what investments and reasonable expectations the income of Washington is to be acquired.

Before the Enabling Act and kindred legislation transformed the territorial chrysalis into the perfection of its beautiful and independent but by no means butterfly statehood, the material

riches of the State of Washington flowed from certain natural advantages, developed and rendered remunerative by the industry and skill of her settlers. The minority was a long one, and this ever-increasing fund grew tremendously. Its sources may be divided and considered under four distinct heads, agricultural and mineral, to which add lumbering and fisheries. These, of course, are again susceptible of many minor subdivisions, the enumeration of which we will leave to the carefully prepared tables of the State statisticians, our object being to avoid as far as possible all unnecessary details.

As it is a logical sequence that cause must always precede effect, we will before entering upon the field of material wealth, to whose classification we have just referred, consider the subject of population, its numerical increase, comparative bulk and present showing, for without these factors of progress the Washington of to-day would still be the wilderness of the past. The following table puts its growth from 1853-92 very concisely.

COMPARATIVE POPULATION FROM 1853-92.

1853	Taken by United States Marshal J. Patton Anderson, Organization, Washington Territory . . .	3,965
1860*	Eighth United States Census	11,594
1870	Ninth " " "	23,955
1880	Tenth " " "	75,116
1890	Eleventh " " "	349,590
1892	Census by authority of State	395,837

It will be observed that the increase during the last decade has been simply wonderful, an influx of pilgrims from not only every section of the Union, but from lands beyond the sea, all moved by a common impulse, seeking an easier life, more fertile fields, and surer rewards for labor and capital invested.

And now, as the first and exceedingly important source of remunerative return, we will direct the attention of the reader to Washington's largest and most profitable investment, looking

* In 1860 the Territory of Washington embraced the present State of Washington and all the region west of the Rocky Mountains north of the forty-second parallel of north latitude, excluding therefrom the area of the State of Oregon as then and now bounded. In other words, all of the States of Washington and Idaho, and so much of Montana as lies west of the Rocky Mountains. In all that vast region the population was only 11,594.

to its results whether immediate or in the time to come, and the influences, too vast and far-reaching for calculation, it is sure to exercise upon the moral and social status of the community at large through generations yet unborn. No dividend is so compounded and entirely satisfactory as that received from Washington's liberal appropriations to the cause of education and so wisely expended for the support of her

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Total school revenue for the year ending November 30th, 1892, was \$2,878,548.34; of this sum, \$735,131.72 was derived from special taxes; \$1,018,953.65 from sales of bonds; and from other sources, \$31,808.05; the county apportionment fund being \$604,851.99.

Expenses for the year ending November 30th, 1892: Teachers' wages, \$882,450.18; rents, repairs, fuel and incidentals, \$377,488.82; school sites, buildings, furniture, libraries, etc., \$1,006,353.36; interest on bonds, \$124,301; redemption of bonds, \$11,183.89; total, \$2,402,277.25.

Total present value of all school property as follows: Buildings and sites, \$3,669,441; furniture, \$315,117.70; apparatus, \$92,358.75; libraries, \$11,727.25; total, \$4,088,644.70, an increase over 1890 of \$2,088,285.50. Amount of insurance on school property, \$1,404,137.

To secure a permanent State fund for schools, there have been expended \$55,000 for surveying and plotting lands, and sales have been made of school lands to the value of \$2,500,000, of which \$450,000 have been paid into the State treasury, the balance running at 6 per cent interest. The cash payments already invested in county bonds at an average of 6 per cent interest amount to \$365,000, and the money on hand is being invested as rapidly as possible. The great area of school lands yet unsold, gathering value with passing time, is to form an irreducible fund, and at present valuations this fund has now reached the estimate of over \$35,000,000.

There are 1720 school districts. Since 1890, 126 new school-houses have been built, making a total to date of 1515, with 180 graded schools.

Number of children in the State between five and twenty-one years of age, 106,130, of which 78,819 are enrolled in public schools;



G. H. Brown

average daily attendance, 50,716 ; average monthly salary paid male teachers, \$52.29 ; to females, \$42.16. There are 112 defective youth in the State—there is a special institution for them at Vancouver.

The few excellent institutions we have compare well with those of any new State. Among these are the State University, at Seattle ; State normal schools, at Ellensburg and Cheney ; Spokane College, Annie Wright Seminary, at Tacoma ; Coupeville Academy, at Conneville, Whidby Island ; Lynden College, Whatcom County ; Methodist College, at Tacoma ; Baptist Grace Seminary, Centralia ; Presbyterian Academy, at Sumner ; Whitman College (Congregational), at Walla Walla ; Methodist College, at Olympia, and several Catholic schools.

As the prosaic element of dollars and cents are required for these good works, as well as for many far less commendable, we will say that if the school lands, the sections set apart and reserved in each township for the support of her educational institutions, be properly managed and wisely disposed of—not squandered, as in some other localities—their constantly increasing values must of necessity create a fund so immense that its interest, if judiciously employed, will not only munificently provide for the education of Washington's unborn thousands, but relieve her citizens from all taxation on that account. In this connection we would venture to suggest, if it has not already been made a subject for legislation, that some plan should be devised for the renting or otherwise utilizing these school sections, which would not only enhance the worth of the land by clearing and improving it, but create a present income while waiting for the enhanced values of the future. As it is, the school system of Washington deserves far more than the passing notice want of space prescribes ; it is certainly one of the best conducted and most progressive in the world, and its increased facilities in proportion to that of the State's population, as evinced by the foregoing figures, seem fully sufficient for every need. Its *personnel*, likewise, is highly to be commended, for the school commissioners seem wisely determined to secure the best instructors and to spare no expense in so doing.

Taking up our tables of wealth-producing natural advantages in the order of our self-prescribed arrangement, we will discuss as the most important to humanity, which supplies not only the

staff of life, but the power which sustains and dignifies all others, man's first occupation, the tilling of the ground and its various outcomes, under the head of

AGRICULTURE.

First, then, as to the extent and quality of the lands to be improved or already under cultivation within the borders of the Evergreen State we will let

WESTERN WASHINGTON

speak for herself. It is a region composed of great valleys whose soil, for the most part tillable, is largely tide-marsh lands, forests of timber, and mountains of mineral.

Though the timber and mineral lands largely predominate, they are interspersed with fertile valleys, the Puyallup, Snohomish, Skagit, Chehalis, and White River being the largest, while small ones are innumerable in all directions, aggregating a large amount of arable lands. The tide-marsh lands of Western Washington consist of thousands of acres along the entire shore line of Puget Sound. Most of these tide-flat lands have been reclaimed by dyking; and vegetables, hops, cereals, fruits and all the grasses grow in perfection and in enormous quantities.

In the State there are 100,000 acres of open tide-marsh prairie and about 130,000 acres of spruce and brush tide-marsh lands. Near the mouth of Columbia River, on Wallcut River, are 1650 acres; on the Chinook River, 1475 acres; around Willapa Harbor, 15,000 acres open marsh and from 5000 to 10,000 acres of brush and spruce lands. On the south side of Gray's Harbor are 29,000 acres; on the east side, where the Chehalis River empties, about 30,000 acres, and on the north side, 25,000 acres—a total of 84,000 acres, of which 20,000 are open tide-marsh prairie. On the ocean coast north of Gray's Harbor, including Neah Bay, are 20,000 acres tide-marsh, over one third of which is open marsh. On the south side of the Straits of Fuca are 2000 acres; on Hood's Canal, 4000 acres, and on the east side of Puget Sound, there are in Pierce County 5800 acres; in King County, 1250 acres; in Snohomish County, 20,000 acres; in Skagit County, 50,000 acres; in Whatcom County, 4000 acres; in Island County, 4000 acres, and in San Juan County, 600 acres. In reclaiming these lands, about 250 miles of dyke have been

built at an expense of over \$500,000. Tide-marsh improvement began about 1864 by a few venturesome settlers in Snohomish and Skagit counties.

In a "Report on the tide-marsh lands of the United States," in 1885, the Department of Agriculture officially stated that "reclamation has nowhere been so popular and uniformly successful as with the pioneers on the shores of Puget Sound."

The report further said that "perhaps no other farm lands in the country have for a series of years yielded so large returns on the invested capital as the dyked lands of Puget Sound." On the average, it costs \$20 an acre to dyke and drain a tide-marsh farm. Improved, this land for farming purposes is worth \$100 to \$300 per acre, and at the latter price will yield a large per cent on the invested capital.

As an evidence of the productiveness of tide-lands, following are actual total results for large areas of Skagit County land in 1888: On 10,820 acres were produced 15,530 tons of oats; on 2330 acres were cut 6940 tons of hay, and 6000 acres, mostly in meadow, pastured 1735 cattle, 755 horses, 1350 hogs and 530 sheep. With dyked land in good condition, 100 bushels of oats, 80 bushels of barley, 60 bushels of wheat and four tons of hay per acre are common crops.

The hop yards of Puget Sound are the most prolific known, and easily average 2000 pounds to the acre. In the one industry of hop-raising alone, Western Washington leads the world. The vegetable productions of Puget Sound are wonders in size, and unite with perfection of growth the highest excellence of flavor.

Turning to

EASTERN WASHINGTON,

we find the great wheat granary of the Pacific coast, its peculiar volcanic soil being adapted to a most marvellous extent to the production of all cereals. Every succeeding year adds to the already extensive wheat area of Eastern Washington, and the time is not far distant when the great sage-brush plains will be as one vast field of waving grain. The average yield of wheat per acre in this section is about 25 bushels, while it not infrequently reaches 50 and 60. The yield of corn in Southeastern Washington is about 30 bushels to the acre, and barley averages

30 bushels to the acre. As a wheat-producing State, Washington ranks first, the average yield per acre being 23.5 bushels to 18.0 in Ohio, 16.8 in Oregon, 15.5 in California, 15.5 in Illinois, 13.4 in Pennsylvania, 11.0 in Minnesota, 10.6 in Dakota, and 8.6 in Virginia. Insects and mildew are unknown, and, after years of cultivation, the soil seems as fertile as ever. This inexhaustible fertility is ascribed to the presence of an unusually large percentage of potash and soda in the soil.

Now, as to the results, that yield which constitutes the farmer's "joy of harvest," we find, as calculated upon a conservative basis, the product of the State for 1892 was as follows: Grain of all kinds, 26,000,000 bushels, worth perhaps \$10,500,000, and hops valued at \$1,600,000; to this must be added the minor but still very valuable orchard and garden products, the soil being specially adapted to the cultivation of fruit and vegetables.

In the matter of irrigation there were, in 1890, 48,000 acres of artificially irrigated lands in Washington; even the sage-brush plains, once deemed worthless, have proved wonderful crop producers under the stimulus of canals and artesian wells, with their attendant ditches.

Companies organized with millions of dollars of capital are now at work in different localities east of the mountains, and canals and ditches, some sixty miles in length, and capable of conveying an immense volume of water, are in process of construction.

On these irrigated lands enormous crops of grain and vegetables are grown, while as many as five crops of alfalfa are being cut in a single year from irrigated land. Washington is undoubtedly the foremost in the Northwestern sisterhood in this work of irrigation. The experimental age has passed.

The value of hop culture, one of the most important factors in the prosperity of certain localities in Western Washington, is well attested by the following statements:

Since the introduction of hop cultivation it has become the great agricultural industry of Puget Sound and Yakima valley. There are some 7000 acres in that crop, yielding, according to locality and care in cultivation, from 600 to 3000 pounds per acre, with an average price of 17 cents per pound, the average cost of production between 7 and 10 cents per pound.

The crop of 1890 was the heaviest ever produced in the State—50,000 bales; of 1891 somewhat less, and the crop of 1892 a still further decrease, owing to insect pests. It is believed that the systematic efforts being used will stop this destructive element and keep the hop crop of Washington up to its standard. The average price obtained by our growers (1890) has been about 20 cents per pound.

Number of bales produced in Washington in 1890, 42,476; 1891, 34,026; 1892, 24,000.

Stock-raising, the almost inseparable pursuit of the Western agriculturalist, finds every inducement for its encouragement, and is successfully undertaken, as witness the annexed report:

Large areas of rolling hill and prairie, not yet encroached upon by the wheat raiser and irrigator, furnish grazing land for thousands of cattle, from whose herds the markets of the State and of the Northwest obtain their supply of beef. The stock-raising industry has been and is to-day an important one in Eastern Washington; but with the advent of the farmer and fruit-raiser the grazing lands are rapidly being appropriated to more remunerative industry.

The total area of State lands is as follows: Surveyed, 22,335,000 acres; unsurveyed, 22,461,160 acres; total area, 44,796,160 acres.

Having thus briefly outlined the condition of agriculture throughout the State, we will turn to its mining resources. The following extracts are from the United States Geological Survey of 1891:

The first discovery of coal in Washington was made in 1852, and the first mine was opened on Bellingham Bay in 1854. The coal from this mine was shipped to San Francisco, and was the only coal shipped out of the Territory until 1870, when exportation commenced at Seattle, from the Seattle, Renton, and Talbot mines in that vicinity. In 1874 the product from the Seattle mines was 50,000 tons; from July 1st, 1874, to July 1st, 1879, the product was 155,000 tons. In the year ending December 31st, 1879, the product was 137,207 short tons. The Renton mine, opened in 1874, produced in 1875 and 1876 50,000 short tons. The Talbot mine, opened in 1875, produced in 1879 18,000 short tons of coal. Records of the operations of Washington coal mines are incomplete and entirely wanting from 1879-84.

The mining during this time was confined to King and Pierce counties. During the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1885, the total product of the Territory is given at 380,250 short tons, of which King County is credited with 204,480 short tons and Pierce County with 175,770 short tons. The annual product since that time has been as follows :

COAL PRODUCT FOR SEVEN YEARS.

YEARS.	Total product.	Total value.	Av. price per ton.	Total employes.	Av. No. days worked.
	Short tons.				
1885.....	380,250				
1886.....	423,525	\$ 925,931	\$2 25		
1887.....	772,601	1,699,746	2 19	1,571	
1888.....	1,215,750	3,647,250	3 00		
1889.....	1,030,578	2,393,238	2 32	2,657	
1890.....	1,263,689	3,426,590	2 71	2,206	270
1891.....	1,056,249	2,437,270	2 31	2,447	211

WASHINGTON'S COAL FIELD.

Called the Pennsylvania of the West by reason of its great coal deposits, says the *New Year* number (1893) of the *West Coast Trade*, Washington is destined to become the greatest coal-producing State in the Union ; an eminent writer on the mines and minerals of the nation being authority for the statement that the deposits of coal in the State of Washington are larger than the combined supply of the Atlantic States. Not only is the supply larger, but the veins are also larger and more easily worked than those of the Eastern States. As yet they are practically untouched, an idea of their size and dimensions being obtained from the fact that coal covering an area of 1,000,000 acres is known to exist in eighteen counties.

The coal lands of the State form a magnificent combination, and may be divided into seven great groups—viz., the Roslyn, Kittitas County ; the South Prairie and Wilkeson, Pierce County ; the Green River Basin, King County ; Skagit River, Skagit County ; Bellingham Bay, Whatcom County ; Bucoda, Thurston County, and Cowlitz, Lewis County.

The output of the various mines of the State for the year is estimated at 1,500,000 tons, and, on a basis of \$2.50 per ton at

the mines, the value of the product for the year was worth \$3,750,000.

The magnitude of the coal mines of Washington have already attracted the attention of the United States Government, and men have been sent out to this State to make a scientific geological survey of them. There exist in the State in large quantities the finest anthracite, bituminous, semi-bituminous, and lignite or brown coals.

We turn from the coal supply to the presence and product of

MINING AND MINERALS.

Gold and silver, lead, copper, iron, zinc, antimony, nickel, bismuth, and other useful metals are found in merchantable quantities in many portions of the State. Mountains of granite and building stone, of marble of beautiful varieties exist: clays of remarkable purity in beds of great extent have been successfully utilized. The *Spokane Review*, in its encyclopædic issue of January 1st, 1893, commenting on the wealth and progress of mining in Eastern Washington, says:

“The immense coal fields already developed or discovered, and the potter's clay, of finest quality, absolutely free from iron, and other clays bearing a high percentage of the future metal of the arts and industries, aluminum, have demonstrated that there are deposits in this State as great as in any other portion of the United States.

“The great mineral belt which encircles Spokane begins in Southern Idaho, traversing the entire State, and including Northwestern Montana, and extends north to the Lardeau County in British Columbia at about the fifty-first parallel.

“The principal mineral-producing counties of Eastern Washington are Stevens, Okanogan, and Kittitas. In several others, notably Yakima County, good indications of mineral are found.

“In Western Washington there are three well-defined mineral districts lying at the head of the streams which form the Snohomish and Skagit rivers. The farthest south is called the Silver Creek district. Silver Creek runs into the Snohomish, and the latter stream converges with the Snoqualmie to form the Snohomish. At the head of Silver Creek is the Cady Pass. A mountain range separates this district from the Monte Cristo district, which lies along the north and south forks of the Sauk

River, a tributary to the Skagit. Still farther north is the Cascade district, on Cascade Creek, also a tributary to the Skagit. In each of these districts large bodies of good ore have been found and located by men who are preparing to work them, and who are not offering them for sale, because they believe them to be of great value for development.

“Silver Creek is about forty-five miles from the nearest railroad point at Snohomish City. The most northern district, Cascade Creek, is about ninety miles from Sedro, the new railroad town on the Skagit. The ores are mainly galena, carrying both silver and gold, with occasional sulphurets. The veins are true contact veins, with hang walls of porphyry and foot walls of granite, and they are so wide and so accessible for mining operations that low-grade ore can be worked at a large profit.

“Farther south we have Snoqualmie district, Cedar River mines Mineral Creek, and Gold Hill mining district, so many mineral belts, the favorable reports from each and all of which bear testimony to the great and assured future mineral wealth of our State.”

From the able and exhaustive report of Governor Miles C. Moore to the Secretary of the Interior (1889) the following is quoted :

“The iron ores of Washington consist of bog ore, limonite, hematite and magnetic ore. Bog ore is found underlying the flats bordering Puget Sound ; brown ore is found on the Skagit River. The largest beds of magnetic ore are found in the Cascade Mountains from 1200 to 1500 feet above the water-courses. Large deposits of ore occur on the east side of the Cascade range, near the Cle-Elum River, twenty-five miles from the Northern Pacific Railway. The ore is magnetic and assays about 66 per cent. Extensive deposits are also found on the Snoqualmie River on the line of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railway. The ores of this mine are said to be of superior quality, and are what are termed typical steel ores.”

The value of precious metals mined during 1892 is put at \$500,000—not a bad beginning for the baby State that may yet claim to rival the Eldorado of California.

The next source under the head of material wealth and natural resources to engage our attention—a most thriving industry



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it is, with a practically inexhaustible supply to maintain it, is the

TIMBER PRODUCT AND LUMBERING BUSINESS.

Speaking of standing timber, the Puget Sound *Lumberman* says in its annual edition for 1893 :

“ The best of timber does not grow directly on the coast, but beginning about a mile back from the ocean, it gets larger and better for two or three miles, where it becomes large and fine, this condition prevailing for a number of miles eastward. Again it becomes very large and heavy at the base of the Cascade Mountains, diminishing again as the summit is reached, and increasing yet again as the descent is made on the eastern side, until the foothills are reached, where the best timber of Eastern Washington is found.

“ Of the thirty-four counties in the State, only two, Franklin and Adams, are given as being treeless, and the following exhibit shows Washington’s timber wealth geographically :

	No. Acres Timber.	No. of Feet Standing.	Total Value.
Eastern Washington . . .	11,616,720	106,978,041,000	\$80,426,521
Western Washington . . .	11,971,792	303,355,294,000	189,134,808

“ Average number of feet per acre in Eastern Washington, 9209 ; in Western Washington, 25,399 ; in the entire State, 17,393. Average stumpage value in Eastern Washington, about 75 cents per 1000 feet ; in Western Washington, about 62 cents per 1000 feet ; in the entire State, about 65½ cents per 1000 feet.”

Of the varieties which go to make up this immense supply it is needless to speak ; sufficient to say that they include all that the great Northwest can offer of its very best material for every known use to which first-class lumber can be applied.

Its product in 1892 was valued at \$2,500,000 ; this includes lumber, shingles, and lath. The following details give valuable statistics, and show not only the extent but the importance of the lumber trade in Washington :

OUTPUT OF LUMBER AND SHINGLE MANUFACTURES IN 1892.

Nearly one third of the population is dependent upon the saw and shingle mills, sash, door, and other wood-working establishments.

The output is as follows: Output of lumber, 1,164,425,880 feet; output of lath, 436,716,000; output of shingles, 1,883,868,750.

The shipments of lumber and shingles were as follows: Lumber to foreign points, 105,002,710 feet; to coastwise points, 263,666,523 feet; by rail, 100,650,000 feet; shingles by rail, 913,300,000; by water, 8,608,000.

The shipments may be compared as follows:

	1891.	1892.
Foreign.....	98,366,000	105,002,710
Coastwise	220,000,000	263,666,523
Shingle shipments.....	625,000,000	913,300,000

The value of lumber, shingles, sash and doors, and other manufactures last year may be put down at \$19,000,000, as follows: Lumber, \$12,481,543; shingles, \$2,187,898; manufactures of wood, \$3,542,429.

Of this amount, nearly \$9,000,000 was from eastern, coastwise and foreign points. The lumber and shingle men paid out to the different railroad companies \$1,877,945 in freight the past year.

The capital invested in lumbering and wood-working plants in Washington is over \$30,000,000. The number of men employed in saw and shingle mills, wood-working factories, and the logging camps is about 12,000, to whom are paid in wages over \$7,000,000 yearly.

The industry may be summarized as follows: Number of saw mills in Washington, 227; shingle mills, 246; sash, door, and other factories, 73; new shingle mills added in 1892, 127.

The aggregate yearly capacity of the saw and shingle mills of Washington is as follows: Saw mills, 2,970,000,000 feet; shingle mills, 3,723,000,000.

The next and final grand division under which we have enumerated the sources of Washington's wealth is her sea food, the product of which for the year 1892 was estimated at no less than \$1,800,000.

FISHERIES.

Extracts from the very valuable third annual report by Hon. James Crawford, State Fish Commissioner for the year 1892, will present in the best possible manner the importance and

present condition of this great and growing industry. It divides the fish and oyster business into three districts—viz., the Columbia River, Willapa Harbor (formerly known as Shoalwater Bay), Gray's Harbor and the waters of Puget Sound. The canning of salmon constitutes the principal fish industry of the Columbia River, although the amount shipped to Eastern cities in refrigerators has begun to assume gigantic proportions. The following table gives the number of cases of spring salmon canned on the Columbia River from the beginning of the fish industry in 1866 to and including the present year. We will curtail this list by giving only the initial and final years, with total number of cases shipped. In 1866 we find a record of only 4000 cases; this reaches a maximum in 1883 of 629,000, while in 1892 but 465,000 are recorded. The total for the whole number of years from 1883-92 inclusive is 9,323,550.

During the season of 1892 twenty-two establishments have been engaged in canning salmon on the Columbia River, ten of which are located on the Washington bank of the river, although a majority of the canneries on the Oregon side of the river received fish from traps, wheels, and seines that were operated on the Washington side. The following gives the pack of each of the Washington canneries, also number of boats and nets, seines and traps from which they receive their supply of salmon: These companies are ten in number, have packed 176,689 cases, employ a total of 390 boats and nets, 21 seines, and 118 traps. The fishermen were paid \$1 apiece for salmon. Allowing three salmon to each case, the amount received by the fishermen was \$530,067; this does not include the salmon taken by fishermen residing in Washington, for 26 fish wheels located in Washington have been furnishing salmon to canneries situated near the Cascades and the Dalles, in Oregon; also about one hundred boats and gill nets have been fishing for the same canneries. The catch of the wheels averaged about twenty tons of salmon each, which at \$60 per ton, the average price paid, brought \$31,200. The average catch of nets was five tons each, which, at \$60 per ton, brought \$30,000. The traps, seines and gill nets owned and operated in Washington supplied the Astoria, Ore., canneries with 145,375 salmon, at \$1 each, brought \$145,375. Adding \$11,520, the amount received by fishermen on the Washington side of the river for fall salmon furnished to canneries in Oregon, will swell

the amount received by the fishermen of Washington from canneries alone to \$748,162. The value of the salmon pack of the Columbia River, in Washington, for the spring and summer season of 1892, is \$971,789.50.

The value of the various appliances owned in Washington used in salmon fishing during the past year is estimated at \$717,800.

To the \$748,162 must be added \$102,000, the amount received from salmon sold to cold storage plants and other fresh fish dealers, for about 1700 tons of different species of salmon, a fair average of the price being \$60 a ton, makes the total amount received by the fishermen of the Washington side of the Columbia River from salmon alone \$850,162.

THE STURGEON INDUSTRY.

The sturgeon, as an article of commerce, stands second in the list of the food fishes of the Columbia River. In the fall of 1888 S. Schmidt & Co. shipped the first car of frozen sturgeon to the East. Previous to that time there had been a few cars of pickled sturgeon shipped, but the freezing and shipping of sturgeon really dates from that year. From the roe of the sturgeon is made that relish so dear to the epicurean palate—caviar. The bladders of these fish are manufactured into isinglass. Four firms are now engaged in the business of freezing and shipping Columbia River sturgeon.

The total amounts to 2081 tons, with 714 kegs of caviar, the latter for the most part finding a market in Hamburg.

The shad fishery of the Columbia River has netted \$2000 to the owners of traps and nets, and have even been taken as high up as the Cascades, 150 miles from its mouth; an equal value of carp and catfish have been marketed during the year, and no less than \$5000 worth of eulachon, here known as Columbia smelt.

The district of Willapa and Gray's Harbor gives, in 1892, for two canneries, a salmon pack valued at \$104,369, with \$30,000 paid to the fishermen supplying them.

The oyster industry foots up for the Willapa district alone 50,000 sacks, worth \$1.60 per sack, amounting to \$80,000, and gives employment to 300 men. Puget Sound follows with a total catch valued at \$138,700, and an oyster output worth

\$42,840, to which add \$10,000 for clams secured by the Indians, giving a grand total of \$1,176,862 for fish and \$132,840 for bivalves for 1892 alone.

Having thus somewhat slightly summed up the four great sources of the wealth of Washington, we will give a glance at the items of commerce, taxation, climate, and vital statistics, and with some general remarks conclude this long outline of the present status of a State infant in years, but in all the grandest features that go to constitute a prosperous commonwealth amply fitted to wear the toga of a lusty virility.

COMMERCE.

No accurate account of the commerce of the State can be rendered, owing to the fact that a large proportion of the grain product of the southeastern section, the salmon pack, and lumber of the Columbia River find their way to market by way of Portland and Astoria, Ore. Vessels carrying these products clear from the Astoria custom house. Considerable shipments of wheat, barley, flaxseed, wool and hides are made from the Walla Walla and Palouse regions direct to St. Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago, and the Eastern cities. Flouring mills grind large quantities of wheat, the product of which is sold in the mining regions of North Idaho and Montana.

Puget Sound has an extensive foreign commerce. Wheat is shipped to Europe, lumber to all parts of the Pacific. Teas are imported direct from China and Japan. The coal consumed in San Francisco and other California cities comes chiefly from Puget Sound. Ocean steamships ply regularly between San Francisco, Portland, and the Sound ports. Innumerable steamboats and other water craft are engaged in the local trade, while lines of boats run daily between Tacoma and Seattle, Port Townsend, and Victoria. Our trade relations with British Columbia and Alaska are extensive and constantly increasing.

VESSELS ENTERED—FROM JANUARY TO AUGUST, 1892.

AMERICAN FROM FOREIGN.		FOREIGN VESSELS FROM FOREIGN.		AMERICAN FROM COASTWISE.		FOREIGN FROM COASTWISE.	
Tons.	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.	No.
483,960	761	64,470	72	186,788	166	43,966	35

CLEARED.

AMERICAN FOR FOREIGN.		FOREIGN FOR FOREIGN.		AMERICAN FOR COAST-WISE.		FOREIGN FOR COAST-WISE.	
Tons.	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.	No.
500,960	783	103,093	98	174,357	148	1,560	1

EXPORTS FOR THE YEAR 1892.

Lumber, 212,754,000 feet, value, \$1,133,727; laths, 4,144,000, value, \$8762; shingles, 1,608,000, value, \$3705; wheat, 3,293,636 bushels, value, \$2,916,590; flour, 130,844 barrels, value, \$503,608; imports (11 months), 1892, \$679,847.

In the matter of transportation the State of Washington is, for a comparatively new country, singularly fortunate; besides the natural facilities of an extensive seaboard and the vast inland sea of hundred-harbored Puget Sound, she has a network of railroads ever adding new links to its continually lengthening chain, which foots up a grand total of 2614 miles; of this 470.23 is new mileage, in which respect Washington leads every other State in the Union, the nearest approach being Pennsylvania, with a record of 256.94.

As regards that inevitable burden common to all lands, so certain in its coming that it has passed into a proverb, that we are certain of but two things in this world, "death and taxation," Washington is by no means behindhand, as the annexed figures will abundantly prove.

WEALTH OF STATE AS EXHIBITED BY PROPERTY.

The assessments of taxable property from 1874-92 inclusive clearly demonstrate steady growth and substantial progress: 1874, \$14,185,098; 1875, \$14,569,156; 1876, \$15,138,078; 1877, \$17,281,182; 1878, \$18,673,437; 1879, \$21,012,832; 1880, \$23,708,587; 1881, \$25,786,415; 1882, \$32,566,807; 1883, \$44,107,567; 1884, \$51,008,484; 1885, \$50,484,437; 1886, \$51,491,159; 1887, \$61,562,739; 1888, \$80,641,548; 1889, \$125,165,215; 1890, \$217,595,739; 1891, \$324,247,419; 1892, real estate, \$234,172,852; personalty, \$39,469,247; railroad, \$12,204,725. Total, \$285,846,824.

The valuation of lands in this State, together with improve-

ment, is \$102,560,833; of lots, \$104,151,322, and lot improvements, \$27,460,697. The returns show that there are in the State 176,008 horses, mules and asses; 224,723 cattle; 246,200 sheep; 49,168 hogs; 49,861 wagons and carriages; 15,161 sewing and knitting machines; 14,186 watches and clocks and 6394 melodeons, organs and pianofortes.

Amount of taxes paid into general fund, 1891, \$204,232.76; 1892, \$284,714.54.

The climate of Washington, taken as a whole, and especially in the western portion, is all that could be desired. We have referred to this somewhat at length in treating its territorial history, but gladly avail ourselves of the official utterances of Mr. Henry F. Alciatore, director of the Washington Weather Service, who is our authority for the following on climatic conditions:

The State has a mean annual temperature of 50°, ranging from 45°, the lowest, in Stevens County, to 54°, the highest, in Walla Walla County.

In Western Washington the mean annual temperature ranges between 53° in the western half of Lewis County and 47° along the middle sound coast line of Clallam County. The coldest month is January, with a mean temperature of 37°, and then from that month on the mean rises about 4° each month till July, when the maximum is reached at 63°; from July to December the mean decreases at a rate of about 5° each month. The mean temperature of the summer months is sensibly the same, being 60° in June, 63° in July, 62° in August.

The mean annual temperature of Eastern Washington ranges between 54°, the highest, in Walla Walla County, and 45°, the lowest, in Stevens County. A comparison of the mean temperature for each month discloses the fact that, as in Western Washington, the coldest month is usually January, with a mean of 26°, and the warmest month July, with a mean of 72°. The mean monthly temperature rises rapidly at a rate of about 8° till July is reached, when it falls at an equally rapid rate till December. Between July and August there is a difference of only 1° in their mean temperature. Although the mean annual temperature of Western and Eastern Washington is sensibly the same—viz., 50.4° in the former and 49.7° in the latter—the mean winter temperature in Eastern Washington is much colder.

The mean monthly temperature for January in Western

Washington is usually about 11° higher than that of Eastern Washington ; in February it is 9° , while in March the difference is only 2° . From April to September inclusive the conditions are reversed, the monthly mean temperature in April in Eastern Washington being 1° higher than that of Western Washington, 5° in May, 6° in June, 9° in July, 8° in August, and 2° in September. From October to December inclusive the former conditions again prevail, the October mean being 2° higher in Western than in Eastern Washington, 6° in November and 8° in December.

In short, January, February, November and December are much warmer, and May, June, July and August much cooler in Western Washington than the corresponding months in the eastern portion of the State. The temperature in March, April, September and October is sensibly the same in both sections of the State.

The mean annual rainfall over the western halves of Clallam, Jefferson, Cehalis and Pacific counties ranges from 70 to 107 inches. This area of very heavy rainfall represents but 6 per centum of the total area of the State, and further, the bulk of it occurs during the three winter months, the rest of the year the rainfall being tolerably well distributed and not at all excessive.

In Eastern Washington the rainfall during the dry season, from May to September, is about half what it is during the wet season. December is the wettest month, with an average fall of 2.58 inches ; January with 2.17 inches ; February, 2.08 inches ; March, 1.20 inches ; April, 1.33 inches ; May, 1.25 inches ; June, 0.88 inch ; July, 0.56 inch ; August, 0.27 inch. ; September, 0.69 inch ; October, 1.92 inches ; and November, 1.58 inches.

In the greater portion of Western Washington, where the rainy days are more frequent than elsewhere in the State, every other day in October and March is rainless, while during the intervening months the number of rainy days is slightly greater, rising to three days out of four in December, the rainiest month. In the eastern portion of the State the frequency of rainy days is, of course, much less. During the dry season Washington is favored with many fine, clear, and pleasant days and a goodly amount of sunshine.

To summarize : Washington enjoys a mild, equable, and remarkably salubrious climate.



A. J. Smith



In brief, on the eastern side of the mountains the summers are warmer and the winters colder than on the western side, but no very cold weather anywhere except in the mountains.

The Chinook wind, blowing from the southwest, thaws with its warm breath, exhilarating with new life animal as well as vegetable creation.

Thunder-storms and electrical disturbances are scarcely known; we have no blizzards or hurricanes, and the seasons rotate from year to year without startling changes of temperature.

Under the head of vital statistics, that barometer which gauges the duration of human life and takes note of those events which mark the most important incidents in the existence of man, we quote the reports annexed for the year ending September 30th, 1892:

DEATHS.

Total, 1356—males, 807; females, 549. Thirty were Indians and half-breeds, 16 colored, 12 Chinese. Of the white deaths, 771 were of males and 527 of females.

BIRTHS.

Total, 3204—males, 1629; females, 1579. Thirty-seven were Indians, 12 whites, 1 Chinese. Sixteen mothers were delivered of their twelfth child. Nineteen of the births were illegitimate. Twelve of the mothers were under sixteen years of age, and two of the fathers were over eighty. Of the white births, 1607 were of males and 1547 of females.

That Cupid is not inactive among the pines of Puget Sound or beside the falling waters of Eastern Washington is proved by the number of

MARRIAGES.

Total, 1781—eighty-five were of Indians and half-breeds and 37 of colored persons. One groom and 36 brides were less than sixteen years old; 56 grooms and 493 brides were aged between sixteen and twenty; 946 grooms and 863 brides were aged between twenty and thirty; 468 grooms and 189 brides were aged between thirty and forty; 115 grooms and 39 brides were aged between forty and fifty; 44 grooms and 18 brides were aged between fifty and sixty; 15 grooms and 3 brides were aged between

sixty and seventy, and 2 grooms were more than seventy years old.

The Indians, fading out at the rate of about 1 per cent per annum, but not, unfortunately, "travelling toward the setting sun," as they are poetically supposed to be doing continually, or otherwise they would ere this have been submerged in the Pacific, may be summed up in a few brief paragraphs.

INDIANS AND INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

In the State are eighteen so-called Indian reservations, with an area of 7,094,950 acres, and an Indian population of 10,837. Fourteen are located west of the Cascade Mountains, containing 302,710 acres. The remaining four, with an area of 6,792,240, are in Eastern Washington. A large portion of these lands have been allotted in severalty to Indians, who, by the act of Congress of February 18th, 1887, called "the allotment in severalty act," together with those Indians who "severed tribal relations and adopted the habits of civilized persons, were declared to be citizens of the United States, entitled to all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizens." Good schools and several churches are located among them. Some have become farmers, stock-raisers; others build and own seagoing schooners, and go to sea, fishing, sealing, and whaling. Others within the agency limits have stores and handle stocks of goods.

The Puyallup Indian Agency Reservation was originally 257,822½ acres; its present size is 225,667 acres; allotted, 32,155¼ acres; population, 1898.

The Tulalip Indian Agency Reservations—size, 53,198 acres; cultivated, 2095 acres; schools, 2; churches, 5; population, 1440; citizens, 254.

Makah Indian Agency Reservations—size, 28,845 acres; cultivated, 25 acres; school, 1; population, 685; seals taken in 1892, 2340, at an average value of \$10 for skin, or \$23,400.

Hon. John McGlynn is agent in charge, with office and residence at Neah Bay. The last two tribes or bands of Indians, living on the ocean front, from whence their sustenance has been obtained, are born sailors, much of their time being spent in canoes on the water, sometimes one hundred miles off the coast, in fishing and hunting seals, whales, etc. They have made much money, owning seagoing schooners, and at this time Ind-

ians are the agency traders, carrying on the agency store, keeping accounts, and otherwise acting as successful business men.

The splendid school (for both sexes) at Bahaida has changed these former freebooters and fierce savages into peaceful, industrious citizens. The old Indians generally dislike civilization, but the younger ones are progressive. The lands of this agency are of poor character.

RESERVATIONS EAST OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

Colville—size, 2,800,000 acres.

Spokane—agent, Major Hal J. Cole ; size, 200,000 acres.

Yakima—agent, Major Jay Lynch ; size, 800,000 acres.

Columbia—size, 2,992,000 acres.

Total area of the four reservations, 6,792,240 acres.

Messrs. Cole and Lynch are the only agents east of the Cascades. Their agencies are spread over an extensive area, whose Indian population in many instances have become farmers and stock-raisers, owning great herds of cayuse ponies and cattle, building and living in houses, and in many ways showing a regard for better ways of living.

These eastern tribes, advancing slowly in civilization, still have among their number many of the old nomadic class, "at home" wherever their lodge is pitched.

Indian population of the State, 10,837 ; on reservations, 7938 ; off of reservations, 2899 ; males on reservations, 4018 ; females on reservations, 3920 ; males off reservations, 1460 ; females off reservations, 1439.

The rate of mortality shows a decrease in population at the rate of 1 per cent per annum for the last ten years.

Having thus "rounded up" the material prosperity, population, sources of wealth, climate, vital statistics, and matters pertaining generally to the welfare of the Evergreen State, we will endeavor to relieve the monotony of the very prosy prose into which we have been necessarily beguiled by embodying in verse some of the reasons which make its arithmetical truths more than passingly valuable ; but before doing so we desire to express our grateful thanks to the Hon. Elwood Evans for his excellent "brief history" of the State of Washington, to whose carefully prepared tables of State statistics we are largely indebted for the facts so liberally quoted. Judge Evans,

with that civic and State pride so natural to a Tacomian, tells us in his preface that the book to which we refer, which is "published by the Washington World's Fair Commission, for distribution at the Columbian Exposition," is entirely "a *home* production," the paper on which it is printed having been made by the Puget Sound Pulp and Paper Company of Everett; the half-tone engravings by Spike & Co., Tacoma; the book-binding by the Pioneer Bindery of that city, and the type setting and printing in the office of the *Tacoma News*, an excellent evening journal, published by that genial gentleman, Mr. Lane, of the City of Destiny.

SOME STATISTICS.

'Tis said that "figures cannot lie;"
 Alas! indeed they will,
 When ledgers, doctored for the eye,
 The banker's statements fill.
 But honest purpose here removes
 Each fear that doubt divines,
 And close inspection but approves
 These arithmetic lines.
 They tell the area we reap,
 When autumn harvests blow,
 The golden grain our garnerers keep
 And what fluids foreign flow.
 The yearly yield of busy mills,
 Or hop's prolific vine,
 The cattle on a thousand hills—
 There's truth in every line.
 The lumber cut, with hidden wealth
 We rend from buried mines,
 Climatic influence on health,
 With freightage here combines.
 What sums the thrifty wisely hoard,
 Or pass from hand to hand,
 The fruitage well tilled fields afford,
 Where smiling orchards stand.
 The salmon catch, the sails that sweep
 The seas of Puget Sound,
 What tithes our sworn assessors keep,
 With taxes, here are found;
 And more than all, the ebb and flow
 Of drifting human tides,
 Where population seems to go
 And where its surge subsides.
 Here prudence funds its weather-gauge
 Marking the rise and fall,
 Of enterprises that engage
 The thoughtful minds of all.

When o'er the world of business broods
Some dark financial cloud,
These tell the signs that mark its moods
Or rainbow paint its shroud ;
The stirring of its stagnant sea,
The first faint breath that shows
Fair trade becalmed once more swings free
To greet each gale that blows,
Renewing hope, reviving trade,
Giving to waiting wing
Till commerce dares, no more dismayed,
Its argosies to bring
And through our State's wide commonwealth
We feel the fresher flow
Of finance gaining truer health
From seeming overthrow.

—BREWERTON.

In the matter of political affairs and legislative action the State of Washington, as yet in its infancy; is still too young, in the absence of any extraordinary crisis or particular element of disturbance, to have made a record worthy of special mention. The current of her gubernatorial and judicial business has flowed on since her accession to the dignity of statehood like some deep and majestic river, moving with unbroken tide, unconscious of obstruction because unopposed. There has been no friction in the working of her political machinery, no jarring between its various parts; harmony has prevailed, and progress been uninterrupted. A Presidential, various local campaigns and their subsequent elections have passed off with no more than the usual amount of evanescent excitement, and their results accepted with that philosophic resignation or moderate self-gratulation so peculiar to the American character. The debates of her legislative halls have been conducted with dignity and a remarkable avoidance of such acrimonious personalities as too often disgrace the deliberations of our federal Congress. Washington has certainly no reason to be ashamed of those representative citizens to whose wisdom she has committed the guidance of the best interests of the commonwealth. The organization and discipline of her national guard have gone on under the new government with a wise enthusiasm, which promises the best results, an advancement even more pronounced than that so remarkably achieved under the territorial administration; as it is, the State may justly be proud of a militia whose officers and men vie with

each other in attaining that military perfection so honorable to our citizen soldiery. The various State institutions, educational, charitable, penal, and reformatory, twelve in all, are receiving the same fostering care and management that have not only so excellently influenced their past, but give assurance of larger usefulness in the future. The difficulty with Chili, which for a time seemed to threaten serious consequences, and possibly for the due assertion of our national dignity render necessary an appeal to the ultimatum of war, awakened an interest among all classes of her inhabitants, more especially those of the exposed sea-coasts and inland harbors. This passing cloud of possible war aroused the patriotic spirit of her citizens, and led to the formation of various companies, in which many freely enrolled themselves, not as "home guards," but for service upon the soil of the belligerent republic, upon whose distant coasts it was resolved to act aggressively. In this connection it seems proper to call attention to the notoriously defenceless condition of Western Washington, a state of things which should ere this have attracted the attention of her congressional representatives and caused them to impress upon the federal authorities the necessity of some definite action. It is a fact patent to the most unmilitary mind that Puget Sound is practically unprotected, and that the attack and reduction of any or all of its cities would cost little more than the trouble of a holiday parade and shotted salute to any well-armed cruiser of a hostile fleet. It is significant that our English cousins, far wiser than ourselves, have established and keep up a naval station at Esquimalt, besides strengthening and re-enforcing their British Columbia dependencies. Could the sagacious Senator Benton revisit the glimpses of the moon he might discover charms in the Island of Vancouver which he failed to find in those days when he so emphatically declared it "the derelict of all nations." We will in the fulness of time undoubtedly recover our own—most probably by the peaceful process of annexation—and then hold of right, as we should to day, had we not relinquished our just claims, the key to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Meanwhile, Puget Sound should be adequately protected, either by fortifying points already selected and marked upon our maps as "military reservations," or by the maintaining of a sufficient naval force within striking distance of its waters. This and this alone would ren-

der a visit from an inimical iron-clad, to which the dense fogs of our winter coast offer so large a temptation as a convenient shield, too dangerous to be desirable. War is an evil guest, whether offensive or defensive, for any nation to entertain—an arbitration which should be the last resorted to and only justified by a gravity of situation that permits no other settlement. Like matrimony, “it is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly,” and considering the solemnity of the matter, we are almost inclined to add “in the fear of God.” But there are times when the honor of the flag, the dignity of the nation, and the manifest protection of her citizens from oppression or wrong leave no other course to be pursued. If so evil a fate befall us as to force the Union to appeal to that trial by battle, which should always go forth coupled with the old-time prayer of the knightly challenger, that “God would show the right,” then the great Northwest, in common with her sister States, should be fully prepared to enjoy peace or “welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves” any and all who seek to molest or violate her altars and her homes.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TRACES WASHINGTON'S POLITICAL CHANGES AND PROGRESS AS A STATE.

“ I know no land where party strife
So rapidly subsides,
When worldly war with menace rife
Some policy derides.
The stranger fails to understand
The seas we safely float,
Which seem to threaten all the land,
But fail with final vote,
The strifes political and storm
That come to cloud the air,
Yet die in windy speech and song,
Leaving our skies still fair,
We place a President and make
The offices we fill,
While those defeated calmly take
The people's voted will.”

—BREWERTON.

THE thought woven in verse above may be prosaically expressed as follows: The nations of Europe find it difficult to understand why the intense feeling engendered by our periodic Presidential and local campaigns, with their strongly contested elections, dies out, leaving no after bitterness among the combatants when the strife is ended and the result decided at the polls. They forget that we are an educated people, imbued with and fully comprehending the principles upon which our government is founded, perfectly satisfied that any new or even doubtful experiment in political policy shall be fairly tried if the will of the majority so determine; above all, fully believing in the strength, stability, and powers of recuperation under any circumstances, however depressing, of the republic in which we dwell. It is a part of that marked individuality, so peculiarly American, a characteristic as strongly impressed upon the inhab-

itants of Washington as any other State in the Union, that no party hate lives beyond election-day ; it ends at the polls. In this connection we may say that one result of our Civil War was a matter of astonishment to the world. When the armies on either side were disbanded, amounting in the aggregate to upward of two millions of men, it was currently believed and looked for among those unacquainted with the adaptability of the national character, that the men thus suddenly removed from the trade of war and thrown upon their own resources to live by the arts of peace would fail or be disinclined to re-establish themselves in civil pursuits, but rather become thieves and marauders, leagued together to prey upon their more law-abiding and peaceable fellow-citizens—an expectation destined to be dispelled, for at the close of the contest this multitude of disbanded veterans made these sceptical foreigners wonder to see them break up their hostile camps, lay aside the musket and the sabre, and return quietly without friction to the occupations they had relinquished. No other nation in the world, unless, perhaps, Germany, could have endured the strain of such a crisis with so satisfactory a result. And why ? We repeat, it was the outcome of American education—just such a mental training and feeling of self-reliance as is inculcated by Washington's common school teachings of to-day.

To return to the political changes immediately preceding and following the admission of the Territory as a State, we will begin with the year

1888.

The second session of the Fiftieth Congress, held in 1888, found the Territory of Washington represented in the federal councils by Delegate Charles S. Voorhees, of Colfax, a Democrat ; while the opening of the following one saw his chair occupied by John B. Allen, of Seattle, his Republican successor. The vote which brought about this change stood thus : Allen, Rep., 26,201 ; Voorhees, Dem., 18,920, and Greene, Pro., 1137, giving the seat to Mr. Allen by a plurality of 7281 votes. The results of former territorial elections, going back to 1880, are chiefly interesting as showing the ebb and flow of the political tides and the marked increase in the number of those entitled

to exercise the elective franchise. They are officially given below :

	Dem.	Rep.	Pro.		
1880 Congress....	7,013	8,820		Rep. majority	1,807
1882 "	8,244	11,252		" "	3,008
1884 "	20,995	20,847		Dem. "	148
1886 "	23,272	21,080	2,875	" plurality	2,192

The remarkable closeness of the election in 1884 is worthy of note. Out of a total of 51,842 votes cast we find the result determined by a Democratic majority of only 148, so evenly matched were the contending parties. The last Territorial Legislature stood as follows : Council, Rep. 11, Dem. 1 ; House, Rep. 20, Dem. 4—a very decided Republican supremacy. The previous contest for congressional delegate, whose figures we have already noted, was between Voorhees, the successful Democratic candidate, Bradshaw, his Republican competitor, and Newell, the advocate of prohibition. The federal appointees were Thomas Burke, whose predecessor was Richard A. Jones, Chief Justice, his Associate Judges being William G. Langford, Lucius B. Nash, and Frank Allyn, of Tacoma. The gubernatorial chair was occupied by Miles C. Moore, the last of the territorial governors ; his predecessor was Governor Squire.

The close of the year

1889

is all important in the history of Washington, as marking her admission to the dignity of statehood, an event which necessitated an election—held October 1st, 1889—for governor and other State officers, resulting in the choice of Elisha P. Ferry to fill the position of chief magistrate of Washington for two years, with Charles F. Laughton as Lieutenant-Governor. The official returns of this contest stood 33,711 votes for Ferry, the successful Republican aspirant, with 24,731 for his Democratic competitor. a Republican majority of 8980.

The President's proclamation admitting Washington to statehood was issued November 11th, 1889, and the State officers were inaugurated November 18th following. On the 19th the State Legislature elected John B. Allen, of Walla Walla, a professional lawyer, born in Indiana, and ex-Governor Watson C. Squire, of Seattle, a native of New York, and a manufacturer by occupation, the first United States senators for the State of

Washington. The former drew the term expiring March 3d, 1893; the latter the short term, ending March 3d, 1891. Both were Republicans, able men, well fitted to sustain the dignity of their new office. The only representative to which Washington, with her limited population, was then entitled was accorded to John L. Wilson, a son of Indiana, a lawyer and Republican, who was elected at the first State election in October of this year; he received 34,039 votes, his Democratic competitor, Thomas C. Griffiths, having 24,492—a Republican majority of 9547. John B. Allen, one of the new-made senators, preceded him as Delegate. The last to represent the Territory in Congress, he had been elected at the biennial election of 1888, but the passage of the Admission Bill terminated his office. The number of dwellers within the bounds of Washington, based upon an estimate taken during the year, gave a total of 257,000 souls, while the wealth invested in the various banking houses of every description throughout the State aggregated \$18,015,973, a per capita allowance of \$106.64 to each inhabitant. The percentage of deposits among the various institutions being divided as follows: \$55.16 in national banks, \$44.67 in State banks, and 27 cents in private concerns. The year

1890

saw the holding in November of a biennial election. The Legislature then chosen elected Watson C. Squire to succeed himself as United States Senator for six years from March 4th, 1891. The advent of

1891

found the congressional representation of the State unchanged, with Cornelius H. Hanford, of Seattle, as United States District Judge; Patrick H. Winston, of Spokane Falls, United States District Attorney, and Thomas R. Brown, of Tacoma, United States Marshal for Washington. The World's Fair and the necessary preparations for the carrying out of that stupendous undertaking furnished the most interesting topic of the year. The following individuals had been selected by the general Government as World's Fair Commissioners for the State of Washington—viz., Messrs. Henry Drum, a distinguished citizen and ex-Mayor of Tacoma, Democrat, with O. B. Hopkins, a Republican, William Bingham and C. D. Bagler being their

alternates. Then recognizing the propriety of uniting the finer taste and more delicate intuitions of womanhood with the administrative abilities of the sterner sex, the powers that be had selected as lady managers Mrs. M. O. Owings, of Olympia ; Mrs. Alice Houghton, of Spokane, with Mrs. C. W. Griggs, a most estimable lady of Tacoma, and Miss Josephine Helen Stimson, of Palouse City, as alternates.

Not to be behind her federal sisters, the State Legislature had enacted a law in the spring of 1889 creating a World's Fair Commission, and appropriating the liberal sum of \$100,000, afterward increased by supplementary legislation in February of 1893 by \$50,000, with an additional sum of \$5000 for the use of the State Board of Lady Managers. The following officers formed the *personnel* of this commission: President, N. G. Blalock, Walla Walla ; Vice-President, S. B. Conover, Port Townsend ; Secretary, P. C. Kauffman, Tacoma ; Executive Commissioner, G. V. Calhoun, La Conner ; Assistant Executive Commissioner, Percy W. Rochester, Seattle ; Commissioners, L. R. Grimes, Ellensburg ; W. L. LaFollette, Pullman ; T. H. Cavanaugh, Olympia ; C. H. Ballard, Concomally.

The Board of Lady Managers, whose names we have already recorded, organized by electing Mrs. Alice Houghton as President, Mrs. Owings Vice-President, and Mrs. Griggs as Secretary.

We cannot take leave of this subject without referring, as a convenient place for its introduction into this portion of our historical narrative, to the general system on which this commission proposed to conduct its work. We desire to add a brief description of the building erected under its auspices on the Fair grounds to serve as a general headquarters and reception hall for the accommodation of the citizens of the Evergreen State.

First as to the system :

In order to facilitate its work and to secure the best possible good for the State, the commission started out on the plan to make for Washington a dual exhibit. In other words, they proposed to collect exhibits in sufficiently large quantities not only to place in the Washington World's Fair building a complete exhibition of all the materials, showing the wealth and natural resources of the State, but also to enter with a complete exhibit each one of the general departments of the Columbian Exposition. With this in view, they divided the work into departments

corresponding as nearly as possible with those represented in the Exposition.

As regards the State building, their first step was to invite competition among the architects of Washington for a suitable plan, the three best to be rewarded by prizes. In response to this request no less than twenty-two designs were received; of these the committee selected that of Mr. W. A. Ritchie, of Seattle, as entitled to the first prize of \$500; the second, of \$300, was awarded to Messrs. Ballard & Haywood, of Tacoma; and the third, of \$200, to Mr. Warren P. Skillings, of Seattle. But upon their submittal, as required, for final approval to the Director of Works at Chicago, this order was reversed, and in accordance with the scriptural declaration "that the last shall be first," the plan of Mr. Skillings was preferred, and the building ordered erected in accordance with his design. It was conveniently arranged, giving twenty-two thousand square feet of space. The material employed was entirely the product of Washington, generously contributed by the various logging camps, lumber and quarry men, and the numerous factories of interior finishings throughout the State. Its flagstaff, which will be specially alluded to in our "Conclusion," is the highest in the world—a single pine of native growth, whose shaft, two hundred and eighty-five feet in height, towers aloft and supports the national ensign directly in front of the State edifice. Every other flagstaff on the ground—and they number over forty in all—was also grown in the woods of Washington. The structure itself has already attracted favorable comment from individual visitors—a circumstance, where there is so much to be admired, which speaks most favorably for its perfection. It has also formed the theme of various eulogistic newspaper articles. Though filled to repletion with a fine display of Washington's native and industrial products, it still falls short of fully representing the great natural resources of the State.

The annexed statistics will be found interesting to those who prefer to follow arithmetical paths of progress and gauge the rising of the tides of Washington's prosperity by calculations which, being grounded upon facts and expressed in figures, seldom flatter, and must be falsified before they can deceive.

The financial condition of the State, as shown by a compara-

five examination of the census reports for 1880 and 1890, give the following results :

	1880.	1890.
Bonded debt.....	\$75,000	\$451,000
Floating debt.....	129,384	719,637
Gross debt.....	204,354	1,170,637

The net State debt for 1890, deducting available resources of \$44,927, left a balance of \$1,125,710.

In railway matters, the statistics of mileage, reported for the year ending June 1st, 1889, were : Official, 1140.82 ; unofficial, 216 ; total, 1356.82 ; miles added during the year, 371.12.

The G. A. R. strength, as reported for Washington and Alaska combined, showed a membership this year of 2321. M. M. Holmes, of Seattle, being its commander, with headquarters at Tacoma.

1892.

January of this year brought a ripple of excitement to the political world of Washington, the Hon. Watson C. Squire, Republican, being re-elected to the United States Senate for six years from March 3d, 1891. The contest was a long and exciting one, the friends of the contending candidates, especially those representing the rival cities of Seattle and Tacoma, ex-Governor Squire and Judge Calkins, moving with vigor to secure the office for their section's favorite son. Judge Calkins found many sympathizers in his defeat. A learned jurist, a manly and gallant gentleman, an approved soldier of the Civil War, it almost seemed as if no influence, however strong, could successfully oppose so magnetic an individuality ; but as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so the fortunes of war were against him. Possession, in the case of Governor Squire, proved even more than the proverbial " nine points of the law." He was returned after many ballots and a battle so stubborn and sustained as to reflect the utmost credit upon the staying qualities of all parties. The final vote on joint ballot stood : Squire, Rep., 58 ; Hon. William H. Calkins, Rep., 30 ; Thomas Carroll, Dem., 30 ; Lieutenant-Governor, Charles E. Laughton, 1 ; Eldridge, 1. The vote in each house, as taken January 20th, was : Senate—Squire, 15 ; Calkins, 14 ; Carroll, 4 ; Laughton, 1. House—Squire, 43 ; Calkins, 15 ; Carroll, 18 ; Eldridge, 1. This

Legislature, so largely Republican, was elected to office at the biennial election held in November of 1890. A general election for State officers occurred in the same month of this year (1892), at which John H. McGraw, of Seattle, was elected Governor. The Legislature, elected at the same time, commenced balloting for a successor to United States Senator John B. Allen on the day fixed by law, and continued balloting, taking two votes each day, until the final adjournment. One hundred and seven ballots without a choice were taken, and the Legislature having adjourned, Governor McGraw appointed John B. Allen to succeed himself as United States Senator.

The assessed valuation of property, census of 1880, footed up but \$23,810,693 for the entire State, while that of 1890 shows the vast increase of no less than \$100,984,756, the total for Washington being \$124,795,449. A goodly heritage for a State just emerging from the wilderness.

The military order of the Loyal Legion, which has its headquarters at Tacoma, was instituted in the State of Washington January 14th, 1891; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, A. B. Case.

The population of Washington was 349,390; of these 217,562 were males and 131,828 females—an undue proportion of the sterner sex, almost justifying another effort on the part of the considerate Mr. Mercer to supply the evident dearth of those “inferior” forces which, nevertheless, through the strength of their acknowledged weakness, rule the world. To follow these vital statistics a step farther, we make another subdivision, and discover that 259,385 of the full sum are native born, leaving 90,005 to represent other nationalities. Drawing the color line, we have a total of 340,513 white against an aggregate of 8877 belonging to various races of opposite hue.

The Presidential election held in November of 1892 brought its full share of interest to the good people of Washington, and was entered into with an ardor to be expected from a State for the first time permitted to influence results in the larger political arena, and cast her electoral vote, albeit somewhat of the smallest, for the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Her suffrages were divided among four candidates, whose names we annex, with the number of votes given to each respectively: Harrison, Rep., received 36,460; Cleveland, Dem., 29,802; Weaver, People's Party, 19,165; and Bidwell, Pro., 2542, leaving

Harrison, so far as the State of Washington was concerned, first in the field, with a plurality of 6658 votes—a result which, while it failed to alter the general issue, slightly detracted from and did its little best to diminish the full tide of Democratic success that, somewhat to the surprise of its advocates, swept over the land like a prairie fire. It is, moreover, just possible that it may have infused a drop of sweetness into the bitter cup of the defeated candidate and his greatly disappointed followers.

The present year of grace,

1893,

is yet too young to add any fact of special political importance to this history. The following represents the *personnel* of Washington State government to-day: Governor, John H. McGraw; Lieutenant-Governor, Frank H. Luce; Secretary of State, James H. Price; Treasurer, Owen A. Bowen; Auditor, Laban R. Grimes; Attorney-General, William C. Jones; Superintendent of Public Instruction, C. W. Bean; Commissioner of Public Lands, W. T. Forrest; State Printer, O. C. White; Supreme Court, R. O. Dunbar, Chief Justice; T. L. Stiles, J. P. Hoyt, T. J. Anders, and Elmon Scott.

The State Legislature stands: Senate—Democrats, 9; Republicans, 25. House—Democrats, 20; Republicans, 50; People's Party, 8. On joint ballot, Democrats, 29; Republicans, 75; Populists, 8.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF WASHINGTON—ITS GROWTH, COMPOSITION AND SERVICES.

“ No mercenary soldiers these
Who wait the trumpet's call,
Firm as the rocks where twilight's breeze
Sees sunset radiance fall.
Who hold their country's flag full dear,
And willingly enroll,
As gallantly they volunteer,
Beneath its starry fold.
Wearing the uniform with pride,
Deeming no duty hard,
But ever anxious to deride
Grim danger in the Guard.
Who faced the furious crowd that thronged
Seattle's blood-stained street,
And routed miscreants who longed
Her ruin to complete.
When Gilman saw her miners arm
New delvers to depose,
They found the Guard too strong to harm,
And struck no further blows.
The fire-fiend that swept Spokane
No effort might retard,
Yet in that hour of fervent flame
She trusted to the Guard.
The soldier-citizens we boast,
Of Washington the pride,
Sure safeguard of Pacific's coast
And inland prairies wide.”

—BREWERTON.

