

REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND

by

Edward Huggins

Writings of Edward Huggins as
published in Pacific Northwest
Newspapers and other locations
collected by Gary Fuller Reese

Tacoma.

1984.

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PREFACE

This collection of the writings of Edward Huggins and allied documents was suggested by Murray Morgan who loaned the compiler his incomplete set of the Reminiscences of Puget Sound. Frank Green of the Washington State Historical Society had a note in the historical society library files that Huggins had written about the fur trade in issues of the Oregon Native Son and Cecelia Carpenter, the historian of the Nisqually Indians remembered that the fifteen Huggins' reminiscences had been published in the Portland Oregonian in 1900.

After reviewing resources outside the Tacoma Public Library, the compiler was embarrassed to find a typescript of part of the Huggins fur trade story in the collections of the Northwest Room of the Tacoma Public Library and an account of the Hudson's Bay Company brigade of 1854 visit to Fort Nisqually which appeared in the Beaver in 1961.

A trip to the University of Washington Northwest Collection revealed several typescripts from the Bagley papers at the University Library and a review of the Tacoma Ledger during the fall and winter of 1891 and 1892 gave the beginnings of the Huggins literary efforts as he involved himself in writing about local history.

After some consideration, it was decided that to be fair to Mr. Huggins and his sense of history this collection of his writings should be grouped by time period and source for the greatest effect. As was written by Terry Pettus in his account entitled, "Frolic at Fort Nisqually," which was published in the Beaver it is obvious that Huggins was not writing a formal history but could have been thinking

along those lines for a later general publication.

Huggins' digressions from the main story have not been edited out, for by leaving them in the reader is given insights into life and times that would not appear in a polished history. The trip from Fort Nisqually to Cowlitz Farms in 1850 took two issues of the Oregonian to relate for Huggins wrote about the people he met and of their lives.

One long account of drunkenness and death was deleted from the fur trade story which appeared in the Oregon Native Son II (March, 1901), ppgs 467-68 and is included as a separate item entitled "The Evils of Demon Rum," in the appendix.

The issue of the role of Leschi, a chief of the Nisqually Indians and leader in the Indian War of 1855-56, and the subsequent efforts to have him either hanged or reprieved are recounted in part fourteen of the Oregonian articles. Appearing in the appendix is an article which appeared in the Tacoma Ledger in 1892 giving the Huggins account of the final drama in Leschi's life.

Nancy Pryor, of the Washington Room of the Washington State Library provided the microfilm copies of the Oregonian as well as the microfilm copy of the Bagley Scrapbooks and the Tacoma Public Library newspaper collection of the Tacoma Times provided the Edgar T. Short stories which appear in the appendix.

Edgar T. Short, who served as a newspaperman in the Tacoma area just after the turn of the century, was asked by the Tacoma Times in the 1930s to write a regular feature for the paper under the title, "After Many Years!" Mr. Short had access to some of the Huggins papers and

his accounts which were published in the summer of 1934 give a third person view of Huggins and his family somewhat after the time period of most of the information contained in Huggins writing.

The temptation to heavily footnote the entire work has been successfully resisted except for the inclusion, again in the appendix, of the Bashford poem about Copalis Jim mentioned by Huggins in his fur trade stories, an account of the Huggins wedding to Letitia Work, taken from the diary of August V. Kautz who was an officer at Fort Steilacoom and the several articles written by Edgar T. Short.

Gary Fuller Reese.
April 15, 1984.

INTRODUCTION

Edward Huggins, the last factor or agent of the Hudson's Bay Company on Puget Sound, lived many years beyond the time he spent serving the great British enterprise which dominated the commercial life of the Pacific Northwest as well as Western Canada from the 1820s until well into the middle years of the nineteenth century. Huggins came to the Northwest Coast of North America as a teenager in the employ of the Honorable Company in 1850 and chose to retire from Company service when the interests of the company were closed out in United States territory approximately twenty years later. In the last two decades of his life Mr. Huggins wrote of his experiences and having possession of many of the documents generated at Fort Nisqually and other Hudson's Bay Company establishments on Puget Sound expanded his reminiscences until they have become a general history of the first years of settlement in the region.

In 1892 Clinton Snowden, who would later author a multi-volume history of Washington, was serving as the editor of the Tacoma Ledger. To support the activities of an exposition then being held in Tacoma, Snowden offered a prize consisting of a pair of round trip tickets to the Chicago World's Fair to the writer of the best account of pioneer life in the region.

A number of pioneers responded to Snowden's offer which included the publication of the reminiscences in his newspaper. Huggins first offering consisted of a spirited defence of the Hudson's Bay Company's grazing practices in the 1850s and 1860s which was written in response to stories that were circulating that these practices caused the

decline of what was once a large sheep herding industry on the plains of Pierce and Thurston Counties.

Huggins described the care that the Company took to not overgraze pastures and claimed that the overgrazing followed the withdrawal of the company when the plains were used to care for many more sheep than nature intended.