WE desire to express our thanks to a valued correspondent (General R. G. O'Brien, Adjutant-General of the State of Washington) for his official reports, received too late, we regret to say, to be fully utilized. In this connection we would remark that the National Guard of Washington owes its legal establishment

and excellent discipline in no small degree to the unwearied efforts of General O'Brien, who, in 1883, organized the first military company at Olympia, now known as Company A of the First Regiment, N. G. S. W., and assumed its control until a permanent commander could be secured. This organization was followed by that of the Seattle Rifles, now Company B of the First Regiment, with Joseph Green as Captain. The Tacoma Guards, now Company C of the same regiment, and Company D, of Seattle, with the late lamented John C. Haines, afterward Colonel Haines, as its Captain. In pursuance of his good work, the general then endeavored to obtain the passage of a law to organize the militia of the Territory, which, however, failed, at the time, causing the disbandment of the company at Olympia. A renewed effort was no more successful; but the eminent services of the First Regiment during the Anti Chinese riots at Seattle, in which three companies were on duty for five days at their own expense until relieved by the Regulars, so impressed the people with the necessity of sustaining and properly legalizing the military organization of the State that it received its first official recognition at the hands of the Legislature by an act approved January 28th, 1888. Up to this time the companies enrolled had been kept together, as General O'Brien remarks, "through the military ardor of their members and the martial spirit of their friends, there being no law whereby the Territory could be charged with any expense incident to their services." Yet the necessity for the existence of such a force must be apparent to all. It has prevented the appeal, always humiliating to State pride, for that federal aid which the Constitution directs shall be given to "protect each State, if demanded, from domestic violence"—a request which cannot be made without the tacit acknowledgment that the State is unable to carry out its own laws and defend itself. It is, moreover, always liable to any call for the suppression of foreign invasion, besides sustaining that spirit so essential for the defence of the flag and the preservation of a nucleus for formation and military instruction, the value of which was abundantly proved at the outbreak of the late Civil War. Did space permit, it would be both curious and interesting to go back and recall the gradual growth of our national militia system from the time when Congress passed its first militia law, in May, 1792, to the marvellous perfection of the equipment and

discipline of the National State Guards of the present. That now venerable law is still nominally in force, though in reality never carried out, for it was practically strangled at birth by efforts immediately made for its appeal and amendment. Among other matters it laid its injunction upon "any able-bodied male citizen between eighteen and forty-five years of age, enrolled by his captain, to keep himself provided with a 'good musket or firelock, of a bore sufficient for balls of one eighteenth part of a pound,' two spare flints, and twenty-four cartridges, or else with a 'good rifle, shot-pouch, powder-horn, twenty balls, and a quarter of a pound of powder.'" The quaint instructions for grenadiers and bombardiers are still to be perused, and also the directions to commissioned officers to provide themselves with "a sword and hanger and spontoon," or, if mounted, to have their "holsters covered with bear-skin caps." The provisions of this act almost entirely ignored those of a plan formulated by General Knox, of Revolutionary fame, in 1790. Speaking generally, the whole question of militia organization and discipline, like the woman in the Scripture, "suffered many things from many physicians," but without special relief. Successive Presidents made various recommendations, and Congress acted upon them, but with evident reluctance to interfere with the original law. Madison's most noticeable contribution to the subject was to propose annual camps of instruction for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers. In 1816 Secretary Graham, under direction of Congress, suggested the division of the militia into three classes, according to ages, of which the two younger were to be encamped annually. In 1825 a board, in which Scott and Taylor were prominent, reported that the great defect was the excess of numbers it held to service, and proposed, as a substitute, that a brigade only of militia should be formed in each congressional district and properly instructed. It will be perceived that there was a general drift throughout all these years toward a select body rather than a general enrolment. The idea of volunteers and uniformed companies was evidently bearing fruit and gaining ground. To this the Mexican War gave a new impulse. Another element caused the old militia system to fall into general disrepute. There are those still living who remember the grotesque gatherings, largely caricatured, and known as "general trainings," which mustered a force so ridiculously

armed and equipped that they were fairly laughed out of existence by their own absurdity, and certainly added nothing to the soldierly proficiency of their participants.

To return to the National Guard of Washington, its members, as they have repeatedly proven, are no "carpet knights," mere holiday soldiers, whose principal business it is to gild some festivity by a street parade. On the contrary, they have, on five occasions at least, showed that they were made of sterner stuff. The first of these was when Companies B and D did heroic service, as already mentioned, during the anti-Chinese riots in Seattle; the second, during the mining troubles at New Castle in 1888, at a cost to the State of \$163.74; the third, in defending property and preserving order at the Seattle fire in June, 1889, when five companies were employed for three weeks, at a cost to the State of \$4000.38; fourth, at the fire in Spokane, costing the Government \$686.54, and the fifth, during the mining outbreak in King County in 1891—in this one half of the entire strength of the National Guard of the State was called into service for a period of three weeks—all of which goes to prove not only the absolute necessity, but great economy, of this ever-ready but always last resorted to element of protection, whose legal life in Washington dates back but little more than five years.

It is worthy of remark that General O'Brien, who was originally Quartermaster-General, having been nominated on the Republican ticket from Thurston County in 1880, but who discharged the duties of Adjutant-General in connection with his own during his entire term, gave his services gratuitously, laborious and trying as they were, from 1883 to March 27th, 1890, at which time the Legislature placed the salary of the Adjutant-General at \$1500 per year—about that of a lieutenant in the regular army.

The present organization of the National Guard of Washington is as follows: The First Infantry Regiment, located west of the Cascade Mountains; the Second Infantry Regiment, located east of the same range, with ten companies each, and one unattached company at Waterville, Douglas County; the First Cavalry Battalion, one company located at Sprague, in Lincoln County, and one at Tacoma, in Pierce County, with headquarters at Spokane. The infantry regiments have been augmented

by the addition of one company located at Olympia and two companies in the Second Regiment, located respectively at Clyde, in Walla Walla County, and Tekoa, in Whitman County, presenting a total of 121 officers and 1267 enlisted men, aggregating 1388 officers and men. All, with the exception of the officers—who must provide themselves—are furnished with the regulation uniform of the United States Army, which, with few exceptions, are in fairly good condition. The arms and equipments are such as are furnished by the War Department to the regular troops, and are drawn from the general Government upon requisition made against the annual allowance set apart for the equipment of the militia of the several States, based upon the congressional representation from each State, and amounting for the State of Washington to \$2764.98 annually. This appropriation can only be drawn by the States in arms, ammunition, and quartermaster's supplies.

The militia of Washington—that is to say, the number of men available for service, but not enrolled, aggregates, in round numbers, 61,700, which, after all, is but a shadowy sort of background to its thoroughly disciplined National Guard. A vague sense of numbers, figured on returns of population, whose estimates do more harm than good; for the soldier, unlike the poet, is not born, but made, and by no means a quick creation either. War is a trade, and its apprenticeship must be of the longest. The force known as the State militia suggests a confidence not founded in reality, an army on paper, having the same relation to a trained and efficient combatant that the standing timber in the forest has to the board finished and ready for use.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A PASSING CLOUD—FINANCIAL STORMS THAT FOR THE MOMENT
OVERSHADOW WASHINGTON.

“ The darkest hour precedes the dawn,
 It tells the coming day,
 And where the deepest gloom is born
 The storm clouds break away.
 The lane is long that knows no turn,
 The pains no pause attend,
 And prairie fires full fiercely burn,
 But quite as quickly end.

“ The highest tide must turn to ebb,
 It may not ever flow,
 And fairest life find tangled web
 Where winds opposing blow.
 So commerce feels both flood and fall,
 Dark days of deep distress,
 Its waxing wave, uplifting all,
 Its times to ban or bless.

“ Take courage, then, this night of gloom
 That seems so full of dread,
 And wrathful as the red simoon,
 Is still with blessings wed,
 'Tis but the mirk that marks the hour,
 That heralds brighter morn,
 Whose darkness paints with mightier power
 Hope's rainbow on the storm.”

—BREWERTON.

WE have endeavored, in writing this history of the State of Washington, to avoid all undue eulogy and that optimism which sees only the best, and, on the other hand, those gloomy pessimistic views, tinging all with sadness that come within the scope of their observation. The middle path seemed safest and preferable, and it has been our aim to follow it. Though we have had nothing

but kind words, and justly so, to say for the territorial progress of Washington and the first years of its still infant statehood, yet there exists a condition of things at the present hour which it would be worse than folly to ignore—a cloud, a passing one, it is to be hoped, but nevertheless sufficiently opaque and threatening to overshadow for the time the prosperity of the State, demanding recognition and possibly some attempt at explanation on the part of her historian. This difficulty is the general depression of business, stagnation in almost every department of trade, accompanied by inevitable shrinkage in values, and widespread doubt and uncertainty in the conduct of financial affairs—a condition of things by no means confined to Washington, for she suffers in common, and, comparatively speaking, in a lesser degree, with her sisters of the federal Union in the commercial distress now prevailing in every mart of the civilized world. Nor do we believe, upon a calm revision of the whole situation, that this state of affairs is the result of overtrading or even of the speculative excitement which during certain years of the last decade culminated in what is known as “a boom” or temporary furor, more especially in real estate, sending up prices abnormally beyond their true valuations. In this respect Washington presents the singular attitude to-day, almost paradoxical, of a dull market with actual value—for the solid improvements made in the mean while have more than equalized the difference—following an intensely lively one based upon fictitious foundations. It was a period when lands yet wedded to the primitive wilderness rose suddenly in price from the few dollars per acre demanded by the Government on first entry to hundreds and even thousands; when a “business lot” supposed to be eligibly located doubled in value almost before the deeds of its last owner had reached the office of the recorder. Cities on paper grew up like Jonah’s gourd, to flourish for a night, and “additions” crowded by the score, albeit though far away as distant relations, to woo the embrace of some possible metropolis and claim kindred with a metropolitan dignity yet to be. Just here let us say that in those days of wild excitement, when Eastern capital was fairly begging for investments, and our brokers were besieged with requests “to be let in on the ground floor,” there was more fair dealing and far less of that knavish trickery so common to such fevers of speculative mania than the Far West has ever seen.

"Tender feet," as new-comers are generally known upon the Pacific coast, were for the most part honestly dealt with ; there was, indeed, with the manifest anxiety to purchase, really no need of misrepresentation. Men who a year or two before had filled menial positions or even been glad to clear land to gain their daily sustenance suddenly found themselves almost millionaires ; some, who could scarcely sign the name that transferred their title deeds, became wealthy beyond their wildest dream of affluence. Madness seemed to rule the hour, yet there was a deal of method in this brief reign of financial insanity. It is true that there are many rich in acres and lots who are "land poor" to-day, and, it may be, sorely tried to meet inevitable taxes and assessments. Yet these have only to bide their time and tide over the present stress to find safe harbor and remunerative returns in the near beyond. That the local embarrassment has been increased by a desire, often enhanced by rivalries between competing cities, to push on and provide facilities whose magnitude anticipated their need cannot be denied ; streets have been opened, "improvements" made and outlying tracts brought within the corporate limits by the vote of a majority never called upon to pay the heavy assessments necessarily levied to liquidate their cost, and this to the manifest hardship of the interested lot owners. Then, too, an iron-clad system of taxation, not of the lightest, combined with full assessments and an added penalty of no less than 20 per cent upon all unpaid corporate or county liabilities, coupled with the dread of losing one's property entirely by tax sale, has added greatly to the gravity of the personal situation. Who shall say, moreover, whether that ring, so potent in some of our Eastern cities, which weds the unscrupulous contractor with the yet more dishonest civic government, may not have found its counterpart in some instances in the Northwest, to the detriment of the tax-payer ? Something of this we have already suggested, but it seemed necessary to recapitulate to make our meaning clearer and more apparent. Passing from the specific to the generic, it is a mooted question as to the causes which inaugurated this present prevailing business pressure. It seems to puzzle and defy the analyses of even far-seeing financial experts, and will probably find no practical solution until the extra session of Congress shall cease their

unpatriotic attempts to thwart the will of the people by avowedly prolonging a desired settlement through windy speeches no one cares to hear, and without further delay wisely revive or abrogate entirely all inimical legislation, and thus remove existing barriers by opening new channels through which the present stagnation may be relieved and commerce once more find an unrestricted course. We are, fortunately, not called upon to vivisect this much-vexed question, vital to all, and yet in relation to whose manifest disorder, its diagnosis and appropriate remedy, our doctors so diametrically disagree.

One cause, we will venture to suggest—its antidote—a manly and patient courage combined with hopeful waiting for brighter skies, is too patent to be named. This cause is fear—a somewhat senseless scare—which, like sudden panic among veteran troops, is most dangerous, because unreasoning, spreading like wildfire from man to man until the cloud no bigger than a hand's breadth is magnified into a coming cyclone, darkening the heavens with its wrath. This foolish fright is fed and increased by its own self-amplification of existing evil. It is the exemplification of that oft-told tale—most applicable here, as touching this general distrust—of the bargain made by the cholera to destroy but fifty in its devastating march through a certain village; and when remonstrated with because death took fourscore, declared in defence that the number agreed upon had not been exceeded, the fifty only having been honestly sacrificed, while fear killed the rest. And this element of panic is more perilous, because in the present age of almost instantaneous communication, when the chained lightnings leap to do our bidding and the ends of the earth whisper together and join hands, you cannot touch one without disturbing all. A difficulty on the Bosphorus brings the troubles of the Golden Horn to bear upon the markets of London and Paris, which find their reflex in New York and New Orleans, and die away in echoes that seriously affect even the far distant merchants and manufacturers doing business upon the shores of Puget Sound.

There is, moreover, a positive gain in such perturbations, ultimate and not immediately apparent to the superficial observer. Like tornadoes and freshets, these financial disturbances have their providential and purifying influences upon the busi-

ness world, just as the East India hurricanes, fearfully destructive as they are, have their ministry for good in dispelling the fever mists and miasmatic germs, which, if permitted to linger, would pave the way for the still greater evils of the pestilence. The whirlwind sweeps the forest and freshets swell to madness the torrents of the stream, but it is the rotten and shaky tree that is certain to succumb and the tangled masses of decaying driftwood that must be carried by the fierceness of the tide, with all its attendant worthlessness, into the sea: so in financial storms, the weak and already tottering concern must be the first to give way; the house that ekes out its precarious commercial existence by dishonesty and "kiting" will surely go, while stronger firms, though they bow before the blast and contract their branches for awhile, bend but never break. As the fire fiend sees a fairer city rise upon the ruins of the district he devastated, so the hour of apparently endless darkness passes away. The storm subsides, the clouds, should they return after the rain, grow radiant with the glory of the sunrise, cease to threaten, and become the decorations of a more perfect morning. Commercial crises are, after all, but crucibles in which each is equally tested, and those only who come forth purified by the flame are refined gold, stamped in the mint of trial with the seal of honesty, and henceforth to be doubly trusted.

Yet we will suppose the worst that could befall. What then? Is Washington, therefore, bankrupt? Far more favored than some of her sister States—than unhappy Colorado, for instance, in the streets of whose capital city strong men, willing to work, are this day begging their bread for want of employment—she has her substantial sources of wealth, of which none can deprive her, nor does she depend upon any one industry or fountain of revenue. She can count her cattle by the thousands upon her eastern hills; the fields of innumerable farms already whiten with the grain which must soon crowd the cars that whirl it away to the countless avenues through which it seeks and finds a ready market; she has her unfailing fisheries, her mines of mineral fuel, her export of hops, her forests of timber, with the mighty mills that make their products merchantable—these she possesses, and, above all, utilizing each, there remains that pluck, energy, and determination to succeed, even through paths of painful self-denial, so characteristic of her citizens. Where

their pioneer predecessors turned daily defeats into ultimate victories in the days that tried their souls amid the perils of its wilds, the men of to-day, with far greater advantages, will as surely triumph; and though the night be dark and long, watch and wait for the blessing of the All Father, well knowing that it is but the harbinger of a purer, clearer, and more beneficent day.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IN CONCLUSION.

- “ Born on the banks of Puget Sound,
 'Mid mossy dews and damps,
The foresters this flagstaff found,
 Chief of its woodland camps.
- “ It wore the ensign nature made,
 Flinging its banner free,
For centuries it gloomed the glade
 That knew no nobler tree.
- “ Fit emblem for that glorious State
 We call 'the Evergreen,'
The Northwest vainly strives to mate
 Where'er her snow-peaks gleam.
- “ Now shorn of every spreading bough,
 It bears the nation's sign,
The Stars and Stripes that all allow
 Are Freedom's own ensign.
- “ Transplanted from the distant West,
 Chicago sees it fly,
Where wondering eyes behold the best
 The marts of earth supply.
- “ And there above the stately home
 Our Washington uprears,
It mourns no more Pacific's moan
 Or dark pine's fragrant tears.
- “ As towering o'er those crowded halls,
 It floats that standard true,
The flag, that ne'er dishonored falls,
 The red, the white, the blue.”

—BREWERTON.

AFTER so many pages of solid fact, involving hours of research and patient study, the author begs permission to indulge himself, and possibly relieve the monotony of the stricter ways

in which we have felt compelled to walk with the reader by turning aside for a moment into a more flowery and inviting path, where reality and romance may accompany us unconflict-ingly, and yet this little flight of imagination—the first and only one we propose taking—may nevertheless be entirely true, and certainly falls within the scope and has an indisputable bearing upon the sequence of our historical narrative.

In the year of grace 1492, when the solemn shades of Puget Sound were only tenanted by the wild wanderers who fished its shores or made their transitory homes upon its wave-beaten borders; when the great snow mountain looked as calmly down as it gazes on fairer scenes to-day upon an unbroken wilderness dimmed by no village smoke and disturbed by no life save the Indian or the scarcely less savage beasts of the forest; when the mighty Columbia, the Oregon of the poet, rushed through the gates of its innumerable cascades to lose itself amid the billows of the Pacific, yet

“ Heard no sound save its own dashings,”

two events were simultaneously happening, separated by thousands of leagues, having to the careless eye of the thoughtless observer no possible connection or common significance, and yet so indissolubly united and bound up with each other that it is impossible to disassociate them from the two greatest events four centuries of progress were destined to behold.

First, then, and most important in the march of events, bid memory recall the story told in the opening chapter of this history—the scene enacted on that fateful October 12th, 1492. Stand with us in fancy upon the foam-crested sand dunes of San Salvador and summon up the ghostly shadows of the past; and lo! they come like weary, storm-tossed birds, flying from the turmoil and mystery of the sea. Behold the ships of the great navigator—the strange, quaint caravels of Columbus, marine experiments of a comparatively ignorant age—as they creep in from the graying of the dim horizon line of the ocean beyond. And now, with a freshening breeze, they spread their sails, heavy with the tropic night dews, to the easterly wind and force the hulls, soiled and sea-stained by opposing billows, more swiftly on, till pushing bravely through the brine, with roar of cannon, blare of trumpets, and flags given to the gale, they press

forward victoriously to this long-desired but almost unhopèd-for anchorage. Only too happy to escape the dread and desolation of the dreary outer wastes so anxiously traversed, they furl their tired wings and hasten to the strand. There, beneath the grateful shadows of the waving palms, and in the presence of the natives, who gaze with wondering eyes upon these strange visitors, whom, in their simplicity, they regard as gods, the weather-beaten mariners raise the ensign of Castile and Leon, and with solemn ceremonial take possession of all they behold in the name of the rulers of Old Spain, planting her many-blazoned banner in token of their sovereignty, and, beneath its broad folds, the Christian cross, that emblem of peace to all, yet heavy to bear, as to the Master who sanctified it by fainting beneath its load, to those unhappy spectators, to whom its misinterpreted mission was ere long to prove a galling yoke; but whether for good or evil—and much of both resulted from it—the deed was done; and Columbus, the admiral of the Indies, had given to Hispania “a new world.”

And now let us shift the scene, span the mighty distance, and standing by the waves of a calmer sea, the inland ocean of far-off Puget Sound, yet to be christened the “Mediterranean of the West,” traverse together the woodland paths till we reach a secluded spot separated by a mile or two from its shores. The place is an aisle of the primitive forest, dewy with mossy damp, haunted by umbrageous shadows, and softly carpeted with the *débris* of a thousand years. Its solemn silence has just been rudely broken by the thundering crash of a falling monarch of the wild, a many-armed and magnificent pine long wedded to the soil. It leaves an opening, into which the sunshine, so long a stranger to its depths, looks wonderingly down. And what does it behold! A group of Indian girls, who, attracted by the overthrow of a patriarch of the forest, have clustered round a baby pine, half hidden by the uprooted earth, yet making its way in timid fashion through the rich leaf mould of many moons. It has hitherto been shaded and stunted by the overpowering presence of its parent tree, but will grow and flourish now and fatten upon the decaying trunk of its fallen progenitor till it broadens, shoots upward, and thrusts forth sturdy arms to warn off its fellows. Let us leave it to the rains and the unfailling culture of God’s gardening; we shall meet with it again, for

it has a destiny to perform, a mission, so strangely improbable, that no "medicine man" of all their tribes, however wildly fanciful, would dare to foretell its future fate or predict the ministry which full fruition must call it to fulfil.

Four centuries have fled. How vast the change! Well may we ask, "What hath God wrought?" The wilderness is wasting beneath the assaults of a civilization no savagery may withstand; the settler's axe has let in the sunshine; the busy mill devours the forest on which it feeds; the "fire canoes" of the pale face vex the seas hitherto only broken by the beat of the Indian's paddle or the leap of the silvery salmon speeding its way to some distant spawning ground. The tepee and the lodge give place to city spire and suburban home; the prairie smiles with wealth of golden grain, and the cattle of the settler graze or wander upon a thousand hills; the unceasing march of time brings round a memorable anniversary, a natal day which interests the whole civilized world, and which the nations propose to recognize and commemorate. It is the birth of a new hemisphere, of two hitherto unknown continents, born out of the night of barbarism into the full-orbed day of letters and art. Most of all will our own land "keep the feast." A mighty scheme has been projected to celebrate the auspicious advent of the long-looked-for festival. It is carefully conceived and liberally carried out. A central city of the continent (Chicago) is selected as a convenient site and fit theatre for the holding of that great Columbian Exposition, "where the nations might meet in peaceful rivalry to behold an exhibition of garnered treasures, brought from the four winds of heaven, which should include everything best and rarest of utility or in æsthetic creation. All to honor the memory of Christopher Colon, the discoverer of a new world. It was determined that each State should establish upon the grounds a roof-tree or home building, where its own commissioners might welcome and receive her citizens. Washington, though her statehood was still in its infancy, decided not to be outdone even by her elder sisters of the "Old Thirteen." Her first State Legislature, assembled in 1889, passed a law appropriating a sum already mentioned to generously carry out the wisely formulated plans of her World's Fair Commission. It provided for the erection of an edifice whose whole material should be literally "to the manor born." This build-

ing, appropriate and ornate in all its details, rose in obedience to the mandate of the commonwealth, and was constructed in accordance with the design of its able architect, aided by the no less skilful hands that labored to do his bidding. It was finished, yet one thing seemed lacking—a staff which should fittingly sustain the banner to which the new-born State of Washington had just added another glorious star. It was then determined that the Evergreen State should plant the federal ensign nearer heaven than ever yet the flag of any nationality displayed from a single staff, had been given to the breeze. The command goes forth, and her woodsmen search her forests for their loftiest and most magnificent representative, a straight and goodly tree, a pine worthy of the place for which it is destined. At length their anxious quest is ended; a shaft was found so tall and stately that it might well furnish the final adornment of the temple for which it was designed. Is it too great a stretch of imagination to suppose that this was the then baby pine round which the Indian girls gathered, while far away, so many, many moons ago, the caravels of that fearless pilot of solitary seas were finding their anchorage beside the

“Flashing surges of San Salvador”?

At length it falls, but not, like its predecessor of the centuries gone by, does it wake the echoes of the forests, to become a victim to the rottenness of dull decay. Its progenitor of 1492 fell before the eating tooth of time, slowly gnawing it away; its sturdy successor of 1892 cost many an axe stroke ere it reluctantly parted from its long-rifted holds. It succumbs at last; but though it lies denuded of every bough, no pine of Puget Sound, through all its borders, has ever found or ever will fulfil a nobler mission. Two hundred and thirty-eight feet of its gigantic length is carefully selected, cut into convenient sections for transportation by rail, loaded upon the cars, and then sent thundering through the mighty barriers of the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains to its distant destination upon the shores of Lake Michigan. It reaches its bourne, is reunited, and raised in front of the State of Washington's headquarters, where it proudly stands to-day, the highest flagstaff in the world, bearing aloft the banner of the republic, and before the eyes of a multitude, including every tongue and kindred under heaven, flinging to

the breeze the flag that for a hundred years, with its glorious combination of the lily and the rose, wedded to an azure field close studded with stars, points the dwellers upon earth to homes where sixty millions of people represent and enjoy the highest culture and largest measure of progress yet accorded to mankind.

So it came to pass that this pine of Puget Sound assists at the celebration of his heroic achievement who, "building far better for others than he knew," "gave to Castile and Leon a new world," earning for himself but obloquy and neglect. Yet the flight of years, through the varied fortunes of four successive centuries, the most prolific in radical revolutions that have ever issued from the womb of time, have revised his record, and, so far as posterity could effect it, righted his many wrongs, only adding to the fame of that brave explorer so justly called "the greatest admiral of any age." And thus we conclude this history most fitly by recalling recollections of the theme which furnished the material for its initial chapter—the opening of the first door by Columbus to the discovery, settlement, and civilization of the great Pacific Northwest.

The Muse of History has fulfilled her appointed task, and now her sister of Poetry would fain crave permission to add her tribute to the many, far more worthy of so grand a theme, which have already been laid at the feet of Christopher Colon, the first to dare the mystery of the unknown Western seas.

A COLUMBIAN ODE.

To Celebrate the Fourth Centennial of the Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the greatest Admiral of any age.

BY COLONEL G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON.

" Columbus to Castile and Leon gave a new world."

PILOT of solitary seas,
Where never sail had dared the breeze
With loving clasp the centuries keep
Thy fame who sowed where others reap !
'Twas thine to ope the sunset gates
Beyond whose doors the unknown waits,
The long-sealed portals of the West,
And find new fields for hope and rest,
Giving to Castile and Leon
A grander world to grace their throne.

Come, bid the ghostly past recall,
Her pictures hung on history's wall,
Stand on the Pinta's sloping deck,
See the light clouds her canvas fleck ;
Mark the strange fashion of her sails,
Her hull too weak for wintry gales ;
The Admiral so stern and gray,
Who guides that fleet on doubtful way,
Scanning the floatage of the sea,
To read in drifting weed and tree ;
Or birds storm-blown, with weary wing,
Who in some tropic forest sing,
Hopes that his failing faith deny,
'Mid dreary wastes of wave and sky.

The world grows old : what years have fled
To join the buried centuries' dead :

Since first upon brave Colon's sight
Gleamed o'er the sea that trembling light,
Like watchfire blazing on the strand,
Welcoming to an unknown land ;
'Twas well that thou of all thy crew
Should be the first that flame to view.
What was thy thought, when through the night
Thine eye beheld its fitful light ;
What the wild joy by pride suppressed
When o'er the ocean's troubled breast
God sent thee sign of peace and rest ;
Of hope deferred, at last fulfilled ;
Of deep detraction, doubly stilled,
Gave answer to each galling sneer,
That cost thee many a secret tear,
When priestly scorn and princely laugh
Could find amid thy wheat but chaff.

Hark ! from thy consort comes a cheer —
A sullen boom salutes thy ear ;
Borne on the midnight breeze along
The keynote of thy victory song,
The signal gun that greets the land,
Telling of triumph close at hand ;
And then, as if they did but wait
To usher in with solemn state,
The greatest era of the age,
With sky and ocean for its stage,
The clouds withdraw to let the light
Of full-orbed moon illumine the night,
And on the breakers' outer wall
Bid floods of silvery radiance fall,
Lighting the beach before unseen,
Though clearly now its sand dunes gleam
With transient beam to fleck the foam ;
Where billows die with mournful moan,
To-morrow thou shalt see them smile,
Kissing the tropic's palm-clad isle ;
When at thy feet strong men shall fall
And worship thee as lord of all.

Enjoy thine hour, full brief the span,
Of harvest given here to man.
Poor the best meed of mortal gain,
So slow to wax, so swift to wane.

Discoverer of the sunset gate,
A convict's chain and warders wait
For thee in lands to which you gave
A mighty empire to enslave,
When Romish cross and Spanish yoke
Should forest liberty revoke,
And bring from far, through greed of gold,
The dead its green savannahs hold.

A kingly gift shall crown thy fame,
With grace to wear thy martyr chain ;
First decoration of the cross,
Won by self-sacrifice and loss,
That shame unmeet lends glory now,
A brighter halo binds thy brow,
For he to whom that Old World gave
New homes beyond the Western wave—
Best legacy of ills well borne—
Is now the theme of highest song.
The sculptor's choice for grand design,
More precious grown than buried wine,
Thy genius now seems most divine.
Thy royal lot, how rich, how rare,
Nations unborn thy griefs shall bear,
And sympathetic hearts shall sigh
For thee, while stars illumine the sky.

Unnumbered millions greet to-day
Thy little fleet that anchored lay
Beside that sheltered island shore
That thou didst call San Salvador ;
With storm-tossed hull and wind-rent sail,
And rigging tangled by the gale,
Like tired sea-birds glad to rest,
And 'scape the ocean's angry breast.

Fit emblem of the spirit brave,
Who led them o'er the Western wave,
To rich mankind with blessings rare,
Of virgin soil and purer air,
Gifts grander far than fancy dreamed,
Though full, perchance, his largesse seemed.

Then bid the nations nobly keep
His day who sowed that we might reap.
With grand parade and boom of gun,
With banners blazing to the sun,
As conquerors crown their victories won,
With pomp processional and feast,
With poet's lay and prayer of priest,
With words of eloquence that sweep
The throng as breezes stir the deep ;
The Old World joining with the New,
Shall patient sufferance review,
When thou didst grope through gloom and dark
To find the earth a refuge ark,
Where generations yet unborn
Shall swell thy grand triumphal song.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THESE VARIED BIOGRAPHIES.

ALL lives are teachers—none are lost,
However torn or tempest-tost,
They stand like watch-fires on the shore,
As beacon lights brave ocean's roar,
To mark the shoals where barks went down
'Neath stress of storm and battle frown,
Or stranded on some hidden reef,
Through pilotage of false belief
Sailed blindly on to meet a fate
Whose warning note came all too late ;
Or grandly rising like the peak
That only angel steps may seek,
Become a harbinger to hope,
Giving ambition broader scope,
And e'en though mists a moment hide
The rock-ribbed bulwarks of its side,
Comes forth at length its crown to wear
'Neath brighter skies and purer air,
Whose lesson simple faith divines,
Though dense the clond, the sun still shines—
Then in these humble records find,
To culture strange through fate unkind,
Of hard hands holding axe or plow,
Hands soon to rest from labor now,
This lesson, born of toilsome years,
Of life's long struggle, strife, and tears.
Or e'en from those by fortune blest,
Who, borne upon the billows' crest,
That neap tide flowing on to fame,
Half found, half earned a higher name,
Owing to circumstance the place
That after wisdom came to grace,
Work as they wrought, whate'er the field,
Trusting to God for final yield :
So shall thy life full rounded stand
And answer make when death demand.

—BREWERTON.

YESLER, HENRY L.—In no summary of the forces and agencies which have combined to make the city of Seattle what it is to-day should be omitted the part borne by the subject of this sketch. He was one of that small band of pioneers who, in the early fifties, settled upon the present site of Seattle and laid the foundations, and have since largely aided in the development and building up of the city. For nearly forty years he was a conceded power for good in the community, and he has left in many places and on many things the impress of his individual work. His career and achievements forcibly illustrate what may be accomplished by one who pursues earnest purposes and makes right use of his opportunities.

Mr. Yesler was born in Washington County, Md., in 1810. His early years were years of toil, and he had but little chance for gaining an education, a short period of instruction in the log school-house of his native place completing his opportunities in this direction. What he afterward acquired in the way of education was gained by self-application and in the great school of experience. At an early age he learned the trade of carpenter and millwright, and during his apprenticeship he devoted his leisure hours to reading and study. In 1830 he removed to Massillon, O., where for nineteen years he was engaged in the saw-mill business. In 1851 he emigrated to Portland, Ore., and after working at his trade for a brief period went to California, and for a short time operated a mine at Marysville. Desiring an opportunity to make use of his experience in the saw-mill business, he sought a location on tide-water suitable for his purposes. About this time he formed the acquaintance of a sea captain who had been trading on Puget Sound, and from him learned of its wonderful harbors and the abundance of timber near at hand. Hither, accordingly, he came, arriving on the present site of Seattle in October, 1852. A few settlers had already located in the woods close to the shore, and their claims had been selected, although they had not filed them in the Land Office, which at that time was at Oregon City. When Mr. Yesler informed them of his plans to start a saw-mill, their lines were so changed as to let him in, and he selected a claim adjoining the shore, upon which is now the main business and residence section of the city. The modest steam saw-mill, the first built on the Sound, was put in operation early in 1853, and at once became the centre of activity in this section. Here most of the men of the town earned their money, and here the ships came for their cargoes and discharged their groceries. In the early days Mr. Yesler employed many Indians as laborers in his mill, treating them so kindly that in the hostilities of 1855-56 he was able to be of great service to the Territory. Near the close of the war, at the request of Governor Stevens, he made a perilous trip to the hostile camp to propose terms of agreement. After returning with the replies of the chiefs, he made a second trip, accompanied by only two friendly Indians, and brought back with him one hundred of the late hostile Indians, delivering them at the executive mansion. At another time, by a timely warning sent to the naval authorities, he saved the settlement from massacre. While extensively interested in other business enterprises, Mr. Yesler continued to conduct his saw-mill at Seattle until shortly before the great fire of June 6th, 1889, and afterward engaged in the same business at Yesler, on Lake Washington. When Seattle began its later and wonderful growth under the stimulus of immigration, Mr. Yesler's claim became year

by year more valuable. Much of it he sold, but some of the original claim he retained until his death, most of which is in the very heart of the city. His losses by the great fire of 1889 were very heavy; but with characteristic energy, as soon as the smouldering ruins would permit, he set about the erection of some of the finest buildings in the State.

In politics Mr. Yesler was originally a Democrat; but after the great Civil War he became an active Republican. He was frequently called by his fellow-citizens to positions of public honor and trust, and his official duties were performed with the same energy and rectitude of purpose which marked his private business transactions. On the organization of the Territory he was made Auditor, which office he held several terms. He was Commissioner of King County several times, and twice Mayor of Seattle. In 1886, during his last term as Mayor, occurred the memorable Chinese riots; and though not a friend of foreign labor, he did all in his power to suppress mob violence. Mr. Yesler was married in Ohio to Sarah Burgert, a most estimable lady, who shared in the privations and trials of his pioneer life, and is most kindly remembered in Seattle. She died in August, 1887. Two children were born of this union, both of whom died at an early age. Mr. Yesler was again married in 1890 to Minnie Gaggle, a native of his old home in Ohio.

Mr. Yesler died December 16th, 1892. As a business man he possessed a shrewd, practical, well-balanced mind, while his reputation as an honorable gentleman of the highest integrity was firmly established. During a business career which covered a period from the pioneer days of Seattle to the time of his death, he retained the respect and confidence of the entire community. He led a very industrious life, and had his share of the rebuffs of fortune; but patient and well-directed effort triumphed over every obstacle and amassed an ample fortune which was honestly and fairly won. All his efforts were in directions which added to Seattle's prosperity, and every dollar he acquired enriched the entire community.

BLALOCK, DR. NELSON G., born in North Carolina, February 17th, 1836, was educated in the common schools of his native State, and spent one year in college in Tennessee. After leaving the Tennessee college, he was married August 1st, 1858, to Miss Pantha A. Durham, an accomplished and estimable lady, who proved a true helpmeet to him during the various trials and vicissitudes through which they were destined to pass. When he entered Jefferson College, which he did in 1859, his means barely sufficed to pay his way, and it was only by rigid economy that he was enabled to continue until he graduated in 1861. From college he went to Mount Zion, Macon County, Ill., where he practised his profession until the spring of 1862, when he entered the One Hundred and Fifteenth Illinois Infantry Volunteers as Regimental Surgeon, where he remained until September, 1863, when ill health forced him to abandon the service. May 18th, 1864, his wife died, leaving two children, one of whom, Yancey C., still lives. While speaking in this connection, a few words concerning this worthy son, upon whom will fall the mantle of his father, may not be amiss. Although but thirty-two years of age, he has already taken front rank among the rising physicians and surgeons of the day, and has successfully performed many difficult

surgical operations, and in a manner that would do credit to surgeons much older and with a great deal more experience than himself. Dr. Blalock was married the second time December 10th, 1865, to Miss Marie E. Greenfield, in Mount Zion, Ill.

The history of his life up to May, 1872, had been one continuous struggle without perceptibly getting ahead, and so the doctor concluded to sell out his little possessions at Mount Zion and seek his fortune in the Northwest, and he arrived in the Walla Walla Valley October 11th of the same year, after four months and a half of the hardships of the plains, without money and without credit. He at once started his teams at hauling freight, at the same time practising his profession in a small way. His reputation as a first-class surgeon was soon established, and his services were in such demand that he was compelled to be on the go night and day in order to answer the calls made upon him. Now the real native progressiveness which was inherent in his nature began to assert itself. His was not a disposition that could meekly follow in the beaten paths of those that had gone before. Others had passed over the alkali lands lying along the base of the Blue Mountains as worthless; but the doctor saw in them rich grain fields and fruitful orchards if properly worked, and every dollar that he could spare was devoted to the purchase of these so-called worthless lands, and through his untiring industry over five thousand acres of what was at one time a barren alkali desert has blossomed forth into waving grain fields. As a proof that his intelligence had not been at fault, in 1881 he harvested ninety thousand bushels of wheat and barley. Having thus demonstrated that his theory as to the productiveness of the soil of that section was correct, the doctor decided to enlarge his field of operations. He saw that it was costing the settlers of Walla Walla Valley large sums of money annually to procure the wood and lumber necessary for their use, and he cast about for a means of reducing the cost of these commodities to the consumer. The idea of a flume to the mountains came to him, and to see an opening for an industry whereby the general people would be benefited meant immediate action on his part. In 1874 he commenced the construction of a flume, and by 1880 had twenty-eight miles in operation, which had cost him over \$56,000. He also expended nearly \$200,000 in building mills, getting out timber, etc. While this enterprise was of invaluable benefit to the citizens of the Walla Walla Valley, it proved a very disastrous investment, from a financial standpoint, for the doctor, he losing in the neighborhood of \$80,000 in the operation. He then organized a company known as the Blalock Wheat Growing Company, of which he was elected President. This company purchased a twenty-thousand-acre farm between the John Day and Columbia rivers, in Wasco County, Ore., which was successfully and profitably cultivated.

Having shown up the agricultural mines of wealth that lay hid in these acid alkali soils, the doctor next decided to try the experiment of fruit-raising; and his fine fruit farm near Walla Walla is a living monument to his sagacity and enterprise. This farm contains four hundred acres, of which three hundred are set out in fruit, sixty acres of which bore fruit in 1892, from which he realized the neat sum of \$10,000. In company with two other gentlemen, the doctor is now engaged in opening to cultivation a tract of land containing forty-five hundred acres, situated near Castle Rock, in the Columbia River on the Washington

side, and known as Long Island, all of which will be planted in orchard, over four hundred thousand young trees being already growing for this purpose.

The above is only a brief *résumé* of the most important agricultural operations in which Dr. Blalock has been actively engaged, but serves to show the great enterprise and determination to benefit humanity which has moved him to the furtherance of those plans most calculated to promote the happiness of his fellow-men. Not only has he been an active pioneer in the field of agriculture and fruit-raising in the Walla Walla Valley, but he has always been found in the front ranks of those laboring to promote the best interests of the State at large, and the confidence which he has inspired in the people of the State has been fully evinced by the positions of honor and trust to which he has been elevated. Twice has he served the city of Walla Walla as Mayor, and his broad and liberal policy while officiating in that capacity tended to materially advance the city's welfare and won for him the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1889, and assisted in framing the present Constitution of the State. But perhaps the field in which he has won the most honors and displayed to the best advantage that deep interest in the welfare and advancement of the State which has characterized his whole life was developed when it was decided that the young and growing State of Washington should be fitly represented at the World's Fair. In 1890 delegates from the various chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and other representative men of the State, met at Olympia and formed what was known as the World's Fair Association of Washington. On account of his peculiar fitness for the position, Dr. Blalock was unanimously chosen President of the association. The result of the association's labors was the passage of an act of the Legislature, which was approved by the Governor March 7th, 1891, providing for the appointment of a commission for the collection, exhibition, and maintenance of the products of the State of Washington at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. Dr. Blalock was chosen a member of this commission, and at a meeting held at Olympia, August 21st, 1891, he was unanimously elected President, and at a subsequent meeting he was chosen Executive Commissioner, after which time he devoted all his energies, time, and means, to the end that Washington might be properly represented at the World's Fair.

HEWITT, HENRY, JR., was born in Lancashire, England. His father was a Lancashire farmer, but a desire to better his condition led him to leave England for the United States the year his son was born. Settling at Racine, Wis., he sent for his family, who arrived the following year. He became a street contractor, and having established a favorable reputation at Racine during a three years' residence there, he removed to Chicago, to undertake a sub-contract on the Illinois Canal. This venture proved disastrous, as the chief contractor of the works absconded, and Mr. Hewitt was compelled to dispose of everything he had to meet the claims of his workmen. Again cast upon his own resources, he moved to Wisconsin and took up a farm claim near Milwaukee. He followed farming but a short time, however, and in 1848 was living in Milwaukee. From there he moved to Neenah, Wis., and later to Kaukauna. It was during these frequent migrations of the family that Henry Hewitt picked up what little education

he could. Schools at that time in Wisconsin and Illinois were few and far between, and the circumstances of the family did not permit the father to send his son to a good educational establishment. His education was therefore neglected, and it was not until after he had laid the foundation of his fortune that he acquired the best part of the literary education that he now possesses. Under his father's eye, however, he acquired a business training that proved of immense value. While yet a boy he was employed as time-keeper, and at sixteen years of age was superintendent of the workmen engaged on some of his father's contracts. Even at this early age he showed signs of that wonderful tact and shrewdness in business which have since enabled him to reach the highest pinnacle of financial success. Two years later he was admitted to partnership with his father, and engaged in the construction of a canal, receiving his pay in timber lands. The knowledge then acquired directed his attention to the lumber business, and having made about \$20,000 as his share of the profits from his first venture as a contractor, he invested the whole amount in timber lands, and formed logging camps to market the product.

This was during the period of the Rebellion, and by the close of the war he had accumulated a large fortune. His father was in partnership with him, but fearing a panic, insisted on selling out at the close of the war, and Henry bought his interest and made \$30,000 by the transaction. Father and son then entered into the banking business at Menasha, Wis., but the latter soon acquired almost the entire control and management of the concern. In this capacity he displayed the same business sagacity that had made him the foremost lumberman of the State, and the Hewitt banking concern soon became one of the wealthiest and most prosperous institutions of the State. He still owns a half interest in this bank, which is managed by his father and brother. Meanwhile Mr. Hewitt was extending his operations in all directions. He had purchased sixty thousand acres of pine lands in Wisconsin, and had acquired the controlling interest in ten thousand acres of mineral lands along Lake Superior, from the iron mines of which he receives an income of \$10,000 a year. He became Vice-President of the Manufacturers' Bank at Appleton, visited Arizona and Mexico, and built a smelter on the borders of Mexico. Full of the restless spirit of enterprise, he sent inspectors to look up the iron and coal lands of Washington, and on the strength of their reports he hastened West to share in the untold wealth of that region. He came to Tacoma in 1888, where he met Colonel Chauncey W. Griggs, of Minnesota, Mr. C. H. Jones, of Michigan, and President Oakes, of the Northern Pacific. In May, 1888, in conjunction with Colonel Griggs, with whom he had had former business relations, he obtained from the Northern Pacific Railroad contracts for the sale of some eighty thousand acres of the choicest timber land lying near Tacoma, and said to be the finest body of timber in the United States. Associated with other prominent capitalists they formed the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company, and at once built a mill at a cost of \$250,000. Mr. Hewitt pushed this enterprise with characteristic vigor, and in the space of nine months eleven miles of railroad had been completed, the mill erected, and twenty-four million feet of lumber sawed. This accomplished, the company aided in the formation of a bank of their own, and took a half interest in the Traders' Bank of Tacoma. Meanwhile Colonel Griggs had arrived from St.

Paul. Mr. Percy Norton, a brother-in-law of Mr. Hewitt, and his partner in banking and mercantile business for twenty years, also arrived, and became Assistant Treasurer of the company. Their arrival enabled Mr. Hewitt to devote most of his attention to looking up new fields for investment.

On foot or on horseback, he penetrated to almost every part of Western Washington, and in the course of a year and a half bought forty thousand acres more of timber land for the company and fifty thousand acres for himself. To this must be added twenty-three thousand acres of coal and iron lands and sixteen thousand acres which he bought with another syndicate. These mineral lands include the Wilkinson Coal Mine. During a visit to California he acquired a knowledge of the bituminous paving business, and on his return to Tacoma he formed the Bituminous Paving Company, with a capital of \$200,000, which is doing a large business. The next step was putting a large smelter in operation at Tacoma, owned by a company of which one of the principal partners of the firm, Hon. George Brown, is President. The plant of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company is located in front of the city, on the tide lands. They own eighty acres of this land, and have built extensive wharves and docks around the mill. They will build ships and smelters of their own, and will ship their coal, lumber and iron to all parts of the world, importing the ores of South America in exchange to be smelted. They are to-day the greatest railroad builders, real estate owners, manufacturers and traders in the Northwest.

The last and greatest venture of his life was in starting a new town at the western terminus of the Great Northern Railroad. The town was named Everett, and the location at the mouth of the Snohomish River, known as Port Gardner, was the most desirable, and one of the most beautiful spots on Puget Sound. The deep-water harbor is unsurpassed, and there are eight miles of fresh-water harbor, with a depth of water varying from fifteen to thirty-five feet at lowest tide. All that prevents this point from being the greatest fresh-water harbor is about half a mile of sand-bar. Mr. Hewitt interested some of the greatest and wealthiest financiers of New York with him in this enterprise, including Charles L. Colby, John D. Rockefeller, Colgate Hoyt, E. H. Abbott, and other wealthy manufacturers and capitalists, in building here a great seaport. There is an unlimited amount of timber, coal, iron, etc., tributary to it, and it is to be the future headquarters for mineral smelting and reduction works in the Northwest. In the space of one year \$5,000,000 have been expended in manufacturing enterprises, developing the city, and building railroad entering forty miles into the rugged Cascade range of mountains, where the discoveries of ore are immense—one mine, said to be capable of furnishing ore for smelters, now built and ready for operation in Everett, with a daily capacity of two hundred and forty tons. The famous "whaleback" ships are being built here, and a beautiful passenger ship of four thousand tons is now being built to trade with China and Japan, and running indirectly in connection with the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads, and terminating at this wonderful new port.

Mr. Hewitt has also interested with him some of the most influential capitalists of New York for the purchase of valuable timber lands, and they have already purchased on the Snohomish River, which is navigable for sixty miles, about seven hundred million feet of the finest timber (fir and cedar) in the State

of Washington. They have also purchased about four hundred million feet of fir and cedar timber on the Stillaguamish River, which is navigable for boats for twenty-five miles, and navigable for driving logs for sixty miles. They also purchased at least three hundred million feet of timber on the Skagit River. Now, all of this fine timber, the best in Washington and most accessible by rail and navigable water, is within a few miles of Everett. Large logging and boom companies have been incorporated, and they have the franchises for twelve rivers, all tributary to the new town. Mr. Hewitt confidently expects that Everett will be the Chicago of the Pacific Coast, it being the principal lumber market. All these men who are interested are wealthy, and as they are well along in years they expect to make the building of this wonderful city their greatest effort.

Mr. Hewitt was married in 1868 to Miss Rocena L. Jones, the daughter of a Wisconsin manufacturer. Three sons and two daughters have blessed their union. The phenomenal success of Mr. Hewitt affords a bright and shining example of the great things in store for young Americans who emulate his energy and pluck. Nor is this success unmerited; its structure is not only conspicuous, but solid, for ability, fidelity, industry, and integrity are its broad foundation-stones.

CANNON, HON. A. M.—As the most interesting feature of Western history is that which treats of its industrial development, it follows that many of the men in whom the public has taken the greatest interest have been those who have had to do with the creation and building of those industries which have contributed to the growth and prosperity of the country. While Western communities have not been slow to recognize the merits of their statesmen, orators, scholars, and litterateurs, or to pay due tribute to genius in whatever form it was made manifest, they have always felt a peculiar pride in their self-made and successful men of affairs. The founder of an industry which gives employment to labor, which brings new products into the market, or which contributes to the expansion of commerce, has always been justly regarded as one of the most useful citizens of a community, and as a personage worthy to rank with his contemporaries in the liberal professions.

Hon. A. M. Cannon was born at Monmouth, Warren County, Ill., in 1837, the second son of William Cannon, a fearless and well-known Abolitionist. His parents being poor, the early education of their son was limited to the knowledge obtained from attendance at the country schools of his time. At the age of twenty years he left the parental home and started across the plains for Pike's Peak with two yoke of oxen. When he reached St. Joseph, Mo., he was appointed captain of a band of fifty-two emigrants, whom he safely led through a dangerous Indian country, much of the journey being through a barren and desolate region. When they reached Denver, Col., which at that time consisted of a single cabin and a few tents, young Cannon was offered one half of the town site for \$1000 on credit, but did not make the investment.

Mr. Cannon journeyed on to California, and after a brief stay at San Francisco returned to his native State and engaged in the grain commission business in Chicago, which he continued for about thirteen years, making and losing several fortunes in the course of his daring operations. He was one of the first members of the Board of Trade of Chicago. In 1867 he built a flouring mill in Kansas City, at that time the largest mill west of the Mississippi. He operated exten-

sively in wheat and flour, becoming the largest flour manufacturer in the State. In about two years he sold for \$65,000 cash the business which seven years afterward brought \$3,000,000. He then removed to California, and after living at Los Angeles and San Francisco for a few years located at Portland, Ore., where he was successfully engaged in business for five years. Failing health and the advice of his physicians caused him to leave Portland, and in 1878 he started in a buggy on a prospecting tour east of the Cascades. His explorations led him into Washington, and to the present site of the city of Spokane. Here he determined to make his future home, and subsequent events have proved the wisdom of his choice. The supposed impossible feat of bringing the swift waters of Spokane River into the service of transporting logs from Lake Ceur d'Alene was accomplished, and he embarked in the lumbering business. This business has grown to immense proportions, and has been incorporated as the Spokane Mill Company, representing a capital of nearly a million dollars, and being one of the largest lumbering and manufacturing plants in the Northwest.

In every important public enterprise having for its object the advancement of the interests of Spokane or the comfort and convenience of its people, Mr. Cannon has been a prime mover. His business and financial interests are large and varied. He is President and sole owner of the Bank of Spokane Falls, perhaps the most important monetary institution in the city. He is President of the Bank of Palouse City, Vice-President of the Washington National Bank, and Vice-President of the Spokane Savings, Loan and Trust Company. He was the principal factor in the building of the new and elegant Hotel Spokane, of which he is a part owner. He is also the owner of the magnificent bank building on the corner of Riverside Avenue and Mill Street. This massive structure is built wholly of granite and iron, is six stories high, and is supplied with hydraulic elevator and all modern conveniences. The new Grand Opera House Block on Post Street is largely the result of Mr. Cannon's enterprise. This building, of which he is one half owner, is 150 by 270 feet and five stories high, and is constructed of pressed brick and granite. Mr. Cannon is also extensively interested in railroad corporations, and the people of Spokane are largely indebted to him for their present excellent railway facilities.

A systematic, thoroughgoing business man, and largely absorbed in his private enterprises, Mr. Cannon has never been an aspirant for political honors, though he has sometimes been induced to accept office. He has been Mayor of the city, and was offered the United States Senatorship, which he declined on account of ill-health.

Possessed of remarkable executive ability, unerring judgment, tact, and enthusiasm, Mr. Cannon has succeeded in overcoming obstacles that to many would have seemed insurmountable, and has achieved success where many would have failed. In every capacity in which he has figured prominently, either in public or private life, he has been recognized as a most useful member of the community with which he has been identified from its beginning. His business associates esteem him, and those who know him in all the walks of life entertain for him the greatest respect and most kindly regard.

CLARK, ISAAC ALONZO, son of Isaac Clark, was born in Otsego County, N. Y., October 14th, 1828. His father was born in Massachusetts, and his mother was

a native of Vermont. They removed to New York State while quite young. They had a family of ten children, seven of whom grew to maturity and three of whom are still living. Isaac was brought up on the farm until he was sixteen years old, when he was apprenticed to a tailor in the town of Oneonta. One year later his employer ran away, and he found another situation in Unadilla, with a tailor named Woodruff. Here he served an apprenticeship of four years and afterward one year as a journeyman. Then he migrated to Madison, Wis., his youngest sister accompanying him. His eldest brother, Darwin, was one of the early pioneers of Madison, and is still doing business there in the same building he has occupied for over forty years. Here Isaac opened a shop and carried on his trade for nineteen months with fair success, when he determined to cross the plains to Oregon. With three other young men—John and James Jones and one Goodnow—he started out with ox-teams on the long journey, April 19th, 1852. Crossing the Mississippi at Dubuque, April 24th, and the Missouri at Council Bluffs, May 19th, they proceeded on their way and reached Oregon City without serious accident, September 25th. Selling their oxen for \$50 a head, Clark and Goodnow bought each of them a pony and struck out for the mines. Reaching Aulthouse Creek, near the Oregon and Californian line, they took up claims and began mining with a rocker, making fair wages. In the fall it was decided that Clark should return to the valley for the winter, while Goodnow remained to hold their claim. The former found a home for the winter on Gribble Prairie, twelve miles from Oregon City, and before spring Goodnow sold out the claim and joined him.

They then went to Astoria, where Goodnow found work in Parker Brothers saw-mill, while Clark went into the logging camp. After working in the woods for three months at \$75 per month, he determined to see more of the country, and leaving the camp went as far as Olympia and Steilacoom. Having been greatly pleased with the Umpqua Valley as he passed through on his way to the mines, he determined to go there and take up a pre-emption claim. Accordingly he bought a pony and rode out as far as Roseburg, which at that time consisted of two or three houses and a hotel. After looking over the country a day or two, he decided to return to the Columbia and work for wages until he had sufficient means to start a ranch. So he sold his pony and saddle and started back on foot. Reaching Tongue Point, near Astoria, he found employment in a steam saw-mill. He soon became head sawyer, and served in that capacity until the following spring (1854), when the mill shut down and he was thrown out of employment. With a friend named George Bowers Mr. Clark then came to Shoalwater Bay. At that time the Indians in this section far outnumbered the whites. The main settlement was at Bruceport, in North Bay. In the following summer it was rumored that a valuable bed of oysters had been discovered on the peninsular side near the shore, and Clark and R. H. Espey packed their belongings in a canoe, paddled across the bay, and pitched their tent on the shore opposite the oyster bed. Mr. Clark took up a donation claim of one hundred and sixty acres, with a frontage of three fourths of a mile on the bay, and here he laid out and platted the town of Oysterville, now the county-seat of Pacific County. They built a cabin of alder logs 10 by 12 feet, and other oystermen joining them a thriving little settlement soon sprang up. They lived in the

log cabin for two or three years, when a schooner load of lumber was brought from Astoria, which enabled them to put up a board house 16 by 24 feet. With a wing on either side, added later, this house is still the home of the family. The oysters proved to be of the best quality, and Oysterville soon became the business town of the bay. Mr. Clark continued to follow the oyster trade until 1890, when the business was turned over to his sons.

Mr. Clark narrates many interesting stories of his thirty-five years' experience as a boatman and oysterman, which it would be a pleasure to give in this connection, but space forbids. He was married September 15th, 1858, to Miss Lucy Henrietta Briscoe. She was born August 23d, 1841, at Bloomfield, Conn., and at the age of one year removed with her parents to Indiana. The family crossed the plains to Oregon City, in a four-horse team, in the summer of 1852, and in 1853 moved to Weather Beach, Pacific County, Wash., where they took up a donation claim of three hundred and twenty acres. The father is still living, at Oysterville, in the enjoyment of excellent health. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have reared a family of seven children: John Amos, born September 21st, 1859; Evelin Briscoe, July 29th, 1861; Henry Edwards, November 26th, 1863; Herbert Alonzo, August 29th, 1866; Clarrie Ettena, June 1st, 1871; Clarence Clements, May 2d, 1877, and Edith Eunice, March 22d, 1879. Beginning life's battles on his own account at an early age, his only capital being rugged health and a plentiful stock of native pluck and energy, Mr. Clark has achieved success not by a single stroke of fortune, but by a life of hard labor and great industry. A man of strong character, positive and aggressive, he is an excellent type of that sterling manhood which so strongly characterizes the pioneers of Washington.

Before closing this imperfect sketch of Mr. Clark's career, we desire to make brief mention of his connection with the laying out and establishment of Ocean Park, the popular camp-meeting ground and summer resort. Some twelve years ago he purchased four hundred acres of land on what was called Weather Beach, on the ocean front, four miles from Oysterville. In the spring of 1883, while Rev. Mr. Atwood, presiding elder of the district, was visiting Mr. Clark, the project of establishing a grand camp-meeting ground and summer resort on this property was first mentioned. After looking over the ground Mr. Atwood became favorably impressed with the idea, and set about to find means to carry out the enterprise.

Rev. William R. Osborn, the founder of the famous Ocean Grove, on the New Jersey Coast, was then in San Francisco, and Mr. Atwood wrote him, urging him to come on and interest himself in the project. The request was successful; Mr. Osborn immediately came to Oysterville, and after purchasing one hundred and forty acres of land adjacent, went to Portland, Ore., and formed an association of ten Methodist clergymen and ten laymen, called the Methodist Camp Meeting Association. Mr. Osborn was given full authority to carry out the plans of the Association, which he proceeded to do with a heartiness characteristic of the man. A surveyor was engaged, Ocean Park was platted, and a beautiful avenue one hundred feet wide, called Bay View Avenue, was opened up from ocean to bay, through the land of Mr. Clark, who donated about one half of forty acres to the Association. The same surveyor was afterward engaged to lay out Clark's addition to Ocean Park. Great credit is due to Mr. Clark for the establishment

of this beautiful place, which is destined to become one of the most popular summer resorts on the Pacific Coast. The establishment of this park was the stimulus to the building of the O. R. and N. Company's railroad from Ilwaco along the ocean front to Sealand.

COLLINS, JOHN.—There are few business men more favorably known in the city of Seattle than the gentleman of whom we write. A resident of the Sound country from early manhood, he has ever been one of the most helpful and powerful factors in many of the most important enterprises connected with the growth and development of the city from its infancy to its present stalwart growth. He is a man of fine business judgment, progressive in his ideas, and of great public spirit. He is positive and aggressive, and when convinced that a certain course is the right one to pursue, is not easily turned from the purpose he has in view. In his personal character he has maintained an integrity worthy not only of the highest commendation, but of the imitation of young men.

Mr. Collins was born in Contehill, County Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country at the age of ten. Here he began life's battles without friends or money, but possessed of good health and a plentiful stock of pluck and energy, he was not for a moment dismayed. He remained in New York for six years, supporting himself by his own exertions, and acquiring that self-reliance and independence of nature which comes only to those who are thus early thrown upon their own resources. In 1851 he went to Machias, Me., where he was employed in lumbering for six years, acquiring a thorough knowledge of that business. His attention having been attracted to the lumbering interests of the Pacific Northwest, which at that time had assumed considerable importance, he was induced to start in July, 1857, for the Pacific Coast. On his arrival in San Francisco he secured an engagement to enter the employ of the Puget Mill Company in their mill at Port Gamble, where he arrived in the following September. He continued in the service of the Puget Mill Company for ten years, at the end of which time he had by prudence and good management made a fair start on the road to financial success. He invested his savings in real estate and built a hotel at Port Gamble, which he still owns. In 1865 he visited Seattle and made his first investment in real estate here. Two years later he removed hither and assumed the management of the Occidental Hotel, in which he owned a two thirds interest. Coming to Seattle at an early period of its history, he at once displayed a belief in its future as wonderful as it was unswerving. Through days of doubt, seasons of sunshine and storm he never lost faith; and the city's marvellous growth during the past few years has been but a fulfilment of what he always claimed was surely coming. His faith led him to make many investments in the city when most men doubted his wisdom in doing so, but the large fortune he now possesses has proven the correctness of his judgment. After managing the Occidental Hotel for twenty years he leased the property in 1887 to a local company, under whose management it was being operated at the time of the great fire. At that time it was the largest and best equipped hotel north of San Francisco. After the great fire, and while the ruins of the Occidental were still burning, he set about rebuilding, and on the site of the old hotel there stands to-day one of the most notable structures of the city, a fitting monument to the energy

and public spirit of its builder. Besides his hotel business Mr. Collins has been prominently identified with many important industrial enterprises which have profited by his fine business judgment, excellent executive ability and evenly balanced mind. He was one of the incorporators of and an active factor in the building of the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad, an enterprise of the greatest importance to the commercial prosperity of the city. He was one of the promoters of and is still largely interested in the Seattle Gaslight Company. In 1872, in company with John Leary, he opened and operated the Talbot Coal Mines, and in 1884, with James M. Colman, organized the Cedar River Coal Company, and opened the mines of that name, which they have ever since operated.

Politically Mr. Collins is an ardent Democrat, and during his whole term of residence in Washington he has been an active participant in political affairs. During his residence at Port Gamble he served as Commissioner for Kitsap County, and upon removing to Seattle became active in city affairs. He was one of the fifteen freeholders elected to prepare the municipal charter, receiving the largest vote of any candidate on the ticket. On the organization of the city government in 1869 he was elected a member of the City Council, in which capacity he performed valuable service for three successive terms. In 1877 he was nominated and elected Mayor of Seattle. He brought to that office the ripe experience of a long training in the Common Council, a sound judgment, and an enterprising spirit, and it is unnecessary to say his position was filled to the entire satisfaction of the community. In 1881-82 he was again elected to the Council. In 1882 he was elected a member of the Council of the Territorial Legislature, and served during the session of 1883-84. He was Chairman of the Committee of Commerce and a member of the Committee of Ways and Means. Space forbids a complete account of his valuable services, but a few of the more important may be noted. A bill was introduced to provide for the establishment of pilots on Puget Sound. In an able speech Mr. Collins vigorously opposed the measure, characterizing it as an attempt "to put a tax on God's highway." The bill was defeated by a decided majority. Another matter in which Mr. Collins became deeply interested was the procuring of an appropriation of \$6000 for the Territorial University, the largest sum which up to that time had ever been appropriated to this institution. A vigorous fight was made against this bill, but Mr. Collins at once took a leading part in the discussion, and through his persistent and well-directed efforts the measure was carried.

Mr. Collins was married in 1851 to Miss Mary Ann McElroy, who died in 1871. By her he had four children, of whom two daughters are living. In 1878 he was married to Miss Angie B. Jacklin, of Seattle. This union has been graced by two children, a son and a daughter.

Such is the brief outline of the history of a man whose active and enterprising spirit, sound business sagacity, open-handed liberality, and high moral principles have contributed largely to mould the character of a growing city, and lay deep and broad the commercial honor, political virtue, enlightened education, and sound principles of our young and growing commonwealth. Mr. Collins is one of those who realize the duties and responsibilities of wealth, and the large assistance he has always lent to worthy objects of public effort are among the proofs of his benevolence and breadth of character.

DRUMHELLER, D. M.—The 25th day of March, 1841, was a very gracious day to the State of Washington. On that day was born Daniel Montgomery Drumheller, the mature part of whose half century of life has contributed so materially to the growth and development of the Evergreen State. To Sumner County, Tenn., belongs the honor of furnishing to the State of Washington this progressive and important factor in her growth and progress. In very early youth Mr. Drumheller accompanied his parents from Tennessee to Southwestern Missouri, where, until he was about fifteen years of age, he lived with his mother, his father having died when the subject of this sketch was five years old. In 1856, at the early age of fifteen years, responding to those qualities of head and heart which, in later life, have so distinguished him, he turned his face toward the then comparatively unknown regions of the Republic, crossing the plains to California. He remained in California until 1859, during the first year and a half of which time he herded cattle, and the money thus earned laid the foundation of the future success of this intrepid pioneer. In 1859 Mr. Drumheller cast his fortunes in that portion of Utah which is now a part of the State of Nevada. Here he remained until the spring of 1861. During this period Ben Holliday, always on the alert for men of steadfast stamina and approved courage, employed Mr. Drumheller in connection with his pioneer Pony Express, the duties of which employment he discharged with the same unflinching zeal and faithful attention which have always characterized him in discharging the duties of every position to which he has been called.

On June 16th, 1861, Mr. Drumheller reached the pioneer town of Walla Walla, in the then Territory of Washington, where he resided until the year 1865. From 1865 to 1875 he resided in the State of Oregon, during which time he represented the people of Umatilla County in the House of Representatives in the legislature of that State. In 1877 this sturdy member of the advance guard of civilization established himself in the Crab Creek country, in Eastern Washington, and at once became engaged, on an extensive scale, in the cattle business, with which business he was for many years successfully identified. In 1880 he moved to the city of Spokane, to the imperial and astounding progress of which city he has most substantially contributed. In 1884 he was elected to the first City Council ever elected in Spokane, and by his wise, fearless, and patriotic labors assisted in laying, in this formative period of the city's career, deep and strong, the foundations of her subsequent unequalled advancement.

Realizing the sterling qualities which have adorned Mr. Drumheller's career from youth to middle life, the people of Spokane, in the spring of 1892, in the face of an overwhelming Republican majority, elected him, an uncompromising Democrat, Mayor of the city, which position he now occupies. His administration of this important trust has been signalized by a stern and aggressive adherence to those steps which lead to the greatest good to the greatest number, and his every official act has been dictated by a wise and progressive forethought.

The Insane Asylum at Medical Lake stands as a monument to Mr. Drumheller's business capacity and integrity. As one of the Commissioners, under whose management this splendid institution was erected, he still further justified the universal esteem in which he is held. In 1885 the Traders' National Bank was organized in the city of Spokane, and to day is regarded as one of the most

substantial financial institutions in the State of Washington. From the date of its organization Mr. Drumheller has been its Vice-President and one of its heaviest stockholders. The same is true of the Big Bend National Bank of Davenport, Wash. He is also largely interested in many of the public-spirited enterprises of the State of Washington and Idaho, and by his wise counsel and unerring business judgment he has been a tower of strength to every enterprise with which he has been identified.

In 1868 Mr. Drumheller was married, and there resulted from that union two boys and one girl. The two sons of this marriage, Jerome L. and Albert S., are successful and honored business men of Spokane. Mrs. Drumheller died in 1888, and in 1890 Mr. Drumheller was married again, and two boys have come from that marriage to follow in the footsteps of their distinguished father.

Of Mr. Drumheller, in every relation of life, it may be truly said he is *sans peur et sans reproche*.

ESPEY, ROBERT HAMILTON, was born February 10th, 1826, in Allegheny County, Pa. His mother was left a widow when he was four years old, and his opportunities for gaining an education were very meagre. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the tailor's trade, at which he worked until 1845. In that year he went West with his brother-in-law, Elias Medley, who bought him a piece of land in the woods near Platteville, Grant County, Wis. Here young Espey made his headquarters, while he worked in the lead mines and at other employment, as occasion offered. The winter of 1849-50 was spent in the woods near the Big Bull Falls of the Wisconsin River, and in the spring he embarked on a lumber raft down the Wisconsin and Mississippi to St. Louis, where he was paid off, and then returned to Platteville. In the spring of 1852 he determined to cross the plains to the Pacific Slope. The trip, an arduous undertaking at that time, was fraught with great danger and many hardships. He engaged to make the journey to California with another man named Whitlock. Espey was to drive the ox-teams one half the time, and another young man, Henry McClurg, the other half. Full of hope for the future they started from Platteville April 21st, and on May 21st the little band of brave-hearted emigrants crossed the Missouri at Council Bluffs. Proceeding on their way, sometimes alone and sometimes in company with larger trains, they reached Little Horn, where they found a large train trying to effect a crossing. Here they were confronted by a band of Indians who demanded tobacco, flour, and other things, but did not molest them. They remained near the larger train a few nights for protection, and reached Fort Laramie in safety, where they stopped a few days to rest the teams. Resuming their journey, they proceeded up the Platte River and over the Black Hills. About this time McClurg was taken ill, and for six weeks the whole care of the teams devolved on Espey.

On arriving at Hot Springs, Utah, Mr. Whitlock decided to go to Oregon, and leaving the Salt Lake road, started toward Fort Hall, Ida. Arriving at the latter place young Espey left the train and set out alone on foot. He soon fell in with three other boys named Hakes, who had left their own team, and with packs on their backs were journeying on foot toward the land of promise. Soon afterward word came to the camp that a poor woman, Mrs. Boils, had lost her hus-

band on the way and needed help to care for her stock. Espey was left to help her, and the other boys went on, promising to meet him at Milwaukie, Ore. After a toilsome trip, varied with many exciting and interesting incidents, he reached Grand Round Valley, where Mrs. Boils left one wagon. Shouldering his blanket again, Espey took his course over the Blue Mountains, and arrived at The Dalles, Ore., August 27th. Taking the trail down the Columbia he reached the Cascades September 5th. Here he hired out to a Mr. Hamilton to drive ox-team, hauling freight from Lower Cascades to Upper Cascades, a distance of five miles. He spent the following winter in a logging camp, and in the spring of 1853 went to Astoria. There he found employment in a saw-mill until June, when he came to Pacific County, Wash., where he worked for a Mr. Brown, getting out piles for the San Francisco market, and afterward helped a Mr. Watkins build a saw-mill on North River. That fall he built a cabin on the Palix River, and returning to Astoria spent the winter beach combing at Gray's Bay. In the spring he returned to Shoalwater Bay with Mr. I. A. Clark, and they settled in Oysterville, April 12th, 1854, and built the first house there. They began oystering, picking oysters into a canoe, which was their only means of conveying them to market across the bay, a distance of eight or nine miles. Mr. Espey continued the oyster business until 1859, when he was taken ill. For some time his life was despaired of, but his rugged constitution pulled him through. In 1861 he became light-keeper at Shoalwater Bay Lighthouse, and filled that position until April, 1862. After an unsuccessful venture at mining in the Blue Mountains, he returned to Oysterville and again engaged in oystering.

In 1867 he formed a partnership with J. F. Warren, W. C. Doane, H. S. Gile, John Hunter, and I. Y. Doane, under the firm name of Espey & Co., at Oysterville, and Warren & Co., at San Francisco. They chartered schooners and shipped oysters to the San Francisco market, and soon afterward purchased a schooner and placed it on the line. Mr. Warren soon withdrew from the firm, and a few years later Mr. Hunter retired. The remaining four members of the firm, after continuing their operations for several years, united their interests with the Morgan and Swanburg Oyster companies, and formed the Morgan Oyster Company of San Francisco. Mr. Espey is still interested in this company. In 1877 the Ilwaco Steam Navigation Company was organized, in which he was an owner and sometimes a director. In a few years the company changed its name to Ilwaco Railroad and Navigation Company, and built the railroad from Ilwaco to Sealand. It also built the steamers General Canby and General Miles, as well as other vessels. Mr. Espey has taken a deep interest in public affairs, and has materially aided in many projects for the advancement of the community with which he has so long been identified. He is a man of conservative judgment, and his opinions concerning business matters are generally found to be wise. In politics he is an earnest Republican, and has served the public in various capacities. He was one of the first two Republicans to cast their votes in Pacific County. In 1889 he was a delegate to the convention which nominated delegates to the Constitutional Convention of Washington.

Mr. Espey was married in 1870 to a Miss Jefferson, of Salem, Ore., a school-teacher at Oysterville. Eight children have been born to them: Delos, Dora J., Robert Edwin, Harry A., Susie M., Thomas W., Cecil J., and Laura I. V.

LATHAM, DR. MARY A.—Of the women of Washington, none, perhaps, deserves wider recognition and honor for intellectual attainments and moral worth than the subject of this sketch. Besides holding a conspicuous place among the successful medical practitioners of the State, she is a public-spirited citizen, and her influence has been felt in every direction which promised to advance the material and social welfare of her adopted city, and her labors have been entirely devoid of purely selfish desire to advance her personal interests.

Dr. Latham was born in New Richmond, O., the daughter of James and Jane W. Archer. Her father was a native of England and a son of one of the early settlers of Ohio. The preliminary education of our subject was acquired in the district schools and at Claremont Academy, Ohio. In 1884 she graduated from the Cincinnati (Ohio) College of Medicine and Surgery. While a student she was one of the first class of women who were, as students, admitted to the clinical wards of the Cincinnati General Hospital. Dr. Latham entered upon the practice of her profession in the city of Cincinnati, but failing health compelled her to seek a more congenial climate, and she came to Spokane in 1887, with which city she has since been identified. Here her learning and skill in her profession soon found recognition, and she has steadily and rapidly advanced to the foremost ranks of medical practitioners. The field in which she has especially gained her laurels is the treatment of the diseases of women and children, and her record is full of notable cases. Thoroughly devoted to her profession, an indefatigable worker and student, she has ever kept pace with the wonderful progress that has been made in her profession during the period of her practice. The confidence with which she is regarded by the members of her profession causes her opinion to be sought in all matters pertaining to the sanitary and medical interests of the city. She is actively identified with various societies pertaining to her profession, and is a prominent member of the Humane Society, which she has served as Secretary and Treasurer. Dr. Latham undoubtedly enjoys the largest practice of any female physician on the Pacific Coast, and has made for herself an enviable place in a most difficult profession. She is naturally kind-hearted and sympathetic, and has many charity patients who bless her, if they cannot pay her.

It has been said by a popular French writer, with much truth, "that professions are narrowing; that when too closely followed they contract instead of expand the intellect; so that outside of professional knowledge many lawyers, physicians, and clergymen dwarf their minds by too close confinement to the subtleties and technicalities of their profession." Hence distinguished professional persons of all ages have liberalized and enlarged their minds by seeking other fields of intellectual culture, and by directing their attention to matters of relaxation from the strain and confinement of their calling.

Dr. Latham seems to take this view of professional life, and relieves the tedium, labor, and confinement of her large practice by directing her attention during her leisure moments to literary work, in which field she is fast gaining a reputation as a newspaper and magazine writer. Her varied contributions to popular journals show great originality of thought and fancy, and justify the prediction of future literary fame.

While on the professional side full attainments, intelligence, a ready capacity

for business and patient investigation have placed the doctor at the head of her profession, her prudential qualities, liberal civic and social relations in domestic life, her cultivation, manners, and bearing render her a favorite in the society of Spokane, and it is no affectation to say that no member of her profession maintains a more enviable position in that society.

Dr. Latham has erected a pleasant residence at Lidgerwood Park, Spokane, and she owns a half section of land just outside the city, as well as twelve hundred acres in the Palouse country, and possesses valuable mining interests. She is a director of the Library Association of Spokane, and her private library is one of the finest collections in the city. She had the honor of being elected Chairman of the Washington Branch of the Queen Isabella Association (medical department), with headquarters at Chicago, to represent her State at the World's Fair Columbian Exposition.

She was married in 1870 to E. H. Latham, M.D., a native of Columbus, O., a gentleman of ability and culture, and a graduate of Miami College, Cincinnati, O. He is at present in the employ of the Government, being physician for the Indians on the immense body of land known as the Okanogan Indian Reservation. He has learned to speak the Indian language, and is a personal friend of Chiefs Moses and Tonascutt, while all of the tribes in this region regard him highly and would be loth to have him leave them. Drs. E. H. and Mary A. Latham have three sons, Frank A., James A., and Warren, the elder two of whom are just entering manhood. While the boys love their parents, their affection for their mother is almost devotional, which shows that the mother, while proud, ambitious, and anxious to occupy a high position in her profession, as everywhere, did not for a moment lose sight of the loved ones given her, and that she made the duties of home and mother paramount to all others. Thus in Dr. Mary A. Latham we find a conscientious wife, a loving mother, a true friend, and a woman who stands second to none in the success of her chosen profession. Truly if success means happiness hers is the acme of human happiness.

MONAGHAN, JAMES, was born in the town of Belturbet, County Cavan, Ireland, February 24, 1840. His father was John Monaghan, a stone mason, and his mother was Mary Ann O'Reilly, of the celebrated County Cavan family of that name. Mr. Monaghan received his education in the national and church schools of his native country. At the age of sixteen he emigrated to America, landing at Castle Garden in the spring of 1856. His first year in this country was spent in the store of his brother, who was a practising physician and druggist in New York, and his second year was spent as clerk in a grocery. Naturally imbued with a love for adventure and a desire to see the world, he determined to follow the course of the empire to the far West, and in May, 1858, started for California *via* the Isthmus. After a short stay in California he went to Vancouver, Wash. Terr., and remained there awhile. He then went to the Des Chutes River, near Celilo, Ore., and engaged in keeping a toll-bridge. In December, 1859, he began work on the steamer Colonel Wright, Captain Leonard White. They left Des Chutes December 3d, with a company of recruits under Lieutenant Reno, bound for Fort Walla Walla, Wash. After proceeding up the Columbia for about thirty miles the steamer was caught in the ice, from which it was not extricated

until the following February. In the fall, Mr. Monaghan leaving the steamer, went to the Spokane River, twenty miles below the present city of Spokane, arriving there September 20th, 1860, and took charge of the ferry at the crossing of the Government wagon road to Fort Colville. At this time there were no white settlers between Spokane and Palouse Ferry, his nearest neighbor being six miles north at Walker's Prairie. Having purchased an interest in the ferry, Mr. Monaghan built in 1865-66 the bridge at that point, which is still standing, and which he operated as a toll-bridge until 1869. In the latter year he removed to Walla Walla, where he remained until November, 1870. In 1868 he was awarded a four years' contract for carrying the United States mail from Cowley's Bridge to Colville.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1870, he was married to Miss Margaret McCool, of Walla Walla, and removing to Chewelah embarked in the mercantile business with C. H. Montgomery. He took up the present town site of Chewelah, and still has large interests there. In 1873 he removed to Colville, and was engaged in mercantile business there until 1879. In the fall of that year he had a contract for the transportation of military supplies, and started with the troops under Colonel Merriam to build a post at the foot of Lake Chelan. Reaching the mouth of Foster Creek, the troops went into the winter quarters, and Mr. Monaghan engaged in transporting supplies, etc., from Colville to the camp, also putting in a mail service. Most of the freighting was done by means of scows floated down the Columbia River. With a crew of Indians, two rafts of lumber and four bateaux, with a capacity of four tons each, were loaded with supplies and started down the river. They reached Hell Gate, a point just above the mouth of the San Puell River, without accident; but here one of the rafts was caught in a whirlpool, from which it was extricated with great difficulty. About five miles farther down, at the mouth of the Grand Coulee, one of the rafts struck a sunken rock and stuck fast. All of the freight was taken ashore, and Mr. Monaghan decided to take two of the bateaux with light loads through the Nespalene Rapids. He finally reached the camp safely with all the freight, and later made several successful trips, having constructed strong scows, and was able to run the rapids without serious difficulty. In the spring the troops proceeded to Chelan, and Mr. Monaghan continued carrying supplies to them until August, 1880. He accompanied Colonel Merriam and party in their search for a suitable location for a post (now Fort Spokane), at the mouth of the Spokane River, and afterward took the contract to move the troops and supplies from Chelan to the site of the new fort. In 1882 he established a sutler's store at Fort Spokane in partnership with Mr. C. B. King, and they purchased the one at Fort Sherman. They operated both stores for four years, Mr. King having charge of the one at Fort Sherman and Mr. Monaghan remaining at Fort Spokane. In the spring of 1884 they with others formed the Cœur d'Alene Steam Navigation and Transportation Company, and established the first line of steamers between Cœur d'Alene City and the Mission, Ida., which was afterward sold to D. C. Corbin, and is now a part of the Northern Pacific system.

In the business affairs of Spokane Mr. Monaghan occupies a position of responsibility and prominence. In 1891 he was appointed one of the City Commissioners. He assisted in the organization of the First National Bank, of which

he is a director, is Vice-President of the Spokane Savings Bank, and a stockholder in other banks, besides having large interests in real estate and mining properties. During a life of incessant activity and frequent change he has maintained a reputation for sterling integrity that has gained for him the absolute confidence of a large circle of influential friends. Full of energy, he is ever ready to lend aid to any project to promote public good. His success has been honestly won, and his place among the foremost business men of Washington is universally conceded. He has five children. The eldest, John Robert, aged nineteen years, in 1891 entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., being the first cadet admitted to that institution from the new State of Washington.

PERKINS, HON. JAMES ALLEN.—It is a pleasure to be the biographer of a man who has led such an honest and unassuming life as that of James Allen Perkins, and withal to be held in the highest esteem by his fellow-men. He has been honored time and again by political preferment, and his name is known throughout Eastern Washington for integrity, sound counsels, and justice to his neighbor and fellow-citizens. Mr. Perkins was born in Bellplain, Marshall County, Ill., September 7th, 1841. His father was Joel B. Perkins, and his mother was Margaret Burt, who came from Kentucky to Illinois prior to the Black Hawk War. His father was one of the earliest pioneers to the Pacific Coast, having crossed the plains in 1852 with an ox-team, being five months on the road. The family first settled in the Willamette Valley, near Oregon City, and later moved to Benton County, Ore., where they resided until 1861, when they moved to Walla Walla County, in Washington, and bought a place adjoining the present town of Waitsburg, residing there for nine years. James took up a pre-emption claim adjoining his father's place, but sold out his right and bought a place upon which the town of Huntsville is now located. In July, 1870, Mr. Perkins and Thomas J. Smith, both unmarried, settled at the junction of the North and South Palouse Rivers before the Government had surveyed the land. After putting in thirty tons of hay and getting material on the ground for each a house, Mr. Smith concluded to quit, and left Mr. Perkins alone, except as to one or two employés. In the spring of 1871 H. S. Hollingsworth took up the land vacated by Smith, and they soon began the erection of a saw-mill, being the first north of Snake River, east of the Columbia, and west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1872 the first school was organized and a school-house built, and Mr. Perkins was elected first clerk of the first school district organized in the county.

In the same year a small part of what is the present town was laid off, platted, and named Colfax, in honor of Vice-President Colfax. There were then three families residing at the junction of the rivers. The county-seat was then at old Fort Colville, Stevens County, one hundred and seventy-one miles distant. Whitman County was organized by the Territorial Legislature in 1872, and Mr. Perkins was appointed one of the three commissioners to locate the county-seat. Colfax was decided upon, and the choice was sustained by the people at the next regular election. Previous to this, in 1870, Mr. Perkins received an offer from Superintendent Ross, at Fort Simcoe, to look after Indian matters in the Yakima country, but declined, casting his lot with the town in which he was to become so important a factor. Mr. Perkins's name has never been presented to the

people of Whitman County to serve them in public capacity, but it meant a straightforward and honest administration of affairs. Although a Republican, he has many warm friends in the opposition party. He has declined many political honors, but whenever duty called him the trust was discharged with a fidelity and earnestness which endeared him to all classes. He was chosen by the people of Whitman County to represent them in the Legislature in 1879, and served one term, declining re-election. He has been a delegate to Territorial Conventions, Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee, a member of the Territorial Committee, a charter member of the Town Council of Colfax, and was four times elected Mayor, once without an opposition vote. He was also an alternate to the National Convention which nominated James A. Garfield. Mr. Perkins was one of the delegates at large to the National Republican Convention which met at Minneapolis, June 7th, 1892, to nominate a successor to President Harrison.

As to his business relations, in nearly every public enterprise in the town of Colfax his name is connected and nearly always at the head of the list. He was one of the incorporators of the Washington and Idaho Railroad, which has been instrumental in developing the agricultural and mineral resources of Washington and Idaho. He is engaged at present in the banking business as a member of the firm of Perkins & Williams of the Bank of Colfax. In 1881 he bought out Mr. C. C. Linnington and ran the business until 1886, when A. L. Mills came into the partnership, and in 1890 Mr. Mills was succeeded by Mr. O. E. Williams.

Mr. Perkins was married to Miss Jennie Ewart, daughter of Captain James Ewart, of Whitman County, in 1873, and has three daughters and a son: Minnie B., Myrtle M., Stella, and Sumner E.

Mr. Perkins is a man of kind and genial disposition, temperate in all things and not given to extremes, a good citizen, neighbor, father, and husband. His education was limited to the public schools, but he has improved his time by self-help, and it may be fittingly said that he is a self-made man. He is a good speaker and a logical reasoner. He was urged by many leading men through the State to allow his name to be presented to the Republican State Convention in August, 1892, as a candidate for Governor. It is said that had he consented he would have received the nomination, which would have been equivalent to an election, but he positively declined to accept any office.

MATTHEWS, ALEXANDER G., son of Archibald and Jane Matthews, was born in Westmoreland County, Pa., May 1st, 1848. His father, a prosperous farmer of Pennsylvania and a veteran of the Civil War, is still living at the age of seventy-eight years. His mother is also living, aged seventy-seven. Our subject received the benefits of a common-school education in his native county, and at the age of nineteen removed to Sanilac County, Mich. After spending three years in the latter place in the lumber business he went to Ringgold County, Ia., and engaged in freighting with mule and horse teams. This was before the advent of railroads. He continued freighting with profit for about two and a half years, and in 1871 he removed to Northern Minnesota, and again engaged in the lumbering business, continuing for about three years. At the expiration of that time he removed to Southern Kansas and settled upon a farm. There he remained until the spring of 1877, when he came to Seattle, Wash. After work-

ing at contracting until August of the same year he came to Puyallup, where he has since resided, engaged in farming. When he reached Washington in 1877 with wife and baby Mr. Matthews had but 25 cents. He was greatly befriended by John H. McGraw, who advanced him money without security. He was able to return the loan from the proceeds of his first crop of hops. Mr. Matthews has diligently devoted himself to the work and cares of his farm, which he has so prudently managed that his labors have been well repaid. By his consistent and earnest course of life, the integrity and uprightness of his conduct, he has entitled himself to the respect and esteem of the entire community. A man of public spirit and progressive ideas, he lends his aid and influence to every undertaking of a public character to advance the general good. Although actively interested in political matters, he never accepted public office until the fall of 1892, when he was nominated and elected Sheriff of Pierce County.

Mr. Matthews was married October 31st, 1876, to Miss Ida A. Chase, of Clinton County, Mich., daughter of I. Chase, a veteran of the Mexican War. Four sons and three daughters have graced this union.

MERCER, THOMAS.—Among men now living there are few around whom clusters so much of the history of Seattle as the one whose name heads this memoir. He is one of the strongest links between the infant days and the stalwart manhood of our city. For forty years he has exerted an influence upon political and business forces eminently beneficial, while his whole career has been singularly free from personal or selfish motives.

Mr. Mercer was born in Harrison County, O., March 11th, 1813. He was the eldest son of Aaron and Jane (Dickerson) Mercer, the former a native of Virginia, and the latter a descendant of an old Pennsylvania family. The father was a woollen manufacturer, and at an early age Thomas began work in the mill and thoroughly mastered the trade. In 1834 he removed with his parents to Bureau County, Ill., and settled on a farm near Princeton. In April, 1852, he left Illinois with his wife and four children, and began the tedious and dangerous journey across the plains to Oregon. His wife was taken sick at The Dalles, and upon arriving at the Cascades died, an affliction which, under the peculiar circumstances, was a very severe loss. The following winter was spent at Salem, Ore., and in the spring of 1853, with Mr. Dexter Horton, one of his companions of the plains and now a well-known banker of Seattle, he came to the present site of Seattle, where he took up a claim of one hundred and sixty acres adjoining that of D. T. Denny. All of this tract is within the present city limits and covered with business houses and private residences. Mr. Mercer brought to his new home the same team of horses with which he had crossed the plains and the first wagon that had been brought to Seattle. There were no wagon roads at that time, but the settlers turned to and widened the trail so that his wagon could pass to his claim on Lake Union. This wagon afterward proved of great service to the pioneer settlement for moving wood and lumber. In 1854 Mr. Mercer built upon his claim the residence which is still standing, in marked contrast to the many elegant dwellings surrounding it and a suggestive monument of the pioneer days. The entire farm of Mr. Mercer has been laid out into city lots, the sale of which has brought to him a large fortune. He still owns a portion of

the original claim. Union and Washington lakes received their names at his suggestion, in an address which he delivered at a picnic in 1855. From its start Mr. Mercer has had unbounded faith in the future of the city, and he has ever been ready to co-operate to the extent of his ability with Seattle's most public-spirited citizens in any project for the benefit of the city, and during his life here, according to his ability to do and to give, the city has had no more helpful friend. He is a man of perfect integrity of character, and possesses the confidence and respect of the entire community. He built in 1883 his present residence, where he is passing the evening of a quiet, well-spent, and prosperous life. In 1858 he was elected Probate Judge of King County, a position which he continued to fill for ten consecutive years. He was also a member of the first Board of Commissioners for King County. As a friend and neighbor he has endeared himself to the people of Seattle. Being naturally of a broad, sympathetic nature, the needy have ever found in him a kind friend and generous helper. Never did an acquaintance or neighbor in distress appeal to him in vain. His hand has ever been outstretched and his means used to assist and encourage the honest toiler in his endeavor to secure a home and provide for his family. The widow and orphan have found in him a faithful friend and a substantial giver. In short, Mr. Mercer has always been a staunch friend of the oppressed and unfortunate.

Mr. Mercer was married in 1859 to Miss Hester Ward, his present wife. Two of the four children by the first wife reside near the old homestead; one lives near Olympia and one is deceased.

MCGILVRA, HON. JOHN J., of Seattle, one of the most prominent attorneys of the State of Washington, has for many years held a leading place among the most distinguished legal practitioners of the Pacific Coast. His high professional attainments have been matched by a life of conspicuous rectitude and of great public usefulness. He was born in Livingston County, N. Y., July 11th, 1827, and secured his elementary education in his native place prior to reaching the age of seventeen years, when he removed to Illinois. Here he taught school for several winters, and attended an academy at Elgin during the summer months. Becoming imbued with a desire to read law he entered the office of Edward Gifford, at Elgin, in 1850. Subsequently removing to Chicago he finished his preparatory study for the legal profession in the office of Ebenezer Peck, afterward one of the judges of the Court of Claims, was admitted to the Bar in 1853, and immediately began practice at Chicago. He soon established a reputation as an attorney and counsellor which was highly creditable, and continued with gratifying success until 1861, when he was appointed by President Lincoln United States Attorney for Washington Territory. He arrived with his family at Olympia in June, 1861, in the spring of 1862 removed to Walla Walla, and in the fall of the same year to Vancouver, on the Columbia River, where he remained until the fall of 1864, when he settled at Seattle, where he has ever since resided. His able administration of the duties of the office of United States Attorney was eminently satisfactory to the people, but at the end of five years' service he declined a reappointment because the duties of the position kept him most of the time from his family, his wife being in poor health. With the same energy which had been so conspicuous in his earlier career, he not only at once turned his atten-

tion to building up a legal practice, but became an active factor in every important public movement for the welfare of his adopted city.

He served for one term in the Territorial Legislature in 1866-67, and through his efforts a bill was passed appropriating \$2500 for the opening up of a wagon road through the Snoqualmie Pass. King County raised a like amount for the same purpose, and with this sum a good road was opened up through the Cascade Mountains, which has been used more or less ever since. Judge McGilvra also aided in securing a second appropriation in 1868-69, which was used in improving the road. Small contributions have since been made to keep the road open. Until the completion of the Northern Pacific this road was the only means of communication between Eastern and Western Washington north of the Columbia River.

July 23d, 1873, after the location of the Northern Pacific terminus at Tacoma, Judge McGilvra with others, as has been mentioned elsewhere, organized the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad and Transportation Company, for the purpose of building a narrow-gauge road through the Snoqualmie Pass to the Yakima country and Walla Walla. Judge McGilvra was the attorney for the company, drew the articles of incorporation and by-laws, and transacted all the legal business of the company for several years. He labored zealously in securing subscriptions to its stock in money and lands, and in two months stock to the value of half a million dollars, mostly in land, was subscribed. In this way the company acquired a large amount of real property in and about Seattle, now worth several million dollars, and mostly still held by the successor of the original company. Judge McGilvra was indefatigable in his efforts to secure the success of this undertaking.

"Through the spirit he and others evinced the people of Seattle became enthused as never before or since. Some two miles of road were actually graded by picnic parties, on which occasions, as elsewhere related, the whole population of the town, men, women, and children, turned out and did good work. There were no idlers about Seattle in those days."

Judge McGilvra was City Attorney of Seattle in 1876-77, and spent the winter of that year in Washington, D. C., where, in addition to other important business, he argued the case of the City of Seattle *vs.* Hugh McAleer and other claimants of the eastern half of the Menyard Donation Claim before the Commissioner of the General Land Office, and secured a decision favorable to the city, establishing its right to enter the land under the town site act. While engaged in this affair he learned that the Northern Pacific Railroad Company was attempting to change its branch line from the Skagit to the Natches Pass, and to that end had filed with the Commissioner of the General Land Office an amended plan of the branch *via* the Natches Pass. Judge McGilvra immediately called the attention of Hon. Orange Jacobs, then Congressman from Washington, to the matter, and they at once entered their joint protest against the change unless the withdrawn lands on the original line were restored to settlement. These lands, amounting to some five million acres, had been withdrawn from settlement in 1872, and the people of King County and the counties to the north demanded that they be restored to settlement, and employed Judge McGilvra to assist Delegate Jacobs in securing such restoration. He spent the winter of 1877-78 in Washington, and

notwithstanding the powerful influence of the corporation with which he had to contend, succeeded in securing the restoration of the lands to settlement, a result which has been of incalculable benefit to this portion of Puget Sound. For the important part which he bore in this struggle Judge McGilvra is justly entitled to a high meed of credit.

Of late years Judge McGilvra has been gradually relinquishing the practice of his profession, and at the present time has practically retired from legal work, his extensive private interests demanding all of his time and energies. He was until recently, however, a member of the law firm of McGilvra, Blaine & De Vries. He is the oldest member, both in years and practice, of the Seattle Bar, and for many years was employed in nearly every important case in the Seattle court. During all the years of his residence in Seattle his record has been such as to win the confidence and respect of his fellow-men. He has been a hard worker in the profession and eminently successful. As lawyer, counsellor, or legislator he was alike at home in each capacity. He has also been an industrious worker in other departments than those pertaining to judicial and legislative affairs. He has always been known as a public-spirited citizen, ever ready to forward any enterprise that promised good to the city or State.

Judge McGilvra was married in 1855 to Miss Elizabeth M. Hills, a native of Oneida County, N. Y. They have three children living.

SCOFIELD, THOMAS DONALDSON, was born in Ontario County, N. Y., April 27th, 1833. His parents being poor and having a large family to support, he only secured such educational advantages as the common schools in his State at that time afforded. From twelve years of age up to his majority he worked out by the month and day, and applied the most of his earnings to the maintenance of his father's family. Being of a roving disposition and his health becoming somewhat impaired, he concluded to make a sea voyage, and June 20th, 1857, shipped before the mast on the bark *Mary and Susan*, a whaling vessel which sailed from New Bedford, Mass. He made one season north in the Arctic Ocean on this vessel, and when she came down to discharge her cargo at Honolulu, Oahu, he ran away from his ship. He remained some time on that island, and came back to the United States in the bark *Mary* in June, 1859. During his juvenile years, and while at sea, he wrote a large volume of poetry, which he intended for publication, but he left the manuscript in the *Mary and Susan* when he ran away from that ship, and it was lost and never appeared in print, save a few pieces which were printed, when they were composed, in the newspapers of his native State. The following is a copy of one of his minor poems :

A DREAM OF EARLY LIFE.

The sun had sunk beneath the west,
 The busy world was lulled to rest,
 The placid moonbeam's silvery light
 Fell on my pathway calm and bright,
 As lone I wandered o'er the sod
 Where once my youthful footsteps trod,

To view the scenes that brightly shone
Enshrined within my early home.

The mountain towered sublimely high,
Pierced with its top the azure sky ;
Within the vale the cottage stood
O'ershadowed by the neighboring wood ;
Along the walk the roses grew,
Besprinkled with the evening dew ;
The streamlet kissed its silent shore,
Just as it had in days of yore ;
And all beneath the lunar rays
Proclaimed the joys of early days.

I just had traced the garden o'er
And stopped a moment near the door,
To pluck the flowers which lingered there,
Fanned in the moonlight's balmy air,
When low within a voice I heard
Sweet as the carol of a bird ;
It came but once, and all was still
As night shades on the distant hill.
I paused to catch the pleasing sound,
Transfixed upon that spot of ground,
And hear the voice which charmed me so
In those blest hours of long ago.

I lingered still a moment more,
Eager to press the yielding door ;
But why I stayed I cannot tell,
Unless some superhuman spell
Had chained me there that I might hear
What next should greet my list'ning ear
And fill my soul with strange delight,
To waft it on its heavenward flight.
Again that voice with accents low
In soothing strains did seem to flow,
And smoothly glide upon the air
As joyful as that angel choir
Which lulled the shepherd's soul to rest
While pillowed on a Saviour's breast.

With trembling hand the door I pressed,
It opened wide at my behest,
And stepping on the cottage floor
I gently closed the open door,
And close within the flickering rays
Which ushered from the chimney's blaze

I saw my mother sitting there
 Within the family roeking-chair ;
 My little sister on her knee,
 With laughing eyes to welcome me.
 The Bible lay upon the stand,
 A hymn-book rested in her hand ;
 Her amber locks in ringlets hung,
 Just as they did when I was young .
 Her features glowed with fervent love,
 Lit by the Maker's joys above ;
 And when on me she sweetly smiled,
 And welcomed home her wayward child,
 I thought the toils of life were o'er
 And we had met to part no more.

My father eame my heart to cheer,
 Brothers and sisters, too, were near—
 All had returned there to abide.
 My mother sat me by her side ;
 My hand in hers she gently took
 And pointed to that Holy Book,
 And asked me how my days had flown
 Since I had left the joys of home.
 With faltering tongue I tried to tell
 What joys and woes had me befell ;
 How everywhere I tried to go
 My path was gorged with sin and woe,
 And when I tried the blessed way,
 Some evil genius led astray.
 And as I told, with falling tears,
 What had befell those many years,
 My mother clasped me in her arms
 And banished all those felt alarms ;
 And there I sat in her embrace,
 Still gazing on her cheerful face,
 And talked with her in converse sweet,
 My face upturned her glance to meet,
 Till streaked the morning cold and gray,
 And dawn had chased the night away.

'Tis true the bubbling brook no more
 Flows gently by the cottage door ;
 The garden where the roses grew
 Is washed away from human view ;
 The cottage where we used to stay
 With ruthless hands was borne away ;
 The famous mountain, tall and grand,

Frowns down upon a desert land ;
My brother perished in the wave,
My father slumbers in the grave ;
My sisters, too, have gone before
And anchored on the other shore ;
That mother dear has long been dead,
Her noble spirit early fled,
And I am left a wanderer here
Through life's dull way my course to steer ;
But oft when gloomy thoughts oppress,
Her angel voice comes back to bless ;
And let me go where'er I will,
Her spirit hovers o'er me still,
To guide me through life's dreary hours'
And strew my path with fragrant flowers.

In the fall of 1859 he migrated to Ionia County, Mich., where he became acquainted with Frances Mary Way, whom he married April 10th, 1861. When the Civil War broke out he entered the volunteer service as corporal in the Ninth Regiment, Michigan Infantry, August 5th, 1861, and served in that company and regiment until he was honorably discharged for disability on September 10th, 1862. On receiving his discharge he returned to his home in Portland, Mich., and after recovering his health obtained a permit from the War Department to recruit an additional company for the Twenty-seventh Regiment, to be known and designated as the First Company of Sharpshooters attached to the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Michigan Volunteer Infantry. After raising this company he was commissioned as First Lieutenant thereof on February 15th, 1864. On April 8th, 1864, he conducted the company out of the State as its commander, and joined the regiment at Annapolis, Md., which was then in the Ninth Army Corps under General Burnside. He commanded the company during the campaign of 1864 under Grant and Meade, and participated in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864 ; the battle of Spottsylvania, May 12th, 1864 ; battles of Cold Harbor, June 1st and 3d, 1864 ; battles before Petersburg, June 17th and 18th, 1864 ; and battle before Petersburg at the mine explosion, July 30th, 1864. At the last-mentioned battle he was captured by the enemy, conveyed to Columbia, S. C., confined in Richmond Jail until February 17th, 1865, when he made his escape and entered Sherman's lines. He served with General Sherman in the march from Columbia to Goldsborough, N. C., and went from Goldsborough to Washington City, where he obtained a leave of absence to visit home, and before his leave of absence had expired he was discharged from the service by a general order of the War Department discharging all officers home on leave of absence, which order was issued May 15th, 1865. He was in the grocery business from the close of the Civil War to 1867, when he commenced the study of law in the office of Harvey Bartow, at Portland, Mich. He was admitted to the Bar in January, 1869, and practised in the federal and State courts of Michigan until December, 1875, when he migrated to Hastings, Adams County, Neb., where he practised law until 1882. In 1878 and 1879 he was District Attorney of

the Fifth Judicial District of Nebraska, and tried a large number of important criminal cases in that district, among which was the celebrated I. P. Olive case for the murder of Mitchell and Kateham. In May, 1882, he migrated to the city of Montesano, Chehalis County, Wash., and entered into the practice of law, which he has continued to the present time.

THOMPSON, WALTER J., was born in Spring Prairie, Wis., January 25th, 1853. In 1857 the family went to Burlington, Wis., where the subject of our sketch spent his childhood. While obtaining his education at the public schools he employed his vacations and spare time lathing, becoming an expert, and later mastered the carpenter's trade. The monotonous life of a carpenter illly suited the naturally adventuresome disposition of young Thompson, and at the age of eighteen he started West, spending several months in Iowa, finally settling at Hebron, Neb., in the fall of 1871. With characteristic earnestness and energy he soon won the esteem and confidence of the community, and after a short residence he was appointed Deputy County Treasurer, serving two years. Important events followed in quick succession. In 1875 he was admitted to the Bar, and in the same year organized a bank, and both as lawyer and banker prospered. His attention having been long directed to the then Territory of Washington, and being impressed with its prospective future developments, he severed his business relations in Nebraska in 1883 and went to Tacoma, then a town of only a few hundred inhabitants. Soon after his arrival he purchased the bank of A. J. Baker, and in 1884 organized the Merchants' National Bank, of which he is still the President. This is the oldest bank in the city, and is acknowledged to be one of the great financial institutions of the Northwest. He is President of the Tacoma Public Library, and has already donated over two thousand volumes to that institution. He was a member of the first committee on organization of the Chamber of Commerce of Tacoma, and served several years on its executive staff and as its Vice-President. He was the founder and for several years President of the Tacoma Trust and Savings Bank.

During the infancy of Tacoma, when there were few to lay the foundations and mould and advance the character of the commercial and business enterprises of the city, he was always found vigilant and prominently in the lead, leaving the impress of his thought and energy in all directions. He is President of the Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference, and has been prominently identified with the Unitarian Church in matters pertaining to liberal Christianity.

From early childhood he has been a great lover of books. From these he derived his principal recreation when a lad, laying the foundation for intellectual sociability in later years and distinguishing him as a "man of ideas." His many and absorbing business affairs have not prevented his taking a constant and lively interest in educational matters. The superb public-school system in the State is largely indebted to him for its present perfection. He has donated \$20,000 for founding a manual training department to the public schools of Tacoma. This act fully demonstrates the interest he takes in the subject of public-school education. The philanthropic tendencies of Mr. Thompson are not confined to purely educational lines. In any benevolent movement for the public good his name is invariably enlisted, and rarely is it second in place or importance, nor is his liber-

ality confined to matters public. He served as a member of the National Republican Convention which nominated Mr. Harrison at Chicago, being on the Committee on Platform and Resolutions as a delegate from Washington Territory to that Convention. He was induced to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the Legislature, was elected in 1886, and served one term, at the expiration of which he was elected to the Senate (1888).

In the Legislature he was prominently identified as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and as a member of the Committee on Corporations, Education and Judiciary. It was here that he developed the strong elements within him, soon becoming the acknowledged leader of the House, admired by friends and respected by opponents. The fruits of his labor there reflected great honor upon himself, and he was instrumental in effecting many immediate reforms and benefits for the new State of Washington. The high sense of honor and conscientious purpose which always accompanied his acts know no compromise or swerving from his convictions of rectitude. This was strikingly demonstrated when he refused to co-operate with or truckle to corporate influences which desired certain measures advocated in the United States Senate, when he was a candidate for that body before the first State Legislature. He preferred to suffer defeat than an election at such a cost. Mr. Thompson was married in 1878 to Miss Clara A. Stewart, who died January 4th, 1888, leaving a son, Ray Walter, born October 8th, 1879, and a daughter, Clara B., born in 1887, and who survived her mother but eight months. Two years later Mr. Thompson married Miss Amaryllis Crain, of Spring Prairie, Wis., a former schoolmate of his.

His genial hospitality has made his home a rendezvous for not only his fellow-citizens, but many a traveller to that far-famed City of Destiny. Progressive and public-spirited, Mr. Thompson has borne a leading part in all the enterprises which for many years past have aided the general prosperity of Tacoma. He is a large property-holder throughout the State. As a business man he is especially noted for the quickness with which he grasps the most complicated details, and the steadfastness with which plans once determined upon are pursued. No one is more careful and conservative than he, but when he fully determines on a course of action he is as firm as a rock, and has no lack of courage to face every consequence which may arise. He is now in the very prime and vigor of manhood, full of life, energy, and enterprise, and with abundant means to carry on his rapidly increasing enterprises and support his financial responsibilities, it is safe to presage that still greater emoluments and honors wait him in the years to come.

PRITCHARD, HON. WILLIAM H., of Tacoma, Superior Judge of Pierce County, Wash., is a native son of the Buckeye State, having been born in Richland County, O., July 18th, 1851. After attending the common schools of his native county he entered the Greentown Academy, at Perrysville, O. The next six years were spent in attendance at this institution and in teaching in the county schools of Richland and adjoining counties, with an interval of one year at the Oteo University, of Nebraska City. He then entered the Sophomore Class of Dennison University, at Granville, O., and two years later, on account of the death of the president of that institution, changed to the University of Woos-

ter, O., from which he was graduated in 1874. Being appointed First Assistant Principal of Greentown Academy, he served as such for one year, and then removed to Shelby, O., where he was Superintendent of the city schools for three years. In the mean time he began a systematic course of legal studies, and was admitted to the Bar in 1878, immediately thereafter beginning the active practice of his profession at Mansfield, O., where he remained until 1884. He then removed to Colfax, Wash., and in 1888 came to Tacoma, where he has since resided. Here he at once entered upon a large and lucrative practice, and took a foremost rank in the profession. In 1892 the Bar of Pierce County determined as far as practicable to take the judiciary out of politics, and at a Bar meeting called for the purpose of nominating a non-partisan judiciary ticket, Mr. Pritchard, without any solicitation on his part and against his protest, was almost unanimously called upon to head this ticket. Actuated by a sense of duty he accepted the nomination, and in the ensuing election the three non-partisan judges were triumphantly elected. It is confidently believed that this movement will prove an event of historic significance, as other counties in the State will surely follow the example of Pierce, and it is very probable that in the near future the judges in this State will be selected solely on the ground of fitness for the office without regard to political influence, and that their nomination and election will be entirely removed from the degrading influence of ordinary political scrambles. As a lawyer Judge Pritchard is earnest and honest in the assertion of the rights of his clients, careful in the preparation of cases, well versed in the principles of his profession, discriminating in the application of precedents, and skilful in the conduct of his causes. To these elements are combined those mental and moral qualifications requisite for an accomplished and successful advocate and counsellor. As a judge he is noted for his courtesy, industry, and acuteness, as well as for his learning and firmness. His opinions bear indubitable evidence of careful and extended research and show the possession of an honest, clear, logical mind, the grasp of legal principles, the unfailing purpose and independent courage which surely lead him to right conclusions. It is but simple justice to say that during the time he has occupied the position of Superior Judge he has fully justified the confidence of his friends and firmly established an enviable reputation as a jurist.

Judge Pritchard was married July 18th, 1874, to Miss Sophia Leiter, of Lucas, O. Four children have been born to them, two sons and two daughters. The elder son graduated from Bishop Scott Academy in 1893. Whole-souled, generous, and sympathetic in nature and true as steel in his friendships, Judge Pritchard has surrounded himself with a host of friends, whose attachment he warmly reciprocates. He is a man of polished address and of naturally courteous manner, one who would win respectful recognition anywhere and easily gain the good-will and confidence of his fellows.

STALLCUP, HON. J. C., of Tacoma, Judge of the Superior Court for Pierce County, was born in Columbiana County, O., February 26th, 1841. He received his education at the schools of New Lisbon, O., and Mt. Union College. After leaving college he began the study of law, and was admitted to the Bar at New Lisbon in 1864. He practised for about ten years in Stark County, O., spending

three winters during this time in the South and Texas, on account of ill health. In 1877 he removed to Denver, Col., and continued the practice of his profession there until 1886. In that year the Supreme Court Commission was created, and Mr. Stalleup was appointed by Governor Adams as one of its members, serving one term. In 1889 he came to Tacoma, where he has since practised. Mr. Stalleup is well read in his profession and a prudent and safe counsellor. He has ample learning and a logical mind, well cultivated. Mr. Stalleup was elected as one of the three judges of the Superior Court for Pierce County at the election in November, 1892, being one of the Bar nominees for that position, in which office he is now serving.

BREWER, J. F., of Seattle, Wash., a man of many pursuits, but eminently successful in all, was born in Scotland County, Mo., November 9th, 1842. At the age of ten he crossed the plains with his parents, who were then emigrating to Salem, Ore. He there received such education as the common schools could afford. He resided in Salem and Marion County for eighteen years, until 1871. Mr. Brewer was married in Salem, Ore., to Miss Adora B. Stanton, March 31st, 1872. Nine children were the result of this union, four sons and five daughters. He removed with his family to Whitman County, Wash., in 1872, locating where now stands the town of Garfield. From there he migrated to Walla Walla in December of the same year, where he resided until 1890, engaged in farming and teaching school, when he came to Seattle, where he has since made his home and devoted himself to real estate, loans, and insurance.

The first election held in Whitman County made him its Assessor, but he failed to qualify. He was elected a member of the Lower House of the Legislature from Walla Walla County and served one term (1885-86), also one year in the Walla Walla City Council (1889). He was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen at the Seattle city election in March, 1892, for four years.

It must be a gratification in Mr. Brewer's evening of life to know that he holds the respect and enjoys the confidence of his fellow-citizens, winning the good opinion of all who know him.

CHURCHILL, DR. F. A.—The subject of this sketch is one of the leading physicians of Seattle. Frederick Arthur Churchill was born in Lansing, Mich., thirty-seven years ago. When he was a child his parents removed to Oberlin, O., where for thirty years his father has been a professor in Oberlin College. It was in that institution Frederick acquired his classical education, graduating in 1877. Four years later the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by his Alma Mater. After graduation at Oberlin he entered the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College, where he took the regular medical course, graduating at the head of his class. He was then appointed Home Physician of the college hospital and Attending Surgeon of the Lying-in Hospital connected with the institution. He was also Demonstrator of Chemistry in the college staff. He was there afforded a fine opportunity for gaining practical knowledge in his profession, an opportunity which years of office practice might not have afforded. The doctor was engaged in practice in Chicago for several years, and in 1884 came to Seattle, where he opened an office, and has been actively engaged in professional work

ever since. At the time of his arrival Seattle had a population of not more than seven thousand people; the city now has fifty thousand. In this marvellous growth Dr. Churchill has taken the interest of a public-spirited citizen, contributing in no small degree to its accomplishment. In 1890 Dr. Churchill was appointed one of the members of the Board of Health for two years, becoming Chairman of the Board the second year, which position he filled to the great satisfaction of the citizens of Seattle. In 1883 he was married to Miss Martha Blanke, a German lady. Their union has been blessed with two children. Mrs. Churchill is an accomplished musician, having been a pupil of the famous Listz. Their residence is one of the most beautiful in Seattle, situated on an eminence, in Queen Ann Hill, overlooking the city and bay. There the doctor has made for himself an ideal home, and no one comes within the charmed precincts of his family circle without envying him. The doctor finds a solace from professional cares in practising the photographic art, and as an amateur is very successful.

CARROLL, HON. THOMAS.—Toward the prosperity which the city of Tacoma has enjoyed during the last decade this estimable citizen has contributed no small share. Coming to the place when it was a struggling village, he was among the first to devise and put into operation plans which inaugurated an era of phenomenal growth and prosperity which has continued until the present. He has gained a position of well-earned affluence through the successful culmination of his plans, but the city and State have been the greater sharers in the work he has accomplished. Mr. Carroll was born in the city of Philadelphia, June 30th, 1842, the son of Robert and Elizabeth (Stuart) Carroll, who emigrated from Ireland at an early date. The early years of our subject were passed in the city of his birth, where he attended the public schools. When he was twelve years old his parents moved to a farm in Waupaca County, Wis., and here he spent the next five years assisting his father in clearing the land and tilling the soil during the summers, and in winter attending the little log school-house. His parents had arranged to send him to Philadelphia to take an academic course, but the war of the Rebellion breaking out he enlisted, August 11th, 1861, as a private in Company A, Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, known as the Eagle Regiment. Going to St. Louis, Mo., his company was immediately sent to Big River Bridge and engaged in battle with Jeff Thompson's forces. He afterward participated in the battles of Fredericktown, Mo., New Madrid, Point Pleasant, Island No. 10, Farmington, Corinth, Iuka, Danville, Second Corinth, Holly Springs, Jackson, Miss., Raymond, Vicksburg, Mechanicsburg, Richmond, La., and many minor engagements. He was severely wounded in the right arm at the battle of Vicksburg, and was sent to the military hospital at Keokuk, Ia. After his recovery he was appointed Recruiting Officer by Governor Lewis, of Wisconsin, and served as such until the close of the war. In 1865 he returned to Keokuk, and after spending about a year in the Commercial College as student and teacher, he settled in Salem, Ia., and engaged in the lumber business.

With a view of preparing himself for the legal profession, he devoted his leisure time to the study of law, often sitting up until midnight, reading by the light of an oil lamp. In 1872 he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Iowa and immediately began active practice. His abilities were soon recog-

nized, and he quickly won a position as one of the leaders of the Bar in that section of Iowa. In the beginning of his career he took a somewhat active interest in politics, and his fitness for public office was early recognized. He was a member of the City Council for eight years, and also served as President of the School Board. He took a deep interest in matters of public import, and was justly regarded as one of Salem's most enterprising citizens. It was largely through his influence that the Keokuk and Northern Railroad, now a part of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system, was built. He also erected the first public hall or theatre in Salem.

In 1883 Mr. Carroll first came to Tacoma on a business trip connected with the settlement of the estate of Dr. F. B. Wing, and becoming so well pleased with the climate and convinced that the resources of the country were such that it must speedily develop, decided to locate here. Returning to Iowa he at once began the settlement of his affairs there, and in the following spring removed with his family to Tacoma, where he has since resided. Here his natural talent, steady application to his profession, and strict reliability of character inspired confidence, and he was soon doing a large business.

Upon his removal to Tacoma, Mr. Carroll at once became a leading factor in political and business affairs. In 1886 he was elected City Attorney. It was during his administration that the city experienced its first vigorous start toward its present greatness. It was the period of transition from a frontier town toward the beginnings of a great commercial city. Many miles of streets were graded, sidewalks built, and other important improvements made. Although the city was largely Republican, Mr. Carroll was three times elected City Attorney on the Democratic ticket. During the anti-Chinese excitement of 1885 fifty-three prominent citizens of Pierce County were indicted by the United States Grand Jury, sitting at Vancouver, on the Columbia River. Mr. Carroll was engaged to defend them, and his efforts resulted in the dismissal of the indictments. He was a member of the commission which framed the Tacoma City charter, and was Commissioner from Washington to the centennial celebration of the adoption of the Federal Constitution at Philadelphia in 1887. In 1890 and again in 1892 he was the candidate of his party for member of Congress, and in the winter of 1891 received the full support of his party in the Washington Legislature for United States Senator. He is a prominent member of the Odd Fellows fraternity and of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Carroll was married July 29th, 1867, to Miss Annie J. Frazier, of Keokuk, Ia. Their union has been blessed with three children: Frank S., Arthur T., and Maude, two of whom are living. The younger son, Arthur, died in 1889, at the age of fourteen.

During his early residence in Tacoma, Mr. Carroll acquired extensive property interests in the city, which with his lucrative law practice have made him a handsome competency. No man could have attained and held the position which he has occupied for so many years without being a man of decided ability and reputation. He is a man who possesses in an unusual degree the confidence and respect of his associates. His charming personal qualities, his rugged integrity, and his frank, open-hearted manner attach him to all those who come in contact with him.

BRICKELL, E. J., was born in Liberty, Ind., September 22d, 1820, and was seventy-one years old the day before his death. In 1824 his parents emigrated to Michigan, but he left home shortly afterward, going to Schuyler County, Ill. There he obtained employment with a farmer, at first receiving the small pittance of ten cents a day for chopping wood, but was soon rewarded for his industry by an increase of salary to fifty cents and steady employment on the farm. By saving his earnings during the summer months, and doing chores for his board and lodging in winter, he was enabled to attend school and obtain a common-school education. In 1845 he was united in marriage to Rozannah Gragg, of Illinois, the mother of his five surviving children.

In 1850 Mr. Brickell went to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. After a long and stormy voyage, in which the steamer was disabled, a part of the passengers, including Mr. Brickell, induced the drunken captain to land them on the coast two hundred miles above the present city of San Francisco, to which place they journeyed on foot, arriving there before the vessel. For eighteen months Mr. Brickell carried on placer-mining very successfully. On his return from the East, whither he had gone for his wife and family, he became engaged in the mercantile and lumbering business. With his assistance a grade for a railroad was established over the Sierras or Summit, which previous to that time was considered impracticable or impossible.

In 1868 Mr. Brickell removed to Truckee, becoming largely interested in the manufacture of lumber, sash, doors, etc., and taking large contracts for furnishing ties and lumber to the Central Pacific Railroad. After a flourishing business there he soon established branches at Verdi, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Merrimac. Seven years ago he removed to the State of Washington, where he became largely interested in business enterprises in Spokane, among which were Spokane Mill Company, of which he was President; Traders' National Bank, of which he was one of the original incorporators; Holley, Mason, Marks & Co., Old Dominion Mining Company, Columbia Mining Company, and Spokane Water Company.

Mr. Brickell was a member of the Odd Fellows Order and also a Mason of high rank, the thirty-second degree, Scottish Rites, having been conferred upon him. He was a man of great mental and physical power—in fact, a perfect example of a strong-minded man of common sense, correct judgment, and tenacious memory. He was resolute and determined, and was never easily turned from his purpose when once convinced that he was right.

HOUGHTON, MRS. ALICE, born in Montreal, Canada, August 18th, 1850, is the daughter of F. J. and Atlanta Ide, the latter of English extraction. Her father, a prominent architect of Montreal, is a nephew of Rev. George B. Ide, of Boston. When eight years of age Mrs. Houghton removed with her family to Durand, Peppin County, Wis., and was educated at the Young Ladies' Seminary of that city. January 16th, 1866, she was married to Mr. Horace E. Houghton, of Durand. One son and one daughter have blessed their union. In September, 1884, Mrs. Houghton came to Spokane, and in the spring of 1887 began speculating in real estate. Shortly afterward she opened a real estate office, and since that time has pursued that vocation with success and profit, demonstrating the

fact that a woman can be as successful in this line of business as a man. After becoming firmly established she branched out into mining, insurance, and other securities, handling property in Olympia, South Bend, Ocoosa, Seattle, and other places.

She is Vice-President of the Northwestern Mining and Agricultural Company (incorporated), dealing in mining property and farm loans, and Treasurer and Secretary of the Bonners Ferry Company. Mrs. Houghton was one of the Board of Lady Managers for the Columbian Exposition, was unanimously chosen Superintendent of the State Women's Department, and enthusiastically engaged in the duties of this position, in many ways aiding by her wise counsel the Central Board of Chicago. Although her extensive business interests absorb the greater portion of her time, Mrs. Houghton is not unmindful of the duties of a wife and mother, and she possesses all of those admirable qualities which make a popular social leader.

PUGH, FRANCIS MCKINNEY, Sheriff of Spokane County, was born in Linn County, Ore., April 7th, 1860, and received a common-school education in his native county. He was reared on a farm, and up to 1889 his time was principally devoted to agricultural pursuits. In the spring of 1878 he removed to Dayton, Wash., and about one year later to Athena, Ore. In the spring of 1881 he located at Saltese Lake, twelve miles east of Spokane, where he remained until 1888, engaged in farming and stock-raising. In the latter year he came to Spokane, where he has ever since resided. He was appointed Deputy Sheriff, and after serving in that capacity for about two years, Mr. E. Dinchlid, High Sheriff of the county, resigned August 6th, 1890, and Mr. Pugh was appointed to fill the unexpired term. In November, 1890, he was elected to the same office, and two years later was elected for another term. Sheriff Pugh is an efficient and deservedly popular public officer. He possesses the executive ability, capacity for hard and continuous work, keen sense and shrewdness which admirably fit him for the position he fills, and give promise of higher advancement. Personally he is pleasant and affable in manner, easily wins and holds friends, while his standing as a citizen is of the highest.

Mr. Pugh was married June 27th, 1881, to Miss Highbanks, of Linn County, Ore. Their union has been blessed with three children, two daughters and one son.

JENNER, CHARLES K., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in Milwaukee, Wis., September 15th, 1846, and received his early education in California, whither he removed in 1850 with his parents, who settled in San Francisco. He entered the Sotoyome Institute in Healdsburg and graduated in 1865. He then taught school for five years, devoting his leisure time to the study of the law, and in February, 1871, was admitted to the Bar. He immediately began practice, and in 1876 removed to Seattle, where he resumed his professional work, his specialty being mining and land cases. He is a member also of the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and takes an active part in politics. He was married June 9th, 1870, at Mendocino City, Cal., to Miss Cornelia E. Comstock. This estimable lady died in Seattle December 4th, 1891, leaving six children. Mr. Jenner is an able advocate and enjoys a large and lucrative practice.

EASTERBROOK, CAPTAIN GEORGE TROOP, a well-known and highly esteemed pioneer of the Pacific Coast, was born in Bristol, R. I., on September 17th, 1815. At the age of sixteen years he shipped as cabin boy on board the whaler *Bowditch*, Captain Gardner. His first voyage lasted about forty months, and on his return to Rhode Island he shipped as a sailor on board of the ship *Byron*, Captain Ackeman, bound for Liverpool, England. On the return voyage, while off the banks of Newfoundland, in a dense fog, the vessel came in collision with an immense iceberg, and had it not been for the fact that the action of the sea had washed away the ice below the water's surface, the ship's bow would have been stove in, and nothing could have saved her or any of the souls on board. After this exciting incident the vessel proceeded on her way and reached New York in safety after a run of sixty-four days.

In July, 1842, Mr. Easterbrook became Captain of the whaling ship *Corinthian*, of Bristol, R. I. He made several trips around the Horn, and after seventeen years of almost constant service as a sailor, he abandoned seafaring life at San Francisco in 1849. After spending about a year in mining and trading in the mountains at Bidwell's Bar, he went to Oregon in the fall of 1850 and settled in Clackamas County, above Oregon City, remaining there until 1853. In the spring of the latter year he came to Washington Territory and settled where he is now living, at Ocean Side, in Pacific County, about twenty-five miles distant from Astoria, Ore. Here he has since been engaged principally in farming and sheep-raising. His estate, comprising six hundred and forty acres, has greatly enhanced in value and is one of the finest properties in Pacific County. Captain Easterbrook was married in August, 1842, at Bristol, R. I., to Miss Hannah Lawton Coit. Mrs. Easterbrook, who is only two years her husband's junior, is still vigorous and hearty, and is highly esteemed for her many excellent qualities. Their only son, George W., is engaged in the drug business at Ilwaco. Captain Easterbrook has filled many positions of local trust, and is deeply interested in the public welfare. He is at the present time one of the Commissioners of Pacific County. He is one of the substantial and progressive men of his times, and possesses to an enviable degree the respect and esteem of all who know him. He is an interesting conversationalist, and relates many thrilling tales of his early experience both on sea and land. Although age has not left him without its impress, it sits lightly on his shoulders, and at the age of seventy-eight he is still full of vigor and his mental powers are unimpaired.

TRUAX, DANIEL W., Postmaster of Tekoa, Wash., and an early Western pioneer who has filled various offices with credit to himself and advantage to the community, was born in Montreal, Canada, December 23d, 1830. Educated at St. Lawrence County, N. Y., he went in 1849 to Minnesota, where he engaged in agricultural pursuits at Point Douglass until 1853. During this period he was also a member of the Minnesota Territorial Legislature in 1851. Becoming interested in lumbering, he was connected with various mill enterprises, and at length removed to Dakota, where he purchased, with a Mr. Knowlton, what is now known as the Libby Mill, but disposed of his share to enter the grocery business. Coming to Washington in 1883 he located at Tekoa, returned to lumbering and erected a mill, which he controlled for about three years. Being appointed Post-

master he sold his milling interests and formed a partnership for general merchandising with Mr. Brown, which still exists. Mr. Truax has not only served his own financial interests, but has added much to the prosperity of the town by building the substantial brick structure in Tekoa, one of the finest in the place, where the bank is located and also the extensive stores of the firm of which he is a member. Mr. Truax still retains the postmastership and has filled other local offices, being at present a Justice of the Peace and Deputy United States Commissioner. He is a large property-owner, both in and about the city, the bank building alone costing some \$20,000. He has, moreover, a beautiful home, replete with all that comfort and elegance which makes life enjoyable. An active and enterprising business man, he is popular and generally esteemed. He was married in 1853 to Miss Mary A. Truax, of St. Lawrence County, N. Y. Of the children born to this marriage three survive, all of whom are married and have families. Mr. Truax is a member of the Masonic fraternity, being the Master of Tekoa Lodge. He is a Republican in politics, and firmly believes in the principles of that party. He is one of those pioneers of Western civilization who still retain that progressive spirit which has done so much to build up and reclaim the frontier.

Huson, H. S., Mayor of Tacoma, was born in Montello, Wis., May 29th, 1852. At the age of three years he went with his parents to La Crosse Valley in the same State, where he resided until he was sixteen years old, attending the common schools. His parents removed to Kidder, Mo., in 1868, and young Huson attended the Thayer Academy in that place for six years, after which he entered the classical department of Grinnell (Iowa) College, graduating in 1877. He was Superintendent of the public schools of Breckenridge, Mo., for one year, after which he went to St. Louis and entered the office of the *Central Law Journal*, remaining there eight months and devoting his leisure hours to the study of law. In the fall of 1879 he went to Kansas, intending to settle in some town in that State for the practice of his profession, but finding no suitable location he accepted a position in the offices of the Kansas Pacific Railroad as Civil Engineer. In 1880 he was employed by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company at Denver, Col., and six months later was transferred to Salt Lake City, where he acted as Assistant Chief Engineer of the Rio Grande Western Railroad until January, 1882. He then filled the position of Locating Engineer for the Canadian Pacific Railroad for one year, and in February, 1883, he came to Washington as Assistant Engineer of the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He was soon promoted to Principal Assistant Engineer of the same road, with an office at Tacoma, having charge of construction for the Northern Pacific west of Helena, until April, 1891, when he resigned on account of ill health. In April, 1892, he was elected Mayor of the city of Tacoma, and is now serving his first term in that position. He is Vice-President of the Citizens' National Bank of Tacoma and President of the Yakima Irrigating and Improvement Company, besides being interested in coal-mining and various other enterprises throughout the Northwest. He was married, January 3d, 1882, to Miss Lide Bothwell, of Breckenridge, Mo. She died April 3d, 1889, and he married for his second wife Miss Lavinia Whalley, of Portland, Ore. Mr. Huson holds an enviable position in social and busi-

ness circles. His ripe culture, varied experience, versatility of talent, tried integrity, and sterling character unite to make him eminently serviceable to society and constitute the grounds for a safe prophecy of a still more honored and useful career.

SMITH, EUGENE D.—The life of this man presents another notable instance of the enterprising Eastern boy, who, leaving the older civilization of his native State, came to this then comparatively unknown region, and became early identified with and soon a recognized leader and important factor in the development of the great, rich territory of the Pacific Northwest. He was the founder of Lowell, Wash., and has been the leader in every movement to advance and promote her material welfare. It has been his influence which has made Lowell the thriving village of to-day, and which has given her at the right time in her career an impetus onward that will be felt for many years to come.

Mr. Smith is a native of Maine, having been born at Columbia in the year 1837, and was left an orphan at the early age of eight years. He found a home with relatives until his thirteenth year, when he began a seafaring life which continued for eight years. He was enterprising and ambitious, and on attaining his majority he determined to seek what he looked upon as a more promising field for the acquisition of a fortune in the great Northwest. On August 1st, 1858, he sailed from New York *via* the Isthmus of Panama direct to Puget Sound, arriving in November of the same year. He found work in a logging camp for three years, and in the spring of 1862 went to the Caribou mines in British Columbia, and located a claim on Lowhee Creek. While developing this claim he was seized by a severe attack of mountain fever, and with much difficulty succeeded in reaching Victoria, B. C. Recovering sufficiently to travel he returned to Puget Sound and opened the first logging camp in Snohomish County, near the site of the present town of Edmonds. In the fall of 1863 he removed his camp to the present site of Lowell on the Snohomish River.

In 1865 he went on a prospecting tour to the Boise Basin, Ida., but not being satisfied with results he returned to the Sound in August of the same year. The next four years were spent in logging at Port Gardner, and after a visit to his native State he returned to Lowell in 1870, and has since been continuously engaged in the lumber business in this vicinity. As his means increased he gradually extended his operations, until he now has three large logging camps, a saw-mill with a daily capacity of fifty thousand feet, a large farm in a fine state of cultivation, a hotel, a general store, and five thousand acres of valuable land in and around Lowell. The management of these large and varied property interests have taxed his time and energies to the utmost, but that he has been fully equal to the demand is an assured fact; and notwithstanding these exacting duties, he has managed to find time to serve the public in various capacities. He has been Postmaster of Lowell for over twenty years, has served four years as County Commissioner, and four years as Justice of the Peace for Lowell Precinct. Mr. Smith began life with few advantages, and in early youth was thrown upon his own resources, yet by industry, perseverance, and natural force of character, he has accumulated a handsome fortune, has earned an honorable position in the community, and is held in high esteem as a citizen.

Mr. Smith was married in 1869 to Miss Margaret Getchell, of Machias, Me. They have two sons and one daughter.

KELLING, HENRY, of Walla Walla, was born in Camanche Camp, Calaveras County, Cal., September 3d, 1861; came to Walla Walla with his parents in the spring of 1863, and was educated in the common schools of the town. In 1876 he entered a printing-office, following that occupation until 1879, when he took a position in a book and stationery house, where he remained until 1886, when he was elected City Clerk of Walla Walla, a position he now holds and to which position he has been six times re-elected, four times without opposition. In 1889 he was strongly urged to accept the nomination for Mayor of Walla Walla, having the support of all the leading business men and of the three newspapers of the city, but declined.

He has been a member of the several Democratic county conventions held since 1881; has served as Chairman of the County Committee for three terms, and is now Walla Walla's representative in the State Committee. He was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for County Auditor in 1888. He was a member and one of the secretaries of the Territorial Convention at Walla Walla in 1884; a member and secretary of the first State Convention at Ellensburg in 1889, and a member of the Seattle Convention of 1890, acting as secretary of the temporary organization, and Chairman of the Walla Walla delegation at the State Convention held at Olympia in 1892. He is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Democratic Society of Washington, and was elected as a delegate to the New York Convention of the National Association of Democratic Clubs in 1892.

He is numbered as a leader among the younger members of the party, and is counted as one of Walla Walla's progressive citizens. He is prominently connected with the commercial, social, and fraternal organizations of that town, being Secretary of the Board of Trade, the Walla Walla Club, the Agricultural Society, the Walla Walla Pioneer Association, and the Whitman Historical Society.

When Eugene Semple entered upon his duties as Governor of Washington Mr. Kelling was appointed on his staff, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Mr. Kelling has been an active member of the volunteer fire department of Walla Walla, having served in every position from torch-boy to chief. He is also a member of the American Historical Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the American Statistical Association, and the State Historical Society. He is familiar with the early history of Walla Walla, and has written many historical articles for the press of the State.

CHAMBERS, W. M.—One of the leading citizens of Pullman, Wash., and foremost among the representative business men of that growing city is W. M. Chambers, President of the McConnell-Chambers Company. He was born at King's Valley, Benton County, Ore., and received his education at the Philomath College. At the age of twenty he was employed as clerk on the Siletz Indian Reservation, Oregon, which position he held for about six years. Removing to San Francisco, he operated in stocks for about a year, and then went to Cascade

Locks, Ore., where he obtained a position as clerk in the office of public works. He worked six months for the original contractors, Platt, Chambers, McBean & Co., and was Chief Clerk and Paymaster after the Government took charge of the work. During his stay at Cascade Locks he paid out about a million and a half dollars. Removing to The Dalles, Ore., he was clerk in the store of McConnell & Griffin, general merchants, for one year, after which he went to Moscow, Ida., where he took charge of the mercantile business of W. J. McConnell & Co. He had charge of this large establishment for six years, at the expiration of which time he came to Pullman, Wash., and established the general merchandise and grain business of McConnell, Chambers & Co. April 1st, 1892, the concern was reorganized and incorporated as the McConnell-Chambers Company. June 1st, 1892, Mr. Chambers was appointed Secretary, Treasurer, and Manager of the McConnell-Magnire Company, of Moscow, Ida. The career of this practical, progressive business man has been one of incessant activity, and his success in business is not the result of chance, but of hard work and long work and a spirit that is not easily discouraged. He was married June 15th, 1874, to Miss Minnie Fairchild, of New York. He is a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Knights of Pythias and Elks.

WINDUS, WALTER V., was born of English parents, December 3d, 1859, in Scio, Allegany County, N. Y. His mother died when he was an infant, and he was adopted by his uncle and aunt, Samuel and Annie Raby, and with them he went to England. In Torquay, on the south coast of Devonshire, the subject of our sketch received his early education, in a private school. In 1876 he came to the United States, and after spending a year in various places returned to England, and for the next four years was engaged in brick manufacturing in Surrey, with his uncle, Mr. Raby. At the expiration of this time the business was sold out and Mr. Windus returned to Torquay, where he embarked in the newspaper business as Manager of the *Torquay Times*, a weekly paper, and the *Western Evening News*, a daily, and was so employed for the next two years. He then determined to return to the United States, and in 1883 came to Washington Territory, finally settling in Whitman County, where he took up a half section of land. Visiting the Palouse country in the interests of some English friends, he made some investments, and being attracted to that section as a favorable shipping point, he located in Pullman, then a small settlement. Here he embarked in the real estate and insurance business, continuing until 1886, when he was elected County Surveyor, and disposed of his private business. He resigned the office of County Surveyor to accept the position of Cashier of the Bank of Pullman, since reorganized as the First National Bank of Pullman. In April, 1890, Mr. Windus was elected first Mayor of the town of Pullman, and was re-elected in December, 1891. January 1st, 1891, he resigned his position as Cashier of the bank and purchased an interest in the mercantile business of McConnell, Chambers & Co., with which concern he is still associated. He was married March 4th, 1887, to Miss Rowena Smith, of New York. In both public and private affairs Mr. Windus has ever proved himself faithful in the discharge of every duty and worthy of the respect and confidence which he enjoys. His administration as Mayor of Pullman was a credit not only to himself, but to his constituents who

placed him in that important position. He has watched the growth of Pullman from a weak settlement to its present condition of prosperity and importance, and is earnestly interested in every movement for the public welfare. Some of the most important institutions in the State are located at Pullman, including the State Agricultural College and Experiment Station, and State School of Science, endowed with one hundred and ninety thousand acres of land, and receiving an appropriation from the Federal Government of \$10,000 yearly for expenses.

TRUE, MARK C., was born near South Bend, Ind., June 6th, 1847, and removed at the age of six years to Napa County, Cal., where his parents still reside. His education was acquired at the common schools and at the Military Academy, Oakland, Cal. After leaving school he engaged in the hotel business and farming in Napa and Solano counties until 1880, after which he ran a hotel for two years in Moscow, Ida. From the latter place he came to Pullman, Wash., which at that time contained but twenty inhabitants. Here he has ever since been engaged in the hotel and livery business, his being the first hotel erected in Pullman. Mr. True is a popular and successful host, and has accumulated considerable property.

He was married, June 10th, 1874, to Miss Joanna McGregor, of Prince Edwards Island, Canada. They have three children living, all sons: Edwin Ernest, Harry Elmer, and Fred Calvin. Mr. True has served as a member of the City Council of Pullman. He has not sought political preferment, his private business affairs absorbing all of his attention. He is a member of Pullman Lodge No. 29, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and of Evecing Star Lodge No. 59, Knights of Pythias.

CALLOW, A. L., was born in Milwaukee, Wis., May 10th, 1869, and in the summer of 1872 removed with his parents to Washington Territory, the family settling on one of the backwoods ranches of Mason County. Here our subject attended the district school a few months in each year, being obliged to walk a distance of more than three miles over a rough and muddy road to reach the school. At the age of fifteen he went to work in a logging camp, the rough training-place of early Washington youth. Desiring the benefits of a more liberal education he removed to Olympia in the fall of 1886 and entered the Olympia Collegiate Institute. He attended the Institute during the winters, working in logging camps in the summer months, and in the spring of 1889 graduated from the commercial department. He worked at clerking and book-keeping during the following summer, and in September again became a student in the Collegiate Institute, this time in the normal department, from which he was graduated in June, 1890, being valedictorian of his class. He again engaged in book-keeping until December 20th, 1890, when he was elected City Clerk of Olympia, to which office he was re-elected in January, 1892. The ability he has shown in this responsible office is attested by the following extract from the *Olympia Tribune*:

“His fitness and perfect understanding for the position has been amply shown since he has held it, and he enjoys the distinction of being the youngest clerk in the State, if not in the country.”

Mr. Callow is an active member of the Lodges of Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows in Olympia City. He is a young man of exemplary habits and undoubted ability. His natural talent, steady application to duty, and strict reliability of character have already inspired the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and he bids fair to play an important part in the future history of his State.

COWLEY, HENRY T., was born in the year 1837, at Seneca Falls, N. Y. His father ran a cooper shop and farm, and the lad divided his time till the age of sixteen in the shop, on the farm, and at the district school. In his seventeenth year he went to Cleveland, O., and engaged variously in tool-making, scale-making, and sailing on Lake Erie. - At the age of twenty he spent two years in various printing-offices, and in the year 1860 he entered the preparatory department of Oberlin College. In 1865 he entered the Senior Class of that institution, but being offered the associate principalship of a commercial college in Ripley, O., he spent one year in teaching mathematics and commercial branches. In 1866 he was married to Miss L. Abbie Peet, daughter of Rev. Rufus Peet, of Castile, N. Y., who was also a student, to the fourth year, of the ladies' course in Oberlin College. The same year he was engaged as teacher of book-keeping, penmanship, and mathematics in Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O., where he graduated in 1867. He entered Auburn Theological Seminary in 1868, and graduated in 1871. He was commissioned the same year as Government Teacher on the Nez Percé Reservation in Idaho. In 1874 he answered a call of the Spokane Indians to teach civilization among them, and removed with his family to Spokane Falls. Subsequently he was appointed Government Teacher and Sub-Agent. In 1883 he purchased the Spokane *Chronicle*, which he continued as editor and publisher until 1887, since which time he has been engaged in miscellaneous literary work.

FENTON, JAMES EDWARD, Prosecuting Attorney for Spokane County, Wash., was born in Clarke County, Mo., April 6th, 1857. In 1865 he crossed the plains with his parents in a train consisting of forty wagons, the trip taking over six months. Arriving safely in Oregon they settled on a farm in the Willamette Valley, in Yamhill County. After attending the common schools, young Fenton entered Christian College, at Monmouth, Ore., took a classical course and was graduated in 1877. In the following year he was elected Professor of Mathematics in Christian College by the Board of Regents, and filled that position for two years. During the next two years he taught in various academies in Oregon. In the mean time, determined to adopt the profession of the law, he began a systematic course of study under the direction of Judge W. M. Ramsey, of Salem, Ore. He was admitted to the Bar in 1882, and began the active pursuit of his profession at Eugene, Ore. In February, 1890, he removed to Spokane and formed a partnership with his brother, Charles R. Fenton, under the firm style of Fenton & Fenton. In 1891 Mr. Daniel W. Henley was admitted, and the firm name became Fenton, Henley & Fenton.

Possessed of a strong taste for politics, Mr. Fenton was early led to take an active part in public affairs. He has always been a Democrat, and his unflinching adherence to and able defence of party principles have endeared him to party associates, while his keen, practical sense, honesty and integrity, and strong per-

sonality naturally make him a leader. In 1880 he was a candidate on the Democratic ticket of Polk County, Ore., for member of the Legislature, but his party being in the minority, he failed of election. In 1888 he was nominated for Probate Judge of Lane County, Ore., and although the county gave an average majority of three hundred for the Republican ticket, he was defeated by only two votes. In the fall of 1892 the Democrats of Spokane County placed Mr. Fenton on their ticket as the party's nominee for Prosecuting Attorney for Spokane County, competing with W. M. Ridpath on the Republican ticket; and so great was the respect of the voters of the county, regardless of party, that in a county that gave a sweeping Republican majority of one thousand, Mr. Fenton was elected by the handsome majority of twelve hundred and fifty-seven. In January of the present year he assumed the office to which he was elected and immediately brought to bear upon the arduous duties of the position a rich store of legal knowledge and ripe experience. His calm judicial gravity and equable nature rendered him especially fitted for his position. His scholarly attainments, his personal industry, his perfect integrity and deep knowledge of law have gained for him the confidence and respect of the Bench, Bar, and public.

JONES, HON. W. C.—Among the younger men of Washington none is more widely or favorably known than Hon. W. C. Jones, the popular Attorney-General of the State. In the numerous public positions which he has filled, he has discharged his duties in a manner highly creditable to himself and to the fullest satisfaction of those who called him to service. Mr. Jones was born in Oneida County, N. Y., April 5th, 1855, and at the age of three years removed with his parents to La Crosse, Wis. His preliminary education was acquired in the common schools of La Crosse, after which he took the regular law course in the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, graduating in 1876. He at once entered upon the practice of his profession at Madelia, Minn. He continued there until March, 1883, when he came to Washington and located at Cheney, Spokane County. As soon as he became eligible by residence he was appointed City Attorney, and held that position until 1887, when he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for the county, and removed his residence to Spokane. The following year he was re-elected Prosecuting Attorney, which position he resigned in October, 1889, when he was elected the first Attorney-General of the new State of Washington. His admirable administration of the duties of this responsible office received emphatic endorsement by his re-election for a second term by a highly gratifying plurality.

During his incumbency he has had ample scope for the exercise of his rare abilities in many important matters affecting the interests of the young State in both State and national courts. Mr. Jones is a man of remarkable energy and untiring industry, and throughout his public career has been distinguished for keen discrimination and quick grasp of great and intricate questions. He is well equipped by training and experience for high public station. He is a successful lawyer in every branch of that most difficult profession. His forensic abilities are of a high order. He is always clear and forcible in speech; and when occasion demands it he uses language ornate and persuasive, while his delivery and manner are peculiarly fitting and appropriate. Whole-souled, sympathetic and generous in his nature, and true as steel in his friendships, he has surrounded

himself with a host of admiring friends whose loyalty he warmly reciprocates. Indeed, it may be said that no man in public or private life ever had a more devoted personal following. With his activity, youth, and physical vigor, with a thorough knowledge of his profession and an experience of the most varied and valuable character, it is not too much to expect that in the years to come Attorney-General Jones will add new laurels to a reputation which even now places him in the front rank of Washington's most successful public men.

MURPHEY, ALONZO M.—Though but thirty-four years of age, the subject of this sketch has attained a position of eminence in financial and mercantile communities, and during his residence in Spokane has made hosts of admiring friends. He is a descendant of one of the first Quaker families who settled in Indiana, and was born in Middletown, that State, in 1859. His father was M. M. Murphey, a prominent merchant of Middletown. When Alonzo was nine years of age the family removed to Des Moines, Ia., and there he attended the high school and the Des Moines College. He began his business career at the early age of thirteen, and by persistent, well-directed effort rose to the responsible position of Assistant Secretary of the Iowa Loan and Trust Company. He was Assistant Postmaster of Des Moines, under General Clarkson, then Postmaster of that city. Desiring the benefits of a more liberal education, he entered Amherst College, from which institution he was graduated in 1887. After his graduation he entered the office of the New England Loan and Trust Company, in New York City, as Assistant Manager, remaining in that position for one year. In October, 1888, he came to Spokane, and associating himself with Hon. John L. Wilson, afterward member of Congress from this State, and J. F. McEwen, Cashier of the Citizens' National Bank, established the banking firm of Alonzo M. Murphey & Co. This firm has from the start done a large and profitable business and has attained an enviable position in financial circles. Mr. Murphey is a man who enjoys to the fullest extent the confidence, esteem, and respect of his fellow-citizens.

BURNS, CYRUS R.—Among the interesting characters in the State, and one who has filled as important a position in shaping her destiny as any, may be found Mr. Cyrus R. Burns, of the firm of railroad contractors, Messrs. Burns & Chapman, of Spokane.

Born in Highland County, O., February 21st, 1849, a son of Andrew Burns, of sturdy Scotch extraction, Mr. Burns started out in life, as thousands of others have done, on a farm. Acquiring his early education in the public schools of the district, he removed, after arriving at the age of twenty-one, to Illinois, where he engaged in farming until 1872. In that year he undertook a contract to build a small portion of railroad on what was then known as the Chicago and Paducah, now a part of the Wabash system. Succeeding in this, he built another section on the same road, and then embarked in the grain business, in which he continued for several years, until 1878, when he retired from that vocation and again turned his attention to contracting, taking charge of the working forces under Collins, then building branch lines for the Union Pacific Railroad in Nebraska and Colorado, where he assisted in the constructing of the Julesburg branch, and also the branch from Greeley to Fort Collins, completing this in

1880. In 1882 he associated himself with Mr. J. W. Chapman, and embarked in the contracting business as the firm of Burns & Chapman. Their first contract was on the Oregon Short Line, building about twenty miles in 1882 and 1883.

In 1883 they then took a contract on the O. R. and N. Railroad between Pendleton, Ore., and Blue Mountain Post-Office, finishing this in 1884, and also another section on the west side of the Cascades for a number of miles east of Tacoma on the Northern Pacific. In 1886 they took the contract, in connection with another firm, on the main line of the Northern Pacific, to construct the line from Ellensburg to Weston, Wash., across the Cascade range, building what is known as the Northern Pacific Switchback. This contract covered sixty-two miles of the heaviest and most expensive road on the entire Northern Pacific system.

In 1887 Mr. Burns came to Spokane, and having secured some valuable real estate, in 1888 this firm built the Spokane end of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad from Spokane to Davenport. In 1889 they built the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad from Spokane to Marcus, on the Columbia River, one hundred and four miles. In 1890 the firm erected two five-story and one four-story brick blocks in the city—the Mohawk Block, the Spokane Furniture Company Building, and the Spokane Drug Company Block—all three of which they still own. After completing these buildings in 1891 they took a contract to build fifty-five miles of the Great Northern Railroad from a point near Kootenai Falls to sixteen miles west of Bommer's Ferry. This was completed in March, 1892, involving an expenditure of over a million and a quarter dollars.

Mr. Burns was married on December 23d, 1880, to Miss Maryetta Tilsley, of Greeley, Col., their union being blessed with five children.

The example of Mr. Burns is one of the most marked in the whole State. Rising through his own efforts from a poor farmer's son, he has, through his genius and energy, acquired for himself a position among the foremost men of the State. He is now Vice-President of the Washington Water-Power Company, President of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, one of the heaviest stockholders in the Spokane Drug Company, and has been prominently and actively identified and associated with nearly all the enterprises of the city of Spokane.

The life of Mr. Burns has been an active one, full of ups and downs, and varied with failures and successes which fitted him to fill the position he now holds with a feeling of having earned it; and it is with pride that he now can ride through the fertile fields of grain and view the thousands of homes, the cities with their beauty and prosperity, and meet and see in every direction the thousands of glad hearts who have come to share with him the benefits of the new country which he has been so instrumental in bringing into its present condition.

COCHRAN, JESSE F., was born in Henry County, Ind., March 15th, 1827, and received the rudiments of a common-school education. At the age of ten years he ran away from home, determined to make his way to New York. This was a large undertaking for a child of his age; but he set bravely out on the long journey. Sleeping in haystacks or wherever night overtook him, and receiving an occasional friendly lift from stage-drivers and farmers, at the end of three weeks he arrived in the great metropolis, weary, barefooted, footsore, and penniless. He was at first bewildered by the glare and noise of the great city; but coming

to a painter's shop, boldly entered and asked for work. In reply to inquiries he said, "I must have work; I am away from home and without money or friends." He was engaged as an apprentice by the painter and remained with him two years, when, fearing he was making but slow progress, he entered the shop of another painter. Under his new employer he soon became skilled in the trade, and remained with him two years. He then removed to Cincinnati, O., where he worked at his trade until the breaking out of the Mexican War. After a brief visit to his old home in Indiana, he enlisted in Company I, Second Regiment Indiana Volunteers, under Captain Colton, and served under General Scott for twenty-three months. He then returned to Indiana, and a short time later went to New York. He remained in that city until 1853, when he determined to seek his fortune on the Pacific Coast.

Crossing the plains to California, he engaged in mining for two years, meeting with but moderate success. He then removed to Oregon, where he remained until 1857, when, with six companions, he purchased a boat and went to Puget Sound, intending to locate there. Abandoning this enterprise, they sold their boat and returned to Oregon, where the party separated, Mr. Cochran going to Idaho, thence to Utah, from there to New Mexico, and finally to New Orleans. After a brief stay at the latter place, he embarked on a river steamer for St. Louis, from whence he made his way to his old home in Indiana. His next move was to Virginia, where he remained until the breaking out of the Civil War. Returning to his native State, he enlisted in the Ninth Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, and served until honorably discharged in 1864. After a brief rest at home, he again started across the plains with an ox-team. After many thrilling adventures with the Indians, he reached Salt Lake City, where he introduced himself to Brigham Young, by whom he was cordially treated. Mr. Cochran was anxious to make a trade for a wagon, but being unsuccessful, he resumed his journey, and finally reached Montana. There he met an old friend from New York, who offered him a mining claim if he would work it. He accepted the offer and worked the claim for a while until he was attacked by the typhoid fever. After an illness of about six months, he finally recovered, but the expenses incidental to his sickness had exhausted his means, and he found himself for the second time without a dollar. For a short time he resumed work at his trade, and in the fall of 1864 started with a prospecting party for the Black Hills country.

While fishing one day, Mr. Cochran and a companion were surprised and taken prisoners by a band of Cheyenne and Sioux Indians. His clothing was taken from him; he was securely bound and compelled to walk barefooted over many miles of prickly pears and subjected to many indignities, finally reaching the Indian camp with bleeding feet and almost exhausted. When he remonstrated at the cruel treatment, his captors would amuse themselves by running a sharp knife up and down his back. It is impossible to narrate all the horrors he underwent during his twenty-two days of captivity. He finally managed to loosen the thongs with which he was bound, and crawling on his hands and knees for three miles in total darkness through the prickly pears, evaded his captors. Reaching the mountain, he hid himself in a friendly cave, and was passed unnoticed by the Indians who were in hot pursuit. After a long and weary jour-

ney of two hundred miles without clothing, and only a stick with which to defend himself against the wild animals, he reached the Yellowstone River. Although weak and exhausted, his only course was to plunge in and swim to the opposite shore, which he did. Being fearful of recapture, he was obliged to travel by night and rest during the day. He finally came across a party of miners, and after convincing them that he was a human being and not a wild beast, they took him to their camp, gave him clothing and food and cared for him.

Upon reaching Virginia City he was taken ill and remained so for three months. He then resumed his business, and seeking out the young lady who had faithfully ministered to him during his first illness, he was married, after a brief courtship, to Miss Jessie C. P. Walker. Their union has been blessed with four sons and four daughters. Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Cochran removed to Cheyenne, Wyo., and after a brief residence there returned to his native State. After extended travels throughout the United States, he finally, in 1871, settled in Seattle, Wash. In 1873 he removed with his family to Oakland, Cal., where they remained three years. Returning to Seattle, he has since made that city his home, following his trade until he was appointed a member of the Board of Public Works, in which position he is now serving his second term.

So much for a bare outline of the career of Mr. Cochran. It leaves untold very many interesting adventures; it gives only a few salient facts in a life crowded, as few lives are, with events and changes. Enough has been told, however, to prove that he is a man of undaunted will and perseverance and of remarkable energy. In the city of his adoption he has won an honorable position in business and social circles and is universally respected by all classes.

TILTON, HOWARD, is a son of James and Isabella H. Tilton. His father was Washington Territory's first Surveyor-General, being appointed, upon the organization of this Territory in 1853, by President Pierce, and reappointed by President Buchanan in 1857, resigning in 1861. He died in Washington, D. C., November, 1878. His mother is still living and resides in Victoria, B. C. The subject of this sketch was born at Olympia, Wash., May 25th, 1858, and in 1865 removed with his parents to Wilmington, Del., where he was educated. In 1879 he returned to his native Territory and entered the service of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Resigning in 1880, he accepted a position on the Canadian Pacific Railway, in British Columbia, in which employ he remained until the spring of 1883, when he resigned to embark in the wholesale grocery business at New Westminster, B. C. Closing out this business in 1885, he moved to Victoria, B. C., engaging in the wholesale flour, feed and grain business. Selling out in 1888, he removed to Seattle, Wash., and in 1889 entered the employ of Risdon Cahn Company, wholesale grocers, as book-keeper, purchasing an interest in the business in the fall of the same year. In 1890 this company reorganized under the style of Webb & Co., in which firm he still retains his interest.

Mr. Tilton was married in New Westminster, B. C., in 1884, to Anne M. Smith. Five children—four daughters and one son—have been born to them. The son and one daughter are deceased.

DENNY, JOHN B.—One of the most active and prominent of the younger business men of Seattle is the subject of this sketch. Though but thirty-one years of age, he has gained a controlling position in the business affairs of the city and is an active factor in many important enterprises. Mr. Denny is a son of Hon. D. T. and Louisa Denny, pioneers of 1851 and founders of Seattle. He was born in Seattle, January 30th, 1862, and received the benefits of a common-school and university education. His business life began in 1883, and from that time until 1891 he was actively engaged in real-estate operations. Having pursued a course of legal studies, he was admitted to the Bar in June, 1891, and has been in active practice ever since. His legal education was acquired at the Willamette University. Mr. Denny has extensive interests in lumbering and manufacturing. He is an active factor and stockholder in a number of street railway enterprises, among which are the Rainier Power and Railway Company, the Consolidated Street Railway Company, and the Front Street and North Seattle Cable Railway Company. In addition to these interests he is also active in the Lake Washington Canal enterprise, and is the Secretary of the Washington Improvement Company, which owns the canal and the franchises thereto. The career of Mr. Denny is a valuable lesson to those desirous of achieving success by honest, straightforward methods. He is keen and sagacious in business, and possesses a high order of financial ability united with rare executive ability. Lively, energetic, and ambitious, he is still climbing the ladder of success. He has hosts of friends, and is a popular and widely esteemed citizen.

Mr. Denny was married in August, 1892, to Miss Carrie Z. Cryslor, of New York.

DENNY, D. THOMAS.—Among the many keen-sighted and energetic young business men of Seattle, Mr. D. Thomas Denny is deserving of special mention. Although but twenty-six years of age, he has already achieved a position of well-defined power in business circles. Mr. Denny was born in Seattle, May 6th, 1867. His education was acquired in the public schools of his native city, supplemented by a course of study at the Puget Sound Academy, Coupeville, Wash. At the age of nineteen he began life on his own account in the electrical business, which he has ever since continued to follow. He is also extensively engaged in the lumbering industry, being interested in the Western Mills at Seattle, which are controlled by the Rainier Power and Railway Company, of which he is a stockholder and the manager. He is manager of the Front Street Cable Railway Company, and is also actively interested in the Seattle Consolidated Street Railway Company. He was married December 9th, 1892, to Miss Nellie E. Graham, of Seattle. A man of genial and affable manners, Mr. Denny has a large circle of warm friends, while his perfect integrity has won the respect and confidence of the entire community.

LLEWELLYN, W. H., was born in Youngstown, O., August 4th, 1861, and when quite young removed with his parents to Western Pennsylvania. His early boyhood was passed in the latter State, where he acquired the rudiments of a practical common-school education. At the early age of fifteen he left home to make his own way in the world. It was the period of the Leadville mining ex-

citement, and our young subject joined the crowds that were then flocking to Colorado. At Leadville he found employment as a clerk in the First National Bank, of which J. S. Eshelman, his present partner, was president. He afterward became Cashier of a bank at Robinson, Col. Here he displayed such a high order of executive ability and such rare judgment in financial matters that before he attained his majority he became the active manager of the institution, and continued to discharge the duties of that responsible position until his removal to Seattle in 1882. Here he formed a partnership with Mr. Eshelman, established the firm of Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co., and engaged in the general real-estate business. The transactions of this widely and favorably known firm assumed large proportions at the start, and no firm has a higher standing in their line in the State. They have done much to attract the attention of capitalists and others to the wonderful advantages and resources of this section of the Pacific Northwest, and their work in this direction has done much to promote the general development and progress. Besides his real-estate business, Mr. Llewellyn is interested in many other important business enterprises. He is a large stockholder in cable and electric street railways, and is a director in two of Seattle's banks.

Coming to Seattle at a period of rapid changes and growth, Mr. Llewellyn became in many ways thoroughly identified with its progress, and every project for the material advancement of the city has had his warm support. It is needless to say that he has been a tireless worker. Such results as have crowned his life come to no dreamer of dreams and to no mere luxurious idler. His time from early boyhood to the present has been almost completely engrossed in business. He is keen and sagacious, and possesses the highest order of financial ability united to the power of apparently unlimited application of mind and body upon any project he undertakes. At an age when most men have barely commenced their business careers, he has achieved a position of power and influence in the financial affairs of the Northwest; but his naturally restless activity, buoyant spirit and physical vigor still urge him onward with all the force and energy of youth.

Mr. Llewellyn was married in 1888 to Miss Jeanette George, daughter of J. W. George, of Seattle.

STINSON, ULMER.—Of the many men who have contributed toward giving Snohomish the position which she now holds, Ulmer Stinson stands among the first in regard to the extent and result of his exertions and influence, and the eager, unselfish good-will with which they were given. No man has done more than he for the growth of the town in business, wealth, population and reputation, and in establishing them all on a firm foundation. Mr. Stinson is one of the most successful lumbermen on the Pacific Coast, his operations being carried on principally on the Snohemish River and its tributaries. Born in Clinton, Kennebec County, Me., September 8th, 1836, his early experience as a lumberman was acquired in the logging camps of his native State. In 1863 he determined to seek a fortune in new fields, and started for the Pacific Coast in September of that year, reaching San Francisco in the following month. After working in the mines of Nevada County, Cal., nearly a year, he started north

for Puget Sound and reached Port Gamble in 1864. Here he went into a logging camp, and in various capacities has been identified with the logging and lumbering interests ever since. After serving others some eight years he embarked in business for himself, which he has continued uninterruptedly to the present time. As his means increased he gradually extended his operations, and finally, by thrift and diligence, he accumulated a fortune. His lands embrace some fifteen hundred acres, and he gives employment to about twenty-five men.

From the founding of Snohomish in 1871 to the present time, Mr. Stinson has been actively interested in the growth and development of city and county. He was one of the three pioneer citizens of Snohomish (the others being Messrs. E. C. Ferguson and Isaac Cathcart) who, when the excitement at other points on the Sound was greatest, stuck to Snohomish and never lost faith in the town of their adoption; and to these three, more than to all others combined, is due the existence of the present prosperous city. Mr. Stinson is a large stockholder in the First National Bank of Snohomish, and is extensively interested in other enterprises in the county. He served in the City Council one year. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Stinson was married at Clinton, Me., in 1856, to Miss Christina Stewart, a native of Maine. They have three children—George Edgar, Charlotte E. (Mrs. James B. Cole), and Merritt E. Blessed with a rugged constitution, strengthened by an active out-door life, Mr. Stinson, in his fifty-eighth year, is still in the prime of a vigorous manhood. In public and private life he is an unostentatious and genial man, plain in his tastes and domestic in his habits. He has a high reputation as a business man, and his firmness, perseverance, honesty and integrity are worthy of emulation.

RHOADES, LEWIS HENRY, was born in Fulton County, Ill., August 20th, 1844. He crossed the plains with his parents by ox-team when he was but four years of age, in 1848, arriving at Oregon City in September of that year, after a trip of about six months. He remained in that city until the following spring, when his father took up a claim on Pudding River, in Clackamas County, and occupied it for one year. He then abandoned that claim and took up another at French Prairie, where he remained until 1862, farming, stock-raising, and milling. In 1861 Lewis rented his father's mill, but after running it for about three months the great flood of that year so damaged the mill that he abandoned that enterprise, rented a farm, and engaged in agriculture. In the fall of 1862 he moved to Shoalwater Bay, Wash., and located on the Willapa, where he rented a saw-mill. After operating it for three months he went to the Palix and began the erection of a saw-mill there. After the mill was built he disposed of his interest therein and moved to Bruce Port in September, 1863. He engaged in the oyster business and remained there two years, when he moved to Sandy Point, two miles distant from Bay Centre, where he took up a homestead and located. He lived there for nine years, cultivating and oystering, then moved to Bay Centre and built himself a fine residence there, to which he moved his family in order to be able to send his children to school. He resided there for five years, during which time he rented his place at Sandy Point. After that he lived on the Sandy Point property during the summer and at his Bay Centre home during the winters.

Since Mr. Rhoades took up his homestead he has acquired considerable other property adjoining it, and has now about five hundred acres of tide land and high land together. He still owns his residence in Bay Centre, but lives principally at Sandy Point. Although engaged largely in farming and stock-raising, his principal business is the oyster trade, which he carries on extensively and which yields him large profits. Mr. Rhoades was County Commissioner for a term of two years. He has been on Shoalwater Bay for nearly thirty years, and is one of the oldest pioneers in this section.

Mr. Rhoades was married in 1860 to Miss Catharine Parrott, of England. They have had thirteen children, eleven of whom are living—Phæbe Helen, born October 5th, 1863; Rufus Dee, born November 24th, 1865; Jane Maria, born February 22d, 1868; Minnie Belle, born December 3d, 1870; Amy Joyce, born March 25th, 1873; Charles Owen, born March 12th, 1875; Mary Augusta, born August 8th, 1877; Alice Maud, born January 5th, 1880; Emma Catharine, born December 29th, 1882; Grace Darling, born December 5th, 1884; and Walter William, born May 11th, 1888. Mrs. Rhoades left England in 1851 at the age of seven years, with her parents, and crossed the ocean in a small brig, the Josephine. After a passage of seven months they landed at Portland in the spring of 1852. She therefore is one of the pioneer ladies of the Pacific Northwest and well deserving of mention in this connection. Mr. Rhoades is one of the leading men of this section of Pacific County, and has scores of friends who respect him for his fair and honest dealings. He is always ready and foremost in everything that will promote and advance the best interests of his county, and possesses the esteem and respect of all who know him. He is one of the directors of the Ilwaco Railway and Navigation Company, running from Astoria to Sealand. He has been for a number of years President of the Native Oyster Company of Bay Centre, which is now doing a thriving business with Portland and San Francisco markets. He has recently laid out a town site on his property at Sandy Point, giving it the short and very appropriate name of Sea Port, being only a few miles from the deep blue sea, with a broad channel of sixty feet in depth, alongside of one of the finest harbors in the world. He contemplates putting this property on the market in a short time, thereby hoping to receive some compensation for his pioneer deprivations.

RHOADES, LUCIUS ANDREW, was born in Oregon on January 2d, 1859. At the age of four years he moved with his brother Lewis to Bruce Port, Wash., and remained there in the oyster business for several years. Then he moved to Sandy Point, two miles distant from Bay Centre, where he still remained with his brother in the same business. Mr. Rhoades has lived in Bay Centre for about sixteen years; he bought lots here and built himself a residence, in which he still lives. He is now engaged on his own account in the oyster business and is doing a thriving trade. He was married in 1884 to Miss Clara H. Matthews at Bay Centre. She died on September 6th, 1889. They had one child, Henry Lucius Rhoades, born August 29th, 1885. This child, their only one, died on November 25th, 1887, and was buried at Bay Centre.

Mr. Rhoades is one of the most liberal and progressive men of this section, and is always foremost in advancing the best interests of the community. Dur-

ing his entire career he has received constant tokens of the high respect and consideration of the community in which he lived, and has many warm friends.

ASHTON, JAMES M., was born in Belleville, Hastings County, Canada, August 28th, 1859. He attended Albert University, Belleville, and subsequently University College, Toronto, where he took an LL.D. and A.B. course, graduating from Osgood Hall, Toronto, in 1882. The same year he went to Chicago, where he read law for a short time; then he went to Denver. About that time the mining excitement through Colorado had subsided, and the mines were permitted to remain undeveloped largely through the lack of sufficient capital to work them. Mr. Ashton soon left Denver and started to seek a point at which to begin his professional career. He took the Southern Pacific as far as Tucson, Ari., and from there went to Guymas, Mexico; thence to Los Angeles, finally arriving at San Francisco at the time of the excitement concerning Puget Sound.

Hearing of Tacoma, he went there for the purpose of being admitted to the Bar. He learned that Tacoma was the legal and practical terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The town at that time had a population of fifteen hundred people; this was in the fall of 1882. He at once opened an office and made a specialty of admiralty practice and marine law. In about six months he had a heavy practice in all branches of the law, which he maintained for five years. In 1888, together with Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Chapman as counsellors of the Northern Pacific and other roads, he took charge of that company's business in Washington and other States and Territories.

Mr. Ashton's career has been somewhat varied and romantic. He left college in his Sophomore year, on account of failing health as the result of hard study, and spent the term of two and a half years in Texas and Mexico driving cattle, and in driving what was then known as the Western Trail. It was after this experience that he returned with renewed health to Toronto and Chicago, where he completed his course of studies. Mr. Ashton is a large land-owner and promoter, has large mining interests, and is extensively interested in building.

He is called by some the father of the entire street railway system of the city of Tacoma, which is extensive. He is connected with numerous large private enterprises throughout the State. He is a Mason, in which fraternity he has attained a high rank. He has been connected with the National Guard of Washington for seven years, and is now Commanding Officer of the Tacoma City Troop, the crack cavalry organization of the State.

On June 1st, 1892, he was married to Miss Frances Davies, the daughter of D. T. Davies, Esq., Superintendent of the Southern Pacific Company.

Captain Ashton is a man of great energy, and few, even in this busy city, find their time more thoroughly employed than he. Possessed of fine business qualifications, rare judgment and a high degree of executive ability, his connection with any business project commands for it confidence and ready support. He is one of the men of the times; one who feels the tide of local affairs; a man of the people, who acts from wholly conscientious motives, and whose ambition has never exceeded his sense of duty.

ARTHUR, HON. JESSE, Superior Judge for the counties of Spokane and Stevens, was born in Kershaw District, near the historic town of Camden, N. C., January

14th, 1847. He attended the common schools of Camden and then entered the University of Virginia, where he took a scientific and classical course. He left the university in the spring of 1867, going to Cincinnati, O., where he attended the Cincinnati Law School during the sessions of 1869-70. He was admitted to the Bar in Newport, Ky. Previous to his admission he was interested in street railways, having built the road between Newport and Dayton, of which road he was also manager. In 1873 he began the practice of his profession at Newport, and so continued until 1889. During his residence in Kentucky he took an active interest in politics, as a member of the Democratic Party, and was repeatedly called to positions of public trust and honor. In 1886 he was elected Mayor of Dayton, but resigned before the expiration of his term. He served two terms as City Attorney of Dayton, and also acted as Temporary Judge of the Circuit Court of Campbell County for two terms. He came to Spokane in October, 1889, and here resumed the practice of his profession, at once taking a prominent place among the leading lawyers of the city. In November, 1892, he was elected Superior Judge for the counties of Spokane and Stevens. The rapid progress which Judge Arthur has made since his advent in Spokane bears evidence of unusual ability. As a lawyer he ranks among the best in the State. His legal abilities have been tested in many important cases which have attracted wide attention, and in all of which he has acquitted himself admirably. His painstaking industry, his power of incisive analysis, his large knowledge of the principles and precedents of the law are conspicuous. As a pleader he particularly excels, his style of speaking being always clear, pointed, and forcible. In his judicial capacity he has administered the duties of his important position with ability and impartiality, establishing a reputation as a judge which is highly creditable, and to which succeeding years and experience cannot fail to add new laurels. Personally he is a genial and pleasant gentleman, and has a wide circle of close and intimate friends.

Judge Arthur was married September 10th, 1890, to Miss Florence Bell Russell, daughter of R. M. Russell, of Spokane.

BELKNAP, WEBSTER C., is a farmer residing five miles east of Fairfield, Wash. His father, Ransom A. Belknap, was born in Kentucky in 1820, and is still living on the old donation claim in Benton County, Ore., where he settled in 1848. He married Mahala Starr, who bore him nine children, and who is still living. Webster C., the fourth child, was born on the homestead in 1850. He attended the district school until he was twenty-one, then took a six months' course at Willamette University, Salem, Ore. After he left school his father presented him with eighty acres of the old farm, which he operated until 1877. In that year he removed to Palouse, Wash., and after a short stay here took up his present farm, beginning a career of intelligent industry which has been a prosperous and happy one. He has four hundred and eighty acres, three hundred and fifty of which are under cultivation, and has a fine orchard of one hundred and thirty trees. The residence and farm buildings are neat, modern, and well arranged, and bear evidence of the thrift of their owner. Mr. Belknap was married in his native county to Miss Ida Clark, of Iowa. Her mother died at Latah, Wash., in 1891, and her father is still living at that place. Mr. and Mrs. Bel-

knap have seven children—Chester C., Maynard M., Foster G., Clark R. Hovey H., Carrie N., and Stella P. The family are consistent and devout members of the Methodist Church. In politics Mr. Belknap is an earnest Republican, and in 1892 was the candidate of his party for State Senator in the Fifth Senatorial District. He is methodical and exact in his business methods, an honorable dealer, and a helping friend to the poor. He has a large social nature, and loves the society of old acquaintances.

SMITH, DR. A. J.—A successful member of the medical profession is Dr. A. J. Smith, of Oaksdale, Wash. He was born in Pennsylvania April 15th, 1854, the eldest of nine children of Moses K. Smith, a farmer. His early education was self-acquired. He entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore, Md., and was graduated in 1885, with the degree of M.D. He located first in Devil's Lake, N. Dak., and after practising there for three years, came to Washington and finally settled in Oaksdale in May, 1888. Since coming to Oaksdale, Dr. Smith has easily advanced to the front rank of his profession. He is fortunate in that combination and balance of qualities that make their possessor specially adapted to the art and practice of medicine. He has an active temperament, quick observation, fine perception, and that reflection that ultimates in the good judgment of the practitioner. These qualities, animated by that divine principle of growth that keeps a perpetual student and learner abreast with the freshest fact and thought, are full explanation of the wide demand for his professional services. The doctor is a Republican, and has served as a member of the City Council. He is a member of the fraternities of Independent Order of Odd Fellows and Ancient Order of United Workmen. Dr. Smith was married July 3d, 1889, at Pekin, Ill., to Ida J., daughter of Gustin S. and Amanda (Davis) Patton. She is a native of Pennsylvania, and is of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Before her marriage she was one of the leading educators of her native State, and is justly proud of her record as a teacher. In manner she is cultured and refined, and she presides over the beautiful home of her husband with dignity and grace.

DOWNING, CHARLES O., County Clerk of Spokane, was born in Knox County, Mo., June 11th, 1867. In the spring of 1871 he removed to Polk County, Ore., with his parents, and one year later to a place called Downing Gulch, in Whitman County, where they remained until 1875, when they settled in Colfax, Wash. Young Downing received the benefits of the common schools of Colfax, and in 1880 attended Bishop Scott's Academy at Portland, Ore. On the completion of his studies he became book-keeper for his father, who was engaged in mercantile business at Colfax, and continued in that capacity until 1883. He then embarked in the dry-goods business for himself at Spokane, but after one year sold out and went into the Cœur d'Alene Mines, where he engaged in a general supply and mercantile business. In the fall of 1884 he sold out his entire stock, and in the following spring again entered the service of his father. His next venture was in the stock business. This continued but a short time, after which he took a thorough course at the Jacksonville (Ill.) Business College. On his return to Washington he was employed by the Northern Pacific Elevator Company as grain-

buyer, and remained with them until the fall of 1887. In December of that year he was married to Miss Ida L. Davis, of Spangle, Spokane County. They have one child, a daughter.

From 1887-89 Mr. Downing was engaged in various occupations, and in the fall of the latter year he was appointed Deputy Sheriff of Spokane County, under E. H. Hinchliff. In the spring of 1890 he was elected City Clerk of Spokane, and held that position two terms. In July, 1892, he was nominated for County Clerk on the Republican ticket, was elected by a handsome majority in November following, and entered upon his official duties January 10th, 1893. Mr. Downing has been prominently connected with the National Guard of Washington for a number of years. He was a musician in the Second Regiment Band stationed at Spokane, for three years, and November 19th, 1892, was appointed on the staff of Major C. B. Johnston, as Inspector of Small Arms Practice, with rank of First Lieutenant, and upon June 29th, 1893, was elected Captain of Troop D, First Cavalry Battalion, stationed at Spokane, which position he now holds. Fraternally he is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias, also a charter member of Phoenix No. 45, of the city of Spokane. He is a charter member of the Western Star Division No. 7, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, and is the present Captain of that division. In politics Mr. Downing is a Republican; but while a firm and consistent believer in the cardinal principles of his party, he is without a particle of partisan bigotry or intolerance. As a public official he is painstaking and efficient, discharging every duty imposed upon him with strict integrity. The honorable success he has thus early achieved gives promise of higher advancement in years to come. Personally he is pleasant and affable in manner, easily wins and holds friends, while his standing in the community as an honest and upright citizen is of the highest.

EDSEN, EDUARD P.—The subject of this sketch is one who has worked his way into prominence and influence by self-sacrifice, perseverance, and hard knocks. Colonel Edsen is a native of Germany. He was born near the city of Hamburg. After a preparatory course in the schools and colleges of that city, he finished his education at the universities of Berlin and Heidelberg, and then made a tour of the world, spending four years in constant travel. He came to the United States in 1875, and in November of that year landed in Portland, Ore. All the money he possessed in the world was a half dollar. Although poor in purse, he was rich in hope. He at once set out to find employment, and succeeded in obtaining a situation on the farm of William Freels, near Sandy Post-Office. He was too ambitious and energetic for the monotony of farm life, and after spending the winter at Mr. Freels' he left in the month of March, 1876, and located at Brookfield, Wahkiahkum County, Wash., where he spent one season fishing for salmon for Hon. J. G. Megler, who owned the cannery at that place. In August of that year the season closed, and Mr. Edsen returned to Portland.

Realizing the necessity of a business education, he took a course in a business college in that city, and studied the English language at the same time under a private tutor. In March following (1877) he found himself greatly in need of money, and in order to replenish his exchequer he accepted a situation as deck

hand on the steamer Annie Faxon, which was then plying between Celilo and Wallula, on the Columbia River. He was at his post of duty on the boat all day, and when night came and the other men of the crew were asleep, the "midnight oil" in his lamp was burning while he mastered his studies.

He quit the life of a steamboat man in August of that year and went to Walla Walla, where he chopped wood and made fence-rails until the spring of 1878, when a position was offered him in the wash-house of the City Brewery, which he accepted, and his name was entered on the pay-roll of the proprietor, John H. Stahl. Here it was that his business qualities began to develop, and by virtue of his energy and close attention to his duties, and his integrity of character, he was promoted to the rank of book-keeper and manager of the establishment. Notwithstanding the fact that his duties and responsibilities had increased, he found time to continue his studies, a part of which was devoted to the study of law.

He remained with Mr. Stahl until the spring of 1880, and then took a trip to Yankee Fork, Ida., on the Salmon River. Here he spent the summer. At this time he had about \$2500, which he had saved from his earnings since coming to America, all of which was lost in mining investments during the excitement in the Yankee Fork and Wood River districts. He then returned to Walla Walla, and in September resumed his old place with Mr. Stahl, where he remained the following winter.

In May, 1881, he formed a partnership with Judge V. D. Lambert, under the firm name of Lambert & Edsen, the purpose of which was to conduct a real estate and insurance agency. While thus engaged he continued the study of law preparatory to his admission to the Bar.

He felt that his field of operations was limited, and in order to get into a larger one he left Walla Walla in the summer of 1883 and came to Seattle, then a place of only about five thousand inhabitants. Before locating here he visited Tacoma, Port Townsend, and Olympia on a prospecting tour, but finally selected Seattle as his future abiding-place.

Closing up his business in Walla Walla for good, he became a citizen of Seattle on December 1st, 1883, and has resided here ever since. In January, 1884, he was admitted to the Bar of what was then Washington Territory, and at once entered upon an active practice in the profession of his choice. On November 1st, 1889, he formed a partnership with Will H. Thompson and John E. Humphries under the firm name of Thompson, Edsen & Humphries, one of the leading law firms of the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Edsen is an accomplished linguist, being familiar with the English, German, French, Spanish, Danish, Norwegian and Swedish tongues, and by reason of his proficiency in this respect he is very popular with the foreign population. In politics Mr. Edsen is a Republican, and an active member of his party; and though often solicited to become a candidate for office, he has repeatedly refused to do so. He is also an active member of several secret and benevolent societies, including Olive Branch Lodge No. 4, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Seattle Encampment No. 21, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Canton Seattle No. 3, Patriarchs Militant, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Queen City Lodge No. 10, Knights of Pythias; Rainier Division No. 18, Uniform Rank Knights of

Pythias; Columbia Lodge No. 10, Ancient Order of United Workmen; Rainier Council No. 1399, Royal Arcanum, and Crystal Council No. 46, Order of Chosen Friends. He is also one of the founders of the Seattle Turn Verein, and has been for the past four years President of the George Washington Branch of the Irish National League of America.

It would seem as though the above associations would not only steal a march on his time and labors, but would fill him full to overflowing with engagements; not so, however, for he is an expert drill-master, and in 1884 organized Company D, National Guard of Washington, and was its first Captain. He was also the founder and first Captain of Rainier Division No. 18, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, and as such has participated in competitive drills at Seattle, Tacoma, and New Westminster, B. C., carrying off prizes at each drill. He is at present the Assistant Judge Advocate-General of the Washington Brigade.

Mr. Edsen is a man of powerful physique, commanding appearance, and wonderful activity. What he starts in to do he does and does it with all the might and power that is in him, and by virtue of this might and power he has overcome difficulties and attained eminence of marked distinction among his fellow-men. The portrait appearing in this volume is a splendid likeness of him. Mr. Edsen is also quite a literary man, and over the *nom de plume* of "Veritas" has written both prose and poetry of a commendable character for some of the best journals and magazines of this country.

CAMPBELL, FREMONT, Judge of the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Pierce County, though still a young man, has been prominently identified with the political and commercial history of Washington during his residence there. Prominent in his profession and an influential citizen, he enjoys to an unusual degree the confidence and esteem of all who know him. He was born at Ridgeway, Dane County, Wis., October 7th, 1857. After attending the common schools he took a course at the State University, graduating from that institution in 1877. He soon after removed to the State of Iowa with his parents, where he remained one year, then went to Nebraska in the employ of the United States Land Department, in selling the Pawnee Indian Reservation, during which time he pursued his legal studies under Major John Taft until 1879, when he removed to Belmont, Nye County, Nev., and was there admitted to the Supreme Court of that State, and practised law for a year. In 1880 he came to Tacoma, Wash., then a small village, and continued the practice of law, and also engaged in the grocery business as a member of the firm of Rebard & Campbell until 1883, when he disposed of his interest to John S. Baker. In the fall of 1883 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney, and served in that capacity for two years, after which he continued in the practice of law. In 1888 he was again elected Prosecuting Attorney, and served until March 5th, 1890, when he was appointed by Governor Ferry as Superior Judge of Pierce County, his associate upon the Bench being Hon. Frank Allyn. In the fall of 1891 he was elected Superior Judge of Pierce County for the term of four years. Pierce County being one of the largest counties in the State, the office is one which requires energy and ability, and Judge Campbell has discharged the duties of his office with unswerving impartiality and justice.

The judge has had a large and varied practice since his admission to the Bar, and his professional career has been marked by industry, integrity, and fidelity to his clients. In political preference Judge Campbell is a Republican, and has always been an active and energetic member of the party. He was delegate from Pierce County to the first Republican State Convention at Walla Walla. He served two years as Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee, but resigned the chairmanship on appointment to the Bench. He was one of the incorporators and stockholders and the General Manager of the Tacoma and Lake City Railroad and Navigation Company, which built a line of standard-gauge railroad from Tacoma to American Lake, which was being extended from Lake City on American Lake to Olympia when it was sold by the incorporators to the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and is now being made a part of that company's main line from Tacoma to Portland.

Judge and Mrs. Campbell are delightful entertainers, and at their spacious mansion on the shores of American Lake, surrounded by a beautiful park, their friends are always welcome. They have five children, three brave boys and two charming little girls. The judge is still a young man, and has a bright future before him.

BAKER, JOHN S. — Among the younger men of Washington none is more favorably known than the subject of this sketch. The substantial success which has rewarded his efforts in business is but the natural result of well-directed energy and enterprise, strengthened by a remarkable talent for financiering. At an age when most men have barely commenced their career he has attained a position of prominence among the most successful business men of the State. Mr. Baker was born in Cleveland, O., November 21st, 1861, and at the age of four years removed with his parents to Chicago, Ill. His early education was acquired in the common schools of the latter city, and at the age of sixteen years he entered an office on the Chicago Board of Trade. Here he manifested remarkable aptitude for business, and won the commendations and confidence of his employers, who promoted him from time to time. Believing, however, that the best chance for a young man would be found in a newer country, he gave up his position in 1881 and came directly to Tacoma, where he obtained a clerkship in the office of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Four months later he joined the staff of the Transcontinental Survey of that company, and engaged in field work for several months. He then embarked in the general merchandise business at Carbonado, where he continued for about eight months, and in June, 1883, he returned to Tacoma and established himself in the wholesale and retail grocery trade, under the firm style of John S. Baker & Co. This business was carried on successfully until September, 1888, when it was merged into the Tacoma Grocery Company. Mr. Baker became one of the managers of this company, and continued as such until 1890, when he disposed of his interests in order to devote his entire time to his building and banking business, which at that time had reached large proportions.

He was one of the originators of and largest stockholders in the Fidelity Trust Company and one of the principal organizers of the Capital National Bank of Olympia, of which he is a director. He is a director of the National Bank of

Commerce of Tacoma, and is largely interested in the Western Washington Expedition, the Tacoma Smelter Company, the Tacoma Woollen Mills, and the Pacific Navigation Company. He also has large investments in mining properties in Washington, Idaho, and British Columbia. Mr. Baker was elected to the State Senate of Washington, and served two terms in that body, but declined further political honors, as his extensive business interests demanded his whole attention. He is warmly attached to the home of his adoption and takes an enthusiastic and active interest in all enterprises tending toward its advancement. His success in business has placed him, while yet young in years, in affluent circumstances, and broadened his opportunities to still further contribute to the general good of the community. He is a man of pleasing manners, of liberal and kindly instincts, and possesses many warm friends, while his integrity of character commands the respect of all who know him.

Mr. Baker was married May 12th, 1887, to Miss Laura Ainsworth, the eldest daughter of Captain John C. Ainsworth, a pioneer of Oregon and one of the organizers of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. An only daughter, Bernice Ainsworth, blessed their union. The untimely death of Mrs. Baker, which occurred November 6th, 1890, cast a gloom over the community, where she was widely known and loved for her many estimable qualities of mind and heart.

PAUL, JOHN P., was born in the State of Ohio, August 10th, 1828, and was educated in the district schools of his native place. At the age of sixteen he went to Cincinnati, where he learned the carpenter's trade, following that occupation until 1853, first at Cincinnati, then at Lexington, Ky., and afterward at Nashville, Tenn. Hearing wonderful reports of the then comparatively unknown region beyond the Rockies, he determined to investigate for himself, and on February 22d, 1853, he left New Orleans for California *via* the Nicaragua route. He arrived at San Francisco on March 20th, and two days later started for Nevada City. After working at mining in the latter place for a time, he returned to San Francisco, and soon afterward went into the mines at Placerville, then called Hang Town. After working there about three months he started out on a prospecting tour to Gold Canyon, where he found indications of rich silver deposits where are now the great silver mines of Nevada. Returning to Downieville, Cal., he worked in the mines there for two months, then went to Shasta City, from there to Marysville, and thence to San Francisco, where he remained until the spring of 1854. The next four years were spent in mining in Calaveras County, and in the spring of 1858 he went into the Frazer River Mines in British Columbia, where he remained until the summer of 1859. Returning again to California, he settled in Marion County, where he resided until 1862.

He then went to the Salmon River Mines, Idaho, thence to Wallula, Wash., where he worked at his trade, and later to Portland, Ore., where he remained until 1867. In that year he settled at Knappton (then called Cementville), Wash. After working at his trade there for about two years, he took up land on the peninsula and engaged in the cultivation of cranberries. This venture did not prove successful, and he removed to Oysterville, and worked at his trade there until 1882. Then he bought the John Crellen place, the present site of Nahcotta,

also purchasing three hundred and twenty acres adjoining, and engaged in stock-raising. A portion of the Crellen claim he plotted and laid out into town lots, and founded the town of Nahcotta. It is only about two years since the town was laid out, and it is now a thriving little place, with a wharf eighteen hundred feet in length, where three steamers land daily, besides several others carrying freight and passengers to and from South Bend, Stanley, and other ports. It is also the terminus of the Ilwaco and Shoalwater Bay Railroad. The name Nahcotta is derived from an Indian chief, whose camp was directly in front of Mr. Paul's residence. Mr. Paul was married September 5th, 1882, to Miss Mary L. Andrews, of California. The life of our subject has been one of great activity and frequent changes. Blessed with a rugged constitution, he is still hearty and vigorous, and is enjoying all the comforts of a happy home with his good wife, surrounded by many friends, and possessing the respect and esteem of all who know him.

MCGOWAN, PATRICK J.—One who bears the double honor of having been born on the natal day of Ireland's patron saint, and of being one of the daring band of Argonauts and a pioneer of Oregon and Washington, is Patrick J. McGowan. Mr. McGowan first saw the light on March 17th, 1817, in Cararakeel, County Mayo, Ireland, where he received an ordinary school education, such as the facilities of that day afforded. Leaving his native land at the early age of eighteen, he went to England, where he remained for the next seven years, residing at Liverpool, Ashton-on-the-Willows, and in London. In 1842 he came to the United States, and settled at Ellicottville, N. Y., where he remained for the ensuing six years. He engaged in the clothing business, and enjoyed a marked degree of success, but on account of ill health was compelled to seek a more favorable climate. He decided upon going to California, and arrived at San Francisco in July, 1849. When his health had improved sufficiently, he went to the mines, and engaged in mining, a pursuit which at that time levelled all distinction of rank, age, or education in California. He remained at the mines until the fall of 1849. In the winter of the same year he returned to San Francisco, where he was taken sick; upon his recovery he returned to the mines, and continued his mining operations until the close of 1850.

With the money acquired in his mining ventures Mr. McGowan branched out as a merchant, and purchasing a stock of clothing, opened a store of clothing in Portland, Ore. He went to New York City for the purpose of increasing his stock, and while there was married to Miss Jane M. Huntly, of Ellicottville, N. Y. He returned to Portland in January, 1852; but a year later was compelled to leave there on account of his wife's failing health and go to Chicago. His business was conducted during his absence by Mr. Andrew Robarts. One year later Mr. McGowan withdrew from the firm, and returning to the coast, disposed of his interest. In 1853 he purchased a claim of three hundred and twenty acres at Chinook, Ore. (now Washington), which was a part of an old mission grant originally purchased through a French missionary named Leonette. On the restoration of his wife's health, in 1857, Mr. McGowan returned to Portland, and engaged in the general merchandise business for nearly four years. During this time Mr. William Church had been admitted to the firm, and upon Mr. McGowan's retirement, bought out his interest. The importance of the fisheries now claimed

Mr. McGowan's attention, and, returning to Chinook, he established a cannery in conjunction with the catching and preparing salmon for shipment. In 1883 he admitted his four sons as partners, and the business is now conducted under the firm name of McGowan & Sons. In 1888 he enlarged his business by the erection of two additional canneries, known as the Buchheit Packing Company, and the following year a fourth cannery was built on the Chehalis River, and all of his enterprises have been successful. Mr. McGowan's private life has been a happy one, though he had the misfortune to lose his wife in her sixtieth year. Seven children graced their union, five sons and two daughters. Four sons are now living, named James W., John D., Charles C., and Henry S., respectively.

FOUTS, WILLIAM H. H., Postmaster of Dayton, Wash., was born at McConnellsville, Morgan County, O. December 10th, 1841. His father, William Fouts, was a carpenter and builder; his mother, Lydia (Ellis) Fouts, was from Maine, of old Plymouth stock. They came to Oregon in 1852 with their family, where young Fouts was educated, completing his studies under one of the leading educators of the State, after which he was engaged in various pursuits, principally boat-building and contracting. He served two terms as County Clerk of Clackamas County, on his second term receiving the largest majority of any one on the ticket. Migrating to Washington in 1882, he with two partners purchased the Dayton Woollen Mills, which he operated three years as superintendent and manager. He was elected Police Judge, and served two years with credit and ability. Having taken an active part in politics as delegate to State conventions and as Chairman of the County Committee several times, he was in 1889 appointed Postmaster, the position he now holds. He takes pride in being Past Master of the oldest Masonic lodge west of the Rocky Mountains—Multnomah No. 1, of Oregon. His wife, formerly Miss Melissa M. Bartol, of Maine, is a refined and educated woman of distinguished New England stock. They have a fine suburban home and interests in business property. The oldest son, Will H. Fouts, is the youngest prosecuting attorney in the State, being elected at the last election; is a rising lawyer of that section, and fills his office with credit and marked ability.

MACLACHLAN, JAMES A., M.D., of Dayton, Wash., was born in Aylmer, Ont., in 1860. His father, Archibald MacLachlan, a Canadian farmer, died when James was only nine years old, leaving a widow and eight children (of whom James was fifth), the oldest of whom was sixteen, in very moderate financial circumstances. Young James received a common public-school education, and at seventeen became apprenticed to a miller and learned the milling business, which he followed at home till 1881, when he started West to better his fortune, and located in Dayton, Wash., where he worked at his trade for a period of two years, when his health required a change of occupation, and he went to the mountains and worked in the timber till 1883. During all this time his ambition was to become a physician, and now he decided to go East and begin his studies. He returned to his old Canadian home, and had about decided to study dentistry when, at the earnest solicitation of Dr. G. F. Clark, of Aylmer, he began the study of medicine under the latter's direction. He remained in Dr. Clark's office

two years, or till 1886, when he went to Ann Arbor, Mich., well equipped by his previous hard study of medical subjects to enter the homœopathic department of the State University, located in that city. In the latter part of 1889 he graduated from this institution with high honors, and came West, re-locating in Dayton—this time as J. A. MacLachlan, M.D. He became associated with Dr. W. W. Day, an old-established physician of Dayton, and his success as a practitioner began. After a partnership of one year he struck out for himself, and now, after four years of active practice, he is known and very highly esteemed, both as a physician and a man, for miles around Dayton. He is still a keen student, and his library contains a fine collection of the latest and best medical works. The year 1893 marks an epoch in his history, the occasion being his marriage on March 28th to Miss H. C. Judson, a most estimable young lady of Portland, Ore. He has indeed well earned his popularity in exemplifying the old Latin quotation, "Omnia vincit labor," for by his labor he has overcome great obstacles that would have discouraged most men.

BORIES, EMIL, A.M. and M.D., born in 1852, a native of Austria, but an American by adoption, stands prominent among the practitioners of the healing art not only in the town where he practised, but in the surrounding region. His father, Herman Bories, was eminent as a linguist and teacher in Austria; his mother, Rosa Freeman, was also a native of that empire, the subject of our sketch being the oldest in a family of ten children born to them. The doctor received his early education in the public schools of Portland, Ore., taking also an academic course there previous to becoming a student in Bellevue Hospital, New York City. He is also a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Vermont, taking his degree of M.D. in 1885. Coming immediately to Washington, he began the building up of the fine practice which he enjoys to-day, thanks to his acknowledged skill, rare ability, and that peculiar talent for keen and accurate diagnosis which marks the man well fitted to fill the delicate mission of healer and alleviator of pain. The doctor's library is not only extensive, being one of the finest of its kind, but is well read and constantly consulted by its proprietor. In many other things Dr. Bories is most fortunate. Besides the responsibilities and rewards of his growing practice, he is the possessor of a very handsome residence in the city, with other valuable property in various parts of the State. He is a member of various secret societies, including the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights, Woodmen, Daughters of Rebecca, and others too numerous to mention. He is also an author of considerable reputation, taking a large interest in the current literature of the day. In his medical capacity he is a member of the Railroad Surgeons of the United States, and also of the State Medical Society. Dr. Bories married in 1890 Miss Carrie Ginder Sheimer, a native of Baden, Germany, a talented lady of fine artistic tastes and ability.

ROSCOE, CHRISTOPHER THEOPHILUS, State Representative from Snohomish County, was born near Cherubusco, Clinton County, N. Y., the eldest boy in a family of ten, the son of a farmer. His grandfather, Theophilus Roscoe, and his wife were early French settlers of Canada, and his maternal grandfather, who is still living in Clinton County, N. Y., is of English and French descent. His

father, C. T. Roscoe, enlisted in the Nineteenth New York Volunteer Infantry at the age of seventeen, and served nearly four years, being shot in the right leg. Our subject attended the district school of his native place until he was eleven years old, when he removed with his parents to Muskegon, Mich. At thirteen years of age he drove a team in the lumber woods, and at fifteen worked on the Muskegon River at rafting logs. For the next three years he was employed on dredgers and tugs as fireman and wheelman. Desiring the advantages of a good practical education, he devoted his spare moments to reading and study, and during the winters attended school. In 1887 he entered a law office as a law student, and a few months later entered the office of Messrs. Banker & Carpenter. Mr. Roscoe's active participation in politics began at a very early age. When but nineteen years old he was a delegate to the Republican City Convention, and in 1888 was a delegate from Ottawa and Muskegon counties to the Michigan Senatorial Convention. He attended the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1888, and was Secretary of the Harrison and Morton Club of Muskegon in the succeeding campaign.

In the fall of 1888 he removed to Washington with his parents, who settled at Edmonds, Snohomish County. It was his purpose to begin the practice of law upon his arrival here; but the territorial law at that time prevented any one coming here without a certificate of admission from being admitted to the Bar until after a residence of eighteen months in the Territory. He arrived at Seattle November 4th, 1888, registered as a law student, and immediately sought employment, which he found with the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad. For five months he worked on the railroad bridge which was then being built over the Snohomish River at Snohomish City. At the expiration of this time he took up a pre-emption claim about four miles back of the town of Edmonds, and while proving this claim he worked in a saw-mill at Edmonds, for George Brackett. While here he received a commission as Notary Public, and made real-estate transfers, took acknowledgments, etc. In the spring of 1889 he was a delegate to the Republican District Convention of Snohomish and Skagit counties to appoint delegates to the Constitutional Convention. After proving and selling his pre-emption claim, he was elected County Clerk of Snohomish County, October 1st, 1889, being at that time but twenty-one years of age. He entered upon the duties of the office on the Monday following the admission of Washington as a State. In the fall of 1890 he was renominated by acclamation, and was elected by the overwhelming majority of six hundred and fifty, receiving more than two thirds of all the votes cast. In August, 1892, he was nominated for representative in the Legislature and elected. Having continued the study of law, he was admitted to the Washington Bar February 5th, 1891, but will not begin the practice of his profession until the expiration of his term as representative. He has been interested in several newspaper enterprises; helped to start the *Salton City Journal*, and was at one time part owner of the *Snohomish Daily Sun* and member of the State Press Association. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, of Snohomish Lodge No. 25, Knights of Pythias, and of Edmonds Lodge No. 32, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and is Captain of Colonel E. N. Young Camp, Sons of Veterans. He is also a member of the Snohomish County Board of Trade, and of the Chamber of Commerce of Snohomish City.

The honors already conferred upon Mr. Roscoe bear evidence of unusual ability in one so young. During his incumbency of the office of County Clerk he filled that important position with great credit to himself and with advantage to the community. Under his guidance the affairs of the office were well administered, and he displayed a remarkable executive capacity and an earnest zeal worthy of the highest commendation. As representative in the Legislature he introduced, among others, a bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes, which passed both Houses; also a bill prohibiting the payment of laboring men's wages in time checks, which was endorsed by all labor organizations. He was a member of the following committees: Judiciary, Roads and Highways, Labor and Labor Statistics, Chairman of Insurance.

DENNIS, GRAHAM BARCLAY, was born June 1st, 1855, of a father of English descent and a mother of German descent. Rev. M. J. Dennis, the father, is a minister of the Gospel, an author and linguist of wide reputation. His scholastic training was in the great universities of Oxford, England, and Heidelberg, Germany. His entire life has been devoted to the labors of his profession; and although now sixty-three years of age, he is still actively engaged in the great task of lifting the lives of men to a higher plane through the medium of the pulpit and his written works. Mrs. Sophia Dennis, the life companion of this rare old scholar, was reared a Catholic, but became a Protestant later on. She is a model type of the modern progressive woman, a person of fine sensibilities and good judgment. To her the sons and daughters owe much of their tact and *finesse* in the management of affairs. The higher attainments of life are prominently characteristic of the family. Mr. William B. Dennis, editor of the Port Townsend, Wash., *Daily Leader*, is a strong writer and an excellent business man. The younger daughter, Mary B. Dennis, now a principal of the high schools of Brooklyn, is the author of a work on the "Science of Leaves," of "Walking Science," Chautauqua Literary Circles, and a frequent contributor to various publications, and the only woman upon whom the Ph.D. degree has been conferred by the University of the City of New York. The older sister, Julia B. Dennis, is a scholarly person of rare culture, especially in the classic and modern languages, and is now engaged in literary work, as a co-laborer with her father, at Newark, N. J.

These brief sketches have been incidentally thrown in to give, if possible, a better idea of the character of the subject of this sketch.

The greater portion of Mr. G. B. Dennis's early life was spent in Cincinnati, O. He was a diligent student, active and untiring in all his boyish pursuits. His independence of spirit and natural business aptitude were manifested at the early age of eight years as a newsboy, rising early in the morning and selling until time to appear for breakfast and prepare for school. This was continued for some time without the knowledge of his parents. When they interposed, his answer was in the exhibition of a good report on school examination. This same evidence of ambition and determination to succeed has been a marked characteristic with him throughout life—an ambition not so much to accumulate wealth as to succeed for the sake of success.

At the age of fourteen he left school to begin life for himself. His parents

desired that he should become a professional man, and strongly urged the continuation of his studies. A compromise was reached by apprenticing himself to a druggist, in order to acquire a practical knowledge of pharmacy. He remained three years, working by day and attending lectures at night. At this period he moved to Dayton, O., engaging as a clerk to a tobacco manufacturing concern. At the end of a year he resolved to invest his earnings in a better education, and after debating as to whether he should take a course in a commercial school or attend regular college, he decided to go to Bethany College, West Virginia. Although very limited of means, by the exercise of strict economy he managed to get through, acquitting himself with high credit. He then entered upon a new field of labor—as city editor of the Dayton, O., *Daily Journal*. The all-night work told heavily upon his constitution, and he resigned to take the assistant business management of that paper. He held this position for three years, during which time he kept several sets of books for other business firms, necessitating the burning of the midnight oil.

Finally he resigned this position to further the invention of an electric postage-stamp canceller, which he had designed in his leisure hours. After devoting some time to this he found himself confronted with an indebtedness of a thousand dollars. Such a sum was appalling to the then penniless man. The work upon the invention was necessarily suspended until some more propitious time.

Having previously resolved to never again occupy a salaried position, the problem of going into any sort of remunerative business without capital was not an easy thing to solve. In the spirit of the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," he opened an agency for the collection of accounts. His anxieties and discouragements were augmented by the well-meant admonition of friends that it was impossible to get enough to do to make it remunerative, and that it did not possess the elements of stability. To him, however, it was the *dernier ressort*, and he determined to enter in and achieve success. After a year's struggle, involving the sacrifice of many personal comforts and the endurance of many privations, the debts were wiped out and a good business was established. It now embraced loans and stock brokerage.

To this was added the formation of stock companies in various enterprises; and his general brokerage assumed the form of semi-banking business. At the end of nine years, with a large and lucrative business, he found himself on the high road to prosperity, but broken in health. The long, unbroken stretch of untiring endeavor had proved too great a strain. It was but natural that he should have surrendered with great reluctance and give up a business in which was centred his pride and many hopes of the future. He disposed of it readily, and set his face toward the Far West, in the hope of regaining his health. In addition to the above-mentioned enterprises he had established and published the *Farmer's Home*, an agricultural newspaper, which, from its excellence, was a success from the start. Most truly his are the recollections of a busy life.

A new page in the interesting career of Mr. Dennis began by his entry into Spokane Falls May 5th, 1885. He readily adapted himself to the change and the new condition of things incident to frontier life. The town was then a town of but two thousand souls and but one railway. It was a live, thrifty place, in which he saw a great future. A year was spent in careful investigation as to the

stability of the resources of the country. The richness and extent of the mines, and the vast areas of fine agricultural lands, and the opportunities for manufactures, convinced Mr. Dennis that Spokane would eventually become a great inland commercial centre. He made a number of investments in real estate, and began the publication of the *Spokane Miner*, a handsome sixteen-page journal, a high standard of scientific work, which was as well a typographical work of art. It proved a strong factor in attracting mining men to this country. The rapid accumulation of other business matters became so pressing that he gave the paper to the son of an old personal friend. It is still published.

During this period he formed a company of Eastern capitalists for the purchase of the great mica mine known as the Muscovite, in Idaho. In this he finally secured a large interest. In the year 1886 he was elected to the City Council, and served two years. He participated in all public matters incident to the development of a rapidly growing city, and it was here that his business foresight and judgment became apparent to the public. He retired at the expiration of two years, with the high esteem of the whole city.

In 1887 he organized a company and built the first electric railway of the Northwest at Spokane. General Alger, in speaking of the road, said it was the most perfectly built street railway in the United States. It was built on the centre-pole system, and was equipped with the best service ever made for any line. The road through all seasons has never stopped a day. Water-power—its first application to this use and purpose—is used in generating the electricity for the line. He retired from the Presidency of the road after a period of two years.

In 1890 he was elected to the Board of Public Education, and was made Chairman of the Committee on Buildings. During his connection with the Board five large public-school buildings were erected, at an outlay of \$250,000. His investments in real estate were made with characteristic judgment and foresight, and he wisely improved his holdings in a permanent and substantial manner. To-day he stands in the front rank of one of the heaviest holders of realty in Spokane, and there are several whose possessions respectively are conservatively estimated at more than a million of dollars. Early in 1890 he was one of those men who, by virtue of the tact, determination, and enterprise within them, organized and established the Northwestern Industrial Exposition, located at Spokane, of which he was the First Vice-President.

Again, in 1891, becoming quite enfeebled from overwork, he, with his wife, made a trip to Europe, and returned toward the close of the year in an improved physical condition. He has since his return used his leisure moments in contributing interesting, descriptive, and reflective letters to the press at home and to Eastern journals, and has also delivered lectures upon his impressions of the older civilizations.

In recognition of his pre-eminent qualifications for executive management and financing, he was recently made a member of the Board of Trustees and one of the Executive Board and Treasurer of the Jenkins University, a new institution, lately founded, and endowed by Colonel David P. Jenkins with half a million of dollars. This institution is to be of the highest standard possible in this country. In mining and banking he is heavily interested, holding a foremost position in these interests in both city and State.

Although but a young man himself, having led an active and busy life, he has, nevertheless, been thoughtful of others, and many a young man can trace his success in life to the aid of Mr. Dennis. He is a man of quiet habits, preferring the pleasures of pure home comforts and association of his family to all things else. He was married at the age of twenty-four, in the year 1879, to Miss Hester L. Bradley, the daughter of Captain John Bradley, of Dayton, O. Miss Bradley came from an old Kentucky family, and to-day, as wife and mother of three children, is a person of strikingly youthful and pleasing appearance. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis is a model one in all respects, especially as it bears the evidence of culture and refinement. Personally he is an adherent of the Presbyterian Church and an ardent Republican. He is by nature as well as by experience conservative in business, and stands high at home and abroad for integrity, sagacity, and fair dealing, an honorable and open-hearted, manly man. Influential, independent, and enterprising, he has still a long career before him, which must lead to eminence.

BRADLEY, CYRUS.—When the English Cavaliers planted their standards for a new civilization on the shores of Virginia, with all their lofty hopes and aspirations, they little dreamed of the magnitude of their undertaking nor of the swiftness of its accomplishment. Those brave Britons who thus early peopled that historic colony never thought of a republic of States which should stretch from old Roanoke to the shores of the Pacific, nor that their descendants would lead in the westward march of empire; but they builded better than they knew.

Among their descendants may be counted the name of Cyrus Bradley, now of Spokane. He traces his lineage to one of the oldest families of that grand old State. His father, Captain John Bradley, located in Ironton, Lawrence County, O., where Cyrus was born on October 5th, 1852. Captain Bradley did efficient and gallant service for his country during the great rebellion in the capacity of commander of a gun-boat in the early part of the war, and subsequently with a flotilla of transports in Southern waters, winning for his name the warmest encomiums for alacrity and success in the performance of the duties assigned to him. As long as he lived he was an active man of affairs, and counted among his friends many of the notable men of his day.

After young Cyrus had reached the age of twelve years his parents removed to their suburban home near Dayton, O., and sojourned there in that beautiful land of fields and orchards until the death of his father, four years later. The family then removed to Dayton, where he attended school for three years. At the expiration of this time he gave up his studies on account of ill health, and sought to restore his strength by travel. After an extended tour through the West, spending much of his time in the mountain regions of Colorado, he returned with health and vigor regained, and resumed his studies. He concluded his task with text-books in a thorough course at the Miami Commercial College, thus equipping himself for a practical business life.

Again he turned his face westward, this time to build a fortune. With this object in view he joined an engineer's corps engaged in plotting the city of Wichita, Kan., and has since enjoyed the proud satisfaction of seeing that place become the chief metropolis of Southern Kansas. His next step was to take a

pre-emption claim upon the site of the Osage Indian Reserve, which had been ceded to the Government and opened to settlement. Young Bradley was among the first to locate a farm in that vast prairie land. He secured a pre-emption right to a tract twelve miles from Wichita, the nearest post-office. It required a stout heart in a boy but little past twenty-one to abide in solitude, without other companionship than his horse and dog, in order to win a holding.

After a year of pioneer farming he joined the rush for the new mines in Colorado. The stories of fabulous discoveries of gold and silver inspired him with a desire to accomplish what others had done—to achieve a fortune in a day. A long, untiring, hopeful search for years in the fierce blaze of summer's suns and wintry snows on rugged mountain heights, in the depths of canyons and on the broad levels of sterile plains, brought small returns. Leaving the scenes of his ill-requited toil and privation, he sought his Eldorado in the regions of New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Oregon with some degree of success. Utah possessed no allurements for him.

During the years of his eventful pilgrimage through these regions, he gathered some means, as well as an invaluable fund of knowledge and business experience. In April, 1883, he arrived at Spokane Falls, Wash. Terr., a village of eight hundred souls. With a keen, instinctive prescience, he foresaw here a future city, an inland centre of no mean importance. Here he determined to plant his vine and fig-tree; here to gather about him his kindred and those he loved best; here to make the supreme effort of his life. He made a number of investments, and with characteristic energy entered into business without delay. He operated chiefly in real estate, and incidentally in mining interests. He indulged in no "boom" schemes, but exercised extreme care and conservatism. He prospered, and the result of every endeavor was success. Among his incidental enterprises was the establishment of the Spokane *Miner* in company with his partner, Mr. G. B. Dennis. It was the only mining journal in the Northwest. Owing to the press of interests of greater magnitude, they deposed that journal and devoted themselves exclusively to real-estate operations and to the development of their holdings, which now form one of the most beautiful portions of the city of Spokane, which he has seen expand from an unpretentious hamlet of a few hundred to a well-ordered city of thirty thousand people, with all the modern improvements of a first-class metropolis of ten times its size.

Mr. Bradley has always been a great reader, and has many of the habits and inclinations of the student—indeed, far more than the average, all-around business man. He takes an active interest in educational matters, and is now one of the Trustees of Jenkins University, recently endowed with \$500,000 by Colonel D. P. Jenkins. He is still a bachelor, and resides with his mother, a scion from one of the oldest families of Kentucky, and who lends to their beautiful home that refinement, grace, and geniality for which that old State is famous.

Personally Mr. Bradley is tall and of striking appearance. He would be readily singled out from an assembly of men. He is gentle and easy in bearing, and is as approachable as a child, but has a quick, discriminating discernment as to the character of those he deals with. While genial and pleasing in manner, he is firm in convictions and decisive in his conclusions. It is a common saying among his friends that "There is no nonsense about Bradley." In all relations he has

always been the soul of integrity and honor. No man's escutcheon shines brighter in good deeds, in truthfulness, in conscientious rectitude, and no man stands higher in the esteem and sincere respect of all with whom he has been brought in contact. In a word, he is indeed one of nature's noblemen, and his is a life worth the living.

GRAY, WILLIAM POLK, was born July 26th, 1845, in Oregon City, Ore. His boyhood was marked by a series of pioneer incidents and migrations. Before attaining his sixteenth year he had lived in and travelled through nearly all parts of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. His education was received from intermittent attendance at the public schools of Astoria, Portland, and The Dalles. In 1862 he became a pilot on Columbia River steamboats, a calling which he followed for twenty-six years, during which time he commanded vessels on the Columbia, Snake, and many other important streams in Oregon, the adjoining States, and Alaska. In 1867 he was engaged as Assistant United States Engineer to survey the rapids of the Columbia River between the mouth of the Snake and Celilo Falls. In 1881 he took charge of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's transfer boats across Snake River at Ainsworth. Seven years later he took the steamboat City of Ellensburg from Pasco up the Columbia over Priest's Rapids. He was also the first man to take a steamboat through the dreaded Rock Island Rapids. After abandoning piloting Captain Gray located at Pasco, Wash., where he engaged in real estate interests, and these occupy his time and capital to-day. Although a Republican, living in a strong Democratic community, he has twice been elected County Commissioner for Franklin County. He was chosen World's Fair Commissioner for that county. He is President of the Columbia and Snake River Auxiliary Open Waterway Association, is a member of the Board of Curators of the Washington State Historical Society, and Vice-President of the State League of Republican Clubs. In all things pertaining to the welfare of his State he takes an active interest.

OSBORN, HON. RICHARD, of Seattle, Judge of the Superior Court of King County, Wash., was born in McLean County, Ill., on Christmas Day, 1845. His early years were passed upon a farm, and were full of hardships and a severe struggle for existence. His parents were poor, and he was obliged at an early age to assist in the support of a large family, obtaining his early education as best he could between seasons of laborious farm work. Enviroined by circumstances which offered little to encourage his ambitions, surrounded by obstacles which seemed almost insurmountable, his future prospects for a career beyond that of the most modest pretensions were anything but bright; but even at this time he determined, however much the effort might cost him, to rise above the conditions in which fate had placed him. Then the War of the Rebellion broke out, and men from the ranks of the professions, from the farm, from workshops, from schools and colleges stepped forth to defend the Union. Active preparations for war were seen on every hand, ordinary avocations of life lost their charms, and in the wild excitement which prevailed the military spirit was enkindled in the most sluggish nature. Our young subject, though a mere lad, was enthused with the spirit of the times, and even his ambitious thirst for an education became secondary to the great cause which demanded the services of every patriotic citizen.

He enlisted August 24th, 1861, in Company D, Twenty-third Regiment, Missouri Volunteers, and participated in some of the most desperate engagements of the bloody conflict. With General Sherman he started on the celebrated march to the sea, but in an action before Atlanta, in August, 1864, he was severely wounded. Upon his recovery he was unable to engage again in active service, and was therefore mustered out in the following November.

Returning home, he resumed the studies so rudely interrupted by the outbreak of hostilities. After teaching school a short time, he became a student in Oskaloosa College, Ia., and subsequently entered the State Normal University of Illinois, where he qualified as a teacher. On leaving the latter institution he was appointed Principal of the graded school at Whitehall, Ill., and a year later was elected Sheriff of McLean County, in which office he served one term. Determining to adopt the profession of the law, he pursued a course of legal studies, and attended the Law Department of Wesleyan University, graduating therefrom with the degree of B.L. In January, 1875, he was admitted to the Bar of Illinois, and began practice at Bloomington, in that State, where he continued for several years. In September, 1881, he came to Seattle, where he speedily won an enviable standing as a man and a lawyer, and became a prominent figure in the public life of his adopted city. He was City Attorney in 1883-84, and in 1888 was elected Probate Judge, in which office he won high commendation for his efficient and impartial administration. In the fall of 1890 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of King County. The splendid record made by him in this court, in which he fully justified the wisdom of his selection, was his best recommendation for re-election. He entered upon the duties of his second term in January, 1893. By his profound knowledge of the law, wise decisions, and independence of character he has won not only the confidence of the general public, but the highest respect and esteem of the Bar. He has been called upon to deal with many most important and intricate cases, in all of which he has acquitted himself creditably. His opinions bear indubitable evidence of careful and extended research and show the possession of an honest, clear, logical mind, the grasp of legal principles, the unflinching purpose and independent courage which surely lead him to right conclusions. He has thoroughly systematized the manner of court procedure, and during his occupancy of the bench has accomplished a vast amount of valuable work. His able and scholarly decisions in the celebrated tide-land cases, in which he was sustained by the Supreme Court, are deserving of special mention.

Naturally thoughtful and discriminating, his thorough education and his varied experience as a teacher and lawyer have combined to make him exact and scholarly, with a decided literary taste and appreciation. He has been an occasional contributor to the press of the Pacific Northwest, and has attained considerable prominence as a *littérateur*. His poem "Sunset Scene on Puget Sound" has attracted much attention and favorable comment, as also his memorial poems on the death of generals Grant and Logan, which were widely copied. In addition to these he has composed and read many exquisite productions on Memorial days and other public occasions. He has taken a deep interest in educational matters, and in recognition of his peculiar fitness for the position, Governor Ferry appointed him a Regent of the State University.

Judge Osborn is prominently identified with many social and fraternal organizations, including the John F. Miller Post, Grand Army of the Republic, in the organization of which he was identified, and the Knights of Pythias, in which he has been Master of the Exchequer and Treasurer of the Endowment Rank, Grand Vice-Chancellor of the Grand Jurisdiction of Washington, and subsequently Grand Chancellor. In politics he is a Republican.

ARTHUR, JOHN, the senior member of the law firm of Arthur, Lindsay & King, has been a resident of Seattle since April, 1887. For four years previous to that date he had spent a considerable portion of his time in the city in connection with his business, though residing at Tacoma. He was born in Ireland on June 20th, 1849, being of English descent on his father's side and Irish on his mother's. The late President Arthur was of the same paternal stock. A notable family resemblance existed between them. While he was yet a small boy young Arthur emigrated with his parents to the United States. He received the benefits of a good practical education, which was supplemented by a course of study, under private tutors, in Greek, Latin, French, German, and Spanish. He had a decided taste for the study of languages, in acquiring which he developed unusual facility. His ambition was to lead the life of a scholar and travel extensively, but circumstances forbade, and he was obliged to set about earning his own livelihood. He became clerk and book-keeper for a railroad contractor in Westmoreland County, Pa. Later he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the Philadelphia and Erie Line, and soon attained a position of considerable responsibility for one so young. While at Erie he began the study of law in the office of Hon. John P. Vincent, ex-Presiding Judge of the Erie Judicial District. Removing to Washington, D. C., he took a four years' course in the law school of the Columbian University. At his graduation in his second year as Master of Law he was awarded the first prize for the best essay on a legal subject. This prize was presented to him in the presence of a distinguished audience, including the President and his Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court and other high officials, by the Solicitor-General of the United States, on behalf of the Attorney-General, who bestowed high praise on the essay and predicted for its author a brilliant career. A few days later the Solicitor-General made the motion that Mr. Arthur be admitted to practise before the Supreme Court of the United States—an unusual mark of favor and interest. During his course of study at the law school Mr. Arthur was employed as a law clerk in the Treasury Department. In a competition between three branches of the Treasury Department for the honor of preparing a manual of the laws governing transactions in United States bonds and of regulations needed to carry them into effect, Mr. Arthur was appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury to represent his office. The manual prepared by Mr. Arthur was unanimously adopted by the board selected to decide between the contestants, and has been used by the Treasury for over thirteen years past. It has been highly regarded for clearness and judicious condensation. Upon reading it the First Comptroller requested the Secretary of the Treasury to have Mr. Arthur appointed as his law assistant, which was accordingly done. After holding this position for two years Mr. Arthur resigned and entered upon practice for himself. He was offered the United States Attorneyship for New Mexico

by President Arthur, but declined it. Having become impressed with the bright prospects of the Puget Sound country, he determined to seek his fortune here. While engaged in Pennsylvania in organizing a colony for Seattle he was tendered and accepted the position of Attorney for the Tacoma Land Company. After a four years' residence at Tacoma, he came to Seattle, and has since been identified with this city. His special branch of practice is land litigation, and he has been engaged in many important cases in this line. He is a lawyer of conceded ability, and holds a position of prominence among the most successful attorneys of Washington. Mr. Arthur was President of the Board of University Land and Building Commissioners in 1891-93. He is an ardent Republican in politics, and at the beginning of the campaign of 1892 was elected Chairman of the King County Republican Committee. This selection met with the hearty endorsement of the Republican Party throughout the State. Under his guidance the party won an unprecedented triumph, more than trebling its normal majority in the county. As a public speaker he is widely and favorably known.

Mr. Arthur was married in 1880 to Amy, daughter of William S. Lane, a prominent attorney of Philadelphia. Their only child, a son, died in the city of Washington. Mr. Arthur has made judicious investments in real estate in both Seattle and Tacoma, which will, in the course of a few years, make him a comparatively wealthy man. He is an active Mason, and takes great interest in the welfare of that fraternity in Seattle. No man in this community stands higher for strict integrity of character, business probity, and faithfulness to every trust and obligation. Seattle has benefited in many ways by his willingness to promote every public enterprise. According to his ability to do and to give, the city has had no more helpful and sincere friend.

FORTSON, GEORGE H., a man of tact, energy, and large adaptation to circumstances, may well be quoted as the builder of his own fortunes and large success. He was born in Elberton, Ga., October 19th, 1860; received an ordinary common-school education; began reading law in January, 1882, and was admitted to the Bar in the following September. Entering into a law partnership with Frank H. Colley, he practised in Washington, Ga., for two years. After a year of various pursuits in Palatka, Fla., he migrated to Seattle, Wash., where he arrived in December, 1886, without a dime. Undismayed, he went to work in a saw-mill some ten miles from the city, but at the end of three months returned to Seattle, and found employment in an abstract office. Here he continued until January, 1889, when he obtained a position in the United States Land Office, but moved out to accommodate the Republican Party on June 1st. In November he returned to the practice of law, forming a partnership with John S. Crockett and Beriah Brown, Jr., which continued for a year. Another partnership with James F. McElroy was also dissolved in June, 1892. In March of the same year Mr. Fortson was elected City Attorney of Seattle, having previously been defeated by only one hundred and fifty-two Republican votes for the office of Municipal Judge. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, and Second Lieutenant of Company B, National Guard of Washington. Few men of his age have had a wider or more checkered experience of life.

TWICHELL, FRANK A., of Seattle, the popular young Auditor of King County,

Wash., was born in Washington County, Minn., November 15th, 1860. He was reared upon a farm, and his early educational advantages were limited. He began life on his own resources at the age of sixteen, doing farm work during the summer months and attending school and teaching in the winter. In 1878 he became a clerk in the stationery store of W. P. Stanley. After serving about a year and a half in this capacity his health became impaired, and he was obliged to seek out-door employment, which he found as the driver of a delivery wagon at Hastings, Minn. In 1883 he again entered the store of Mr. Stanley, where his industry and ability won for him the esteem of his employer, and he became the manager of the business. Closing out the store at Hastings, he came to Seattle in January, 1885, and continued in the stationery establishment of Mr. Stanley in this city. He continued to discharge the duties of this position until March, 1887, when he entered the County Auditor's office as Deputy under Lyman Wood. In this capacity his exceptional abilities were soon recognized, and under Mr. Wood's successor, W. R. Forrest, he became Chief Deputy. In 1890 he was nominated by acclamation to succeed Mr. Forrest as Auditor, and in the ensuing election he received a handsome majority. In 1892 he was again nominated by acclamation, and in November of that year was re-elected, receiving the largest vote of any candidate on the Republican ticket. In 1889 he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the City Council, and in the following year was elected to a second term. As a public official and as a private citizen Mr. Twichell is held in the highest esteem. He is one of the men of the times, one who feels the tide of local affairs, a man of the people, who acts from wholly conscientious motives, and whose ambition has never exceeded his sense of duty. In manner he is frank and candid, a man of generous impulses, and has many steadfast friends, whose loyalty he warmly reciprocates. Fraternally he is a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias, being a Trustee of that order. He is also a Past Master and Trustee of Queen City Lodge No. 44, Ancient Order of United Workmen, and a member of the Grand Lodge Finance Committee of the State of Washington. In the Odd Fellows' order he is a Past Grand of Lake Washington Lodge No. 87, and of Unity Encampment and Seattle Canton; also a member of the Rebecca Degree Lodge of Seattle.

Mr. Twichell was married January 16th, 1884, to Miss Estelle M. Stanley, daughter of his former employer. One child, a daughter, graces their union. He owns a beautiful and comfortable home in the eastern part of the city.

MITCHELL, JOHN H., JR.—Among the younger members of the legal profession in Washington, the subject of this sketch occupies a leading position. He was born in Butler, Butler County, Pa., January 27th, 1860, and is the son of United States Senator John H. Mitchell, of Portland, Ore. His preparatory education was acquired at Sunbury Academy in his native county, from which he was graduated in 1872. At the age of fourteen he entered Mount Union College, Ohio, graduating therefrom in 1878. He then finished a course in the Law Department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor. In March, 1881, he was admitted to the Michigan Bar, and until September of the same year continued the study of the law in an office in Canton, O. Removing to Washington in November, 1881, he at once became a member of the law firm of McNaught, Ferry,

McNaught & Mitchell, of Seattle. In the early part of 1887 Mr. Mitchell severed his connection with this firm, and established an office at Tacoma. About one year later he organized the present law firm of Mitchell, Ashton & Chapman. During the whole term of his residence in Washington he has been extensively engaged in important railroad and corporation practice. Since 1883 he has been employed by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company as its attorney in some of the most important business relating to that corporation, and in 1887, when his former partner, Mr. James McNaught, was placed at the head of the Legal Department of the Northern Pacific at St. Paul, Mr. Mitchell became the general counsel for the western divisions, comprising Washington and Idaho. On September 1st, 1892, he was placed at the head of the Legal Department of the Northern Pacific at St. Paul; his former partner, Mr. James McNaught, having previously been made general counsel of the company, with headquarters at New York City. Mr. Mitchell is now a resident of the State of Minnesota.

At a comparatively early age Mr. Mitchell gained a place among the foremost members of his profession in the Pacific Northwest. In cases requiring the highest order of legal talent he displayed all the skill, fertility of resources, and self-possession of a veteran lawyer. His statement of a case was always clear, logical, and convincing. At a single bound he sprang into a position at the Bar, which is usually attained only after years of toilsome practice. From the time of his admission to the Bar he has had a large and varied practice.

HOWELL, CAPTAIN I. M., one of the youngest but most valued officers of the National Guard of Washington, was born at Waukon, Ia., February 13th, 1866. At the age of eleven he came to Tacoma with his parents, and after attending the public school he completed his education at the Oregon State Normal School. On his return home he entered into partnership with his father, Hon. J. S. Howell, one of the pioneers of Tacoma and one of the most respected citizens. The firm of J. S. Howell & Son has been very successful, and to-day is one of the leading firms of real-estate brokers in the city.

Captain Howell is a young man of sterling character and abilities, and from his youth he manifested great interest in militia matters, and was one of the charter members of the Tacoma Rifles, the first military company in the city. It is safe in saying that no man in the State has devoted more time and money in the service of the militia of the State than has Captain Howell; and he has worked his way, step by step, year by year, from the ranks, through all the different offices, till he stands at the head and in command of one of the best companies on the Pacific Coast.

During the great fire in Seattle, which occurred June 6th, 1889, he served with great credit with his company, as Second Lieutenant, for fourteen days, and came into prominence among the officers of his regiment as one of the most faithful and best. And on July 2d, 1891, when his company was ordered to the miner's strike at Black Diamond and Gilman, he went and served as First Lieutenant for two weeks, and made a record for himself that any young man in the State can well afford to feel proud of. And recently, by a unanimous vote of the company, he was made Captain, and has the full confidence of his men and the respect of the citizens of the community in which he resides and has lived since boyhood.

In politics he is a staunch Republican and an active worker in his party. In business matters he never mixes one with the other, but guides each with a master hand, and stamps success on what he undertakes. He is a true friend, a good companion, a soldier by nature, and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word.

FERGUSON, M. A., one of the founders of the town of Colton, Wash., was born August 15th, 1833, at Salmon Falls, on the Snake River, Ore. (now Idaho). His parents emigrated from Coles County, Ill., in 1853, and our subject was born while they were crossing the plains. They settled in Umpqua, Douglas County, Ore., where young Ferguson was raised on a farm and received the benefits of a substantial common-school education. In 1871 he came to Washington Territory with his parents and settled about six miles from Walla Walla, on Russell Creek. Here he followed farming until his marriage in 1876 with Miss Sallie Ostrander, of Walla Walla, when he came to the Palouse country and settled in the southeastern part of Whitman County. The larger portion of the town of Colton is located on Mr. Ferguson's property, which he took up as a pre-emption homestead and timber claim when he first arrived. He was one of the three chief organizers of the town, his associates being J. L. Flowers and the late J. B. Standley, and he is a large property owner in and around Colton. He has been a school director for the past six years. He is prominently identified with the orders of Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows, and is a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He has always been a liberal contributor to church and benevolent objects. His generous spirit has also been felt in forwarding matters of public interest and improvement, nor has he been wanting in the hand of help and words of encouragement to those in less prosperous circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson have seven children, all living—Archie Raymond, Roy Sigmond, Hugo Lynwood, Addison Ellsworth, Ida Arvilla, William Arthur, and Dora Cleo.

BAGLEY, DR. HENRY B.—Among the natives of the Empire State in Washington who have made their mark in commercial and professional life the subject of this sketch is deserving of mention. During his eighteen years' residence in Seattle his reputation both in and out of his profession has grown from year to year, until at the present time it is not too much to say that he holds a conspicuous place among the successful medical men of Washington.

Dr. Bagley was born near Auburn, N. Y., March 12th, 1845, and is the son of Dr. Alvin Bagley, a well-known physician in New York, Ohio, and Michigan, who came to Seattle in 1872, where he died in 1885. In 1850 the family removed to Ohio, where the early boyhood of our subject was passed. He began the study of medicine under the direction of his father at an early age, and afterward pursued a course of instruction at the Homoeopathic Medical College of Cleveland, O., graduating in 1868. The following year he took a post-graduate course in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York. He was elected Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery in the Michigan Medical College in 1872, and continued to perform the duties of that position until 1875. In the latter year he began the practice of his profession in Seattle, and from the beginning his success was such as to give him a high place among the city's ablest practitioners. His

renown as a skilful physician and surgeon has steadily increased, and at the present time he enjoys a most extensive and remunerative practice. Among his professional brethren his talents and attainments are universally recognized and conceded to be of a high order, their recognition of his merit and ability having been shown on many occasions. In 1889 he was elected President of the King County Homeopathic Medical Society, and in 1890 was chosen President of the Homeopathic Medical Society of Washington. In May, 1890, he was appointed on the State Board of Medical Examiners.

Aside from his professional pursuits Dr. Bagley has exerted a powerful influence toward advancing the material progress of the city. The various projects he has been largely instrumental in creating and successfully carrying out have been far-reaching in their wholesome effect on the prosperity of Seattle, and justly entitle him to a prominent place in the commercial and financial history of the city. His real-estate operations have been conducted with marked success, and have placed him in affluent circumstances. He has been a member of the City Council. He was one of the originators of the project to connect lakes Washington and Union by a canal. He is President of the Seattle Improvement Company and a director in the Washington National Bank. The management of his various increasing private business interests has usurped so much of his time as to cause him to gradually relinquish medical practice, and he has almost wholly retired from active professional work.

Dr. Bagley is modest and unostentatious in manner, and one whom prosperity has not changed. He has been an indefatigable worker all his life, and has fairly earned the success that has come to him. He is a man of generous impulses, and toward every benevolent enterprise cheerfully contributes. Every project to advance the interests of Seattle finds in him a warm friend. He is recognized in the community as a man of the highest integrity, and has the perfect confidence of his fellow-citizens.

Dr. Bagley was married in 1874 to Miss Kittie Sweet, of Marshall, Mich.

RUFF, SERGEANT GEORGE C., son of Samuel Frederick Ruff, was born in Baltimore, Md., November 14th, 1844, and removed to Cincinnati in 1857. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Baltimore. After spending some time in various pursuits in Kentucky, he enlisted at Cincinnati, June 2d, 1862, for the Second United States Dragoons, and was assigned to Light Battery A, Second United States Artillery. He was actively engaged in many battles, notably at Gaines Mills, June 27th, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1st, 1862; Harrison's Landing, 1862; Antietam, September 17th, 1862; Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863; Cold Harbor, 1864, and was present at the surrender at Appomattox, June 2d, 1865. He was discharged at Fairfax Court House, Va., as private, and returned to Baltimore, where he remained a short time. After spending some time traveling in Illinois and Indiana, he enlisted a second time at Little Rock, Ark., March 16th, 1866, in Battery G, Fifth Artillery. After serving his time, he was discharged March 16th, 1869, as Corporal. He enlisted again September 21st, 1871, at Baltimore, Md., in Company D, Twentieth Infantry, and after a service of five years was discharged September 21st, 1876, as First Duty Sergeant, and was Acting Post-Quartermaster-Sergeant and Overseer from November 2d, 1873,

until April 26th, 1876. After his discharge he returned to Cincinnati, but on April 11th, 1877, he enlisted at Newport, Ky., in Company K, Second Infantry. During this last service he was at one time Clerk for Adjutant and Commanding Officer; later on Acting Hospital Steward, and eventually returned to the ranks. At his own request he was discharged May 25th, 1879, as private at Camp Howard, Mount Idaho, Ida. Terr., thus ending a military service of thirteen years.

Mr. Ruff took up and secured a ranch on the Comas Prairie, which he afterward sold. For the next two years he resided in Lewiston, Ida., employed in a saw-mill. In 1883 he followed the rush to Puget Sound, and for two years and a half remained at Seattle, Wash., employed in a saw-mill of the Oregon Improvement Company, and also of the Western Mill Company. March 10th, 1886, he settled at Snohomish City, which has since been his home. Here he went to work for Blackman Brothers as salesman and tallyman, remaining with them three years and seven months. Shortly after this, while working for the Snohomish Manufacturing Company, he met with an accident which resulted in the amputation of his leg.

In political preference Mr. Ruff is a Republican. November 4th, 1890, he was elected Auditor of Snohomish County, receiving a majority of 241 votes. He was married April 9th, 1873, to Miss Phæbe A. Roark, of Miamisburg, O. They have one daughter and three sons.

MCGREGOR, P.—Among the younger business men of Washington who have achieved success by their own unaided efforts is P. McGregor, President of the Pullman Hardware Company. He was born May 30th, 1862, at Owen Sound, Province of Ontario, and was reared on a farm. At the age of eighteen he entered the Collegiate Institute at Owen Sound, where he completed his education. He then went to Winnipeg, Manitoba, where he was employed as clerk by the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company. In 1882 he came to Dayton, Wash., and in company with his brothers, Archibald and John, engaged in the business of sheep-raising. August 6th, 1890, he came to Pullman, and with his brother purchased an interest in the Pullman Hardware Company, still retaining his sheep-raising business. The brothers have about seven thousand head of sheep on a ranch near the town of Pullman. Mr. McGregor owns an interest in some valuable real estate in Pullman and Olympia, Wash., Kendrick, Ida., and Portland, Ore. Coming to Washington practically without a dollar, he has, by the exercise of sound natural judgment and great foresight in matters of business and indomitable energy, accumulated in a very short space of time a fair competence. Mr. McGregor was married October 23d, 1892, to Miss Maude Taylor, of Dayton, Wash.

MERRIMAN, HOMER EDDY, Justice of the Peace, of Pullman, Wash., was born in Edinburgh, Wayne County, O., in 1862. His father, J. M. Merriman, was an Ohio farmer, his mother, Harriet Merriman, being a native of the Buckeye State. Educated in the common schools of Ohio, his first occupation was that of a teacher. Coming West in 1886, he located near Ritzville, Wash., but soon removed to Dayton, where he re-engaged in teaching; from thence to Colton, where he became Principal of the grammar school. The following year he was Principal at Uniontown. He next engaged in the hotel business in Farmington.

In 1890 we find him at Pullman, Chief Clerk in the Census Office, on the completion of which duty he became junior partner of the real-estate brokerage firm of Hill & Merriman. While a member of this firm Mr. Merriman was appointed Justice of the Peace of Whitman County, a judicial office which he still continues to fill. Judge Merriman is the owner of considerable property in the city, and also of stock in Adams County. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, a Republican in politics, and also Police Justice of the city of Pullman. An energetic young man, highly educated and efficient in office, he has a promising future and holds the esteem of his fellow-citizens.

MOODY, C. S., Cashier of the First National Bank of Mount Vernon, Wash., was born in Warren County, Ill., August 26th, 1867, and was educated in the public schools of Kirkwood, in that State. He began his business life at the age of nineteen in a bank at Kirkwood, and continued there one year, then one and a half years at Monmouth, Ill., then again in Kirkwood for a year and a half. In 1889 he came to Seattle, Wash., and became Exchange Teller in the First National Bank of that place, a position which he held for fifteen months. In the spring of 1891 he organized the First National Bank of Mount Vernon, became its Cashier, and has ever since held that position. Under his able management this bank has been remarkably prosperous, and is now one of the leading financial institutions of Skagit County. Since his connection with this bank his time and energies have been principally devoted to its affairs, and he has shown himself to possess a high order of financial ability. He is also largely interested in other business enterprises, notably the Mount Vernon Land Company, which owns a plot of twenty-six acres within the corporate limits of Mount Vernon, but it is as a banker that he is best and most favorably known. He is recognized among his associates as a progressive, public-spirited citizen, one who has the best interests of the community at heart. He is a man of positive, well-grounded convictions, and is open and candid in his avowal of them. His private and public life are above reproach, and his honesty is of the character that needs no profession, but makes itself felt upon all with whom he comes in contact. While absorbed in business, he has a social side, and for his intimate friends he has a warm and loyal attachment, as warmly and loyally reciprocated.

Mr. Moody was married June 4th, 1891, to Miss Mabel F. Firoved, of Monmouth, Ill.

MILLION, HON. E. C., a leading attorney of Mount Vernon, Wash., and the senior member of the law firm of Million & Houser, was born in Belleville, St. Clair County, Ill., February 28th, 1864. While he was an infant his parents removed to Fremont County, Ia., and six years later to Osage County, Kan., where they settled on a farm. Here our subject was reared, receiving his rudimentary education in the country schools near Burlingame, Kan. At the age of eighteen he began teaching school, and followed that calling for three years. Determining to adopt the profession of the law, he entered the office of Hon. William Thomson, a leading counsellor of Burlingame, and after the usual course of study was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Kansas December 1st, 1887. After travelling through Kansas and Colorado he came to Seattle, Wash., where he

spent some four months. At the expiration of this time his whole earthly fortune consisted of \$4.75, and having previously married Miss Ella Barrow, of Ashley, Mo., it can readily be imagined that his pecuniary position was anything but an enviable one. In 1889 he settled at Mount Vernon, and with a cash capital of only \$20 hung out his shingle and entered upon the active practice of his profession. His course from that time to the present is well known to the citizens of Mount Vernon. Thoroughly prepared for his work by painstaking, careful study and great natural ability, he at once took high rank in his profession. His success from the first was marked, and his reputation, both in and out of his profession, has grown from year to year until at the present time he holds a conspicuous place among the most successful lawyers of Skagit County. His legal abilities have been thoroughly tested in many important cases which have attracted wide attention, and in all of which he has acquitted himself with credit. Young in years and strong in determination, with unlimited love for his calling and a worthy ambition to excel, succeeding years and experience cannot fail to add new laurels to a career already brilliant. He is associated in legal practice with J. P. Houser, a young lawyer about his age, and noted for his legal acumen, under the firm name of Million & Houser. Mr. Million is a Democrat, strong in his political faith, and a zealous supporter of party principles. During his residence in Washington he has taken an active part in local and State politics. In the fall of 1892 he was elected Superior Judge for Skagit and Island counties, in which position he was noted for the fairness of his decisions and displayed a high order of judicial ability. He has accumulated considerable property in Skagit County, and is one of the trustees of the Mount Vernon *Post*, an ably conducted Democratic weekly. Mr. and Mrs. Million have one son, a bright and promising little fellow of four years, who bears the unique name of Ten.

PAUL, C. E., of the real-estate firm of Paul & Marks, is known in every section of the State as a man of undoubted integrity and extensive business ability. Coming to Snohomish penniless and a stranger, he has by honorable industry and keen business foresight attained a position among the leading business men and substantial citizens of the city, in the growth and prosperity of which he has materially aided. He was born at Foxcroft, Pisetaquis County, Me., June 18th, 1850, and received his education in the public schools of his native town. His business career began as clerk in a Foxcroft store, and after working there nearly two years he went to Bangor, Me., as clerk in a grocery store. After two years' service in that capacity he returned to Foxcroft, where for the next four years he had charge of the tailoring establishment of C. D. Paine. At the expiration of that time he removed to Martha's Vineyard, was engaged in the lumber business there about a year, had charge of a grocery store in Boston a year, then returned to Foxcroft. After working at various occupations in the vicinity of his home for about four years he determined to come to the Pacific Coast, believing that here he would find more favorable opportunities for business advancement than in the older civilization of the East. Coming directly to Snohomish, he engaged in carpentry work, and after working at that trade for about four years, he formed a partnership with G. E. England, and embarked in the grocery and meat business. This was continued about two years, when the

store was sold, and the firm engaged in the real-estate business. A year later Mr. England returned East, and after conducting the business alone for a short time, Mr. Paul took in as a partner Mr. T. E. Marks, and the business has since been conducted under the style of Paul & Marks.

Mr. Paul has served as City Marshal and Constable for two years, and was a member of the City Council one term. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity. He has unbounded faith in the future of his adopted city and is an earnest supporter of every measure tending to enhance its development and growth. He was married May 8th, 1877, to Miss Clara A. Cleaves, of Foxcroft, Me.

STEWART, JAMES, was born in Perthshire, Scotland, October 12th, 1840, and in 1859 emigrated to Canada. Naturally imbued with a love for adventure and a desire to see the world, he for some time led a life of almost constant change, travelling extensively in the United States, and gaining a most intimate knowledge of the many phases of life in different sections. Reaching Jackson, Miss., in 1861, he enlisted in the Fifth Ohio Infantry, and served three years and three months in that regiment. He afterward enlisted in Hancock's United States Volunteers, and served until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged. After the war he began working at his trade of marble-cutter, engaging chiefly in sub-contracting, and so continued until 1874. In the latter part of that year he determined to try his fortune in the Pacific Northwest, and came to Chehalis County, Wash. In September, 1875, he bought a tract of about four hundred acres, also taking up a homestead claim of one hundred and sixty acres, and has since been a resident of Chehalis County, and prominently identified with its growth and development. When he came to the county it contained but about six hundred inhabitants, and he was third settler on the Wishkah River. Mr. Stewart has been an enterprising and valuable citizen, and is highly esteemed for his many commendable qualities.

He was married July 7th, 1868, to Miss Joan B. Kellan, of Aberdeen, Scotland. The town of Aberdeen, Wash., received its name at her suggestion. She is a daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Kellan, and traces her genealogy back to an old distinguished family of French Huguenots. She emigrated to this country with her parents in 1849, settling at Cincinnati, O., where she resided until her marriage in 1868. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have had seven children, only three of whom are living—Alfred C., George McDonald, and Malcolm M. Mrs. Stewart has been a frequent contributor to various important newspapers throughout the United States, and her letters concerning Aberdeen and Gray's Harbor have been no small factor in the development and rapid growth of this section.

COPLEN, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Mayor of Latah, Wash., was born in Fulton County, Ind., December 18th, 1842, in which State he resided until the fall of 1849, when with his parents he removed to Iowa, where he remained during the winter, and in the spring of 1850 moved to Putnam County, Mo. From there in the fall of 1850 the family removed to Shelby County, Ia., and thence to Carroll County, Ia., where they were the first settlers, locating at what is now known as Coplen's Grove, on Middle Coon River, February 22d, 1852. In the spring of 1857 Mr. Coplen moved with his father to Kansas, and settled on Cottonwood,

southwest of Emporia. From there, in the spring of 1860, he went to Colorado City, El Paso County, Col. In the fall of 1862 he returned to Iowa, and in the following spring was married to Cyrena E. Clark *née* Blizzard, and returned to Colorado. His first child, Lillie V. Coplen, was born January 1st, 1864. In March of the same year Mr. Coplen's father removed to Oregon, the son remaining in Colorado. On the 31st day of August, 1864, our subject enlisted at Colorado City as a private in Company G, Third Regiment, Colorado Volunteer Cavalry. He was mustered into the service at Camp Evans by Captain Anderson, September 12th, 1864, for a period of one hundred days, and at the expiration of that time was honorably discharged at Denver, Col. On February 16th, 1865, his wife died at Colorado City. In March, 1867, Mr. Coplen moved to Wyoming; in May, 1869, went to Nevada, and in June of the same year he settled in Walla Walla County, Wash., where he again joined his father's family. In 1872 he settled in what was then Stevens County, now Spokane, where he has since remained, together with all his father's family. In June, 1876, he discovered the largest "mammoth" bones on record, which were exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Mr. Coplen located the present town of Latah on his old homestead claim in the summer of 1883. October 10th, 1889, he married his second wife, Levina Bell Baldwin. Two children have blessed this union—Henry Baldwin, born August 3d, 1890, and Chester Spokane Harvy, April 19th, 1892. At the incorporation of the town of Latah in the spring of 1892, Mr. Coplen was elected Mayor, which position he continues to fill with ability and credit.

Such, in brief, are the salient points in the active career of our subject. Like so many of the pioneers of the Northwest who have been the architects of their own fortunes, his life has been one of great industry and frequent changes. Independent, self-reliant, courageous, and possessing natural business sagacity, he has achieved results which place him among the successful business men of the State. Personally he has qualities which have surrounded him with warm friends, whose loyalty he as warmly reciprocates. He is an entertaining conversationalist, and his nomadic and adventurous life has furnished him with a fund of anecdotes, which he delights in relating.

BOYLE, R. L., is an excellent type of the progressive and able young business men whose brain and brawn have done so much to develop the resources of the new State of Washington. He was born at Chariton, Lucas County, Ia., March 6th, 1858. Like that of so many of the self-made men of America, his early life was spent on the farm. At the age of twenty-one he was married to Miss Mary E. Johnson, of Chariton, and settled upon a farm of his own. In September, 1881, they moved to the Pacific Coast and settled at Astoria, Ore., where Mr. Boyle was employed as book-keeper in a salmon cannery, in which position he served four years with constant fidelity to the interests of his employers. Here death entered his household and took away his wife, leaving him without means with two small children, the younger but two months old. He continued his service in the cannery for two years, during which time he was again married, to Miss Susan Gustafson, of Astoria.

Moved by a commendable ambition to better his condition, he left Astoria and settled at Aberdeen, Wash., where he embarked in the real-estate business. Be-

ginning with very limited means, he worked hard, and at the end of two years had succeeded in accumulating several thousand dollars. Believing that a still larger field would soon open up on the harbor, Mr. Boyle, in conjunction with several others, acquired a large tract of land, and began negotiations with the Northern Pacific to build to this point and make it their ocean terminus. They were successful in these negotiations; the new town of Ocosta was started, and Mr. Boyle removed his family here, and with characteristic energy set about to help build up the town. The spirit which he and others enkindled at this important time has made possible within the space of less than three years the creation of a new city conspicuous for the rapidity of its substantial growth. Mr. Boyle has unlimited confidence in the future development and importance of Ocosta. He has acquired extensive property interests here, and owns, among other fine buildings, the Boyle Block. He also has quite extensive real-estate interests at Aberdeen and South Bend. He is a stockholder in the Ocosta Land Company and the Ocosta Mill Company, and holds the office of Secretary in both companies. He is an active member of the fraternal orders of Odd Fellows and United Workmen, and in politics is a zealous Democrat.

AUSTIN, R. L., the popular real-estate broker, of Ocosta, Wash., was born at North Lawrence, N. Y., April 4th, 1845. He attended the public schools, and graduated from the academy at Lawrenceville at the age of sixteen. After leaving school, he was clerk in a general store until February 29th, 1864, when he enlisted in the United States Navy, serving on board the U. S. S. F. Niagara on her European cruise of 1864-65. After his discharge he engaged in the mercantile business at Albany, N. Y., for two years, then removed to Michigan, where he studied law for one year. He then engaged in fire underwriting, having headquarters at Beatrice, Neb., and travelling in Iowa, Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska from 1870-83. In the latter year, the health of his wife demanding a change of climate, he came to the Pacific Coast, and after looking about for a suitable place to settle, located on Gray's Harbor and engaged in stock-raising. In the winter of 1890 Mr. Austin became interested in the Ocosta Land Company, was elected its first President, and served until October, 1892, when the death of his father and the settling of his estate took his time so that he declined re-election, but was elected Vice-President.

The rapid growth and development of Ocosta are largely due to the efforts of Mr. Austin. He has been prominently identified with its interests to its present stalwart growth, and no one has done more than he to enlist in its development capital and men. Full of energy, possessed of rare business ability, and, withal, of unimpeachable integrity, he has established a reputation in the community for integrity and probity of character which is unexcelled. He is a man of hearty, genial disposition, and personally is deservedly popular. Mr. Austin was married in 1875 to Miss Amanda L. Wilcox. His father, Henry Austin, died August 11th, 1892, at North Lawrence, N. Y.

KINDRED, W. S., is a native of Oregon, having been born in Clatsop County, that State, October 21st, 1857. He received the advantages of a common-school education, and learned the trade of carpenter, which he followed until the age of

twenty-seven. In December, 1884, he came to Pacific County and purchased the estate of his father-in-law, George H. Brown, at North Cove, consisting of nine hundred acres. Upon this property he erected a fine residence, which has since been the home of the family. He engaged in the dairy business, which he followed with success and profit until 1890, when he disposed of six hundred acres of his valuable property for \$42,000. As a citizen Mr. Kindred is widely known throughout the county, and is universally respected by all classes. By his uprightness of character and other sterling qualities he has won an honorable position in business and social circles. He has always taken a deep interest in public affairs, and has never neglected an opportunity to promote by word and example any enterprise calculated to increase the growth and prosperity of his country. In 1888 he was elected one of the Commissioners for Pacific County, and discharged the duties of that office for two years with credit to himself and to the advantage of the community.

Mr. Kindred's marriage relations have been most pleasant. He was married November 24th, 1880, to Lizzie, daughter of George H. and Charlotte Brown. She was born in Pacific County August 1st, 1862. Their union has been blessed with two children—Maud Ethel, born at Astoria, Ore., September 26th, 1881, and Bessie Irene, born at Lake Point, Wash., August 23d, 1887.

B. C. Kindred, the father of W. S., was born in April, 1818, and was one of the early pioneers of Oregon, crossing the plains from Iowa in 1844. He was one of the first white men to pilot ships at the mouth of the Columbia River, following that occupation for three years and abandoning it on account of ill health. He is still living in Clatsop County, Ore., at the ripe age of seventy-five years.

BOWEN, WILLIAM J., was born in Loami, Sangamon County, Ill., July 4th, 1861. His parents were born in the same locality, his grandparents being among the pioneers of the State. His grandfather, Zaza Bowen, moved from Westmoreland County, Va., to Sangamon County, Ill., in 1828, where he engaged in farming and stock-raising. The country was then in a very primitive state, the prairie land being considered valuable for grazing only. Zaza Bowen had two sons and seven daughters. In 1854 Abner, the elder son, married Frances Ann, daughter of Seth Reed and Polly Cutter, who had moved from Ohio to Sangamon County, Ill., in 1829. Frances was the youngest of thirteen children. The Cutter family came from the north of England and settled in Charlestown, Mass., in 1636, and the descendants are now scattered throughout the whole country.

William J. Bowen is the youngest of four sons born to Abner and Frances Bowen, there being no daughters in the family. His early boyhood was spent on the old homestead, near Springfield, Ill., where, though a very delicate child, he grew up a strong and healthy young man. Life on the farm was a life of labor, which began with the Bowen boys while they were quite young. The winter months only were spent in school; but the boys were usually first in their classes.

Abner Bowen expected to send his sons to college, and brought them up with that idea; but after the hard times following the financial crisis of 1873, he was unable to do so, and finally, in 1878, failure overtook him; the old home was sold and the family broken up. In this status of affairs A. Z. Bowen, the next older brother, and William J., went to Lincoln, Ill., to attend Lincoln University,

a Presbyterian institution in which their father owned scholarships. This venture was due largely to A. Z. Bowen, who had an insatiable desire to obtain a broad and liberal education. Accordingly, with the motto "Where there's a will there's a way," the two brothers, relying entirely on themselves, worked their way through the best institution of the land.

From 1878-80 Mr. Bowen was in Lincoln University with his brother. This college, however, was not broad enough to satisfy the ambition of these boys, and in the summer of 1880 A. Z. tried the examinations for Harvard at Chicago, but failed. He then went to Cambridge, Mass., entered the high school, and was admitted to the Freshman Class of Harvard University in the fall of 1881.

William J. taught school during 1880-81 near Lincoln, Ill., entered the Cambridge High School in 1881 in order to prepare himself for Harvard University, and was graduated in 1883. During the summer of 1883 the boys visited their parents and brothers in Eastern Washington, of which Cheney was then the leading town. In the fall Mr. Bowen entered Harvard, and was graduated with honors, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, *magna cum laude*, in 1887. He stood near the head of his class of two hundred and thirty-six, obtained three scholarships, and was chosen a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which is composed of the first twenty-five of each graduating class. He was also a member of the Natural History Society, the Everett Athenæum, and the Christian Brethren. He was prominent as an athlete and one of the strongest men in the university. He held the championship in middle and heavy-weight wrestling for three years, won prizes for putting the shot, throwing the hammer, hare and hounds, long run, and sparring; was a member of his class football team, class tug of war, and substitute on his class crew.

Expenses had been comparatively light till he entered Harvard, and were met by the labor of his hands. After entering the university, however, \$500 per year as a minimum cost were not easily made by manual labor, and Mr. Bowen prepared himself for tutoring, both for examinations in college and for preparing young men for entering college. The price paid for tutoring was \$2 per hour, and Mr. Bowen became a successful tutor. After the Freshman year he made nearly \$1000 a year. In 1888 he attended the Harvard Law School, and the five years, with the summer vacations, had cost about \$4000, most of which he made in the university.

After leaving college Mr. Bowen spent a year in the employ of Fredericksen & Co., of Chicago, dealers in Western lands. His business was to examine farm and mineral lands in Missouri and Alabama. In 1889 he moved to Davenport, Wash., and in 1890 to Spokane, where he was employed in the law office of Griffiths, Moore & Feighan. In the spring of 1891 he engaged in real-estate business in Spokane. Since March, 1891, he has operated largely in Wenatchee real estate, and in March, 1892, moved to Wenatchee, where he now resides. He is well known as a wide-awake business man, a liberal Christian, and a leader in any movement for the upbuilding of the community and the welfare of the people where he lives.

LATHROW, JAMES, was born in Westport, County Mayo, Ireland, in 1820, and received a common school education in his native country. When about nineteen

years of age he went to sea, and followed a seafaring life until 1871. During this time he visited every important port on the globe, and can spend hours in narrating the interesting tale of his travels, intermingling his conversation with his native Irish wit and humor. In 1859 he landed at San Francisco on the Great Republic, and quit the sea for a time. He drifted up to Whatcom in 1860, and in 1871 located on Fidalgo Island (Anacortes), where he has since resided on his original land claim. Here he has been successfully engaged in farming for over twenty years, in which occupation he has accumulated a considerable competence. Mr. Lathrow is unmarried. He is a pleasant gentleman and a keen man in business transactions, and enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him.

REICHENBACH, COLONEL CHARLES, one of the leading merchants and business men of Tacoma, was born in Germany, May 5th, 1842, and came to this country at the age of eighteen. He settled at Newark, N. J., and worked as a clerk until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he enlisted in Company I, First New Jersey Cavalry, and served with distinguished bravery until the close of the war. After his discharge he went to Milwaukee, Wis., and engaged in the wholesale hat and cap business, which he continued for three years. In 1869 he established a general merchandise business at Menomonie, Wis. In 1873 he disposed of this business, and bought a stock of general merchandise at Waukesha, Wis., conducting business there until 1875. In the latter year he removed to Chicago, Ill., and again engaged in the wholesale hat and cap trade. His removal to Tacoma occurred in the year 1884, when that town contained but four thousand inhabitants. Here he established a wholesale and retail clothing house, which has been successfully continued until the present time. Mr. Reichenbach possesses in an eminent degree those qualities which command success in commercial life. His enterprising disposition and ambitious spirit would not allow him to remain in a subordinate position longer than he deemed necessary; thus we find him early in his career engaged in business on his own account. Besides his mercantile business, he has extensive interests in other enterprises. He was one of the organizers of the Washington National Bank of Tacoma, and of the Puget Sound Dressed Beef and Packing Company, and has been a leading spirit in numerous public enterprises. In political preference he is a Republican, and has held numerous positions of honor and trust. He was Colonel on the staff of Governor Ferry, of Washington. He is a member of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and the Commercial Club. In his personal relations Colonel Reichenbach is a man of probity and honor, and he enjoys to the full extent the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

DECKERBACH, F. G., banker and capitalist, of Ococta, Wash., was born in Cincinnati, O., August 6th, 1864, and acquired his early education in the public schools of that city. At the age of seventeen years he began his business career as a clerk in the Second National Bank of Cincinnati, where he remained for three years. After a trip to Florida, on matters of business as well as for recreation, he returned to Cincinnati, where he engaged in various financial enterprises until 1889. In that year he removed to Washington, and in November, 1890, he established the Bank of Ococta, of which he is the entire owner. He was one of

the party of gentlemen who, in February, 1890, purchased one thousand acres of land on the south side of Gray's Harbor, at the junction of South Bay and the main harbor, and there founded the present thriving little city of Ocosta. No little credit is due to Mr. Deckebach for the remarkable success of this enterprise. His influence upon both the social and commercial development of the city has been great and is constantly increasing. His efforts have ever been put forth in the cause of progress, both material and intellectual. No well-directed movement having in view the good of the city or its people has been without his active assistance, and no great enterprise has been inaugurated without his cooperation and advice. He has large interests in real estate and landed property in Ocosta and other parts of Chehalis County.

Although not yet thirty years of age, Mr. Deckebach has shown great ability in the management of large financial interests, and is considered a keen judge of financial opportunities. He possesses a certain boldness in his business methods which comes only to those who are able masters of the work they undertake and who have full confidence in their own judgment. As a thorough gentleman and a scrupulous man of business he is held in the highest respect. He is warmly attached to the home of his adoption, and has unlimited faith in its ultimate destiny as a great seaport city. He was married December 12th, 1888, to Miss Adalia L. Heinz.

BROWN, GEORGE H., one of the pioneers of 1849, and for more than a quarter of a century an esteemed resident of Washington Territory, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., November 4th, 1824. His early life was passed without notable event until 1849, when the excitement caused by the discovery of gold in California attracted his attention, and he left the comforts of an Eastern home, and joining the great procession of fortune-hunters who were wending their way to the gold fields, took part for awhile in the eager search for hidden treasure. The trip across the plains—an arduous undertaking at that time—was fraught with great danger and many hardships; but he reached California in safety, and at once engaged in mining, which he continued for several years with varying success. In 1852 he was married to Mrs. Charlotte Norrise, a resident of California. Two children were born to them—Lizzie and Albert. In 1854 Mr. Brown moved with his family to Portland, Ore., where he engaged in the butchering business, continuing the same with good success for over two years. Having taken up a homestead claim on the Pacific Coast in Southwestern Washington, he moved his family there and engaged in farming. Shortly after their settlement in Washington the family met with a distressing affliction in the accidental drowning of their little son Albert, then in his tenth year. Mr. Brown soon increased his possessions until he owned seven hundred and forty acres of choice land. Here he and his wife resided for the remainder of their lives, watching the settlement of the numerous claims around them, and the gradual though steady increase in the wealth and population of this beautiful Western coastland. On November 24th, 1880, their daughter Lizzie was united in marriage to W. S. Kindred, a prominent and able citizen of Pacific County. The peaceful life of Mr. Brown came to a close on the 5th day of July, 1883. His widow survived until June 22d, 1891, when she died at the age of sixty-six years and five months.

In the community in which he lived for so many years Mr. Brown was much beloved for his uprightness of character, and was respected by all who knew him for his firm, just, and reliable dealings. His record is one of honor—a record of honest labor and duties conscientiously performed.

ROGERS, JAMES NEWTON, Sheriff of Stevens County, Wash., was born in 1864 in Sussex, England. His father, Henry Rogers, was a large farmer and landed proprietor in Kent, while his mother was a native of Sussex. Young Rogers was the fifth son in a family of no less than fifteen children (ten sons and five daughters) born to his parents, all of whom are living. At the age of nine he was sent to a boarding-school in Kent, where he spent four years; then to a school near London, where he remained two years more, completing his education at the age of fifteen. At the age of twenty-one he was called to superintend his uncle's farm of five hundred and fifty-five acres at Leigh Park, in Kent, where he remained until the death of that relative and until the settlement of his estate. He emigrated to America, arriving at Quebec May 8th, 1887, and came immediately to Spokane, Wash., where his brother, Fred, was already located. He accepted a position on a cattle ranch, remaining for a year; prospected for land without result; went to Idaho and became Captain of a steamer running on Lake Pend d'Oreille, remaining until the spring of 1889. He became a citizen of the United States at Sprague in 1888. He returned to Washington, and in company with his two brothers took up "squatters' rights" to one hundred and sixty acres of fine meadow land on Diamond Lake, Stevens County. This land is still unurveyed by the Government. There they are raising cattle. When they first settled there the nearest post-office was twenty-seven miles distant and only accessible during the winter season on snow-shoes. In improving their claim, they dug a ditch two miles long, with an average depth of three feet, redeeming three hundred and twenty acres of hay land. Their life is one of almost sylvan ease, the abundance of fish and game supplying their table and the meadows furnishing winter feed for their cattle. In August, 1892, Mr. Rogers was appointed Sheriff of Stevens County, a position which he still holds, and which compels him to reside in Colville. He was married at Port Townsend, Wash., October 21st, 1891, to Miss Mary Catherine May, daughter of the Vear of Leigh, near Tunbridge, Kent, England.

Ross, D. M., of Puyallup, Wash., farmer and hop-grower, was born in Mercer County, Pa., August 22d, 1825, and removed at the age of ten with his parents to Delaware County, O. In 1839 he began life for himself on a farm in Linn County, Ia. In 1851 he removed to Oregon and settled on the Columbia, near the mouth of the Cowlitz, farming and logging in different places until 1862. Securing a donation claim, he attended the same year the first court ever held north of the Columbia River, and was instrumental in the work of dividing Oregon from what is now known as the State of Washington. Mr. Ross was married in October, 1848, to Miss Eliza Jane Stewart, of Linn County, Ia. Two boys and three girls are the result of this union. Mr. Ross is an ardent Prohibitionist, having taken a deep interest in this movement since the age of seventeen. He recollects that in crossing the plains to the Pacific Coast in 1851 the party with

which he travelled made so rapid and successful a trip that they were known as the "Telegraph Train." He took up the claim where he now resides in 1863. It is located south of the Puyallup Indian Reservation. He finds it well suited to farming and hop-growing, both of which, notwithstanding his advanced age, he still pursues with great success.

ROSS, CHARLES H., real-estate dealer and hop-grower, of Puyallup, Wash., may fairly claim to have begun life in a position of eminence, having been born upon the summit of the Blue Mountains September 3d, 1851, in an emigrant wagon *en route* to the Pacific Coast. He obtained the rudiments of an education in the public schools of Oregon. In 1863 he removed with his parents to Pierce County, Wash., where for one year he assisted his father, D. M. Ross, on his farm, and then became a student in a business college at Portland. After his graduation from this institution he engaged for two years in the grocery business, and since then has devoted his entire time to hop-growing, market-gardening, and dealing in real estate in Puyallup and its vicinity. He was married in 1883 to Miss Emma Knox, of Portland, Ore. Two children, a boy and a girl, have been born to them. In 1893 he was appointed to a position on the State Board of Horticulture for four years by Governor John H. McGraw, of Washington, having always taken a lively interest in the horticultural interests of the State.

ROWELL, FRED RICE, attorney-at-law, of Seattle, was born in South Thomaston, Me., December 29th, 1856. He received his rudimentary education in his native town, and then entered Colby University, at Waterville, Me., from which institution he was graduated in 1881, with the degree of A.B. He then became a student with the law firm of A. P. Gould & J. O. Robinson, of Thomaston, and was admitted to the Bar in 1883. Entering the office of Hon. D. N. Mortland as chief clerk, he served in that capacity for one year, resigning his position to enter into partnership with J. O. Robinson, with whom he continued to practise law until May, 1888, when he removed to Seattle, Wash., and immediately resumed practice. In 1891 Mr. Robinson also came to Seattle, and their partnership was renewed and still continues. Mr. Rowell was married in South Thomaston in January, 1885, to Miss May Florence Stetson, of that town.

RUELE, WALTER, merchant, of Pullman, Wash., was born in Oregon in 1855. His father, William Ruble, was a Virginia planter, his mother, Ruth (Russell) Ruble, being a native of Indiana. Young Ruble, one of a family of ten, was educated in the public schools of Oregon, and was also a student at Christian College, Monmouth, Ore., taking a scientific course and graduating in 1875. Locating at Salem, Ore., he taught school for seven years, then removed to Southern Oregon, where he became a prospector and miner, following that occupation for some years with varying success. Coming to Washington in 1888, he located at Pullman and devoted himself to merchandising and the real-estate business. He is also serving as administrator of the McBride estate. He was married in 1883 to Miss Laura G. Starbuck, a native of Oregon, and has a family of four children. Besides his pleasant residence in the city, Mr. Ruble is largely interested in real estate. He has held various local offices, and is a member of the

Independent Order of Odd Fellows. A Republican in his politics, he enjoys the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

RUSSELL, DONALD G., M.D., physician and surgeon, of Spokane, Wash., was born in Morrisburg, Ont., February 27th, 1863. He took his medical course at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., graduating in 1885 with the degrees of M.D. and C.M., filling the position of House Surgeon to the Kingston General Hospital one term, which position was awarded by competitive examination. He began the active practice of his profession at Castlewood, S. D., where he remained for a year and a half. He then went to Great Britain, where he spent about a year in the hospitals of London and Edinburgh, receiving the triple qualification of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and College of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. Returning to the United States in 1889, he settled at Spokane, Wash., in April of that year and actively engaged in practice. His course from that time to the present is well known to the citizens of Spokane. Thoroughly prepared for his work by painstaking, careful study and an extended experience, he at once took high rank in his profession. He is the local surgeon for the Union Pacific Railroad. He is a hard worker in his profession, thoroughly appreciating the fact that the physician who fails by severe application to keep abreast of the constantly changing conditions pertaining to the practice of medicine and surgery must be content to occupy a secondary position.

RYAN, WILL A., Clerk of the Superior Court, was born in Chicago, May 9th, 1863. He received a common-school education in Evansville, Ind., where he also obtained the rudiments of a business education and learned the trade of a printer. At nineteen he began his career as a newspaper man, which profession he followed with varying fortune as reporter, editor, and proprietor of newspapers in Iowa, Dakota, and Washington. At the time of his election in 1892 he was city editor of the Tacoma *Daily News*. He married Miss Kate A. Warner, a teacher in the public schools of Evansville, Ind., in 1884. He has made a faithful and efficient public officer.

RYDSTROM, ANVID, civil engineer, and President of the Board of Public Works of Tacoma, was born in Central Sweden May 5th, 1857. Receiving the benefits of a good education in the high schools of his native country, he afterward graduated from the School of Civil Engineering, taking the full course of three years, and receiving his diploma in 1877. He then engaged in railroading until 1881, in which year he emigrated to America, going to Montana, where he found employment as a civil engineer with the Northern Pacific Railroad, and continued in that capacity with the Northern Pacific Railroad and Canadian Pacific Railroad until 1885. In 1886 he went to Sweden and spent a year. Returning to America, he filled different positions in his professional work until the summer of 1887, when he engaged as a contractor on the Great Northern in Montana until August of that year. Going thence to Tacoma, he entered the employ of the Northern Pacific as Assistant Engineer until the spring of 1892, when he was appointed to the responsible position of President of the Board of

Public Works of the city of Tacoma, a duty which he is still engaged in discharging. Mr. Rydstrom was married July 3d, 1886, to Miss Anna Stonefield, of St. Paul, Minn.

SACKNITZ, JOHN, furniture dealer and undertaker, of Pomeroy, Wash., was born in Germany in 1845. Educated in the common schools of Germany, Mr. Sacknitz came to the United States in 1865 and established himself as a cabinet-maker in Minnesota. He afterward removed his business to Wisconsin, and from thence made successive changes to St. Louis, Fort Scott, Osage Mission, and California, where he discontinued cabinet-making to work in the railroad shops. We find him next in Los Angeles, then in San Luis Obispo, where he devoted himself to the occupation of undertaker. Four years later he came to Washington and settled at Pomeroy, where he continues to unite the furniture trade with the burial of the dead, and has invested a capital of \$4000. He is, therefore, fully prepared to serve the living or provide for those who have passed beyond the pale of mortal transactions. Mr. Sacknitz was married in 1887 to Miss Ellen Kent, of California. Two children grace their union. He is possessed of valuable city property, is a member of the Knights of Pythias and a Republican in his political preferences, and, withal, highly respected as a worthy and responsible citizen.

SANDER, CARL A., farmer and dairyman, of Ellensburg, Wash., was born in Germany in 1842. His parents were of the same nationality, the father having been born in 1818 and the mother a year later. His father was a farmer in that country, where he died in 1889, leaving a wife and five children, of whom the subject of our sketch was the eldest; his mother died in 1890. Young Sander received his early education in the land of his birth, where he also served an apprenticeship to a miller, a business which he followed until he emigrated to America in 1865. He reached New York December 24th, and went immediately to Florida, where he engaged in milling. In 1867 he visited Kansas, where he pursued the same avocation. Having no encumbrance, he walked across the plains in 1868 to Arizona, packing his own blankets and provisions. In 1869 we find this sturdy traveller in California, again trusting to that never-failing motor, "shanks' mare." He seems to enjoy this exercise, for he then *walks* up to Alaska, attracted by the gold excitement, where he stays a year with very poor success. In 1870 we find him a miller at The Dalles. In 1871, grown weary of rambling, he settles down in Kittitas County and takes up a homestead claim, and now owns one thousand acres in that fertile region, some two miles north of Ellensburg, where he built a mill in 1871, which was burned in 1889. In that year he built the city water-works of Ellensburg—what can he not do?—and since then has followed fine stock-breeding and dairying—not the first man, by the way, who has gone from water to milk—though in this instance there is no reason to connect the fluids. Among other acquisitions he possesses a thoroughbred stallion of great value—who shall say hereafter that "a rolling stone gathers no moss"? Mr. Sander was married in North Yakima in 1880 to Miss Clemon, a native of Oregon, born in 1863. They have four children. Mr. Sander is a Mason. His family are members of the Lutheran Church.

SAWYER, W. P., of Yakima City, farmer on Parker's Bottom, was born in Boston, Mass., in 1851, the second son in a family of six born to Humphrey and Barbara (Perry) Sawyer. In 1856 he removed with his parents to Wisconsin, where he remained until 1871, when he went to Stillwater, Minn., and engaged in the hardware business. In 1889 he again migrated with his parents, going to North Yakima and establishing himself in the same business as before, which he finally disposed of, and settled on his present farm of one hundred and fifty-seven acres. He has sixty acres in hops and twenty-five in orchard, principally in prunes. His place is beautified and rendered more valuable by an elegant strip of timber which fringes the river bank. He proposes also to engage largely in the dairy business. The site of his residence is a commanding one, overlooking a large extent of country. He was married in 1883 to Miss Alice M. Brown, daughter of an extensive grain and cattle dealer of Grinnell, Ia., and who is also connected with the Merchants' National Bank of that place. They have two children. Mr. Sawyer is a Republican.

SAYLER, W. H., farmer and stockman, located in Whetstone Hollow, near Dayton, Wash., was born in Iowa in 1863, being the oldest of a family of six children born to Frank and Mary (Henderson) Sayler, of Iowa. Leaving home when but a boy of fourteen, he engaged in his present pursuit, but being recalled by the death of his father, he rented and worked the paternal acres for two years, then removed to his present farm in Columbia County in 1883, where he has ever since resided. He farms on a grand scale, having no less than fourteen hundred acres, one thousand of which are under cultivation, growing all kinds of the smaller grain. His orchard numbers 700 bearing trees, with an abundance of small fruits. He is, moreover—as every thrifty farmer should be—a raiser of blooded stock. Add to this a commodious home residence, with all needed accessories, and it leaves little to be desired to round out a happy and successful country life for its fortunate possessor. Mr. Sayler was married in 1883 to Miss Sarah E. Demaris, daughter of James Demaris, a leading merchant of Dixie, Walla Walla County. Three children grace their union. Mr. Sayler is a Populist in politics, and an influential member of the Farmers' Alliance.

SCHNEBLY, DAVID J., editor and proprietor of the Ellensburg *Localizer* and a pioneer of Kittitas County, Wash., was born in Maryland in 1818, the son of Henry and Elizabeth Schnebly, both natives of that State. He entered into the newspaper business in 1845 at Mercersburg, Pa., where he finished his education, and has been connected with that business almost continuously ever since. In 1850 he was a "newspaper man" in Oregon City, editorializing the first journal ever published in Oregon—the *Spectator*. He soon became its proprietor, and united editorial work with farming. In 1854 he renews its publication, which, possibly owing to the youngness of the country, seems for a time to have been suspended, and continues it for a year. He then sold out to Dr. Adams, the paper becoming the *Argus*, under which name it continued to exercise its many eyes in the public service for a triplet of years. Mr. Schnebly then came to Washington Territory and became a stock-raiser at Walla Walla; but the bitter winter of 1861-62 destroyed his herd. He was next a rancher at the mouth of

the Touchet until 1872, when he removed to Kittitas County. In 1883, with the editorial spirit still strong within him, he gave up farming and established the *Localizer*, a lively and enterprising sheet, which he still controls, and devotes to the development of the best interests of Ellensburg and its vicinity. He celebrated July 4th, 1889, by being burned out in the great fire of that day; but with characteristic energy renewed publication immediately. He has one of the best and most thoroughly equipped newspaper plants in the county, and his office on Main street holds not only a genial editor, but all that may conduce to journalistic success. It is known as the *Localizer* Block, and is one of the finest structures in the city. Unlike most scribes, Mr. Schnebly is possessed of both urban and suburban ready, or, as the "Wild West" graphically expresses it, is "well fixed" in the matter of worldly goods. He was married in 1851 at Linn City, Ore., to Miss Margaret A. Painter, of Missouri, a daughter of Judge Philip Painter, a leading jurist of that State. They have a family of three living children, all of whom are married and occupy prominent places in the social world. Mr. Schnebly is a Republican, a man of marked ability, and well read, not only in graver matters, but in the general literature of the day.

SCNEBLY, CHARLES P., farmer and stockman, of Kittitas Valley, near Ellensburg, Wash., was born in Oregon in 1855. His father was a native of Maryland, born in 1818; his mother from Missouri, born in 1833. Mr. Schnebly, senior, came to the Pacific Coast in 1850, locating at Oregon City, where he took charge of the *Oregon Spectator*, which was the first journal ever published in that State. In the fall of 1861 he removed to Walla Walla and entered the employ of R. R. Reece in an editorial capacity, and remained with this gentleman for several years. In 1872 we find him in the Kittitas Valley, where he soon afterward became the proprietor of the *Localizer*, then the leading paper in Ellensburg, which still exists. The subject of our sketch, Mr. Charles Schnebly, received his early education in Walla Walla. His first occupation was teaming from that place to Lewiston. In 1874 he came to the Kittitas Valley, and tried farming and stock-raising, and later to Eureka Flat. In 1888 he returned to the valley, and bought land eleven miles east of Ellensburg. He now owns and cultivates six hundred acres, which give an average yield of thirty bushels to the acre. He was married in Walla Walla in 1883 to Miss Louise Kopke, a native of Germany, born in 1862, who emigrated to America in 1872 with her parents. They have four children.

SCNEBLY, P. H., of Ellensburg, farmer and stockman in Kittitas Valley, was born in Oregon in 1852. His father was a native of Maryland, born in 1818, and was educated in Mercersburg, Franklin Co., Pa.; his mother, from Missouri, born in 1833. His father entered into the newspaper business in 1845 at Mercersburg, and has been connected with that business almost continuously since. He came to Oregon City in 1850, where he took charge of the local paper, and after various changes finally settled in the Kittitas Valley, where he is the proprietor of the *Localizer*. Of the six children born to his parents, young Schnebly was the eldest. He received his early education at Forest Grove, Ore., then went to Walla Walla, where he teamed and farmed. In 1871 he removed to Kittitas, where he took up land ten miles northeast of Ellensburg,

where he now owns three hundred and sixty acres. He was married in 1878 to Miss Eliza Cook, who was born in Oregon in 1860. They have seven children. Mr. Schnebly is a raiser of blooded stock, and takes great pride in his herd of thoroughbred short-horn cattle. Washington has no more worthy or valuable members of her growing population than her farmers and stockmen. They are the bone and sinew of her commonwealth, and of this class Mr. Schnebly is a creditable specimen.

SCHULLER, MICHAEL, farmer, of North Yakima, South Side Nachess, was born in Wisconsin in 1863, the fourth in a family of twelve children born to Michael and Mary (Shields) Schuller, both of whom were natives of France. Young Schuller received such education as the common schools of his native State could supply, and engaged in farming. Some years ago he came to Washington Territory and settled in Yakima County, where he has ever since resided. He was married in 1891 to Miss Ann Slavin, daughter of Andrew Slavin, a prominent farmer of Minnesota. They are members of the Catholic Church. Mr. Schuller is a Democrat, and very naturally interested in the success of that party.

SCOTT, B. S., dental surgeon, of Ellensburg, is a native of Virginia, having been educated in Massachusetts, and enjoyed the superior advantages of the public schools of that State, taking the higher English branches. His father, Sylvester Scott, was a native of Massachusetts and an accomplished teacher of that State; his mother, Lydia M. (Mosley) Scott, being of English descent. Dr. Scott entered the Philadelphia Dental College, graduating with honor from that institution in 1881. He began the practice of his profession at Salt Lake City with a leading practitioner, and so continued until 1883, when he removed to Billings, Mont., where he worked at dentistry for seven years. We next find him in Tacoma, where he tarried but nine months before settling in Ellensburg, where his dental parlors attract many visitors who desire to avail themselves of the doctor's well-known skill. He was married at Salt Lake City in February, 1882, to Miss Emma Reinsimar, of Utah. They have one child, a daughter. The doctor is a man of property, a close student of his profession, ever ready to avail himself of approved methods and new discoveries. He is a high Mason, and in politics a Democrat, having acted as Secretary of the Democratic committee. He is, moreover, a man of fine literary attainments, a contributor to the *Dental Cosmos* and other professional publications, having had much experience as a newspaper correspondent and general writer. He is Vice-President of the State Dental Association.

SCOTT, ELMON, was born at Isle La Motte, Grand Isle County, Vt., November 6th, 1853. He resided in his native town until 1864, when he removed with his parents to a farm in Chester, Eaton County, Mich., where he remained until twenty-one years of age. He attended the public school, high school, and academy in that vicinity. He began the study of law at Charlotte, in the same county, and was admitted to the Bar in 1877. In October, 1881, he removed to Washington Territory, and in January, 1882, located at Pomeroy, Garfield County. He served one term as City Attorney of Charlotte, Mich., and several terms as Mayor of Pomeroy. He is the youngest member of the Supreme Court Bench.

SCOTT, W. T., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in Union County, Ky., October 30th, 1848. He received his early education at Brandenburg, Ky., and in 1864 removed to Indiana, where he entered the University at Bloomington, where he remained three years, graduating in the Law Department in 1869. He then studied law in the office of Judge Gresham, of Indiana, and in 1870 was admitted to the Bar, and began practice in that State; in 1875 he went to York, Neb., and pursued his profession there until 1890; was elected to the Legislature of that State in 1878-79, and to the Mayoralty of York for three successive terms; was also Prosecuting Attorney for York County. While in the Legislature he served as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House; came to Seattle, Wash., in June, 1890, and immediately resumed practice, becoming a member of the present firm of Wiley, Scott & Bostwick. Mr. Scott was married in Indiana December 8th, 1871, to Miss Sara J. Miller, of that State. Three children grace their union—two sons and a daughter. Fraternaly Mr. Scott is a brother of the Masonic order and a Knight Templar.

SEAL, C. F., of Port Townsend, Wash., Cashier of the Merchants' Bank, was born at Millersburg, Pa., October 1st, 1856. He was reared on a farm and attended the common schools of his native place. At the age of thirteen he went to Tyrone, Pa., where he learned the printer's trade, which he followed for seven years at that place. In 1876 he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company as clerk at Altoona, Pa., and was transferred to Philadelphia one year later. In January, 1883, he resigned his position with the railroad company and migrated to California. In April of the same year he reached Portland, Ore., where he found employment in the Engineering Department of the Northern Pacific Terminal Company, with whom he remained until January 1st, 1884. The next two years were spent in contracting and building at Portland. In October, 1885, he entered the banking house of Ladd & Tilton, at Portland, and continued until November, 1889, at which time he came to Port Townsend and took charge of the Merchants' Bank as Cashier. Mr. Seal possesses a high order of financial ability, and under his efficient management this bank has largely increased the volume of its business. He is a most worthy representative of Port Townsend's business community, and is recognized as one of its most valuable citizens. He has won an honorable name for energy, reliability, and integrity, and his future, judged by his past, can hardly fail to be one of prosperity and honor. He is a member of Oregon Commandery, Knights Templar, of Portland, Ore. Mr. Seal was married December 24th, 1889, to Miss Margaret A. Humphreys, of Liverpool, England, by whom he has one child, a daughter.

SERVICE, WILLIAM, banker, of Farmington, Wash., was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1856. His father, Alexander Service, was also a "canny Scot," and his mother, Mary (Brice) Service, was from the north of Ireland. Educated in his own land and in the schools of Ohio, Missouri, and Washington, young Service had no reason to complain of any want of diversity in his mental training. Upon completing his studies he engaged in banking and railroading in Missouri, removing some years later to the Territory of Washington. He located in 1881 in Walla Walla, and for nine years thereafter was a railroad man. In 1891 he

took charge of the Bank of Farmington, with a paid-up capital of \$50,000, and he is at present the Cashier of that institution. He was married in 1883 to Miss Sarah A. Reynolds, of Missouri. Two children have been born to them—both daughters. Mr. Service has filled the post of City Treasurer for two years, and represented the municipality in various official capacities. He is personally interested in many business enterprises within the corporate limits, and has a fine farm without its borders as well as improved realty. He is a Master of Farmington Lodge, Masonic, of Farmington, and a member of the Royal Arch Chapter of Colfax, and Walla Walla Commandery, Knights Templar, and Mystic Shrine, Spokane. In politics he is a Republican. He has done much by his shrewd business common sense and sound progressiveness to advance the best interests of the community.

SHARP, FRIEDEL D., farmer, of Prescott, Walla Walla County, Wash., was born in California in 1858. His father was born in New York in 1825, and his mother was a Miss Basker, of the same State. He came to California by ox-team, crossing the plains in 1849. He follows farming, and enjoys the distinction of having encouraged the keeping of Thanksgiving Day in California by bringing the first turkeys ever imported into Siskiyou County of that State, for which he was offered \$25 each. His wife died in 1877. His mother was an example of extraordinary longevity, living to the wonderful age of one hundred and nineteen years. The subject of our sketch received his early education in California, where he first began work for himself. In 1880 he came to Washington and took up a homestead four miles west of Prescott, where he now cultivates twelve hundred and forty acres which average twenty-five bushels to the acre. He takes great pride in his fine stock, and owns a thoroughbred Clyde stallion. Still unmarried, Mr. Sharp devotes himself to his farm, which amply repays his care. Though beginning life with scarcely anything, he is now known as one of the wealthy farmers of Washington. So much for energy with a wise application of means to ends.

SHAW, HARVEY, farmer and stockman, of Walla Walla, was born in Illinois in 1837, his parents being natives of Virginia. What little education he received was obtained in the public schools of his native State. He came to Oregon in 1851 with teams, making the long and tedious journey across the plains by that most wearisome method. Their cavalcade consisted of forty wagons, Captain Williams being in command of the party. They reached their destination without serious adventure with the Indians, and Mr. Shaw became for a time a miner in Southern Oregon, where he afterward farmed. In 1861 he came to Washington and located at Walla Walla. Here he "packed" for seven years, and then took up a homestead about ten miles west of Prescott, where he now owns twenty-two hundred acres. He was married in Washington to Miss Martha Harris. Two children grace their union—a son, now in business college, and a daughter, preparing herself for future usefulness as a teacher. While Mr. Shaw must naturally regret the deficient education of his early youth, he has proved that energy and perseverance can make a little go a long way, for, judged by the outcome of his life, he has no reason to complain of the result. Your self-made and self-taught man is always a power in the land.

SHEETS, JOHN H., M.D., physician and surgeon, of Buckley, Pierce County, Washington, youngest in a family of five born to Dr. O. H. P. and Lucian Hayward Sheets, was born in California in 1858. His parents were natives of Ohio and New York, respectively. Young Sheets lived at home until 1879, then entered college and studied medicine for three years at the University of California Medical Department, graduating with the Class of 1881. He was appointed House Physician and Surgeon three months before graduation, a position which he filled for fifteen months after taking his degree. He was Surgeon for the Pacific Steamship Company for two years and a half, then served as Surgeon, in Washington Territory, for the Carbon Hill Coal Company, of Carbonado, Wash., from 1885-87, when he left for California to engage in private practice. Two years and a half later he returned to Washington and located at Buckley, where he has continued in professional pursuits ever since, and has built up a most lucrative practice. Dr. Sheets is a man of property, owing some lots and buildings. He was married in 1883 to Miss Emelie Maurer, daughter of H. G. Maurer, a prominent architect of California. Three children have been the result of this union. The doctor is a member of the Masonic fraternity and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, being not only a Past Master Mason, but Past Grand of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He is a Republican in politics.

SHERWOOD, S. F., of Colville, Wash., County Auditor of Stevens County, was born at New Rochelle, Westchester County, N. Y., and is a son of Lawrence and Ann Eliza (Winship) Sherwood. His father was a ship-builder of New York City, where both his parents were born. He comes of a very old New York family, his paternal grandfather having taken part in the Battle of White Plains, while the same relative on the maternal side served as a Captain under the great Napoleon, and was murdered during the negro insurrection in St. Domingo. Young Sherwood received his early education at Hagerstown (Md.) Academy. He left this institution in 1844 or 1845, and in 1846 enlisted in the First United States Artillery; served in the Mexican War under General Scott, remained three years in the army, was wounded in the head at Contreras and laid up with brain fever, but recovered without permanent injury, and received a medal for distinguished bravery. Returning to New York in 1849, he entered the Novelty Iron Works, where he spent three years learning the trade of a machinist. In 1854 he entered the United States Navy as Third Assistant Engineer, and served for four years. Happening to be in San Francisco in 1858, the year of the Fraser River gold excitement, he went to the mines, but was disappointed, and returned, going to Portland, Ore., where he was elected First Assistant Engineer of the Portland Fire Department. In 1860 he again fell a victim to the mining fever, and became a miner and prospector in Idaho, Montana, and British Columbia, pursuing that occupation with varying fortunes until 1867, when he went to Colville, Wash., and became Quartermaster's Clerk at Fort Colville. He was soon after appointed Local Agent of the Colville and neighboring Indian tribes, which position he held until 1872, when he was made Auditor of Stevens County by the County Commissioners, and duly elected to that office soon after, serving for three years. He was given the position of Indian scout under General Jefferson C. Davis, which he filled at intervals until 1879. He called the Indians together at Spokane

Falls in 1877 for the grand council held at that time, and has been more or less connected with Indian matters up to the present time. He was instrumental in making the treaty for the Moses Indian Reservation in 1883, accompanying Chief Moses and a number of his braves to Washington, D. C., for that purpose. He served subsequently as Deputy Auditor for two years, and was then elected County Auditor of Stevens County, a position which he still holds. Mr. Sherwood owns a hay ranch of one hundred and sixty acres at Chewelah, which he homesteaded himself. In 1853 he was appointed by the Carthage Dyke Company to superintend the building of several steamers on the Orinoco in South America, remaining there six months. He has been a very extensive traveller, having made the trip to Europe six times. He is also an enthusiastic sportsman, spending two months of each year in the wilds of the Rockies in pursuit of large game. He was appointed Game Warden for Washington July 22d, 1890, and is using his best efforts to prevent the unlawful destruction of the game in the territory over which he has authority.

SHINN, M. H., A. B., a refined and cultured gentleman and an esteemed citizen of Latah, Wash., was born in Illinois in 1851. His father, James Shinn, though born in Virginia, was one of the pioneer settlers of that State and a representative for two years in its Legislature. His mother was a Kentuckian. The tenth child in a patriarchal list of twelve born to his parents, Mr. Shinn's earliest education was received at Quincy, Ill. He became a student of Quincy College in 1865, took a classical course, and graduated in 1869 with the degree of B. A. Entering the Gem City Business College, he graduated from that institution in 1871. Thus fully equipped, he located at Quincy and took a book-keeper's position. Removing to Springfield in 1879, he engaged in cattle-buying. He left Illinois in 1882, coming directly to Washington, where he joined his father, who had preceded him, and became a leading citizen of Spokane. Here he finds abundant employment in speculating in land and looking after his extensive real-estate and mining interests. He was married in 1875 to a native of Illinois. They have four children. Mr. Shinn has served as delegate to various State conventions. He is a prosperous real-estate holder, owns his delightful home in the city of Latah, is Town Clerk, a Methodist, and a Mason. An upright business man, he has won the confidence and esteem of the community in which he resides. His home bears all the evidence of refinement and taste, where, in the society of his wife and surrounded by a lovely group of children, he finds that repose his out-door life renders doubly desirable.

SHINN, WILLIAM J., banker, of Kent, Wash., was born in Linn County, Ia., October 3d, 1851; received his education in Marion, in his native county, and began life as a drug clerk, in which occupation he continued for several years until his removal to Truckee, Cal., where he engaged in the drug business on his own account. In 1878 he went to Seattle, where he engaged in the same occupation until 1889, when he came to Kent and opened a real-estate and insurance office, which still flourishes. In April, 1892, he was elected Vice-President and Manager of the Bank of Kent. He was also the originator of plotting farms into lots and acre tracts in that vicinity. He was, moreover, a member of the first

State Legislature of Washington. He was married in 1877 to Miss May Rose, of Jamestown, N. Y., by whom he has six children. Mr. Shinn is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and a Knight Templar.

SHIPLEY, SILAS N., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, was born in Princeton, Green Lake County, Wis., August 27th, 1859. He was a pupil of the public schools of Berlin, Wis., and at the age of fourteen removed with his parents to Forest Grove, Ore., where he received an academic and collegiate education, graduating from the Pacific University in 1885. He then attended the Law Department of the State University, whence he graduated in 1888, and left at once for Seattle, in which city he opened offices in partnership with Mr. Alfred Battle, a rising attorney, which partnership still continues. Mr. Shipley was married January 6th, 1891, to Miss Julia Graves, of Seattle. He was elected a member of the first City Council under the Freeholders' Charter of Seattle October 1st, 1890, an office which expired in March, 1892. Mr. Shipley is an earnest Republican and takes an active interest in politics.

SHOODY, DEXTER, merchant, of Ellensburg, Wash., is a son of John A. Shoudy, the founder of the city. He was born at Seattle August 21st, 1868, and is, therefore, entitled to call himself a native of the Evergreen State. Educated in the public schools of Ellensburg, he began life as a book-keeper for his father at the early age of fourteen, a position which he filled for eight years. He then became manager of the electric light plant at Ellensburg, which he afterward sold out to the city. His start in his present business was characteristic of the father, who went to his store early on New Year's morning and quietly removed the sign bearing his own name from the window and substituted that of his son. The surprise of the young man may be imagined, when upon his arrival his father told him the business was now entirely under his own control, at the same time expressing the hope that he would prove himself worthy of the gift. He has proved himself both able and intelligent and well worthy of the confidence so generously bestowed. The capital invested is considerable, and the establishment is one of the largest wholesale and retail groceries in the city. Mr. Shoudy was married at Seattle in 1890 to Miss Hattie Johnson, a native daughter of Washington. He has one of the prettiest homes in the city, and is the owner of property in various parts of the State, besides a branch store at Swauk Mines, some twenty miles from Ellensburg. He is President of the School Board, to which he has just been re-elected. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias, of which he is Chancellor Commander. He is a Republican in politics, and a shrewd business man.

SICKELS, A. C., of Tacoma, Wash., son of Hon. N. Sickels, now District Judge of Buena Vista County, Ia., was born in Jefferson County, near Waterloo, Wis., June 15th, 1862, and at the age of seven moved to Waterloo with his father, who engaged in manufacturing brick at that place. By diligent study after the labors of the day were over, he fitted himself for college; but circumstances compelled him to forego the advantages of a collegiate training and enter into business. At the age of seventeen he engaged in brick-making, afterward

adding contracting, and continued to follow these occupations until his removal to California in 1881. After a sojourn of one year in that State he came to Tacoma and engaged in the real-estate business, in which he is still extensively interested. He has been very active in real-estate matters in this State; was one of the organizers of the P. & P. C. Company and the Palouse Irrigation Company, both of which control large real-estate interests. He was Secretary and Manager of the former company for two years. He takes a lively interest in matters of a political nature, and is in all respects a progressive, public-spirited citizen. His name was prominently mentioned as candidate for State Senator from the Twenty-first District, and he failed of nomination by only one vote. Mr. Sickels is yet young, and his successes are, it is believed, merely an earnest of what he will accomplish in the future. He has already shown what ability and energy can accomplish. He is at present interested in important irrigating enterprises in Eastern Washington, which give flattering promises of successful issue. Strong in intellect, in the full vigor of life, and buoyant in hope and aspiration, there can be but a career of usefulness and prosperity before this gentleman, especially in a region where the greatest scope is open to one possessing the prescience to perceive and the talent to improve his opportunities. Mr. Sickels was married to Miss Catherine Ida King, of Iowa, August 8th, 1888.

SINCLAIR, HUGH K., of North Yakima, farmer in Nachess Valley, was born in Nova Scotia in 1840, the eighth in a family of twelve born to John and Elizabeth (McKensie) Sinclair. His parents were natives of Scotland and Nova Scotia, respectively. After receiving such education as the common schools of his native section could afford, and some instruction in blacksmithing, young Sinclair left home at the age of sixteen and went to learn his trade, and spent three years in mining. He then moved to Halifax, where he worked at blacksmithing, and thence to Guysborough, Nova Scotia, where he remained sixteen years working at his trade. He then made the overland trip to California, visited The Dalles, and finally settled on the farm which he now cultivates, and where for upward of thirteen years he has been identified with the progress and development of Nachess Valley. His farm of one hundred and sixty acres is all that could be desired. He raises hay and alfalfa, has a herd of one hundred and fifty head of superior stock, with the best specimens of fruit and vegetables that a good orchard and garden can produce. Mr. Sinclair was married in 1865 to Miss Frances C. Bishop, daughter of John Bishop, a well-to-do carriage-builder, of Nova Scotia. They have four children. They are members of the Presbyterian Church, in which Mr. Sinclair has for more than twenty-four years been an elder.

SLATER, JOHN B., attorney-at-law and Prosecuting Attorney for Stevens County, residing at Colville, Wash., born in Siskiyou County, Cal., April 10th, 1860, is a son of James and Sarah Jane Slater, pioneers of Oregon, who arrived there in 1853. They were married June 29th, 1859, and immediately removed to Yreka, where Mr. Slater, Sr., engaged in mining. They returned to Oregon in 1862. Young Slater had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was but seven years old, whereupon his father broke up housekeeping; and being then deprived of a home, the son rambled about till he reached the age of sixteen, when he began

working on a farm during the summer seasons, attending the winter terms of the academy at Lebanon, Ore. In 1881 he left Oregon, working for two years as a tinsmith in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad. In the fall of 1883 he moved to Heron, Mont., and engaged in the drug business. In 1884 he returned to Washington, locating at Medical Lake. Here he purchased the *Medical Lake Banner* and became a publisher. Shortly after he removed his newspaper plant to Colville and issued the first number of the *Colville Miner* October 17th, 1885. He was appointed Postmaster at Colville in 1886, holding that position for three years. In the mean time, in the fall of 1886, he was elected Probate Judge of Stevens County, and was re-elected in 1888, being an active Democrat and Secretary of the State Convention. After holding the Probate Judgeship for two terms he was elected in 1890 Prosecuting Attorney for Stevens County, having been previously (in 1889) admitted to the Bar in Colville. He still holds this office, but is not a candidate for re-election. He has refused the nomination for this office and also for the more important ones of Superior Judge and Congressman, as he desires to devote himself exclusively to his practice, which is large and steadily increasing. He is a member of the Democratic Central Committee and also of the State Executive Committee, positions which he has held for the last two years, leaving a two years' term to expire. He was married in 1889 to Miss Florence E. Ballard, of Lebanon, Ore., one of his early schoolmates at that place, and the eldest daughter of ex-Governor D. W. Ballard, of Idaho. They have one child, a boy. Such a record as this needs no comment and requires no endorsement at the hands of the biographer; it speaks for itself.

SLAUGHTER, SAMUEL C., was born in Culpeper, Culpeper County, Va., on March 4th, 1848, and received the benefits of an academic education in his native town. In 1868 he removed to the city of New York, where he engaged in the banking and commission business, doing mostly a Southern trade. He remained in New York until 1882, when he came to Tacoma, Wash., and embarked in the real-estate business, which he successfully carried on until April, 1892, when he was elected City Controller of Tacoma for a term of two years. By his courtesy to those having business with the department, and his experience and wisdom in all matters connected therewith, he has commended himself to his associates and to the public. His success in life has been but the natural result of an upright life and persistent, well-directed effort. He was married in 1888 to Miss Julia C. Widgery, of Devonshire, England. He is a member of the fraternal order of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks.

SLOAN, M. M., than whom no more energetic, popular, and thorough business man dwells in Tacoma, was born in Cadiz, Harrison County, O., June 27th, 1852. When the subject of our sketch was but two years of age, his family removed to Peoria County, Ill. Raised on a farm, young Sloan had the misfortune to lose his parents when but fifteen years old. He attended school in the town of Peoria, and then with characteristic energy began life for himself as a clerk for W. A. Willard & Co., of Peoria, wholesale and retail dry goods, with whom he continued for three years. Going thence to St. Louis, Mo., he took a position with Frank Field & Co., wholesale confectionery manufacturers, till they discon-

tinued business, when he transferred his services to his brother, W. G. Sloan, senior partner of the firm of Sloan, Johnson & Co., wholesale grocers of Peoria, with whom he remained eleven years, for the most part as travelling salesman, though he began in the much more humble position of porter to the firm; but his merits being recognized, was quickly promoted. Then forming a partnership with Mr. Charles E. Hale, they established the firm of Hale, Sloan & Co., and continued to do a grocery business for five years, but disposed of their interests in the summer of 1888 and came to Tacoma, where they organized the Tacoma Grocery Company, one of the most flourishing and leading houses in that line in the State of Washington, which still continues to extend its trade. Mr. Sloan was married September 3d, 1876, to Miss Sallie Chandler, of Galesburg, Ill. Three children, two sons and one daughter, have blessed this union. Mr. Sloan is a member of the Masonic order and the Knights Templars. He is also the Vice-President of the Tacoma Grocery Company.

SMITH, DR. EDWARD LOOMIS, deceased, of Seattle, was born in Pittsford, Monroe County, N. Y., in 1840, and died July 12th, 1893. His early education was obtained in the public schools and at Geneva Wesleyan Seminary, in Lima, N. Y. He studied medicine at Buffalo, N. Y., and afterward at the Medical College of the Pacific, in San Francisco, Cal., from which institution he was graduated. He served with the Twelfth United States Infantry at Angel Island, Cal., during 1873 and 1874. In 1878 he settled at Seattle and pursued his profession in that city until his death. He was a member of the State Medical Society of California and the American Medical Association. He was the last President of the Washington Territory Medical Society and the first President of the State Society. He was Surgeon-General on the staff of Governor Ferry, and also served as surgeon to Providence Hospital. Dr. Smith stood in the front rank of his profession in Seattle, and during his whole residence here enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice. His death occurred at a time when he was in the full meridian of his powers and usefulness, and was indeed sincerely lamented. Dr. Smith was married in 1863 to Miss Elizabeth N. Hamilton. Two children were born to them, of whom one daughter survives—Miss Mary H. Smith, a graduate of the University of Michigan.

SMITH, ROBERT M., a leading business man of Pataha, Wash., was born in Pennsylvania in 1849. His father, J. B. Smith, was a master mechanic of the Keystone State, and is at present engaged in mercantile pursuits. Eldest in a family of seven, the subject of our sketch was educated in the public schools of his native State, and upon the completion of his studies removed with his parents to Indiana. In 1889 he went to Pike's Peak, meeting with Horace Greeley on the summit. We next find him at Salt Lake City, going with the first teams in the Government employ that made a survey west of the Sink of the Carson (Simpson's outfit). He reached California about the time of the discovery of the Comstock Lode, and worked for awhile in the city of Sacramento. In 1861-62 he mined in Northern California, and in 1864 in Oregon, his partner being W. Lair Hill, who compiled the code of that State. In 1865 he ran the pony express from Umatilla to Auburn *via* Independence, and afterward tried steambating on the

Columbia. In 1866 he was book-keeper for the Oriental Hotel in Walla Walla, then tried journalism, first on the *Statesman* and later as proprietor of the *Walla Walla Union*, which proved a successful and remunerative venture. He edited it for eleven years, then sold out and migrated to what was then Columbia County, but now Garfield. Here he engaged in farming. Three years of this convinced him it was not his forte, so he returned to his business in the city, which he still follows with success. Mr. Smith was one of the organizers of the Walla Walla Fire Department. He was married in 1868 to Mrs. Virginia Holz, a widow. He has held various offices of a local character, and has been a member of all the State conventions and of the State Central Committee. He is a large property holder and especially interested in the town site of Pataha. He is a Republican, and one of the oldest practical printers on the Pacific Coast.

SMITH, WILLIAM, whose farms lie four miles east of Fairfield, Wash., is a strong type of those who follow earth's oldest trade, appointed by God Himself after the expulsion from Eden—that of a tiller of the ground. He comes, too, from the "Land of Cakes," the farmer's best school of industry—Scotland—where he first saw the light in 1846. His aged father, not yet past labor, though born in 1812, lives with him and works about the farm. His mother also still survives. His educational advantages seem to have been exceptionally good, supplementing his common-school work at sixteen with a year of academic teaching. He then became a traveller by sea for a mercantile house in Glasgow, going as far as Africa, where his stay lasted for five years; but becoming a citizen of the world's garden spot, Washington, is now the possessor of two fine farms of one hundred and sixty acres each, all under cultivation, for when did the canny Scot ever suffer fertile land to lie idle? Here, with his aged parents, his orchard trees, and fields laden with remunerative harvests, Mr. Smith has little cause to regret the determination which induced him to change the Old World for the New.

SMITH, WILLIAM H., dry-goods merchant, of Farmington, Wash., was born in Vermont in 1854. His father, Napoleon Smith, was a native of the same State, and by occupation a dairyman; his mother, G. D. (Hitt) Smith, being also born in the Green Mountain State. She was a member of the Society of Friends. William was the youngest born in a family of eight children, and received his early education in the public schools and Black River Academy at Ludlow, Vt., where he took the ordinary course, but did not graduate. Upon completing his studies he located at Boston as clerk in a wholesale clothing house at a small salary. Removing to the West, he first visited Wisconsin, where ill-health prevented his engaging in trade. Going next to Gibson, Ill., he tried the lumber business, and followed it for four years. We find him next in Mitchell, Kan., in dry goods with Kohn & Co., with whom he remained one year. In 1881 he migrated to Washington Territory and engaged with Hanson & Co., whose employ he left to come to Colfax, and from there to Farmington in 1892. Here he became the manager of the Farmington Trading Company, a position which he still occupies, giving great satisfaction to his employers. Mr. Smith was married in 1886 to Miss Annie M. Steele, of Tacoma, a lady of excellent family. He is a brother of the Masonic fraternity, and politically a Republican. Personally he is

genial and popular, and during his brief residence in Farmington has made a host of friends.

SNYDER, CLARENCE G., druggist, of Davenport, Wash., was born in Warren County, O., in 1863. His father, Philip A. Snyder, was a native of Vermont and a master workman; his mother, Barbara E., being a native of Strasburg, Germany. Eighth in a family of eleven children born to his parents, young Snyder received his early education in the public schools of the Buckeye State, and on the completion of his studies, located at Blanchester, O., where he took a position as clerk in a drug store, remaining five years. Removing thence to Clay Centre, Kao., he spent two years in similar employ. In 1889 he came to Washington and established himself as a druggist, having the largest store of the kind in the city, with an invested capital of \$10,000. His location and the building which he occupies are most excellent for the purpose. Fraternally he is a Mason, and in politics a Republican. He is one of the youngest and most energetic business men in Davenport, and will undoubtedly make his mark.

SOMERINDYKE, G. W., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in May, 1857, in New York City, and went to San Francisco with his parents at an early age. Educated in the common schools, he removed to Walla Walla, Wash., in 1868, and attended Whitman Seminary, from which he graduated, and then entered the Law Department of Columbia College, New York, graduating in 1877, at the age of twenty, with the degree of LL.B. He was admitted to the Bar, and began active practice in New York City, where he continued to follow his profession for five years. In 1883 he located at Walla Walla, Wash., and immediately resumed practice, remaining there until 1889, when he transferred his business to Seattle. He has charge at present of the legal department of the firm of Somerindyke & Livermore. He was married in August, 1889, to Miss Emma R. Caulking, of Elmira, N. Y. They have one child, a son. Mr. Somerindyke is too busy a man to give much attention to politics, but is an occasional contributor to the press on questions of public concern.

SOUTH, H. A., of Dayton, a farmer, was the youngest of a family of eight children born to David and Naomi (White) South, and first saw the light in Ohio in 1833. His parents were natives of Delaware. Leaving home in 1852, he made the then adventurous journey across the plains by ox-teams without molestation. Arriving at Oregon City, he worked a winter for one of the oldest settlers of the Webfoot State; then removed to Olympia, Wash. Terr., where he engaged in saw-milling. Returning to Oregon, he visited the Selah Mines in the southern part of the State, and until the breaking out of the Indian War occupied himself with packing and freighting. He had his animals destroyed by the Indians on Rogue River in 1855-56, at Moony Mountain. He packed for the Government during the Indian War in California, then in 1857 engaged with the California Stage Company. He next returned to Benton County, Ore., and remained there two years. He was married to Miss Maria Graham, daughter of W. Graham, a farmer of Oregon. Two children have been born to them. Mr. South removed to Santa Clara County, Cal., lived there six years, returned to The Dalles in 1865, was a

stock-raiser in various localities, and in 1888 migrated to his present location, where he has ever since resided. He cultivates two hundred and forty acres with excellent results. He is also a stock-breeder, dealing in fine cattle.

SPANGLE, WILLIAM, retired farmer, of Spangle, Wash., was born in Illinois, December 4th, 1834, the son of Henry and Margaret (Jacobs) Spangle, both natives of Ohio, the father being born in 1803 and the mother in 1812. The school days of young Spangle were spent in the subscription schools of Jersey County, Ill. He completed his studies at the age of fourteen and went to work upon a farm. He afterward learned the carpenter's trade, which he followed in connection with farming until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted in the Thirtieth Illinois Infantry. He was present at the battles of Kingston and Nashville, was taken prisoner, held for eighteen days, and then paroled. He was honorably discharged July 9th, 1865, and returned to Illinois. Migrating to Washington Territory, he stopped at Walla Walla, but finally located in 1872 at what is now known as Spangle. Taking up a squatter's claim at first, he waited until the Government land was surveyed and then took up a soldier's claim for his acres. He ran a stage station, kept the post-office, and farmed. No one could accuse him of being idle. He located the town site which bears his name June 3d, 1886. He was married April 3d, 1856, to Miss Christena E. Burger, of Prussia, a daughter of John and Christena Burger, of that nationality. Six children were born to them, of whom four survive. Mr. Spangle is of German descent. His great-grandfather, with his brother, were from Switzerland, and settled in Pennsylvania before the Revolutionary War. His great grandfather spelled his name Spangle in English, and his brother spelled his name Spangler.

SPAWR, LEWIS, H., furniture dealer, of Prescott, Wash., was born in Oregon in 1868. His father, Isaac Spawr, was a Kansas farmer, his mother Eliza B. (Mason) Spawr, being a native of Illinois. Third in a family of four children born to his parents, Lewis was educated in the common schools of Oregon and Washington, and began life for himself as a stockman near Waitsburg, an avocation which he followed for seven years. He then removed to Prescott and engaged in the furniture business, building up the leading trade in that line in the city. He has invested a considerable capital, and finds its returns eminently satisfactory. He was married in 1888 to a daughter of Samuel Wilson, a well-known citizen of Prescott. They have a family of two children. Mr. Spawr has a comfortable home, takes pleasure in books, is a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and in politics a Republican. It is such men as these who give real strength and vitality to the infant cities and rising towns of Washington; who are making the present, and will well assure the greatness of the future.

SPENCER, W. W., farmer, of Waitsburg, Walla Walla County, Wash., was born in Kentucky in 1832. His parents were natives of North Carolina, and his father served as a soldier in the War of 1812. Young Spencer received his early education in the public schools of Missouri, and worked on a farm until he came to Oregon in 1852, crossing the plains by ox-teams. He next removed to California, where we find him mining with success, which, however, did not prevent him

from discovering the superior charms of Washington Territory, to which he migrated and took up a homestead claim. Here he has a large farm, which produces an average yield of forty bushels to the acre. He takes a pardonable pride in his small but fruitful orchard. He was married in Oregon in 1860 to Miss May Jasper. Three children have been born to them, all of whom are well married and pleasantly placed in life.

SPINNING, WILLIAM N., banker, of Puyallup, Wash., was born at Fort Phelaguato, Lewis County, Wash., February 2d, 1857. He removed with his parents in 1859 to Thurston County, and again in the summer of 1860, when they took up a claim within five miles of where Tacoma, the City of Destiny, now stands. The early education of this son of the Evergreen State was obtained in the public schools of Pierce County, now excelled by none, with the exception of one year spent in Monmouth College, Polk County, Ore. In 1883 Mr. Spinning took entire charge of the setting out of the largest hop field in Washington for the Snoqualmie Hop Growers' Association, and served as their superintendent for two years. In the spring of 1883, in partnership with Mr. Frank H. Gloyd, he wrote up the first abstract books of Pierce County. The firm is now incorporated, and Mr. Spinning is one of its directors. He was elected in 1892 Vice-President of the First National Bank of Puyallup. He was married November 12th, 1888, to Miss Adassa Terry, of Minnesota. One child, a boy, blesses their union. Of this gentleman the biographer can speak from personal knowledge when he declares that no more reliable, genial, and courteous man graces the social and commercial circles of Pierce County.

SPRIGGS, J. W., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in Noble County, O., February 9th, 1847; was educated in the common schools of that section until he removed with his parents, at the age of ten, to Guernsey County, Ill. There he renewed his studies until he reached the age of seventeen, when he began teaching in the common schools, a vocation which he followed in the State of Illinois for six years. He studied law while teaching, and attended school during vacations of teaching; practised law three years in Xenia, Ill., before entering the ministry. He then entered the ministry and preached in Illinois until 1882, when he removed to Salem, Ore., and preached there three years. He then began the practice of the law, having been admitted at the age of twenty-one. In the spring of 1890 he was appointed United States Commissioner, with headquarters at Seattle. He was married March 20th, 1870, to Miss Kate Gibson, of Xenia, Illinois. They have five children. Fraternally Mr. Spriggs is a member of the Ancient Order of Foresters of America, Ancient Order of United Workmen, and Knights of Pythias.

STABLER, W. L., farmer and stockman on the Atahnam, near North Yakima, Wash., was born in Pennsylvania in 1835, being the fourth child in a family of eight born to John and Catherine Stabler, both of whom were natives of the Keystone State. Young Stabler had the misfortune to lose his father when but eight years of age, and after receiving a common school education left home at fourteen, went to Illinois, and remained there until 1852, when he crossed the

plains with a train of only four ox-teams. They had no trouble with the Indians, but counted no less than five hundred and twenty-two new-made graves beside the trail, victims of the cholera then scourging that whole section of country. After much difficulty they succeeded in crossing Green River, and reached Portland, Ore., safely late in the year, having been eight months on the road. Mr. Stabler went to Yakima, returned to Clark County, Wash., thence to Puget Sound, tried the timber business, than stock-raising on the Columbia, and finally in 1870 settled down in Yakima County upon the farm of two hundred acres, which he owns and still continues to cultivate. Here he has a fine orchard, good buildings, garden, and all other agricultural conveniences, and raises blooded stock, both horses and cattle. He was married in 1882 to Miss Harriet Millican. They have two children, both boys. Mr. Stabler is a Republican.

STAFFORD, THERON, merchant, of Cle Elum, Kittitas County, Wash., was born in the Dominion of Canada. His father, Edward Stafford, was a native of Pennsylvania, his mother, Alice (Waite) Stafford, being from the State of New York. He was but an infant when he came to the United States with his parents, who located in Michigan. There he was educated, and lived upon a farm until he was twenty-one. His tuition, the ordinary teaching of the public schools, was obtained at his own expense. His active business life was begun as a lumberman in the woods of Michigan. He next engaged in teaching for several years, then went to New Jersey and worked for four years in a saw factory, which he gave up to return to farming and to attend to the settling of his father's estate in Michigan. We next find him a successful druggist in Ravenna, Mich. After five years in this business he sold out and came to Washington Territory in 1885. He tarried for a year at Teaneway, and from thence moved to Cle Elum, where he established himself in the drug and grocery business—a rather unusual combination—but which proved, under the able management of Mr. Stafford, a great success. His store is centrally located, and is well adapted to his trade. He owns other property both in Cle Elum and on the sound. He was married in 1882 at Casnovia, Mich., to Miss Jennie Fuller, by whom he has two children. Mr. Stafford is a Mason, and in his political faith a Democrat. He takes a warm interest in educational matters, which is not surprising, as he at one time held the office of Superintendent of township public schools while residing in Ravenna, Mich.

STAIR, DAVID W., attorney-at-law and farmer, of North Yakima, Wash., was born in Wayne County, O., his father, John Stair, being a Pennsylvania farmer, and his mother, Sophia (May) Stair, being from the same locality. He was educated in the public schools of Ohio, and took his degree of B.L. in the Normal University of that State, with the degree of L.B. at Ann Arbor. He was admitted to the Bar of the States of Michigan and Nebraska in 1874, and to that of Washington in 1877. He began practice at Detroit, where he remained a year, and then removed to Nebraska; practised there a year, then travelled for three years, finally coming to the then Territory of Washington, where he located for a time at Tacoma. In 1878 we find him in Yakima County, where he opened an office and built up a satisfactory practice, in which he is still engaged. Mr. Stair

was married in 1877 to Miss Ella S. Parker, of Iowa, whose parents were pioneers of that State. They have a family of three sons. While in Nebraska Mr. Stair was a civil engineer for various corporations, and in Pawnee County of that State. He was elected Probate Judge of Yakima County in 1888, and has held other offices of a local nature. Besides owning city property he may well call himself a farmer, as he is possessed of a section of valuable land upon which he has already expended \$5000 in improvements. It is under a high state of cultivation, and has a fine orchard of forty acres. Mr. Stair is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, having enlisted in the Thirty-eighth Ohio Infantry in 1861, and served for four years with the Fourteenth Army Corps. He did his duty gallantly, being present and actively engaged in many of the most important battles of the war. He was honorably discharged at Louisville in 1865 and mustered out at Cleveland. He is a Trustee of the Atahnam Academy Association, located at Atahnam, near North Yakima, of which Mrs. Stair is Assistant Principal. She is a graduate of the Nebraska Norman School, and is considered one of the best educators in the State. She is a lady of many accomplishments.

STALEY, D. FLETCHER, banker, of Pullman, Wash., was born in North Carolina July 26th, 1866. His father, D. L. Staley, was a farmer of that State, his mother being from the same locality. He lived in Missouri two and one half years, where he removed with his parents at an early age. In 1873 he accompanied them to Oregon and located in the Willamette Valley. He removed to the Palouse country in the summer of 1874. After completing his education at Colfax College in 1890, he accepted a position in the Bank of Pullman as Assistant Cashier, which he continued to fill till January, 1891. He was then made Deputy Assessor of Whitman County under Assessor W. B. Pendell, and was also employed in the Auditor's and Treasurer's offices. In 1892 he organized the Pullman State Bank with a paid-up capital of \$75,000. The business of this institution is steadily increasing with the growth of the surrounding country. Mr. Staley owns valuable farm and city property, including that on which the bank building is erected. The officers of the bank are: J. J. Staley, President; W. V. Windus, Vice-President; D. F. Staley, Cashier; Directors, E. H. Letterman, J. F. Pariss, D. F. Staley, J. Squires, and L. C. Staley. Mr. D. F. Staley is a Democrat and a clear-headed, pushing business man, well posted in financing.

STANDLEY, JOHN BENNETT, was born in Rochester, Cedar County, Ia., February 8th, 1848, and died in Colton, Wash., January 30th, 1891. He was brought up in his native State, and received the benefits of a common school education. When he was sixteen years old, with his mother and the rest of the children, he emigrated to the Pacific Coast by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and joined the husband and father, who had gone across the plains to Portland, Ore., the previous year. In Portland John attended the National Business College, from which institution he received a diploma. January 23d, 1869, he was married to Miss Hannah E. Maynard, of McMinnville, Ore. Four sons and two daughters were born to them. After his marriage Mr. Standley embarked in the grocery business at McMinnville, and one year later went to North Yamhill, Ore., and

engaged in the milling business with his father, continuing the same until his removal to the Palouse country, Washington, where he took up a pre-emption claim. He afterward moved to Colton, built the third house in that town, and engaged in the general merchandise business, which he continued up to the time of his death. He built the Colton Steam Flouring Mill, and was an important factor in the building up of the town generally, taking an active part in all matters of public interest. He was an industrious and upright citizen, and at his death left for his family a considerable inheritance, accumulated by his own unaided efforts. He was a member of the order of Knights of Pythias.

STEARNS, CLAY M., attorney-at-law, of Pullman, Wash., was born in Cambria County, Pa., in 1858. His father, Josiah H. Stearns, was a native of Maine, as was also his mother, Sarah (Russell) Stearns. Our subject was the eldest in a family of nine, and received his education first in the Fryburg Academy, at Fryburg, Me., an institution of which the celebrated Daniel Webster was at one time a professor, and afterward at Bowdoin College, where he took the scientific course, but did not graduate. He read law with Judge Walker at Bridgeton, Me., and with Hon. Charles Libby, finishing his legal studies with J. B. Allen, at Walla Walla, Wash. He was a member of the Maine State Legislature in 1884 and 1885. He was admitted to the Bar in 1886, located at Farmington, and began practice. A year and a half later he removed to the Palouse Country, and in 1891 settled at Pullman. He is the junior member of the law firm of Neill & Stearns, a partnership formed in May of that year. They do a general law business, and are fast growing into a large and remunerative practice. Mr. Stearns was married in 1887 to Miss Etta E. Laird, of Walla Walla, and has one child. Fraternally he is a member of the Knights of Pythias, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Sons of Veterans, and a Free and Accepted Mason. He comes of a fighting family, his ancestors having figured gallantly in the old French and Indian War, the Revolution, the Mexican, and last but by no means least, in the struggle for the union. We regret that our space does not permit us to give the particulars of their interesting experiences.

STEARNS, J. W., banker, of Tekoa, Wash., is an eminent example of adaptation to many pursuits coupled with that persistent energy which finds success in all. He was born in Ocoola, Mo., in 1854, being the fifth child of a family of nine. He received his early education in the common schools of his native State and Arkansas, entering as a student in the university of the latter, but did not finish the classical course there begun. He then became a teacher, in which pursuit he continued for two years, but relinquished it to take the management of F. M. Threadgill's stage lines, which position he held till the completion of the railroad cut off the business; then he entered the employ of a large hardware house, and remained with it till in 1884 he came to Washington, locating at Dayton; he became Manager for the Northwestern Manufacturing and Car Company, held this till 1887, when he connected himself with the Lombard Investment Company as General Inspector of Loans for Washington, Idaho, and Oregon. In 1890 he removed to Tekoa, and organized the First Bank of Tekoa, which is today one of the strongest institutions in the State. Mr. Stearns married in 1887

Miss Mattie Prather, of Portland, Ore. Miss Prather was the daughter of one of California's pioneers, and a true type of the bright, intelligent Western woman. They have one child, Glenn Warwick Stearns, born December, 1889. Mr. Stearns is a member of the Masonic, Knights of Pythias, and other fraternities, has been a member of the National Guard of Washington since 1885, and now holds the rank of Captain of Company K of Tekoa. He is an active Democrat, and was one of the candidates on the electoral ticket in 1892. He was appointed one of the Regents of the Washington Agricultural College and School of Science in March, 1893, by Governor McGraw, and was elected Treasurer of the Board at its first meeting. Few men can boast of a more varied and still honorable and successful business career than the subject of our sketch.

STEDMAN, LIVINGSTON B., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, was born in Boston, Mass., February 2d, 1864. He received his early mental training in the Roxbury Latin School at Boston, entered Harvard, and graduated with the Class of 1887, taking the degree of B.A. He then attended the Law Department of the same university for two years, and in 1891 he received the degree of M.A. In 1890 he removed to Seattle, and was admitted to the Bar in September of that year. He entered the office of the universally beloved and deeply lamented Colonel J. C. Haines, a distinguished lawyer of that city, and upon the death of the latter he became a member of the firm of Hughes, Hastings & Stedman, and now is the junior member of the firm of Hastings & Stedman. Mr. Stedman was married in Chester, Pa., April 29th, 1891, to Miss Ann B. Leiper, of that city. They have one child, a son.

STEINBACH, EHRENFRIED, real-estate, loan, and insurance broker, of Tacoma, Wash., than whom the City of Destiny boasts no more honest, capable, and thoroughly reliable business man, was born in Sweden June 14th, 1848, where he also received his early education, graduating at the Polytechnic School of that country, in which he took the engineering course with distinguished success. In 1870 he came to America, locating in Philadelphia, and going from thence to Kansas. Later on we find him in Colorado, where he was employed for some years as a mining engineer. He next removed to Illinois, and finally, as we reserve the best wine for the last, he settled at Tacoma in 1885. Here he engaged in the real-estate business, first in partnership with Mr. Stamm, and then as the senior member of the firm of Steinbach, Noble & Smith, after the dissolution of which he entered into the real-estate, loan, and insurance business for himself, in which he still continues. Mr. Steinbach is one of the city fathers of Tacoma, and a leading spirit among the wisest of her councilmen. It is not often that it falls to the lot of the general biographer to speak from personal knowledge of those whose record he is called to prepare for the press, but in this instance your editor pays the tribute of intimate acquaintance to a personal friend, whose genial nature, kind heart, thorough probity and gentlemanly instincts deserve and should receive at the hands of his historian those words of unstinted admiration and deep regard which are fairly earned and undoubtedly due to the subject of our sketch. Tacoma is fortunate in numbering Mr. Steinbach among her most valued citizens, and still more so in having called him to assist in her municipal government.

STEINWEG, WILLIAM L., Cashier of the First National Bank of North Yakima, Wash., was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1852, his parents removing to California during his infancy. He was educated in private and public schools of San Francisco. When nineteen years old he was engaged by the Bellingham Bay Coal Company as Secretary to their Superintendent in charge of their coal mines at Sehome, in the Territory now State of Washington. In 1876 he married Miss Susanna H. Engle, of New Jersey, and two years later, on the closing down of the coal mines, he was continued in the employ of the Bellingham Bay Coal Company and placed in charge of their general merchandise store and their property interests in Whatcom County, Wash. Resigning his position with the company in 1881, he engaged on his own account in the merchandising business in the town of Whatcom, building up a large and lucrative business, and for several years was successively Postmaster of Sehome and Whatcom. Five years later we find Mr. Steinweg at North Yakima, Wash., filling the place of Cashier of the First National Bank, which had been organized a year previous with a capital of \$50,000, but now has a capital of \$100,000 and surplus fund of \$29,000. The present officers of the bank are: A. W. Engle, President; Charles Carpenter, Vice-President; W. L. Steinweg, Cashier, and Henry Teal, Assistant Cashier, and among its directors and stockholders the bank numbers some of the wealthiest citizens of Portland, Ore., Seattle, and North Yakima, Wash. Mr. Steinweg has proved himself to be a man of fine financial and executive ability, and has gained a reputation among the best bankers of the State. Fraternally he is a member of the Masonic and Ancient Order of United Workmen orders, and attends church with the Episcopalians. An active man in educational matters, he has twice been elected President of the Board of Education of the North Yakima schools, and has varied interests in both city and county. In his pleasant home, with his wife and two sons, he finds time to greet socially and make welcome his numerous friends.

STEPHENS, SAMPSON DAVID, farmer, of Colfax, Wash., is the son of a North Carolina farmer, his mother being a native of Virginia. He was born in Tennessee in 1833, and was the seventh—always counted a fortunate number—in a family of twelve. Educated in the district schools of Tennessee, he finished his education and removed to Missouri, where he engaged in farming. From thence he migrated in 1856 to California, locating in Petaluma, where he became a dairyman. In 1858 we find him once more tilling the soil at Eugene, Ore., an occupation which he relinquished to engage in freighting in Nevada. In 1862, attracted by the superior advantages of that State, he removed to Washington, locating at Walla Walla. Here he cultivated his farm until 1871, when he changed to Whitman County, settling on a homestead near the present site of Colfax. Mr. Stephens is one of the pioneers of Whitman County, having seen the city of Colfax emerge from a hamlet of that wilderness to its present growth and dignity. He married in 1868 Miss Marie Renshaw, of Missouri, by whom he has two daughters, who, grown to womanhood, add a feminine charm to the sunshine of his pleasant home. Mr. Stephens has held the offices of Sheriff of Whitman County, Commissioner and School Director, is a large property-holder, and member of the Plymouth Congregational Church.

STEWART, A. M., druggist, a leading citizen of Tacoma, was born at Glen Allen, in the province of Ontario, Canada, April 12th, 1858. He received at Branford and Toronto the benefits of a collegiate and university education, and then entered the Ontario College of Pharmacy, graduating in 1878 at the age of nineteen. He then went to Virginia City, Nev., in 1879, and took a position with his brother, A. B. Stewart, as drug clerk; continued with him for a year, when he accepted the position of Apothecary to the Storey County Hospital of Virginia City, which he resigned at the end of three months to open a drug store in Mammoth City, Cal., which he operated for a year and a half under the firm name of Willis & Stewart. He then moved to Bodie, Cal., where he formed a partnership (Stewart & Brother) with his brother, and continued the same business until 1884, when their stock was destroyed by fire. They removed to Seattle, Wash., and resumed business for a short time, when the subject of our sketch came to Tacoma in October of 1884, buying the assigned stock of Barnes & Co., and reorganizing the firm of A. B. Stewart & Brother, under which name they continued to do business until July of 1888, when they consolidated and incorporated under the laws of Washington as the Stewart and Holmes Drug Company, with a capital stock of \$200,000, A. B. Stewart being the President, H. E. Holmes the Vice-President, and A. M. Stewart the Secretary. The business, however, has always been conducted under the management of Mr. A. M. Stewart, who has proved himself eminently capable. Mr. Stewart is a member of the Masonic order, having attained the rank of Noble of the Mystic Shrine. He was active in the framing of the State Pharmacy laws which passed the Legislature in 1891, and is President of the State Board of Pharmacy. He has been a director in the Traders' Bank of Tacoma for the past four years, and bears an enviable reputation with his fellow-citizens for all those qualities which dignify the man.

STEWART, CHARLES H., real-estate and loan broker, of Ellensburg, Wash., was born in New York some thirty-three years ago, and is a son of William D. and Jane (McNaughton) Stewart, both of whom were natives of the Empire State. He received his early education in the Mumford public school of New York, and his commercial training later on at the Rochester Business College. He began business life in his native State as book-keeper in the coal and produce trade for his father, remaining in his employ until he reached the age of twenty-one, when they entered into partnership under the firm name of Stewart & Son, and so continued for four years. In 1886 he came to Washington and located at Ellensburg, where he engaged in real-estate and loan brokerage, which he still pursues with unusual success, being a man of good business judgment and possessing the full confidence of the community. He was married in 1891 to Miss Lizzie Rutledge, of California. He has a comfortable city home, with other realty within the corporate limits, and seven hundred and sixty acres of land situated in the fertile valley of Kittitas. Fraternally he is a member of the Knights of Pythias, Uniform Rank, and in politics a Republican.

STEWART, J. P., banker and capitalist, of Puyallup, Wash., was born in Croton, Delaware County, N. Y., October 20th, 1833. He received the benefits

of both a common school and academic education in his native county. Reared on a farm, he exhibited at an early age that independence of character so peculiarly American by teaching school during the winter and working on a farm during the summer months, beginning teaching at the age of nineteen. In April, 1855, he migrated to Oregon *via* the Isthmus, arriving in Corvallis, January 20th, 1855. Resuming his old vocation, he taught school in Corvallis for three years, alternating it with merchandising. He was appointed Sheriff of Benton County in 1855, and served as such until 1859. He came to Puyallup April 29th of the latter year, and took up a pre-emption claim where the town now stands. He taught school for a season, and in 1861 was elected Probate Judge of Pierce County, serving three years. From 1863-68 he engaged in merchandising; then came a period varied by other pursuits, during which he was appointed Postmaster of Puyallup, and engaged in hop and fruit raising, in all of which he was eminently successful. He was married December 24th, 1864, and has three sons, two of whom—C. L. and W. A.—are now in business for themselves. Mr. Stewart is Vice-President of the Pacific National Bank of Tacoma, and also of the Loan and Trust Company, and is a stockholder in the Bank of Puyallup. Few self-made men can show a better record than the subject of our sketch.

ST. GEORGE, HENRY, Assistant Postmaster at Pomeroy, Wash., was born in New York in 1851. His father, Henry St. George, was an English merchant; his mother was Henrietta St. George. Fifth in a family of eight children, young St. George was educated in the public schools of his native city, graduating from the high school in 1869. On the completion of his studies he removed to Indiana and became a clerk for his uncle at Portland and at other places in that State until 1873, when he enlisted in the Regular Army, Company G, Second Regiment of Artillery, and was sent to Mobile, Ala. Being honorably discharged at the close of his term of enlistment, he located in Idaho, and from thence migrated to Washington Territory. After a year at Dayton he came to Pomeroy, where he has ever since resided. He engaged at first in the hotel business, and after three years became a sewing-machine agent. Two years later he became Assistant Postmaster, which position he has ever since held. He was married in 1881 to Mrs. Martha J. Pomeroy, the widow of E. M. Pomeroy. He has a pretty city residence, is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and a Republican in politics. He is one of Pomeroy's highly esteemed and enterprising men.

STILES, HON. THEODORE L.—Among the Ohioans in Washington who have achieved distinction in their various spheres of life, one of the most successful is the subject of the present sketch. Mr. Stiles, who is a well-known figure in business circles, and a power in the legal profession, has been a resident of Washington since 1887. He was born July 12th, 1848, at Medway, Clarke County, O., and was the only child of Daniel J. and Maria S. Stiles. His mother, whose maiden name was Lamme, was a native of the same county. His father was born in Dauphin County, Pa., of English and German parents. The early years of our subject were passed at his birthplace, a small interior farming village. His mother died in 1863, and two years later his father removed to Indianapolis, Ind.,

and engaged in mercantile business, the son assisting him in the store for a few months. Anxious to fit his son for future responsibilities in life, the father, at great sacrifice to himself, determined to give him the advantages of a liberal education. After two years of preparatory study at the Ohio University, at Athens, the young man entered Amherst College in 1867, and after the usual classical course of four years graduated in 1871. He at once entered upon the study of law at the Columbia College Law School, New York City, and obtaining the consent of the faculty to double the course, finished his studies in June, 1872. A few weeks afterward he was admitted to the Bar at Indianapolis, and began practice there. In the following December, however, he was induced to remove to New York City, and soon afterward became associated with Hon. Edward Jordan, theretofore Solicitor of the United States Treasury, and Daniel G. Thompson. With these gentlemen the young attorney remained actively engaged in professional work until 1877. Having become impressed with the wonderful advantages and great future of the Pacific Slope, and believing that he would there find a better field for a young lawyer than in the thickly settled East, he determined to "emigrate." Accordingly, in the fall of 1878, he started on his long journey *via* the Union Pacific Railroad. Arizona was then approachable from the East only by a journey of nine hundred miles by stage from the western terminus of the Santa Fé Railway; but it was touched by the Southern Pacific at Yuma. Mr. Stiles reached the latter place *via* San Francisco and Los Angeles, and after a weary stage ride of three hundred miles arrived at Tucson half dead with fatigue on November 21st, 1878. For nearly nine years he remained in Arizona, but on July 4th, 1887, he took up his residence in Tacoma, Wash., and resumed the practice of his profession there. His abilities were soon recognized, and in a short time he was enjoying a prosperous business. He took a somewhat active interest in politics as a member of the Republican Party, and his fitness for public station soon found recognition. In 1889 he was elected a delegate to the Convention for framing a constitution for the new State of Washington, and performed valuable service in that body as Chairman of the Committee of County, Township, and Municipal Organization, and member of the committees on Rules, Judiciary, and Public Lands. The convention having adjourned, he was sent as delegate from Pierce County to the Republican State Convention, and was chosen Permanent Chairman of that body. The business of this convention included the nomination of five Supreme Court judges, and it was deemed that Pierce County, as one of the largest counties in population, was entitled to one of the five, and Mr. Stiles received the nomination by a vote of two hundred and fifty-six of the two hundred and ninety-eight delegates present. On the 1st of the following October he was elected by a large majority. He has discharged the duties belonging to that high position with a success, and, we may add, a judicial distinction in which the people of the State feel both a satisfaction and pride, and which it is hoped he will long continue to illustrate in a sphere so honorable and important.

STILLEY, JEREMIAH, farmer, near Buckley, Pierce County, Wash., was born in Ohio in 1834, being the second child in a family of four born to Tobias and Susan (Bowles) Stilley, his parents being natives of Pennsylvania and Ohio re-

spectively. After the usual common school education, young Stilley began the active business of life by farming. Seeking a fresher field in which to labor, he left home in 1855 for Wisconsin, where he resided two years, and then crossed the plains to California by team, meeting *en route* the train of the unfortunate Captain Fancher, afterward victims to the horrible Mountain Meadow massacre, with whom they travelled in company until but a week or two before the dreadful event. Mr. Stilley's party, though five months in making the trip, were so fortunate as to escape all difficulty with the Indians, arriving safely in Sacramento Valley in October of 1857. He went to the Fraser River Mines, and from thence to Washington Territory by pack mules. He lived four years at Stella-loom, engaged in various pursuits, thence to Slaughter, where he remained four more engaged in farming. Then after a brief sojourn at Puyallup Valley, he came in 1870 to his present farm near Buckley. Here he has one hundred and twenty acres, twenty-two of which are in hops. He has held the office of Postmaster, and has been a school director since the formation of the Board. He was married in 1862 to Miss Maria Burr, daughter of Solomon Burr, a farmer of Ohio. They have ten children.

STILLWELL, JOSEPH L., grocer, of Prescott, Wash., was born in Edgar County, Ill., in 1839. His father, William Stillwell, was a Kentucky farmer, his mother was E. Bond Stillwell, of unknown nationality. Mr. Stillwell came to Oregon in 1853, and received his education partly in that State and partly in Iowa. Upon reaching the age of manhood he engaged in various avocations, principally farming and mining, finally coming to Washington and locating at Prescott. Here he established himself in the grocery business, which he still continues to follow, and finds remunerative and constantly improving. Mr. Stillwell was married in 1885 to Miss Annie Frandsham, of Missouri. They have a family of two children, a girl and a boy. Mr. Stillwell is well endowed in the matter of worldly goods, and is a holder of realty in the Cumberland addition, which will one day realize largely. He and his family are members of the Presbyterian Church. He is a Republican in politics, and a man highly respected by all classes. He has seen service as a soldier also, having enlisted in the First Oregon Volunteer Infantry in 1864, doing duty on the frontier for nineteen months until honorably discharged July 20th, 1866, at Vancouver, Wash. Mr. Stillwell may also claim the honor of being an old pioneer, having been a settler in the Walla Walla Valley as early as 1856.

STIMSON, F. S., of Ballard, Wash., was born in Big Rapids, Mich., July 23d, 1868; received his early education in his native town, and at the completion of his studies entered the lumber milling business under his father. Coming directly to Ballard, Wash., in 1889, he started saw-milling with two brothers under the firm style of the Stimson Mill Company. They ship largely to Southern California and Australia, and have met with good success. Their mill has a capacity of one hundred thousand feet a day, and is kept running to its utmost limit during the whole year. Mr. C. D. Stimson superintends the office business, F. S. the shipping, and E. T. the firm's yards in Los Angeles, Cal. They own and control, in addition to their saw-mill, the largest shingle mill in the Pacific Northwest, with

a capacity of four hundred and fifty thousand shingles a day of ten hours. Mr. F. S. Stimson was married in October, 1889, to Miss Nellie C. Clarke, of Muskegon, Mich. They have two children, a boy and a girl. The Stimson brothers, though still young men, have proved themselves energetic, enterprising, and gifted with no mean amount of business ability. They have fairly earned and well deserve the success which has thus far attended their efforts.

STITZEL, JACOB, real estate and loans, and United States Commissioner, of Colville, Wash., born at Gettysburg, Pa., February 28th, 1831, is a son of John and Sarah (Smith) Stitzel, both of whom were natives of Adams County, Pa., the father being a miller. Young Stitzel had only three months' schooling. In 1837 he removed with his parents to Carlisle, Clark County, O., where at the age of ten he was put to work in a grocery store, where he continued for three years. We next find him in Addison, in the same State, engaged in similar employment, afterward in Troy, O., in a dry-goods store. In 1849 he started for California, arriving in Sacramento September 23d of that year. For fourteen months he mined with fair success on the North Fork of the American River above Sacramento. In October, 1850, he attended the first meeting of the California pioneers at San Francisco. In 1850 he sailed for Oregon, arrived at Astoria, November 9th, rowed up the river to Portland, then a place of only five hundred souls, and went thence to Oregon City, where he spent the winter with Judge Pratt. In the spring of 1851 he took up a donation claim sixteen miles above Oregon City in Clackamas County, and was married there to Miss Mary W. Halpruner. He resided there for six years, and in the winter of 1857 went to Portland. In 1859 he engaged in mercantile pursuits, and so continued for two years. In 1861 he tried the lumber business, running the North Portland saw-mill for five years. In 1864 he was elected Sheriff and Tax Collector for Multnomah County, Ore., and held those positions for four years. In July, 1868, he engaged in real estate and loans, continuing until December, 1872. He then visited Washington, D. C., remaining there fourteen months. He was appointed Deputy Collector of Customs, and located at Colville, Wash., an office which he held for seven years. In the mean time he took up a homestead claim near Colville, where he has ever since resided. At the close of his term as Deputy Collector he held the position of Clerk of the District Court of Stevens County until the fall of 1883; was then elected member of the Territorial Legislature, and again Clerk of the County Court, which he held up to the time of the admission of Washington to Statehood. After the adoption of the constitution he was elected Clerk of the Superior Court, and held that position until January, 1891, when he was appointed Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court. Three daughters and one son have been born to Mr. Stitzel and his wife—viz., Martha A., wife of Colonel Evan Milo, United States Army, at present living in San Francisco; Mary E., wife of E. F. Heniff, residing in Tacoma, Wash.; Kathrine S., wife of Gilbert B. Ide, residing at Colville, Wash., and James Stitzel, still single, and is living with his father on their farm.

STORMS, MARY G., is the widow of Daniel J. Storms, deceased, late of Waitsburg, Walla Walla County, Wash., a farmer of that section, who was born in Ohio in

1814. His parents were natives of Pennsylvania and members of the Presbyterian Church of Dayton, O. His father was a soldier of the War of 1812, and he died in Ohio in 1865. Mr. Storms received an excellent early education in the common schools of Middletown, O., and was married to Mary George in Dayton, O., in 1871, a wealthy lady living on the interest of her money. They came to Washington in 1872, where Mr. Storms purchased the tract where his widow now resides, consisting of four hundred and eighty acres, yielding from thirty to forty bushels per acre. It has been well kept up and has all needful improvements, a thrifty orchard and pleasant location. Her husband and herself were members of the Presbyterian Church. He died suddenly in 1892 from heart disease, leaving all by will to his beloved wife. Mrs. Storms has proved herself a typical farmer's wife, and allows nothing to go to wreck about her place for want of proper attention and timely care.

SULLIVAN, JUDGE E. H., of Colfax, Wash., was born in Michigan July 31st, 1850; removed with his parents to Nebraska in the fall of 1865, remaining there until 1877, when he went to Whitman County, Wash. He is the second son of a family of seven. Judge Sullivan's professional talents were of too eminent an order to be overlooked, for we find that he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Whitman County in 1884, serving the full term of two years. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of Washington and appointed Superior Judge of Whitman County. A man of large brain, clear views, and logical mind, the Judge has adorned every office which he has been called to fill, presiding with dignity on the Bench and winning hosts of friends in private life by his geniality. He married in 1882 Miss Lucy M. Spaulding, of Oregon.

SUMMERS, MRS. SARAH C., widow of Dr. John S. Summers, deceased, the owner of a fine farm near Waitsburg, in Walla Walla County, Wash., was born in Ohio in 1839, her parents being natives of Delaware. She received her education in the public schools of her native State, and upon growing to womanhood she married Dr. John S. Summers, a physician and surgeon who served in the Civil War as Captain of Company I. Fifty-seventh Indiana Volunteers. He was wounded several times, but served gallantly to the end. Upon being mustered out he returned to the practice of medicine in Indiana, and was meeting with great success when he sickened, and after a short illness passed away in January, 1881, greatly lamented by his family and many friends. Coming to Washington in 1890, Mrs. Summers purchased a home place in the town of Prescott. She has five children, all of whom are either settled in life or give promise of future usefulness.

SWAIM, T. A., M.D., of Rosalia, Wash., a pioneer of that section and esteemed practitioner of the healing art, was born in Ohio in 1852. Dr. Swaim is the eldest in a family of seven children born to J. M. and Mary (Grimm) Swaim. He received his early education in the public schools of his native State, then entered an Academy at Albany, O., took the preparatory course, but did not graduate. Becoming a student of the Cincinnati Medical Institute, he took his degree of M.D. in 1877, and began practice in the town of Albany, O. In 1879 he came to

Washington, locating at Pine City, near the present site of Rosalia, being one of the earliest arrivals in the section, where his practice, growing with its growth, is now most extensive. Dr. Swaim was married in 1876 to Miss Flora Moore, a native of Ohio, who died in 1884. Two children were the result of their brief union. He married in 1891 Miss Lena Parker, of Oregon. He has been an officer in the various lodges of the Masonic, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows fraternities, with which he has been connected, having passed through the chairs in all of them. He owns a pleasant city home and considerable outlying realty. A close student, a genial gentleman, and most skilful practitioner, Dr. Swaim holds a high place in the community where he dwells, and is generally esteemed for his many good qualities.

TAFT, JOHN ABISHA, of Aberdeen, Wash., was born July 8th, 1845, in Barre, Vt., and in 1872 removed to Michigan, where he lived until 1883, when he went to Minnesota. He resided there until 1888, and in that year came to the Pacific Coast. He first located at Tacoma, Wash., but in April, 1889, settled permanently in Aberdeen, where he is principally engaged in the real-estate business. Mr. Taft is Vice-President of the First National Bank of Aberdeen—the first bank to issue national currency in Chehalis County. He is the leading spirit in all public enterprises in Aberdeen and fills many important positions of trust in that town. He is a man of acute business judgment, progressive in his ideas, and of commendable public spirit. He has great faith and confidence in the growth and development of Washington, and is willing to extend a helping hand to further any enterprise to promote the general good. His success has been honestly won by persistent, well-directed effort.

TAYLOR, CHARLES E., attorney-at-law, of Buckley, Pierce County, Wash., born in England in 1868, was the youngest of a family of three children born to Edward and Elizabeth Taylor, both natives of England. He left the parental roof in 1885 to follow the sea, which he did for two years. He came to San Francisco in 1887, and went from thence to the then Territory of Washington. He settled at Riverside, now known as Buckley; visited Tacoma, remained two years, and devoted himself to the study of law; was admitted to the Bar, and returned to Buckley to locate permanently. His business qualifications soon gained for him the confidence of the community, and he is now serving his second term as City Clerk. He is a partner in the firm of Taylor & Joynt, real-estate and insurance brokers, doing a very successful business. Mr. Taylor was married in 1890 to Mary, daughter of Alexander Nickersham, of Buckley. They have one child. He is a member of the Unitarian Church and Royal Society of Good Fellows, a Republican in politics, and a thoroughgoing business man.

TAYLOR, H. G., mill-owner, of Farmington, Wash., was born in Iowa in 1857. His father, William Taylor, was a native of Canada, a builder and contractor by occupation; his mother, Susan (Morse) Taylor, being a native of Illinois. Third in a family of eight children born to his parents, young Taylor was educated in the public schools of Iowa, where he lived for a time after completing his studies, and then removed to California. There he engaged for eight years in flour-mill-

ing. In 1887 he came to Washington and located at Farmington, where he established himself with his brother in his former business. Their mill is the largest of its kind in Farmington, having a capacity of sixty barrels a day. The capital invested is about \$15,000, and the result financially has been very satisfactory to its owners. Mr. Taylor was married in 1888 to Miss Hettie Williamson, a native of Iowa. They have two children. He is a Republican and a wide-awake, thoroughgoing business man, with every prospect of future success as a bread-winner; for he who leans upon "the staff of life" has a pretty sure foundation to depend upon.

TAYLOR, SIMON, farmer, of Waitsburg, Walla Walla County, Wash., was born in West Virginia in 1825, his parents being also natives of the same State. Receiving his early education in the subscription schools of Virginia, he began the business of life by farming in Missouri, where he raised corn and wheat until 1880. He then removed to Washington Territory and bought three hundred and twenty acres of land, which he finds highly productive and remunerative, his fruit trees being specially successful. He was married in Missouri in 1850 to Miss Martha Austin, who died of consumption after a lingering illness. His second marriage was to Miss Harriet Barreso, the daughter of a large farmer. They have six children, most of whom follow the parental example and are tillers of the soil.

THAYER, S. W., farmer, near Waverly, Spokane County, Wash, was born in Lebanon, Madison County, N. Y. He received the benefits of a limited amount of district school education, but is for the most part self-taught. His occupation after leaving school and up to the age of twenty-three years was farming. Then he entered the ministry and preached for fifteen years in different places in Ohio. He was married in New York in 1846 to Miss Sarah Rounde, of that section. They have had seven children. Mr. Thayer was married again in 1863, in Minnesota, to Miss Hannah Butler, of New York. She has borne him one child. Mr. Thayer is a member of the United Brethren of Christ and also a pastor of that Church. A Prohibitionist in his political faith, he is strongly in accord with the principles of that party. He is the owner of a pretty cottage home, green with lawn and bright with the bloom of many flowers. His special work in the denomination which he represents is that of a local elder.

THIELSON, H. W., the Cashier of the Ellensburg National Bank, is identified with the remarkable success of that institution, and has established a most honorable reputation as an able and sagacious financier. He was born in Burlington, Ia., some thirty-three years ago, and received his early education in the public schools of his native State and those of Oregon, where he removed with his parents in 1870. He was a member of the first class which graduated from the Portland Commercial High School. His active business life was begun with the Oregon Trust and Improvement Company, in whose employ he remained for three years. In 1880 he took service with the Oregon Navigation Company, holding the position of Paymaster until 1887, when he resigned to become a book-keeper and teller in the Oregon National Bank. In 1890 he removed to Ellensburg and

took the Cashiership of the First National, of that city, which he still holds. He is also one of the board of directors of the Washington Trust Company, a leading institution of its kind. Mr. Thielson was married in 1880 at Portland, Ore., to Miss Emma S. Moreland, a native of that State and one of the first white children born there. He owns a fine home in the city of Ellensburg, in whose future he takes a warm interest.

THOMAS, ISAAC, farmer and dairyman, of Ellensburg, Kittitas Valley, Wash., was born in 1819 in Blaho. His parents were natives of North Carolina, his father having been a farmer in that section. They were Quakers, and in the days of war with the Indians moved out into the wilderness, yet were never molested by the savages. It is to be regretted that this strange immunity of religious faith, an amnesty bequeathed to his people by William Penn, seems in these degenerate days to have lost its virtue, or the hostiles have ceased to discriminate. The elder Thomas died in 1878, leaving fifteen children, of whom the subject of this sketch was the fourth. Young Thomas, possibly in the absence of schools, never enjoyed the advantages of any formal teaching. In 1855 he settled in Iowa and armed there for twenty years, then removed to Seattle in 1875, where he gardened for four years. He then came to the Kittitas Valley in 1879 and took up a homestead claim. He now owns and cultivates one hundred and sixty acres. He was married in Indiana in 1841 to Miss Jane Moore, who was born in that State in 1825, her parents being from North Carolina, where her father was a farmer. They have four children.

THOMAS, JAMES W., farmer and stockman, of Ellensburg, Wash., was born in Indiana in 1842. His parents were natives of that State, his father having been a farmer. He came to Washington and first located at Seattle in 1875. James, who was the oldest son born to his parents, received his early education in Iowa, and came to Puget Sound in 1870. Here he followed the business of a builder and contractor until 1888, when he removed to Kittitas Valley and purchased three hundred and twenty acres of land about six miles northeast of Ellensburg. He was married to Miss Mary Crane, of Iowa, who has borne him eight children. Fraternally he is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Ellensburg Lodge No. 20, and of the Farmers' Industrial Union. His wife is a member of the Daughters of Rebecca. Mr. Thomas belongs to that class of men who are most influential in building up a new country—the hard-handed, patient tillers of the soil; men whose patient, persistent efforts lay the real foundations of national progress and local prosperity. It is such as these who have made the State of Washington what it is to-day.

THOMPSON, A. G., Postmaster and pioneer settler of Ballard, Wash., was born in Farsand, Norway, August 7th, 1864; received his early education in his native town and at the age of fourteen took to a seafaring life, sailing in Norwegian and United States vessels up to the age of seventeen, when he relinquished it to devote himself to business. Emigrating to Iowa, he remained in the grocery trade for eight years, meeting with considerable success. In March, 1889, he removed to Ballard, where he established the first grocery store in the place, then only a

wilderness, but to-day an incorporated manufacturing city. He was appointed Postmaster August 22d, 1889, and still fills that office. He was married to Miss Lena Watney, July 5th, 1885, at Sioux Rapids, Ia., of which place his bride was a native. Three children grace their union, a boy and two girls. Mr. Thompson is in every way a representative citizen, being, as before mentioned, one of the pioneer business men of Ballard and one of its most respected citizens. He possesses a host of friends and is held in universal esteem. It is a pleasant feature to chronicle in the social history of Washington that nowhere is the primitive settler more regarded and looked up to than in the Evergreen State.

THOMPSON, WILLIAM H., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in Calhoun, Ga., March 10th, 1848; received his early education in his native town, and at the age of fifteen enlisted in the Confederate Army as a private under General J. B. Gordon, seeing service in many of the most desperate battles of the war. He removed to Indiana in 1868 and engaged in railroad-building as an assistant engineer until 1873, meanwhile devoting all of his leisure hours to the study of the law. He was admitted to the Bar, and began the active practice of his profession at Crawfordsville, Ind., where for fifteen years he was a neighbor and friend of General Lew Wallace, the celebrated author of "Ben Hur." In 1889 he came to Seattle and became the senior member of the law firm of Thompson, Edsen & Humphries. Mr. Thompson is an occasional contributor to the *Century Magazine* and other periodicals, and is the author of the famous poem "The High Tide at Gettysburg." He is an ardent Democrat, and takes a warm interest in politics, but is not an aspirant for office, his time being entirely occupied with his large and growing practice. He was married at Crawfordsville, Ind., June 11th, 1874, to Miss Ida Lee, daughter of Hon. John Lee, of Indiana. Three sons and one daughter grace their union. Their residence is a lovely home on the heights overlooking the placid waters of Lake Washington. Like Nimrod of old, he is a mighty hunter; and among other trophies of the chase has mounted in his office a large and perfect head of an elk, which he killed in the Olympian range in 1892. His professional reputation is of the highest order, and he enjoys the esteem of all.

THORP, LEONARD LUTHER, farmer and old pioneer of Yakima County, was born in Oregon in 1845. His father, F. M. Thorp, was a Missouri farmer, his mother, Margaret (Bounds) Thorp, being a native of Tennessee. Mr. Thorp came to the then Territory of Washington February 5th, 1861, located at Moxee, and engaged in stock-raising, which he followed for twenty years, but discontinued to try farming, his present occupation. He was married in 1869 to Miss Philina Herman, a native of Missouri. They have four children. Mr. Thorp has a handsome residence near the city and about ten acres of valuable fruit land. He is also the owner of other property in the county and State. He is a stockholder in the Yakima National Bank, was Sheriff of the county of Yakima in its early days, held the office of Auditor about the time of its organization, and other local positions, in all of which he proved himself a capable and efficient public servant. He is a Populist in his political faith and a firm believer in the principles and future success of this new party. He is an old pioneer of Yakima

County, thoroughly acquainted with its history, and exceedingly interesting in his reminiscences of those early days, so full of danger, self-sacrifice, and trial. He is identified with its growth and progress, and is held in high esteem by all who know him.

THORP, WILLIS, a citizen and old pioneer of North Yakima, was born in Polk County, Ore., in April, 1847. His father, F. M. Thorp, was an early settler of that State, born in Missouri, crossed the plains in 1844. Willis was educated in the Territory of Washington in a private school. His first occupation was that of a stockman and speculator in cattle—his business to-day. He has also valuable interests in Alaska, furnishing all of the meat consumed in that Territory. It was a large enterprise to undertake, but under the excellent management of Mr. Thorp has proved a great success. He was married in 1868 to Miss Sarah Lindsley, of Kentucky. They have seven children. Fraternally he is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; personally he is a pushing, clear-headed, wide-awake business man. He is, moreover, one of the original settlers in the county of Yakima, and thoroughly posted in its history, regarding whose stirring events and early struggles he is a fluent and interesting narrator, having a fund of information and varied experience which might well supply the material for a published sketch.

TIBBALS, H. L., JR., capitalist, of Port Townsend, Wash., is a native son, having been born in that city March 8th, 1859. He received his early education in Port Townsend, and attended Victoria Central College one term; but the business spirit was too strong in him to be controlled, so we find him at seventeen driving a stage and teaming on his own account; at nineteen a clerk, which position he held two years on the Union Dock; and finally, in 1885, the owner of the wharf. In 1889 he incorporated a stock company, with \$100,000 capital, to build wharfs and warehouses, of which he was the President and Manager, as well as the controlling stockholder. In October, 1889, at the first general State election, he ran for member of the Legislature on the Democratic ticket, was tied, and a new election was ordered, when the illness of his wife and the speculations of his cashier obliged him to withdraw from the contest. July 13th, 1890, he was elected Mayor of Port Townsend, and was re-elected in 1891, serving two terms. He is the Port Townsend agent of the following corporations: Pacific Coast Steamship Company, to which he was appointed at the age of twenty-one, and the Union Pacific Railroad Company, then known as the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. In 1892 he was elected Chairman of the Jefferson County Central Democratic Committee, the county going Democratic under his management for the first time in its history. He was married at Portland, Ore., March 8th, 1880, to Miss Nannette M. Sutherland, of that city, the marriage ceremony being performed by Bishop Morris, of Oregon. They have five children. Mr. Tibbals built and owned the Port Townsend Water-Works, which he sold to the Mount Olympus Water Company and bonded the town site of Anacortes for the Oregon Improvement Company, besides receiving donations in land for the Seattle and Northern Railroad Company. During his term of office as Mayor he caused the new City Hall to be built, improved the Fire Department generally,

introducing electric alarms and many other valuable innovations. It is a short step sometimes in favored America from teamster to capitalist. Energy and business talent are strong motors.

TOZIER, E. L., of Latah, Wash., was born in Iowa in 1852. His father, Waldo M., was a native of Maine and a millwright; his mother, Eupice M. Clark, was also a daughter of the Sunrise State. Educated in a public school of Oregon, young Tozier began the battle of life as a farmer in Benton County, of that State, where rain is seldom denied to the agriculturist. An experiment of three years in the Webfoot State only enhanced the superior charms of Washington, to which he moved in 1877, locating on a homestead near what is the present site of Latah City. Here he cultivated his acres for eleven years, and then engaged in mercantile pursuits till 1890. In 1892 he accepted a position with a firm in Latah, in whose employ he still continues. Mr. Tozier was married in 1875 to Miss Rosana Belknap, a native of Oregon. Six children are the result of this union, all of whom are students at the Academy. He has filled various offices with credit to himself and advantage to his fellow-citizens, his ability being generally recognized. He is one of the largest real-estate holders in the growing city where he dwells, has a beautiful home, is a member, with his family, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and active in all good works. A gentleman of most affable disposition, no man is more thoroughly respected than Mr. Tozier by the community. It may be truly said that their welfare lies near to his heart, and his public-spirited mind is constantly planning for their upbuilding and advancement.

TRUAX, RICHARD A., farmer, of Farmington, Wash., was born in the Empire State in 1838. His father, Caleb Truax, was a lake captain and a native of that State; his mother, Elizabeth Kendrick, was born in Ireland. Eighth in a family of ten, young Truax was educated in the public schools of Minnesota. After the completion of his studies he remained for four years in his native State, until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted in Company F, of Hatches' Independent Cavalry, Minnesota Volunteers. He remained on the frontier, engaged in Indian fighting, for some years, was discharged in 1866, and removed to Idaho. In 1870 he located near what is now known as Farmington, Wash., and engaged in farming. He is the owner of one hundred and sixty acres of wheat land which gives an average yield of forty bushels to the acre, and is also the possessor of a pleasant city home and other valuable property in Farmington, Seattle, and other parts of the State. He was married in 1866 to Miss Sarah A. Whitford, of Michigan. She comes of a family distinguished for its eminent physicians. They have two children. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the Grand Army of the Republic. In 1878 he was Sheriff of Whitman County, holding that office for two years. In politics he is a Republican. A self-made man, Mr. Truax is an excellent example of what shrewd common sense united with courage and general business ability can accomplish, assuring success where a weaker man would have failed.

TUCKER, HENRY L., livery, North Yakima, Wash., was born in Indiana in 1847. His father, M. Tucker, was a Tennessee farmer and mechanic; his mother,

Nancy Brown, being a native of Ohio. Educated in the public schools of his native State, he began life as a soldier, enlisting in 1862 in the Forty-seventh Indiana Volunteers. He joined the Army of the West, was attached to the Thirteenth Army Corps, and saw service in numerous battles and engagements, doing his duty gallantly in all. Among others he was present at the battles of Vicksburg and Champion Hills. He was honorably discharged October 23d, 1865, at Baton Rouge, La., and returned to Indiana, where he occupied himself in various pursuits until 1867, when he went to Iowa and became a stage-driver for a year. Another year was passed in Nebraska, from which point he journeyed to the Pacific Coast and located in Washington Territory. Here he followed railroading for a living, having charge of all the horses of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Five years were thus employed. He then engaged in saw-milling in Tacoma for a year, and finally settled at North Yakima in 1876, where he worked at teaming, and then established himself in the livery business, which he still carries on and which he has made a success. He was married in 1884, at Yakima City, to Miss Jennie Leach, a native of California and a daughter of John A. and Martha E. Leach. They have two children. He has a pleasant home and owns valuable business property both in the city and elsewhere. He is one of the city fathers, and takes a warm interest in all that conduces to its prosperity. He belongs to the orders of Masons, Knights of Pythias, Ancient Order of United Workmen, and Grand Army of the Republic.

TURNER, GENERAL C. W., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in Frederick County, Va., June 8th, 1846, and received his early education in his native State. In 1867-68 he travelled extensively, finally settling in Montana, where he remained until 1889, when he came to Seattle. A student in the Virginia Military Institute, he not unnaturally entered the Confederate Army, was commissioned Lieutenant, and served with that rank on the losing side until the close of the war. He then took up the study of the law, and was admitted to the Bar at Virginia City in 1870; but the fervor of the gold fever then raging proved superior to the charms of practice, so we find him engaging in mining until washed out by the destruction of his flume, the flood sweeping away the earnings of two years' constant labor. Turning again to the law he began practice, though still interested in mines, being the attorney for, as well as a stockholder in, the Heckla Consolidated Mining Company. In 1886 he sold out his mining interests and removed to Helena, Mont., where he spent three years previous to his removal to Seattle. At the latter place he opened a law office and stepped at once into a lucrative business. He was married in Montana in September, 1879, to Miss Emma Armstrong, of that Territory, a daughter of the manager of the Heckla Consolidated Mining Company. They have two sons. Fraternally he is a member of the Knights Templar, being ex-Eminent Commander of the Helena Commandery. He takes his military title from having held the position for several years of Adjutant-General of the Territory of Montana, during which time he organized the Territorial Militia. The firm of Turner & McCutcheon holds a distinguished place among those learned in the law in the State of Washington.

TUSTIN, JUDGE FRED PAGE, attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in Oxford, England, November 17th, 1848, and attended school up to the age of

fourteen, when he entered the office of Edward Wier Nicoli, of Shipston-on-Stom, Worcestershire, who was then Register of the County Court of that district, with whom he served his articles, and in 1869 was admitted to the English Bar. In the spring of 1870 he came to Oregon, and at once interested himself actively in the progress of that State. He participated in the Modoc Indian War of 1872, was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Oregon in 1876, removed to Pendleton, Ore., and was appointed in 1878 Brigadier-General of the State Militia, serving through the Banock Snake Indian War. For eight years he was United States Commissioner at Pendleton under Judge Deady, of Portland. He was twice elected Police Judge of Pendleton, and served three terms as Deputy District Attorney for the Sixth Judicial District of Oregon. He removed to Seattle February 16th, 1890, became a property-owner there, and resumed the practice of the law as senior partner of the firm of Tustin, Crews & Gearin, having associated with himself Messrs. W. E. Crews and John M. Gearin. Judge Tustin is married and has one son. Fraternally he is a Knight of Pythias, having joined Damon Lodge in Oregon while that State and Washington were under one jurisdiction. He is now a member and representative to the Grand Lodge, of Queen City Lodge No. 10, of Seattle. He is also Past Master of the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

TYLER, W. B., attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born in California in 1857, attended the common schools of his native State, entered Harvard in 1879, and graduated in 1882 with the degree of LL.B. He was admitted to the Bar and began practice in San Francisco, continuing there until the spring of 1891, when he removed to Seattle. Among others, Mr. Tyler was an attorney for the prosecution in the famous case of Sharon *vs.* Sharon, which figured prominently in the courts for seven years, one trial alone lasting for seven months. The voluminous character of its testimony and pleadings is best attested by the fact that twenty-three bound volumes devoted to this extended and bitterly contested litigation are in Mr. Tyler's library. He was married in 1876 to Miss Currier, of San Francisco. Two sons grace their union. Since his arrival in Seattle, Mr. Tyler's professional services have been called into requisition in various cases of importance, especially those known all over the State as the murder case of the people *vs.* Fredericks, and Ballinger *vs.* Caswell, in both of which he took a prominent part.

VAN BROCKLIN, JOHN W., of Seattle, was born in Carthage, Jefferson County, N. Y., April 8th, 1837, received a common school education and learned the trade of wood and iron-worker, also that of machinist. He left home at the age of twenty-one, crossing the plains to Pike's Peak with Senator Tabor, of Colorado, during the gold excitement. He remained in Colorado until 1863, mining with but moderate success. A prospecting trip to Montana was followed by four years of mining with disastrous results, and he was engaged in stock-raising for a number of years. Mill-building and smelting was his next venture, pursued for fourteen years, with better fortune pecuniarily. Mr. Van Brocklin was a member for fifteen years of the Vigilance Committee during the most exciting times in the Northwest. In 1866 he brought a wagon-train from Omaha through the Big

Horn, Powder River country, by the road crossing the Yellowstone. He was attacked by Red Cloud's band of hostiles June 21st, but he succeeded in putting the Indians to flight, after a battle in which the whites lost nine men. Being reinforced by other trains, their company finally numbered four hundred emigrants, who reached Virginia City, Mont., in August. Leaving Montana in 1882, Mr. Van Brocklin removed to Seattle and bought considerable property, and made a prospecting tour of one year in Oregon. He returned to Seattle, then voyaged to Alaska, making four successive summer trips, spending his winters in Seattle. Returning to make the Queen City his permanent home, he superintended the construction of the Seattle Transfer Company's large warehouses, and then accepted the appointment of Building Superintendent of the King County Court House at Seattle. He is at present a member of the Board of Public Works. He was married in February, 1863, to Miss Helen Campbell. Two sons, born in Virginia City, Mont., are the result of this union. Mr. Van Brocklin has been a member of the Masonic fraternity since 1862.

VAN PATTEN, E. H., physician and surgeon, of Dayton, Wash., was born in Illinois in 1855. His father, John C. Van Patten, was a native of New Jersey, and by profession a clergyman of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; his mother, Rachel (McCoy) Van Patten, was born in Illinois. After attending the public schools, he took a classical and scientific course in Lincoln University, from which he graduated with the degree of Ph.B. in 1879. His medical training was obtained at Rush Medical College at Chicago, which gave him his degree of M.D. in 1883. He immediately removed to Washington, located at Dayton, and began practice, which he has so increased by his skill and popularity that it is now thriving and lucrative. He was married in 1884 to Miss Julia Salter White, of Kentucky, and a graduate of the same institution with himself. He has held the office of Coroner of Columbia County for the past six years. He is a stockholder in the Dayton Hotel and the Electric Light Company, and one of the Board of Managers. He has a pretty residence and a fine library. He is a Mason and the Grand Orator of the State, also a Knight of Pythias, being Chancellor Commander of Dayton Lodge No. 3, and Sir Knight Captain of Uniform Rank No. 11. He is also Grand Patron of the Eastern Star and the Academy Physician. Personally he is a cultured gentleman and highly educated in his art, winning the sincere regard and respect of his fellow-citizens.

VEDDER, WILLIAM, of Pullman, was born in St. Lawrence County, N. Y., in 1840. His father, Van Vlack Vedder, was a farmer and a native of the Empire State; his mother, whose maiden name was Heaton, being from Vermont. The history of the subject of our sketch may be briefly told as follows: Educated in the common schools of Illinois, he began life in Wisconsin, engaged for twenty-one years in various occupations, then removed to Washington Territory, settled in Whitman County, and devoted himself to farming. He later became a member of the firm of Vedder & Windus. He was married in 1882 to Miss Jane Parrott, a native of Oregon, by whom he has three children. He is a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and in political preference a Republican. He is a valued citizen of Pullman. The firm of which he is a member is known as

Vedder & Windus, and they have neither of them reason to complain of the outcome of their partnership.

VESS, DAVID M., farmer. Eminently the pioneer of the town of Rockford, its first citizen and the builder of the first residence, he there homesteaded his present farm, where he has dwelt ever since, two and a half miles south of Rockford. Mr. Vess was born in Buncombe County, N. C., in 1836. He never attended school, but, quick to learn and anxious to acquire knowledge, so improved his spare time as to become fairly well self-taught. Of the thirteen children born to his parents, David was the fifth. His father was a veteran of the War of 1812. Brought up on a farm until the age of twenty-two, he learned the blacksmith's trade and followed it until 1862. He removed to Kentucky, where he enlisted in the Eighth Tennessee Federal Cavalry, and served for two years, seeing many engagements, but though often under fire escaped without a wound. Honorably discharged in 1865, he removed to Tennessee, where he spent three years; thence to Howell County, Mo., where he lived until 1877; thence to Oregon, and, after a brief sojourn, to his present location in the fall of the same year. He arrived with but three dollars in his pocket and a large family to support. Mr. Vess married Mary M. (Hyatt) Vess in North Carolina in 1856, by whom he has four children. He is a Methodist, a member of the Farmers' Alliance, and stockholder in that institution, which he introduced into his district in 1880, being one of the charter members. He is also the owner of several fine farms fully cultivated and abundantly stocked.

WAGNER, G. C., M.D., a practising physician of Tacoma, Wash., comes to us in advance of Canadian annexation, being born across the present line in the Province of Ontario, November 8th, 1859. His early educational training was obtained in his native province, giving a mental stepping-stone to the higher course of McGill University in Montreal, Canada, from whence he graduated with honor in March of 1881 as M.D.C.M. In April of 1881 he secured the necessary license from the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons and began to practise medicine in his native town—Dickinson's Landing, Ont. Here he remained for more than seven years, when he abandoned that colder region for the Evergreen State, coming to Tacoma in December of 1888. Here he opened an office and has found much encouragement to persevere. Dr. Wagner is a member of the Masonic fraternity, and one of the attending surgeons of that most beneficial institution, the Fanny Paddock Hospital of Tacoma.

WAIT, ANDERSON, merchant, of Elberton, Wash., was born in Lewiston, Ida., November 8th, 1863. He is the son of Sylvester M. Wait, a native of Vermont, born May 23d, 1822, and Mary Hargrove Wait, born in Illinois, March 22d, 1830. Young Wait's early education was received in a private school at Waitsburg, at Dayton, and at Forest Grove University, Ore., supplemented by a course in the New York College of Hygiene and a business college in Illinois, after which he returned to Dayton, Wash. His first occupation placed him in charge of his father's planing-mill and, later on, a flour-mill. When his father sold out at the end of two years he accompanied him to Elberton, where the father, already the

founder of Waitsburg and Dayton, plotted the town site of Elberton. Our subject remained with his father a short time, engaged in various avocations for about five years, and then went to Puget Sound, where he took charge of a general merchandise store and town site for Cain Brothers, remaining with them until his father's death in 1891. He then returned to Elberton and took charge of his father's estate. He was married July 21st, 1888, to Miss Nancy B. Short, born March 6th, 1868, daughter of J. H. and Lottie (Kirby) Short, both of whom were pioneers of an early date. They have two children. Mr. Wait has handled the business left to him by his father's death in a very creditable and successful manner. He is a Republican, and is related to Judge Wait of the Supreme Court of the United States.

WALDEN, SMILEY F., of Zillah, a thrifty farmer on Sunnyside, Wash., was born in Louisa County, Ia., in 1867, the third son in a family of nine children born to F. and Mary (Berry) Walden, his father being a clergyman by profession. The boyhood of young Walden saw many changes and not a few removes; but we find him, after completing his education in the high school of Dallas County, supplemented by a year's study at Drake Seminary, in Des Moines, Marshall County, Ia., engaged in the fruit business. He afterward removed to Dallas County, in that State, where he remained until 1888, when he went to Waitsburg, Wash. Here he devoted himself to the fruit and nursery business for a short time, then settled on his present farm in the Yakima Valley. Here he owns and cultivates some eighty acres, a portion being devoted to nursery stock, and the remainder to alfalfa, hay, and corn. Mr. Walden is still unmarried. He is a Republican in politics, a member of the Christian Church, and a painstaking tiller of the soil, who makes agriculture a success, having all the means and appliances to enable him to do so.

WALKER, CHARLES, deceased, late farmer and stockman, of Kittitas Valley, Wash., was born in Rhode Island in 1819. He was a school-teacher by profession and a miller by trade, following the latter avocation during his stay in Oregon. His fate is still a mystery. He left home, on a trip to The Dalles for provisions, October 18th, 1875, and his body was found the spring following at the mouth of the Columbia. It is believed that he came to his death by violence. He left a wife and eight children. His widow thus sketches her own personal history: "I was born in Ohio in 1832. My parents were natives of Vermont, my father being the mate of a sailing vessel, afterward wrecked on Lake Erie. He died in Illinois in 1877, leaving a wife and three children, of whom I am the second. I received my early education in Illinois, and crossed the plains by ox-train with relatives, arriving in Oregon City August 27th, 1852. There I followed dress-making until I met my late husband, Mr. Charles Walker, to whom I was married in 1853. He came to Washington in 1872 and bought one hundred and sixty acres, where I reside at present, ten miles east of Ellensburg. It is a fine, fertile farm, averaging thirty bushels to the acre. My children are thriving, and fill creditably the places in the duties of life to which Providence has appointed them."

Mrs. Walker may well claim to be an old pioneer, one of those wonderful

women whose lives are unwritten histories of patient toil and yet more uncomplaining endurance, braving the perils and privations of the wilderness for the sake of loved ones.

WALLACE, J. W., of Tacoma, a son of W. W. Wallace, of Council Bluffs, was born in Chicago, Ill., June 8th, 1864. He removed with his parents to Oskaloosa, Ia., when but a lad, and received the rudiments of education there. He then accompanied his family to Council Bluffs, where he graduated from the public schools in 1881, supplementing the knowledge so acquired with a course of engineering at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Ia. Being called home by the illness of his father, he began the business of life as Collection Clerk in the Council Bluffs Savings Bank, and had worked his way up to Receiving Teller when he left in 1886, going to Greeley Centre, Neb., where with his father he established the Greeley State Bank, which they continued to control until December, 1890, when they disposed of their interest after the inauguration of the Farmers' Alliance trouble. Mr. Wallace then removed to Provo City, Utah, to take the position of Cashier of the National Bank of Commerce, which he relinquished in July of 1892 to accept that of Cashier of the bank of the same name in Tacoma, Wash., which he still retains. He was married April 17th, 1887, to Miss Belle Holt, of Waverly, Ia.

WALLACE, ROBERT, farmer and stockman, of Kittitas Valley, Wash., was born in Pennsylvania in 1823, his parents being also natives of that State. His father served in the War of 1812, returning to his farm after its close, and dying there in 1840, leaving nine children, of whom Robert was the fourth. He received a common-school education in Pennsylvania, where he afterward worked until the breaking out of the Mexican War in 1846, when he enlisted in Company K, Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Captain James Miller. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1848, went to Ohio, and from thence to St. Louis; served in Texas as Quartermaster Storekeeper; came to California with a pack train, and remained there for ten years and labored with considerable success. In 1870 we find him in Kittitas, Wash., where he took up land west of Ellensburg, and still owns and farms two hundred and forty acres of productive soil. He was married in Kittitas Valley in 1881 to Mrs. Speir Asher, who was born in Iowa in 1851. Her first husband was a native of Tennessee, born in 1829, by whom she had six children. By her marriage to Mr. Wallace she has four children. Mr. Wallace has been a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows since he reached his majority. He was also Commissioner for Yakima County for two years.

WALTERS, W. W., farmer, of Prescott, Walla Walla County, Wash., was born in Indiana in 1827. His father was a native of Baltimore, and his mother was a Pennsylvanian. His education, as not unusual with the limited advantages of those early days, was but meagre. He crossed the plains in 1845, losing his way in doing so, the party being obliged to raft from The Dalles to the Cascades, but finally arrived in Washington County, Ore., where Mr. Walters remained until 1852. He enlisted and saw service in Hall's Company of the Oregon Volunteers,

under General Gilliam. He figured in two engagements, the last, on the Tusha, being the most important. In 1849 we find him mining in California, where he fell a victim to the gold fever and remained several years. He returned to Oregon, and in 1853 married Miss Charity Marsh, a school-teacher. She was educated in Pacific University, at Forest Grove, and received her diploma there. She has a fine record as a successful instructor. They have four children. Mr. Walters removed to Walla Walla, took up a homestead and engaged in stock-raising, but lost most of his large herd of cattle and horses in the hard winter. He then turned his attention to farming, having four hundred acres under cultivation one mile east of Prescott, a fine old-fashioned place, as old fashions go in Washington, his barn being the first built on the Tusha. Like most old-timers, Mr. Walters is both eloquent and interesting on the subject of his pioneer days, especially in regard to the Cayuse War, in which he took an active part.

WARD, B. F., of North Yakima, Wash., a farmer on the Atahnam, was born in Massachusetts in 1835, being the only son of Bela and Mary (Smith) Ward, both of whom were natives of the Bay State. Losing his parents when but a child, he was educated in the common schools and learned the trade of a moulder. Becoming enamored of an ocean life, he made his first voyage at the age of sixteen, and for twenty years thereafter followed the seas. Giving up his seafaring life, he journeyed to Kansas in 1865, and located for a year at Fort Scott; moved to Wilson County, Mo., where he took up land; removed from thence to Arkansas; left his family there, and engaged in freighting in Texas. Returning to Missouri, he crossed the plains to Colorado. Then came a series of migrations and wanderings, which include connectively San Juan, Fort Garland, Puebla; another return to Missouri, Green River City, a stage ride to South Pass, six years' stay in Landis City; then in 1879 he started for the Pacific Coast, having what now seems the strange experience of being obliged to corral his wagons to protect them from a charge of buffalo. We next find him at Weston, Wash., and at last finding rest on his present farm at North Yakima, where he has since resided. Here he owns eighty acres (twelve in hops), hop houses, orchards, and all that is needed for stock-raising and farming business, in which he is successfully engaged. He was married in 1868 to Miss Eliza Jane Sardin, daughter of Daniel Sardin, a wealthy farmer of Missouri. They have eight children. Mr. Ward is a member of the Farmers' Alliance and the Hop Growers' Association, and he greatly enjoys the comforts of his settled home, after his more than ordinarily roving and highly adventurous life.

WARNER, J. W., merchant, of Tekoa, Wash., the son of a Virginia planter, was born in Iowa in 1854. Educated in the public schools of that State, to which his father's family had removed, he migrated to Kansas (1866), and from thence to Missouri (1867) and Oregon (1873), moved by that attraction which must ever draw the representative American westward. During his sojourn in each of the States he followed farming and the raising of fine stock, two pursuits which seem to be intimately blended. Coming to Washington in 1879, the "A-la-bama" of the Northwest, he located at Colfax and then at Tekoa in 1888, where he is engaged in general merchandising. Full of grit and energy, when

burned out by the fire of September 13th, 1892, suffering a loss but partly covered by insurance, he did not pause to mourn the thousands swept away, but commenced laying in a new stock of goods while the ruins of his property were still smoking and their ashes hot with the flame. He built a two-story brick block where the old frame stood. Mr. Warner is the owner of a pleasant home in the thriving city of Tckoa, a property-holder, a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows, a director of the School Board, a leading man and enterprising merchant, who has deservedly won the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He married in 1885 Miss Eliza E. Kelly, of Missouri—a union blessed with four sons.

WASSON, ANDREW, of Port Townsend, banker, and Collector of Customs for Puget Sound District, was born in Schenectady, N. Y., December 25th, 1839. This Christmas gift to his parents was educated in the common schools of his native State. At the age of sixteen he went to California and engaged in mining until 1872. He was elected Sheriff of Monterey County, Cal., at the time that Vasquez and his band of ruffians were terrifying Southern California. He captured the murderer Moreno, and was instrumental in taking Vasquez and breaking up his gang. He was offered, but refused, a renomination to this office. He was Sergeant-at-Arms of the California Senate for three sessions (from 1878-80) and at one extra session. He is now interested in mines in Arizona, Mexico, and California, and has large property interests in Washington, especially in Jefferson County, which he represented in the State Legislature of 1891, serving on many important committees, and introducing the so-called "Wasson Bill" for regulating traffic on railroads in the State, which promised to solve the difficulties between producers and transportation companies, but was vetoed by the acting Governor. Mr. Wasson always favors the cause of the workingman. He is the President of the Commercial Bank of Port Townsend. September 19th, 1891, he was appointed Collector of Customs for the Puget Sound District, and has ever since been the terror of smugglers, driving them almost out of existence in a region once famous for their successful operations. Among other important captures he seized the steamer Michigan with over eight hundred cases of smuggled opium and a lot of unauthorized Chinese emigrants, all owing to his wonderful detective shrewdness and ability. He has made quite a reputation as a journalist, in connection with Governor J. H. McGraw, as owner of the Port Townsend *Daily Leader*, a progressive and ably conducted sheet. Mr. Wasson was married April 20th, 1882, to Miss Minnie E. Snook, of Sacramento, Cal. Fraternally he is a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

WATROUS, LEVI W., rancher and stockman, of Dayton, Columbia County, Wash., was born in Ontario, Canada, June 13th, 1825. His father, David Watrous, of New London, Conn., was a Methodist minister; his mother was Rebecca (Hodgkins) Watrous, whose early life was spent in Canada. She was the daughter of a British officer, killed in India. The subject of our sketch was educated in the United States, where he removed with his parents at a very early age. In 1831 he accompanied them to the Western Reserve, Ohio, and after coming of age followed various callings, for the most part milling and farming.

In 1840 he journeyed to Wisconsin. In 1845 he was married to Miss Elmira Fish, of Cleveland, O., and located in Rock County, Wis. They have a family of nine living children. In 1850 Mr. Watrous went to Iowa, where he became a miller. In 1855 we find him in Minnesota, where the city of Austin now stands, and in 1860 he returned to his saw-milling in Iowa. The war breaking out, he enlisted in 1861 in the Ninth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, did duty for the Government Secret Service, and then served for nine months as Wagon-Master, after which he once more returned to his old occupation in Iowa. March of 1872 found him in Washington. Four years of saw-milling prepared the way for farming and horse-raising, in which, after his many wanderings, he is now permanently engaged. He has eight hundred acres under cultivation and large stock interests, besides a ranch of two hundred acres and two others within a few miles of the city. He has held various offices, having been the first County Treasurer of Fayette County, Ia., and Justice of the Peace. He is a Populist in his political faith. He figured in the Nez Percé Indian War, going out as First Lieutenant of Scouts, and returning in command of the company. Few men are more respected in Eastern Washington than Mr. Watrous. He is full of interesting reminiscences of territorial Washington and Oregon.

WATSON, WILLIAM, farmer, of Latah, Wash., was born in Ohio in 1836, being a son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Manfel) Watson. His father was a farmer, of English descent, but of American birth, his mother being English born. His father held the office of Justice of the Peace for many years. They lived in Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa for a long period. William was the fourth of thirteen children born to his parents. He came to Washington in 1883. In 1858 Mr. Watson was married to Miss Rebecca C. Clarke, of Indiana. Her father, an Englishman, was for a long time a Justice of the Peace; her mother was of German descent. They have seven children—four boys and three girls—of whom five survive. Mr. Watson has a fine farm, well managed, which fairly repays the labor bestowed to cultivate it. It is pleasantly situated and well stocked.

WEATHERWAX, JOHN MARTIN, President of the J. M. Weatherwax Lumber Company, of Aberdeen, Chehalis County, Wash., was born in Peru, Clinton County, N. Y., February 14th, 1827, and is the son of Jacob and Amice (Ketchum) Weatherwax. While Mr. Weatherwax was still young his parents removed to Michigan, and settled on a tract of wild land about three miles from Adrian. His early years were spent in assisting his father with the farm work and attending the district schools in the winter. When he was twenty years of age he agreed to pay his father \$50 a year; and by cutting wood on the farm, succeeded in realizing more than the required amount. In his twenty-second year he worked as a joiner for two months and earned \$30. He then went with a cousin to Saline, Washtenaw County. Here he met Dr. Post, and engaged to put up some buildings for him at \$1.25 a day. While here he determined to study medicine, and for the next three years read under the direction of Dr. Post, giving his services in return for his board and tuition. During this time he spent fifteen months at a school in Raisin, and money having been advanced by his brother,

attended two courses of lectures in Cleveland. Having finished his studies, his father bought him a horse and sulky, and he began to practice at Addison, Lenawee County. In a short time he paid his father for these, and bought a buggy and another horse. After following his profession for two years he became seriously ill and returned home. On his recovery he contracted to build a house for his father; and when this was finished, he accepted an offer from his brother of \$75 to join him at Grand Rapids. He exchanged a mortgage on a farm for his buggy, three horses, and a lumber wagon. He took charge of thirty men who were constructing a railroad from the pine woods to Grand River, and received \$500 for his services a year. When this was completed, he borrowed \$9500 and bought of his brother a half interest in eleven hundred and twenty acres of pine land. They took out between three and four million logs a year, and at the end of nine years had paid for the lands. They then bought a saw-mill for \$7000, and agreed to pay for it in logs. They were somewhat crippled by the financial crisis in 1858-59, but succeeded in keeping their footing. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Second Michigan Cavalry, under Captain R. A. Alger, and spent three years and three months in active service. His regiment was first ordered down the Mississippi River, and took part in the battles of New Madrid and Island No. 10. It was engaged in the Mississippi campaign, and was part of the brigade that burned the railroad at Booneville. During the battle of Perryville, previous to which he had been commissioned Captain, he was wounded in the leg by a bullet and disabled for four months. On his recovery he joined his regiment and took part in the campaign of East Tennessee. At the close of a four days' engagement at New Market, above Strawberry Plains, he was seriously wounded in the right shoulder and had to retire from active service. At the end of five months he again joined his regiment, and remained until he was mustered out in 1863, being in active service most of the time. He then obtained a position under Colonel Blain, Assistant Special Agent of the Treasury Department, and subsequently was Sutler to his old regiment until it was disbanded at Atlanta. He was also for a short time Sutler to a colored regiment. After the war he returned to Grand Rapids and invested heavily in pine lands, which rapidly increased in value, and when he came out to the Pacific Coast he had three mills, each cutting forty thousand feet daily in Michigan, and several large mercantile establishments. He came to Aberdeen in 1885, and started his mill in that town, disposing of his timber lands in Michigan a year later. He still owns two brick and one frame store in that State and two thousand acres of cleared land, which he farms and leases, and has a third interest in fifteen thousand acres of timber land in Arkansas.

The principal industry of Aberdeen is the manufacture of lumber, and of the four mills there the J. M. Weatherwax Lumber Company's is the largest, having a capacity of eighty thousand feet of inch boards in ten hours, or of one hundred thousand feet of mixed lumber. This mill was established by Captain John M. Weatherwax in 1885. The company has a capital of \$250,000, of which Mr. Weatherwax has a controlling interest. The other members of the company are C. B. Weatherwax, Secretary; J. G. Weatherwax, Eugene France, and Carl S. Weatherwax. Like all other mills cutting fir, this mill has a double rotary for the main mill, with upper and lower saws, sixty inches in diameter, which are

speeded up to from seven hundred to seven hundred and fifty revolutions ; a pony rotary with steam feed, which is faster ; a gang-edger, opening six and one half feet ; three planers, a moulding machine, re-saw, band-saw and jig-saw, and has an ample supply of power. The lumber is shipped chiefly to California ; but several cargoes have been sent to South America, Mexico, and the Sandwich Islands. In connection with the mill there is a large general store, containing nearly everything except drugs, and carrying a stock of from \$20,000 to \$25,000. Apart from the company, Captain Weatherwax owns between twenty and twenty-five thousand acres of land on or near Gray's Harbor that will cut from forty to sixty thousand feet of lumber to the acre, and has, therefore, at least a billion feet of good fir timber on it. Two logging camps are maintained for the mill ; but last summer three were kept running. One of the camps has a logging railroad running from it to the mill. Most of the logs, however, are now purchased from outside loggers, and the camps will in future only be maintained to supply special lengths or keep up a regular supply if logs become scarce. The product of the mill is largely shipped in vessels in which he has an interest, and these consist of two barkentines and two schooners.

WEBB, JONATHAN E., attorney-at-law, of Tacoma, Wash., was born in the city of New York, December 2d, 1856, received the benefits of a common-school education, studied law and was admitted to the Bar, beginning to practice in 1878. He continued the pursuit of his profession in the metropolis of the East until 1889, when he removed to Washington and located at Tacoma. Here he engaged in general business until January, 1891, when he was appointed to a clerkship in the office of W. H. Hollis, Auditor of Pierce County, and acted as Clerk to the Board of County Commissioners. He was then appointed a Deputy Auditor of Pierce County and Clerk of the Board of County Commissioners by R. A. Ketner, the present Auditor. Mr. Webb was married to Miss Margaret Alice Whelan, of Aurora, Ill. One child, a son, has been born to their union. Mr. Webb is one of the rising men of Tacoma, doing his official work most faithfully and to the entire satisfaction of his superiors, as is evident from his repeated promotion and reappointment.

WEED, DR. GIDEON ALLEN, came to the Pacific Coast as a young man, and has always kept in the front rank of the advancing army of settlers west of the Rocky Mountains, having been a resident of three Territories at the time of their admission to the Union as States. He cast his lot in Seattle when it was but a village, and has lived to see his hopes fulfilled by its growth into one of the most populous and prosperous cities of the coast.

Dr. Weed comes of good Revolutionary stock on both sides. His maternal ancestors came to New Jersey among the first settlers ; and Joseph Doty, his grandfather on his mother's side, served in the War of Independence. The Weed family were among the first settlers in Stamford and Danbury, Conn., and his grandfather, Jonathan Weed, who migrated to Lanesboro, in Western Massachusetts, was also a Continental soldier.

Born in New Providence, N. J., in March, 1833, Dr. Weed received a good common-school education, which he largely supplemented by self-improvement.

In 1855-56 he studied medicine in New York, and later graduated at Rush Medical School in Chicago. In October, 1857, he married Miss Adaline M. Willis, of Marion, Ia., with whom his married life has been singularly happy. Their union has been blessed with two children, Benjamin and Mabel.

Early in 1858 the doctor and his wife came to the Pacific Coast by way of the Isthmus, arriving in San Francisco in February. They shortly afterward removed to Salem, Ore., where they remained for a year, during which period Oregon became a State. In February, 1860, they removed to California, and in the fall of 1861 were drawn by the mining excitement to the Washoe region in Nevada and settled there, the doctor continuing the practice of his profession. During the five years of his residence in Nevada the Territory was admitted to the Union and the Civil War began and ended. At a time when the new-born State hung in the balance between the Union and secession, the doctor proved himself an enthusiastic Union man, ranging himself on the side of loyalty in the political discussions of the day, and giving his services as Surgeon, with the rank of Major, in the State Militia during the time. He left Washoe City in 1867, and during the next three years he practised first at Crystal Peak and then at Truckee, closing his residence in California with a short stay at Vallejo.

It was in November, 1870, that Dr. Weed came to Seattle, then a struggling, straggling village of scarcely one thousand inhabitants; and with a faith in its future, based on his observation of its unrivalled location and his experience of Western cities, he liked the place and tied his fortunes to it. He has ever since resided there, always continuing the practice of medicine, even when taking a leading part in public affairs, so that he is now the oldest practitioner, in point of residence, in the city. From the first he took a leading position in his profession in the State, and he has maintained it amid the rapid swelling of the ranks and the many changes incident to the growth of the community. He began early to labor for the advancement and elevation of the profession, and was one of the eleven physicians who, in 1873, organized the Medical Society of Washington Territory, of which he was a prominent and active member until the Territory became a State in 1889, and the State Medical Society was organized, into which the members of the old society were admitted as charter members. It was largely through his efforts that the King County Medical Society was formed in 1888, and he was elected its first President. He also took an active part in securing the insertion in the State constitution of a provision requiring the Legislature to make laws for the regulation of the practice of medicine and surgery, a provision to be found in the constitution of no other State. He was also active in securing the passage of a law by the Legislature establishing the State Medical Board. In short, to him is due in a great degree the respect and confidence with which the medical fraternity is regarded.

But Dr. Weed's energies were not confined to his own profession, for he was from the first one of the moving spirits in every project for the good of the city. His earnings were invested in real estate in the place which he had made his home; and when all the power of a giant corporation was turned to blotting that place out of existence, he threw all the energy of his nature into the struggle and supported every enterprise for the development of the town and surrounding country to the extent of his means and ability. Having shared in the labor of the con-

test, he is to be congratulated on having secured a competence through the triumph of the cause which he championed.

The doctor has also taken an enlightened interest in public affairs, and in 1876 his fellow-citizens showed their high opinion of his integrity and ability by electing him Mayor on a non-partisan ticket, a mark of confidence which they renewed in the following year. He inaugurated important municipal reforms, and gave the city so efficient and practical an administration as to win the approval of men of all parties. For ten years he was one of the regents of the Territorial University. During the anti-Chinese riots he took his stand with the friends of law and order against the clamorous mob, showing his readiness to make any sacrifice for his principles by carrying a musket in the Home Guard until the danger had passed.

While the doctor was a supporter of the Republican Party from its formation until 1884, he always maintained his independence of party dictation, and he has since the date named given his vote and influence to the Prohibition Party. In religion, as in politics, he is a man of broad views and sympathies; for while he is a member of the Plymouth Congregational Church, his contributions to religious and charitable objects are not confined within the limits of his own denomination, but have been distributed among a large number of other institutions calculated to promote the wellbeing of his fellow-citizens.

The character and position held in the community by Dr. Weed cannot better be summed up than in the following passage from the sketch of him to be found in the "History of Seattle":

"Dr. Weed is an excellent type of a good citizen. His influence is always cast for whatever will add to the city's prosperity or improve the moral or physical good of his fellows. He is a man of positive views and nothing of a time-server, and his devotion to a principle he believes to be right is unchangeable. As a physician he has always enjoyed a most extensive and lucrative practice, and the success which has attended his professional labors has been highly gratifying. Naturally retiring and of a modest disposition, he dislikes publicity of any kind, and finds his chief pleasure within his own family circle or with old and congenial friends. No man in Seattle more fully or thoroughly enjoys the confidence of all who know him than Dr. Weed. Even those who radically differ from him on political or other questions admire his integrity of character and the sincerity of purpose which has actuated him."

WEIKEL, GEORGE, farmer, of North Yakima, born in Douglas County, Ore., in 1865, is the son of John and Celesta A. (Chapman) Weikel, who were natives of Pennsylvania and Iowa respectively. The father died in 1882, the mother seven years later. Mr. Weikel accompanied his parents to the Territory in 1871. He was brought up as a farmer and stock-raiser, but has identified himself with other pursuits, being largely interested in the Cowlitz anthracite coal mines. He settled on his present farm when the valley where he resides was nothing but a wilderness. His farm consists of one hundred and sixty acres. He has been a very successful raiser of grain, as also of fine stock, of which he has a herd of over four hundred head. A fine orchard, yielding the choicest fruit, both large and small, and ample buildings render his place a very desirable one. It seems to lack but one further adornment, which Mr. Weikel has as yet failed to select

—a wife, for he is still unmarried. He is a Republican in his politics, popular with his neighbors, and social in his tastes and disposition.

WEIR, HON. ALLEN.—A conspicuous figure among the self-made men of Washington is the subject of this sketch. Beginning life without educational advantages, and no other capital than a stout heart and a determination to succeed, he has, as a result of his own unaided efforts, gained a prominent position in the State and become an important moulding force in the progress of affairs. The significance of this achievement needs no further comment than the mere remembrance that Mr. Weir has not reached the age of forty—a point at which most men are only well launched upon their work, with the goal of eminence yet beyond them. Mr. Weir is a native of California, having been born in Los Angeles County, April 24th, 1854. In 1860 the family moved to the Puget Sound country, arriving at Port Townsend June 1st of that year. They settled on Government land in the Dungeness River bottom and were among the early pioneers of that region, there being only a few white families in the whole country at the time of their coming. On the farm young Allen early became acquainted with toil and acquired the rugged physical training so essential to pioneer life.

The father, John Weir, was born and reared in Missouri, his father having been a hunter and trapper for the Missouri Fur Company. John Weir was a typical frontiersman, and the great tidal wave to the Pacific Slope drew him along in its alluring course. He was eager to see the new country, and in 1853 crossed the plains by ox-teams with his family from Texas to California. He found that the best lands about Los Angeles and Santa Barbara were owned in large Spanish grants, and in 1858 pushed northward, going to the Frazer River gold mines. When he reached Victoria the excitement had subsided; and he crossed the Sound and took up a pre-emption claim in Clallam County, as above mentioned. Two years later he was followed by his family, which then consisted of four daughters and two sons. Mr. Weir became thoroughly identified with Clallam County, and his part in the progress and development of the country was always attended with activity and lively interest. In the early troubles with the Indians, and when white vagabonds had to be driven out by vigilantes for the public safety, he was one of the foremost in protecting lives and property. He was a blacksmith, and his sons worked with him in the shop when not engaged in clearing the heavy growth of timber from their land. In 1866 the elder son, Marion, died; the father was obliged to seek employment in a neighboring saw-mill, and the care of the little farm was left to Allen, then but a lad of twelve years. From this time until he was nineteen years old the duties of the farm precluded his attendance at school, even for a single term. Having a natural aptitude for books, and realizing his deficiencies, he devoted the long winter evenings to reading and study, with good results. At nineteen he was given his time, and set out to make his way in life alone. Determined to secure the benefits of a good education, he labored hard for two years to earn the means to pay for his tuition. In 1875 he entered the Olympia Collegiate Institute, where he pursued his studies for two years with steady, unflagging zeal. In the mean time he began to learn the printer's trade and to fit himself for practical newspaper work, making such progress that before he left school he was performing the editorial work for a

daily newspaper in Olympia. After completing his studies he purchased the *Puget Sound Argus*, at Port Townsend, and at once established himself in business there. The young editor was clear, vigorous, and incisive in his style of writing, and his success was immediate. His trenchant pen, his bold utterances, the thorough and able manner with which he discussed pending political questions soon made him known to the public, and his personal magnetism, his frank and open bearing toward those with whom he was brought into acquaintance and association, rapidly made him friends and supporters. With slender means at the start, he met and overcame all obstacles, and at the end of twelve years was enabled to sell out and retire with a comfortable competency. Under his management the *Argus* became a great and controlling journal, and in June, 1882, he began publishing a daily edition. This venture, the first daily ever published in Port Townsend, was successful from the start. During his residence in Port Townsend Mr. Weir was one of the city's most helpful and enthusiastic friends, active in every movement to advance the material welfare of the community. In 1884 he became Secretary of the local Board of Trade. In the causes of religion and temperance he was especially active. Before he left school he was licensed as a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He served two years as Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars for Washington and British Columbia, and was subsequently elected presiding officer by acclamation.

In politics Mr. Weir is an ardent, consistent Republican. During his entire career he has received constant tokens of the high respect and consideration of the community in which he lived. At the Territorial Legislative Council of 1879 he served as Chief Clerk of the Council, and so well did he perform the duties of that position that the completed record was filed with the Territorial Secretary sixteen hours after adjournment. He served two years as Justice of the Peace and Police Judge of Port Townsend. He served part of a term as Regent of the State University. For six years he was a member of the Territorial Board of Health, being Chairman the last two years. In 1884 he was a member of the Republican Territorial Convention, and the same year was nominated for the Legislature, but was defeated by a mere scratch, owing to the failure of a full vote in one precinct. In 1886 he was a member of the Territorial Convention, and in the campaign which followed he delivered many speeches in the interests of his party. In 1888 he was again a member of the Territorial Convention and served as Secretary of that body. In that year he was elected a member of the Upper House of the Legislature by a majority of nearly a thousand in a district composed of seven counties. In the spring of 1889 he served as a member of the Constitutional Convention, and at the State election thereafter (October 2d, 1889) was elected first Secretary of State for the State of Washington, receiving a majority of nine thousand five hundred and thirty-six votes over his competitor. Mr. Weir has been three times endorsed and supported by his home county and adjoining counties for the nomination for member of Congress. December 16th, 1892, preparatory to retiring from public office, he was admitted, upon examination, to practise law in the Supreme Court of the State; and January 11th, 1893, upon vacating the office of Secretary of State, entered immediately upon the practise of the legal profession with a score of clients within a week thereafter. In October, 1892, at the formal opening of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, for dedi-

cation of its buildings, Mr. Weir attended as Acting Governor of the State of Washington, accompanied by military staff. Mr. Weir served public interests with the same diligence and fidelity manifested in his own private affairs. As a public speaker he is fluent and impassioned. He is never at a loss for a word, and his words are always correctly chosen and elegantly spoken. He is deservedly popular, and possesses the esteem of a wide circle of devoted friends. His successful and honorable career has been marked by high aims, practical duties, intelligent action, and strict integrity.

Mr. Weir was married in November, 1877, to Miss Ellen Davis, of Dungeness, by whom he has three children.

WESTFALL, CORNELIUS F., a resident of the town of Medical Lake, Spokane County, Wash., was born in Macomb, Ill., in 1853. His father, Dr. Beverly R. Westfall, a native of Ohio, was a practising physician and farmer, but removed to the city of Spokane, where he continued to practise until his death in 1889. His mother, who was from Kentucky, died in Illinois in 1882. The subject of our sketch received a common-school education up to the age of fifteen, when he entered the Normal and Scientific College, graduating at seventeen. He taught school for a time, but abandoned it to enter an office, where he remained for two years, studying dentistry. He practised that profession in Illinois and Colorado for four years, but relinquished it to accept the position of Principal in a high school in Illinois, which he held for two years. He was then elected Principal of a college in Salem, Ia., which he filled creditably till failing health compelled him to abandon it. Removing to Spokane, he farmed for awhile, but finally settled at Medical Lake, secured the location, plotted and sold that town site by lots. Having disposed of the bulk of this property, he returned to Spokane, formed a partnership and engaged in the real-estate and mining-stock brokerage. A man of many vocations, but industrious and successful in all, he is the owner of two fine farms of fruit and grain in the vicinity of Medical Lake. Mr. Westfall has been twice married, his first wife, to whom he was united in Illinois, in 1872, being a Miss M. A. Cord, of Illinois. She bore him two children. His second wife, to whom he was married in 1882, is Miss Idaho Naylor, a native of Macomb, Ill. They have two children. He was elected a member of the State Legislature in 1892, and during the session represented the Fifth Legislative District, being one of the Spokane delegation.

WHEAT, PALMER, attorney-at-law, of Pomeroy, Wash., was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1865. His father, John R. Wheat, was a Kentucky farmer; his mother, Sophia (Palmer) Wheat, being a native of Jefferson County in that State. Young Wheat, an only child, was educated in Oregon and at Troy, N. Y., where he took a scientific course, but did not graduate. Upon the conclusion of his preparatory studies he located at Portland, Ore., where he remained seven years before removing to Washington Territory. He read law with Mayor Morse, of Louisville, Ky., and was admitted to practice in the courts of that State. In July of 1892 he settled at Pomeroy and began the pursuit of his profession. He was married in 1890 to Miss Marie Morse, of Paducah, Ky. They have two children. Mr. Wheat is the owner of property at Starbuck. Both himself and wife are mem-

bers of the Episcopal Church. He is a Democrat in politics, and, in a professional point of view, a rising young man, rapidly working his way up into the front rank of a Bar which, having gathered its material from all quarters of the Union, may well be regarded as the consensus of profound study and many varied gifts.

WHEATON, D., farmer, of Ellensburg, in the Kittitas Valley, was born in Indiana in 1843. His parents were natives of England, emigrated to America in early life, and settled down to farming in Indiana. Removing from thence in the spring of 1853, they crossed the plains by ox-teams with a small train of only a dozen wagons, reaching Portland in September following. In 1844 we find them in California, where they still reside. They have a family of six children, of whom our subject is the oldest. He received his early education in Oregon, where he first worked for himself. In 1863 he went to the Idaho mines, but seems to have wearied of this under-ground occupation, for in 1867 he again engaged in agricultural pursuits in Oregon. In 1873 he came to Washington Territory and took up a homestead claim in Kittitas Valley, where he now cultivates three hundred and twenty acres, producing twenty-five bushels to the acre. He was married in Oregon in 1868 to Miss Lizzie Lineburger, of that State. They have four children. There seems to be a general sameness in the current of all these lives, to which Mr. Wheaton is no exception; years of wandering and various occupations throughout the West all find a resting-place at last beneath the protecting wing of fertile Washington. It is a parallel to the oft-quoted declaration that "all roads lead to Rome"—in this instance to the Eden of the Evergreen State.

WHITCOMB, LEWIS H., jeweller, of Pomeroy, Wash., was born in Lexington, Mich., in 1859. His father, Lewis Whitcomb, was a clergyman and a native of New York; his mother, Laura (Hayes) Whitcomb, was also born in the Empire State. Educated in the public schools of Michigan, supplemented by a course at Ann Arbor, Mr. Whitcomb came to the Pacific Coast in 1878 and engaged in the boot and shoe trade at The Dalles in 1879. He removed his shoe business to Dayton, but after two years relinquished it for jewelry, to which he devoted some three years in Dayton before coming to Pomeroy, November 23, 1886. Here he established himself in the same line, investing a capital of about \$2000. He is also the local agent of the Pacific Express and Inland Telephone Companies. He was married in 1887 to Miss Rose E. Bonnett, of Oregon, daughter of an old pioneer of that State. They have one child, who rejoices in the pretty name of Hazel. Mr. Whitcomb has a pleasant city home, is a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Ancient Order of United Workmen, a Republican in politics, and one of the substantial and popular citizens of Pomeroy.

WHITE, J. D., a farmer and stock-raiser, located in Whetstone Hollow, near Waitsburg, Wash., was born in Iowa in 1854. Living with his parents till he attained his majority, he accompanied them across the plains in 1864, journeying with ox-teams, there being no less than one hundred and twenty-five wagons in their train. They were six months on the way, being so fortunate as to escape

any difficulty, beyond the loss of some stock, with the many hostile Indians who then beset the way and were the terror of the emigrant. Arriving at Grand Rond Valley, they remained there a year, removing from thence to the Willamette, and from there to Weston, Ore. Leaving Weston in 1875, Mr. White settled on his present farm in 1876. Here he cultivates six hundred acres of fertile land, growing all kinds of small grain. His fine orchard, prolific in yield, his large barns, abundant machinery, and blooded stock, all testify to the successful and remunerative labors of their proprietor. Mr. White has held the office of School Director for several years. He was married in 1886 to Miss America E. Ritter, daughter of John H. Ritter, a prominent Oregon contractor. Two children grace their union. Politically Mr. White is a Republican.

WHITFIELD, WILLIAM, of Snohomish, Wash., was born in Middlesex County, England, September 1st, 1846, and received a common-school education in his native country. In 1864 he came to America, and arrived at Victoria, B. C., in December of that year. In January, 1865, he came to Clallam County, Wash., and a few months later to Snohomish, where he engaged in the lumbering industry. This he continued until the fall of 1869, when he went to Melbourne, Australia, and remained there six months. Returning to this country in 1870, he remained at San Francisco a short time, and then removed to Evansville, Ind., and entered the employ of the Evansville Gas-Light Company. In June, 1872, he returned to Washington and again engaged in the lumbering business, on the Snohomish River, which he continued until 1876. In 1877 and part of 1878 he served as Deputy Sheriff of Snohomish County, and in the fall of the latter year was elected Sheriff. Mr. Whitfield made an able and efficient Sheriff, and so satisfactory to the people was his administration of the duties of that important office that in 1880 he was re-elected to the same position. Since the expiration of his second term in 1882 he has been engaged in various enterprises, principally ranching and merchandising. He is at present a member of the firm of Vestal & Whitfield, general merchants, at Snohomish.

Mr. Whitfield was married in May, 1872, to Miss Alwine Geue. Two daughters and three sons have been born to them. Mr. Whitfield is a prominent Mason, being a member of Lodge and Chapter. He is an active factor in the prosperity of Snohomish, and takes a lively interest in everything calculated to advance the public good. He has always maintained an unsullied record as a business man, while his life in every way has been exemplary and above reproach.

WHITTAKER, FRANK E., physician and surgeon, of Palouse, Wash., was born in Ohio in 1853. His father, J. T. Whittaker, was an Ohio farmer; his mother, Annie Whittaker, being also a native of the Buckeye State. Mr. Whittaker was educated for the profession of his choice in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, graduating in 1875 with the degree of M.D. He then came out to Oregon, located at Dallas, and began practice, remaining two years and a half, and in 1878 removed to Prineville, in the same State. In 1884 he migrated to Washington Territory, and selected his present place of residence at Palouse City as the best field for his future efforts. After practising for a year alone he associated himself with Dr. Williams, a partnership which still continues. They

have been eminently successful, and have a large and increasing practice among the best people of Palouse. Dr. Whittaker was married in 1879 to Miss Lizzie Colver, of Albany, Ore. They have two children. The doctor is the owner of valuable property in Oregon. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, a close student and a careful practitioner, devoted to his profession and the best interests of his numerous patients.

WILEY, JOHN, attorney-at-law, of Seattle, Wash., was born on a farm in Iowa, October 23d, 1857, received his early education in the public schools of his native State, took a course at Peirce's Business College, at Keokuk, Ia., and then engaged in farming for five years. After reading law in the office of Governor Agee, of Nebraska, he was admitted to the Bar March 11th, 1861, and immediately entered into a partnership with his preceptor, practising under the firm name of Agee & Wiley, at McCook, Neb. He came to Seattle in April, 1889, and at once resumed the pursuit of his profession, alone at first, but afterward as the senior member of the firm of Wiley & Bostwick, which still exists. Mr. Wiley was married in Aurora, Neb., May 31st, 1883, to Miss Libbie H. Haworth. The law firm to which Mr. Wiley belongs bears an excellent reputation and enjoys a large and lucrative practice, their clientage being by no means confined to the Queen City.

WILLIAMS, BYRON H., a dealer in harness and farming implements, finds his home and business location in Fairfield, Spokane County, Wash. Mr. Williams is by birth a Canadian, being a native of Ontario, where he was born in 1869. His father, a farmer, now living in South Dakota, was an Englishman, but proved his loyalty to his adopted flag by serving through our Civil War in the Third Wisconsin Infantry, receiving wounds which made him crippled for two years, with such consolation as a pension may afford. His mother, born in Wisconsin, still survives, and dwells with her husband in Dakota. Passing from the district school at fifteen, Mr. Williams entered the Normal School at Valparaiso, Wis., and devoted himself for two years to the study of civil engineering. Coming West, he spent a couple of months in Spokane City, whence he removed to his present location and established the business in which he is now engaged. A member of the Methodist Church, an Odd Fellow, a Republican, a keen business man, well-to-do, owning his store building and residence, he is—still unmarried.

WILLIAMS, FRANK A., merchant, of Ellensburg, Wash., was born in Minnesota in 1859. His father, Jeremiah Williams, was a native of England and by occupation a farmer; his mother, Anna R. (Elsley) Williams, being of the same nationality. Educated in the public schools of his native State, though his teaching was practically the training of his own commercial experience, Mr. Williams began his life work as an educator, following the calling of a teacher for two years. We next find him clerking in a store; four years glide away in this employ until 1884, when he came to Washington Territory and located at Ellensburg, established himself in his present business, taking as a partner Mr. William McGuinas. The firm was later dissolved, Mr. Williams buying out his partner in May, 1892. The firm is now Williams & Smithson. They have a leading trade

in hardware and vehicles, besides a large commission grain business, which is constantly increasing with the growth of the country about them. Mr. Williams is the senior partner and personal manager. He is a more than usually capable calculator, and possessed of fine administrative faculties. The Smithson Block, in which their store is located, is one of the best situated for business purposes in the city. Mr. Williams was married in May, 1887, at Dayton, Wash., to Miss Clara Lynch, of Minnesota. They have one child. He owns a fine city residence, has other realty, and is interested in stock-raising besides. He is a Republican in politics, taking an active interest in all that tends to the advancement of that party.

WILLIAMS, H. ORVA, physician and surgeon, of Palouse, Wash., was born in Newport, Ky., in 1851. His father was Issachar Williams, of Cleveland, a master mechanic, and his mother, Velina Aseath Williams, was a native of Elizabethton, Vt. Young Williams' earliest schooling was obtained at Wilbur Academy, Oregon, where he took a scientific course. His medical training was received at the Medical Department of the Willamette University, at Portland, Ore., from which he graduated in 1879 with the degree of M.D. Upon the completion of his studies he established himself at Palouse, Wash., where he began a practice of a general character. He was married in 1887 to Miss Lizzie Major, of Martin's Ferry, O. They have two children. The doctor is the owner not only of a city home, but of a stock ranch in Oregon. In political preference he is a Republican.

WILLIAMSON, FRANK E., Postmaster at Pomeroy, Garfield County, Wash., was born in Michigan in 1849. His father, John Williamson, was a Pennsylvanian and a farmer; his mother, Melissa (Wright) Williamson, being a native of Vermont. Educated in the public schools of his native State, Frank, on finishing his studies there, engaged in farming. He later removed to Louisiana and remained there for a year and a half, engaged in clerking. Returning to Michigan, he went from there to the Pacific Coast and located at Daytoa, Wash., where he passed one and a half years in various occupations, and then came to Pomeroy, where he still resides. He was appointed Postmaster in March, 1890, and has proved himself a capable incumbent of that office. He was married in 1881 to Miss Jennie Day, of Oregon, and has four children. He has a pleasant city residence, and is the owner of other realty. Fraternally he is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and Ancient Order of United Workmen. In politics he is a Republican. Personally he stands well in the community as a reliable business man, popular with all classes. He conducts a general grocery store, in addition to his official duties.

WILLISON, DR. HENRY CLAY, physician and surgeon, of Port Townsend, Wash., was born in Tippecanoe County, Ind., October 26th, 1844, received a common-school education, and at the age of seventeen entered the Battle Ground College of Indiana, taking the scientific course. At eighteen he entered the Federal Army, serving in the Civil War until honorably discharged in 1864, when he returned home and re-entered college. He finished the scientific course,

then taught school for two years in Indiana and Missouri, devoting his leisure hours to the study of medicine. He entered the Medical Department of Aon Arbor in 1869, remained one year, then took the spring course at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, going from thence to the University of the City of New York, where he graduated as M.D. in 1872, and accepted a position on the medical staff of the Department of Public Charities and Corrections of that city. He afterward removed to Delphi, Ind., and practised there until 1873, when he came to Washington, spending the winter at Olympia, and removing to Tacoma in the following spring. He remained at the latter place a year, and was then appointed Resident Physician of the Asylum and Penitentiary located at Steilacoom. He held this office for eighteen months, and then came to Port Townsend, where he still resides, and has built up a large and lucrative practice. He was elected in 1889 to the Constitutional Convention at Olympia, in 1890 to the Presidency of the Washington State Medical Society, and in 1892 as delegate to the American Medical Association. He is also Vice-President for the State of Washington of the Pan-American Medical Congress, whose next meeting will be held at Washington, D. C. The doctor was a candidate on the Democratic ticket for Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Washington in 1892, but was defeated, though running twenty one hundred votes ahead of his ticket. He was married at Delphi, Ind., in 1872, to Miss Martha A. Milroy, of that State. They have two daughters. Fraternally the doctor is a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, having occupied all the chairs of the subordinate Lodge. He has also been Treasurer of the State Grand Lodge. He was one of the incorporators and is a large stockholder of the Puget Sound Iron Company, located at Irondale, a suburb of Port Townsend, the ground on which the works stand having been donated by Dr. Willison. While in charge of the Asylum at Steilacoom, he, with the co-operation of the Territorial Medical Society, organized a movement to abolish the contract system of caring for the insane, then prevailing in the Territory of Washington, and was largely instrumental in obtaining the passage of a legislative act establishing the Washington Asylum for the Insane to be governed by a board of trustees, as in other States of the Union.

WILSON, A. A., attorney-at-law, of Palouse, Wash., was born in Ohio in 1853. His father, John Wilson, was a Pennsylvanian and a master workman by occupation; his mother, Martha McLellan, being a native of the same State. Eighth in a family of nine children born to his parents, the subject of our sketch was educated in Greentown Academy, at Perrysville, O., and at Cornell College, at Mount Vernon, Ia., taking the classical course, but without graduating. He studied law at Mansfield, O., and was admitted to the Bar of that State at Columbus in 1882. He came immediately to Washington Territory, where he engaged at first in teaching at Walla Walla and Pullman, an occupation which he pursued for two years, when he abandoned it and located at Palouse to engage in the active practice of the law, in which he has achieved a success which leaves no reason for dissatisfaction. He has been married, but is now a widower. He is the owner not only of city real estate, but of valuable farm property with a fine fertile soil, and raising an average of twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre. In politics he is a Republican. Personally he is a man fully appreciated and fairly popular in the community where he dwells.

WILSON, DAVID, capitalist, of Tacoma, was born on a farm in Bureau County, Ill., March 13th, 1853. Until the age of fifteen he resided at home, attending the grammar school of the county, then entered the Lombard University at Galesburg, Ill. At the age of eighteen he left Illinois for Santa Cruz, Cal., remaining there until 1887, engaged in various mercantile pursuits. Then he journeyed to Washington and located at Tacoma, which has been his residence ever since. He was immediately elected Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and while holding that position became impressed with the idea of developing the wheat shipping interests of Tacoma, and organized the Tacoma Dock and Warehouse Company, being the first grain warehouse built in that city*. During the same year he erected the three-story block known as the Wilson Block, one of the largest buildings in the city at that time. In 1888 he built the Hotel Yakima at North Yakima, the Columbia Hotel at Davenport, and two other business blocks. In 1889 he commenced the construction of the California Block, a five-story office building and one of the largest on Puget Sound. In 1890 he began the Wilson Hotel Building at Anacortes, and completed it in 1891. Since then he has erected various brick structures at Anacortes, Davenport, and Harrington. In 1888 he organized the Columbia Investment Company, owning the town site of Davenport. He is the largest stockholder in that corporation, and also in the Union Wharf Company of Anacortes. In December, 1891, he organized the Tacoma Mining Exchange, of which institution he is President, and in July, 1892, the Bay Horse Mining Company, of which he is President. He holds the same relationship to the Ontario Land and Irrigation Company of Oregon, which proposes to irrigate ten thousand acres of hitherto arid territory in Malheur County of that State. Such a record needs no words of commendation to prove the thoroughgoing business character of our subject.

WILSON, EUGENE T., of Ellensburg, National Bank Examiner for the States of Washington (Eastern), Idaho, and Montana, was born in Wisconsin, December 11th, 1852. In the spring of 1866 he crossed the plains with his parents to Montana. He received his education in the public schools of Iowa and Wisconsin; from 1870-76 was engaged in book-keeping, then came to Washington Territory and located at Dayton, where he took up land and farmed it. He served in the Nez Percé Indian War as First Lieutenant of Volunteers. He sold his claim in 1879 and removed to Pomeroy, where he found employment as a book-keeper, and was appointed Postmaster in the same year by President Hayes. In 1887 he came to Ellensburg as manager for Nelson Bennett's dry-goods establishment of Ellensburg. He was married in 1877 to Clara, daughter of J. M. Pomeroy, founder of the city of that name, and Martha (Trimble) Pomeroy, his wife. They have four children. Mr. Wilson was elected Senator to the first and second State Legislatures to represent Kittitas County, and was presiding officer for one session, and Chairman of the Republican State Committee for two years. He has also filled with great acceptance various local offices. He is a clear thinker, a good debater, a versatile writer, and an able correspondent for various papers throughout the State, having been himself a newspaper proprietor and journalist, both at Pomeroy and at Dayton. He is a Mason, a Republican in politics, and the owner of valuable realty in Ellensburg and elsewhere. He is at present Grand Commander of Knights Templar for the jurisdiction of Washington.

WILSON, W. E., contractor and builder, of Seattle, Wash., was born in St. Lawrence County, N. Y., January 28th, 1844, and received his early education in the Normal School at Fort Edward, N. Y. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Union Army and participated in many of the decisive battles of the war. He served with the Army of the Potomac, and was slightly wounded at Gaines Mills. He was honorably discharged July 11th, 1865, and at once started for Chicago. We next find him in Iowa and Montana. In the latter Territory he remained a year, and in the fall of 1867 went to Salem, Ore., where he engaged in business and spent three years. He was married there to his present wife, Miss Sadie Warren, daughter of Dr. William Warren, of Salem. Two children, a son and a daughter, have been born to them. The son, now in his twenty-second year, is Cashier of the City Water Works. Mr. Wilson removed with his family to Seattle July 1st, 1870, where they still reside. On his arrival he clerked in a store for a few months, and then became Master Mechanic for the Seattle Transportation Company, and also Superintendent of Mines, holding the former position four and the latter two years. He then became a contractor and builder, constructing a portion of the Tacoma Water Works. He is at present the Superintendent of the City Water Works of Seattle, a position which he was appointed to fill for two years, June 1st, 1892. He is a member of the Knights of Pythias and the Grand Army of the Republic.

WINDUS, WILLIAM J., merchant, of Pullman, Wash., was born in Allegany County, N. Y., in 1855. His father, John W. Windus, was a native of Wallingford, Berkshire, England, and by occupation a farmer; his mother was Lydia Van Antwerp Windus. Second in a family of four, William was educated in the district schools of his native State, but his training has been practically acquired in business life. He located in Iowa and became a merchant. In 1877 he visited England and remained three years. After his return he journeyed to Iowa, engaged in the boot-and-shoe trade, and so continued until 1883, when he came to the Territory and took up land in Whitman County, devoting himself to stock-raising. After five years spent in this employment he relinquished it to take up the furniture business, in which he is still interested, having an invested capital of some \$8000. He was married December 25th, 1889, to Mrs. Jennie Partch, a native of Iowa. They have one child. Mr. Windus is the owner of a pleasant city home and other real estate. He has been for two years a member of the School Board, taking a warm interest in educational matters, as well as in the general welfare of the community at large. He is a member of the societies of Chosen Friends and Ancient Order of United Workmen.

WING, FREDERICK A., of Seattle, whose administrative abilities are amply shown by his varied and excellent record in many financial efforts, was born in Streetsborough, Portage County, O., January 8th, 1853. His parents settled during his infancy in Galesburg, Mich., where he received his early education. Mr. Wing began his business life as a dry-goods salesman for a firm in Battle Creek, Mich., when, after a practical mercantile experience of eighteen months, he resumed his studies, taking a two years' partial course in Olivet College, then resumed his old position in Battle Creek, where he remained a year. Returning to Galesburg he

formed a partnership with his father under the firm name of B. A. Wing & Son (milling). This partnership continued for four years. Going to Hudson, Mich., he entered into business with J. K. Boies, being the junior partner of J. K. Boies & Co., general merchants and bankers. He remained till 1885, when he established a dry-goods business in Hastings, Neb., but sold out in two years to open a mortgage and loan office at Fort Scott, Kan. Coming to Seattle in 1889, previous to the great fire, he became identified with the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company as its General Manager for Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Utah, being their Pacific Northwest Department. He wrote over three millions of new business during the year 1892, being an increase of one hundred per cent. over the preceding year, all owing to his fine executive talent and incessant industry. Mr. Wing was married on October 28th, 1875, to Miss Eva A. Boies, a daughter of the Hon. J. K. Boies, of Hudson, Mich. It is needless to say that Mr. Wing is a prominent citizen of Seattle and a man of affairs.

WINN, HON. JOHN R., Superior Judge of Whatcom and San Juan counties, Wash., was born October 1st, 1862, in Randolph County, Mo., near Roanoke. He was reared on a farm and received his education in the Roanoke Academy. After teaching school in his native county two terms, he left home at the age of twenty years, going to Grafton, Dak., where he followed the same calling for four terms. During this time he devoted his leisure hours to the study of the law and was admitted to the Bar in 1885. After two years' practice at Grafton, he came to Washington Territory in 1888, and located at Snohomish. Here he resumed the practice of his profession and continued for two years. In 1889 he was elected Superior Judge for the counties of Skagit, Snohomish, and Whatcom. Eighteen months later the Legislature divided the district, and he continued as Judge for Whatcom and San Juan counties. In 1892 he was re-elected, and is now serving his second term. Judge Winn, during his occupancy of the Bench, has been noted for his courtesy, industry, and acuteness, as well as for his learning and firmness. Policy has little, if anything, to do with his decisions, his conclusions being reached by critical analysis presented with legal and logical force. His mind is judicial in tone and temperament; in no one could there be better harmony between mental and moral forces. In all the elements which constitute a worthy citizen he excels. He is a man of strong convictions, of great sincerity and high sense of duty. He follows his convictions regardless of personal consequences; is firm, without being dogmatic, but maintains his opinions fearlessly. In modes of thought and life he is eminently practical, and abounds in domestic affection, and is earnestly loyal to principles and friends.

Judge Winn was married August 1st, 1890, to Miss Lula L. Piles, of Kentucky. They have one son, Roland B.

WITHAM, C. W., contractor and builder, of Colville, Wash., born in Abbot, Me., May 24th, 1847, is the son of Jacob and Dorothy (Pierce) Witham. His father was a farmer. Educated in the common schools of his native State, the war fever of 1861 drew him into the army, and we find him enlisting at the early age of sixteen in the First Maine Cavalry, a regiment with which he served until the

close of the war. He then returned to Maine and resumed his studies by attending a select school for three months. In September, 1865, he removed to East Saginaw, Mich., and engaged in the lumber business for three years. He then worked at his trade (carpenter and builder) in the same place. In 1890 he came to Colville, Wash., where he still resides. Since his arrival he has erected for himself a two-story brick building, the lower part being of stone and iron. It is 30 × 80 feet, and is located on one of the best streets in the city. In Michigan he built the Saw and File Works of East Saginaw, and the National Bank Building, besides a large hotel building at Sault Ste. Marie, all enduring monuments of his architectural skill. He was married to Miss Sarah E. Reading, at East Saginaw. She bore him one child, and died in 1887. In 1889 he was married again, to Miss Maggie Saunders, of Grand Rapids, Mich., by whom he has one daughter. Mr. Witham was badly wounded at Appomattox on the morning of General Lee's surrender. He has been a member of the School Board twice, of the City Council three times, and is now Chairman of the Republican Central Committee of Colville.

WOLD, PETER A., farmer and stockman, of Kittitas Valley, Wash., was born in Norway in 1835, the son of a farmer who died in 1857, leaving a family of six children, of whom Peter was the third. He received his early education in his native land and learned his trade there. In 1862 he emigrated to America, settled in Chicago, and went to work at shoemaking. In 1867 he went to San Francisco and found employment there in one of the largest shoe establishments in that city. Two years later he migrated to Seattle, where he went into business with his brother, but still sticking to his old trade for himself, meeting with considerable success. Selling out, he engaged in hop-raising, then came to Kittitas, where he became a stockman. In May, 1871, he took up land three and a half miles west of Ellensburg, where he now owns two hundred and twenty acres of excellent land, averaging thirty-five bushels to the acre. He was married in King County, Wash., in 1870, to Miss Mary Bush, who was born in Oregon in 1855. Three children were born to this union. He was married a second time, March 2d, 1891, to Mrs. Sarah Bilgum, widow of Erick N. Bilgum, who died in Ellensburg in November, 1888. Mr. Wold is a member of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, and is largely interested in the great irrigating ditch. He is also a breeder of fine blooded stock. His experience in the pioneer days with the Indians was anything but agreeable.

WOLFARD, LAKE D., attorney-at-law, than whom the State has no more popular, energetic, or thoroughgoing business man, was born in Oregon in 1857. His father was born in Alsace, and his mother was a native of the Buckeye State. Young Wolfard laid the foundation of his education in the public schools of the Webfoot State, and supplemented the knowledge thus obtained by a classical course under an able tutor. Leaving school, he came to Colfax in 1872, where he resided up to five years ago, since which time he has resided at Tacoma. He began reading law with a firm in Portland, Ore., and finished his legal studies with Jacob Hoover, now President of the Exchange National Bank of Spokane. Mr. Wolfard was admitted to the Bar in 1880, and commenced practice at Colfax

in partnership with E. H. Sullivan, Superior Judge of Whitman County, and Mr. P. C. Sullivan, a leading jurist of Eastern Washington. He discontinued the pursuit of legal successes to engage in more remunerative speculations in realty, alternating in so doing between Colfax and Tacoma, where, as in Whitman County, he is largely interested in lots and outlying acres. He is a Mason and Odd Fellow. A reliable man, a warm friend, and a gentleman of cultivated mind and kind heart, Mr. Wolfard counts his friends by scores in every section of the State, while his business pluck, energy, and aptitude are universally commended.

WOODRUFF, FRANK B., of Tacoma, is a living evidence of the value of self-help, showing how persevering effort may raise a man by slow but sure degrees from the lowest round of the business ladder to position and opulence. Mr. Woodruff was born in Bridgeton, Cumberland County, N. J., August 29th, 1848. Receiving his preparatory education in the public schools of his native town, he completed his studies at the West Jersey Academy. At the early age of sixteen he became an errand boy in the employ of Reeves, Parvin & Co., of Philadelphia, wholesale grocers, and remained with them for a quarter of a century. Thanks to his faithful attention to business, he was gradually promoted from time to time, until after sixteen years of service he became in 1881 a partner in the house, and so continued up to February 1st, 1890, when he withdrew from the firm, disposing of his interest to his partners. Imbued with the idea that there was a larger field for the acquisition of wealth in the Northwest, he came to Tacoma, and after a thorough examination of various locations, finally purchased an interest in the Tacoma Grocery Company. He sold his interests and retired from that company March 1st, 1893. On March 12th, 1893, he was elected President and General Manager of the Pacific Commercial Company, an institution organized for doing an export and import business with China and Japan, in which business he is now successfully engaged. Mr. Woodruff was married October 30th, 1871, to Miss Martha L. Harned, of Philadelphia. Five children—three sons and two daughters—have been born to them, of whom a daughter and a son have passed away. He is the President of the Commercial Club, and was one of the founders of that organization. Though often urged to accept political office, Mr. Woodruff has invariably declined such overtures.

WOODRUFF, MARY A., widow of James Woodruff, deceased, of Waitsburg, Wash., whose fine farm is located near Waitsburg, and conducted under the superintendence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Shell, was born in Jackson County, Ind., in 1835, her parents being natives of the same State. Elizabeth Cox was the maiden name of her mother. They removed to Iowa in 1841, coming from thence across the plains in 1864, and settling in Walla Walla County. Mrs. Woodruff's early education was obtained in the public schools of Indiana, then very indifferent at the best. She shared the hardships of her parents in a long journey across the plains, and was married in November following her arrival to Mr. James Woodruff, a native of Connecticut. They were obliged to fly to the Willamette Valley during the Indian War, but returned and located on the homestead now occupied by the widow. Her husband died of a lingering fever in 1881. She still cherishes his memory as a man dear to the community, industrious and

well-to-do. His estate, left solely to his widow—for they were childless—is estimated at \$50,000. It includes a farm of seven hundred acres, shares in various corporations, not to mention personal property of considerable value. No woman in the community is more highly respected than Mrs. Woodruff.

WOODWORTH, CLARENCE D., druggist, of Ellensburg, Wash., was born in New York twenty-five years ago, the son of Melvin and Ellen (Loomis) Woodworth, both of whom were natives of the Empire State. Educated in the public schools and at Cazenovia Seminary, where he took the English studies, he supplemented this instruction with a pharmaceutical course at Union College at Albany, N. Y., graduating in 1888. Coming West to Oregon, he began active life in 1889 by taking a position in the drug house of George L. Blackman, at Albany, in that State, where he remained eight months. He then came to Ellensburg, and with his brother, D. O. Woodworth, established himself as a druggist, and has built up a fine class of trade. His place is favorably located, and his excellent management and personal popularity have done much to attract custom. He is a Republican in politics and takes a warm interest in all that conduces to the substantial improvement of the city where he resides.

WOOTON, DAVIS W., farmer, of Dixie, Walla Walla County, Wash., was born in Kentucky in 1832, his parents being natives of the same State. He received his early education in the public schools of Wisconsin, farmed for a time in Missouri, and came out to California in 1854, where he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. In 1861 he removed to Washington Territory, and took up a homestead claim about five miles southeast of Dixie in 1872, where he now owns and cultivates four hundred acres of land, which will average thirty bushels to the acre. Mr. Wooton was married in 1876 to Miss Hattie Mathena, whose parents were thriving farmers of Walla Walla County. They have a family of six children. Mr. Wooton belongs to a class who grow, in the course of nature, fewer and more valuable as time rolls on—one of the honored old pioneers who have borne the burden and heat of the day and find their reward, as such veterans should, in the unfeigned regard of their fellow-citizens, who respect them for the many privations and trials the wilderness inflicts upon all those who first settle amid its unbroken solitudes.

WORLEY, ALBERT M., who cultivates his fertile farm of one hundred and sixty acres a mile and a half south of Rockford, Wash., was born in Pekin, Ill., in 1848. His father, like himself, was originally a farmer, though now retired from active life. Though a native of Ohio, he removed to Washington, which is his present home. His mother is also "a Buckeye." Five children were born to them, of whom Albert was the second. Mr. Worley was a district school pupil up to eighteen, then he became an engineer, in which occupation he continued till his thirty-sixth year. He has been for some years a resident of Washington, where he purchased railroad land on the present site of Rockford. He erected a saw and grist-mill, both of which he operated, but finally disposed of. He is prosperous, owning, besides his farm, several town lots and the residence which he occupies. His young orchard of nearly three hundred trees is full of promise,

and his farm is abundantly stocked. Mr. Worley is a Mason, being Senior Warden of Rockford Lodge, No. 45. In politics a Republican, he has held the office of Justice of the Peace, and is at present a member of the City Council. He married in 1874 Miss Maria Farnsworth, of Ottawa, Kan. They have three children.

WRIGHT, THOMAS B., of Ellensburg, County Clerk of Kittitas County, was born in the County of Devon, England, some thirty-seven years ago; he was the fifth in a family of ten children born to John and Jane Wright. Educated in the public schools both of his native and adopted land, though for the most part self-taught, young Wright began the business of life as a coal-miner in St. Clair County, Ill. Two years of this was enough, and he left it to engage in steamboating on the Ohio and Mississippi. In 1878 he migrated to Colorado and became a prospector, afterward following various occupations in that State, Arizona, and California for twelve years. In 1882 he came to Washington Territory and located in Pierce County, taking the position of Foreman in the Prospecting Department of the Carbon Hill Coal Company. He remained with this company until 1886, when he removed to Roslyn and prospected for coal at that place. Coming to Ellensburg, he was elected County Clerk of Kittitas County, and filled this position for the years 1889-92, proving himself a capable and efficient public officer. He was married in 1889 at Tacoma to Miss S. A. Coombe, a native of South Wales. They have two children. Mr. Wright has a pleasant city home, and is the owner of other property in various parts of the State, including valuable coal lands in the vicinity of Roslyn. Fraternally he is a Knight Templar and a Knight of Pythias. In politics he is a Republican. He is a clear-headed man, who does the right thing at the right time almost intuitively.

YORK, W. Z., harness-maker, one of the early settlers in Yakima City, was born in Illinois in 1832, being eighth in a family of nine children born to Zadoc and Melvina (De Witt) York, both natives of Kentucky. He began life as a blacksmith, served his time, and came to California in 1849, being then but seven years of age. After engaging in various occupations until 1863, he removed to The Dalles, Ore., and from thence to Canyon City, where he engaged in mining. The next year he returned to The Dalles, and from there moved to his present home in the Yakima Valley. He was one of the earliest to enter into business at Yakima City. He has now in a measure retired from active pursuits; is the owner of several buildings and other valuable property. His life has had its spice of adventure, including several hot skirmishes with the Indians, of whose bitter hostility and barbarous massacres he possesses several rather ghastly relics, having the tomahawk and pipe combined with which the treacherous savage killed Marcus Whitman. Mr. York paid \$45 for this weapon.

YOUNG, HIRAM S., of Farmington, Wash., was born in Indiana in 1851. His father, Elisha Young, was a New York farmer, his mother, Sarah Young, being a native of Maryland. Educated in the State of Iowa in the days when her system of common-school discipline and instruction were far behind the present efficiency, Mr. Young went out into the battle of life with less of mere book prepa-

ration than falls to the average student of these later years. Emigrating to the then Territory of Washington in 1871, he located at what is now known as Farmington, and engaged in farming and stock-raising, a business which he carried on with energy, perseverance, and success until 1884, when he disposed of his interests in that direction. Since then he has been occupied in various ways, principally of an official character. He was married in 1875 to Miss Rebecca Price, a native of Oregon, but now deceased. Mr. Young is a prosperous citizen, having stock in two of the largest stores, and also in the bank. He is a member of the Odd Fellows, and in political preference a Republican.

ZIMMERMAN, HENRY, farmer, of Ritzville, Wash., in his time has "played many parts," having been a veteran of the Civil War, a tiller of the soil, and a nominee for or holder of various local offices. Mr. Zimmerman, who comes of good old German stock, dating back to the colonial days, when the peaceful valley of the Mohawk felt the influence near or far of the Revolutionary War, was born in Jefferson County, N. Y. His father, John H., was a farmer of that State, as also was his mother, Nancy (Clock) Zimmerman. Third in a family of eight, his early education was that of the district school. He remained under the parental roof until 1855, and then beginning life for himself, removed to Minnesota, and there became a farmer. Coming to Washington in 1888, he located in Adams County, where he occupied himself in various ways. In 1890 he was nominated by the Democrats for Sheriff of that county, was elected, and served so ably as to secure a renomination in 1892. He was not without previous experience, having held local positions while a resident of Minnesota. In 1865, going back in the order of events, he enlisted in the First Regiment Heavy Artillery of Minnesota, was stationed at Chattanooga, Tenn., and being honorably discharged, returned to the peaceful pursuits of civil life. He was married in 1860 to Miss Louise Huntley, a native of Ashtabula County, O. Five children have been born to them. Mr. Zimmerman is a prosperous man, holding city and farm property in the county where he resides. He is a member of the Masons, the Grand Army of the Republic, and Knights of Pythias, and also of the Christian Church. He is possessed of many curious and most interesting papers—family records dating back to their residence, in the last century, in the Mohawk Valley, during which, or in the Indian wars, an ancestor was killed and scalped by the savages at what is now the railroad station of St. Johnville, N. Y.

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