Edward Huggins major literary efforts were published in 1900 by the Portland Oregonian and Oregon Native Son, a magazine dedicated to telling the stories of the pioneers of the Pacific Northwest. The fifteen stories published in the Oregonian are event oriented and are not chronological in order. Huggins was present or nearby for all of the events described in the Oregonian articles except for the account of the 1849 attack on Fort Nisqually which he copied from the journal of the post and from information obtained from Dr. William F. Tolmie and others.

Huggins spent much of the Indian War of 1855-56 and several more years at Muck Station, a Hudson Bay Company farm near the present site of Roy, Washington. Huggins conducted the business of the company which consisted of herding sheep, cattle, and horses and raising crops. He often visited Fort Nisqually and other places on Puget Sound and after 1857 was a brother-in-law to Dr. William F. Tolmie, chief factor at the Fort and manager of the subsidiary Puget Sound Agricultural Company which was actually Huggins employer during those years.

Each station of the Hudson's Bay Company was required to keep a journal of occurrences and the journal at Muck Station kept by Huggins is now partially available for study.

By the time Huggins wrote of his experiences with the Fur Trade on the Gray's Harbor Coast his writing abilities seemed to improve and the account which was partly published in the Oregon Native Son is more literary in content and is more unified in presentation.

During the years that Huggins was writing of his experiences he was in contact with others interested in history and copies of his communications to or from Ezra Meeker, Clarence Bagley, Edmond S. Meany, Edwin Fuller and others appear in the collections of the Washington State Historical Society. The typescripts of articles written by Huggins and not published have been found in the Bagley papers at the University of Washington.

When Terry Pettus wrote his account of a "Frolic at Fort Nisqually," which was published in the Beaver in 1961 he mentioned finding an inventory of the Huggins writings which was found in the Bagley papers which indicated that there are three and possibly four additional Huggins stories that had not yet been found. Huggins shared his writings with a number of people and perhaps additional Huggins material will be found. It is also possible that there is more Huggins material to be found in Tacoma's newspapers and a search continues for items in the Tacoma Ledger and Tacoma News.

Gary Fuller Reese.

EDWARD HUGGINS

Of the pioneers of Washington, the subject of this notice ranks among the earliest comers of those living at this writing. He was for many years associated in an official capacity with what was perhaps the greatest factor in shaping the affairs of the entire Northwest region through its early days, and for this and kindred reasons it is altogether probably his name will ever live in the history of the Pacific Coast. A brief outline sketch of his career, giving some of the salient features, as well as treating of his origin, becomes therefore a valuable and indeed essential feature of this volume of Washington History.

Rev. H.K.Hines.
An Illustrated History of the State of Washington. Chicago: Lewis, 1893.

Mr. Huggins was born in London, England, June 10, 1832, his parents being Edward, Sr., and Ellen (Chipp) Huggins. His boyhood days were spent in his native city, and there also his education was received. Upon its completion, his attention having been drawn to the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, and its initial efforts to settle the island of Vancouver, to accomplish which the Company was pledged in consideration of concession, he purchased a small tract of land, and was, in fact the first purchaser of these lands.

From promises made to him, he felt confident of employment by the company in case of settlement, and in 1849 he left his home for the American continent. It was his intention at that time to settle on Vancouver island. In England, many servants had also been engaged to come over and settle there. They were required to pay for their lands partly from the wages they were to receive from the company, at a rate which seemed sufficiently remunerative in their native land, but when they had reached their destination, the gold fever, which was attracting so many to California, was on, and a great many of them deserted from the colony.

On arriving at Port Victoria, Mr. Huggins was engaged by Governor Douglas, who sent him over to Fort Nisqually, located about six miles from Steilacoom in charge of several of the servants above mentioned. This was in March, 1850. The Hudson's Bay Company had established a post there in 1833, and at the time Mr. Huggins arrived there this had grown to large proportions and to corresponding importance and for purposes of defense there was a strong stockade and an abundance of arms.

Dr. William Fraser Tolmie, who had gone out from England in 1833 as a physician in the employ of the company, was at this time at Fort Nisqually, and under him Mr. Huggins was chief clerk, in which capacity he became intimately acquainted with all the details and minutiae of the company's affairs. With the Indians of the various tribes inhabiting this region, as well as with the early white settlers, who had begun to gradually, if slowly to settle up the

country or portions of it, he was on terms of intimacy.

After the subject of this sketch had passed ten years at Nisqually as chief clerk, Dr. Tolmie was appointed to succeed Governor Douglas as one of the Board of Managers in charge of Victoria, and Mr. Huggins succeeded him in charge of Fort Nisqually, in which capacity he continued until 1870 when the rights of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, an offshoot of and kindred corporation to the Hudson's Bay Company claimed under the treaty of 1846 were surrendered to the United States Government and it was Mr. Huggins who transferred the property for a pecuniary consideration.

Upon the surrender of the interests of the company at Fort Nisqually Mr. Huggins were ordered to Fort Kamloops to take charge of the post there. While this point is now on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and in a civilized region, it was then in the midst of a wilderness, so that Mr. Huggins did not feel justified in taking his wife and children to such surroundings to begin again primitive pioneer life.

Accordingly he resigned his position with the company and having become an American citizen as long ago as 1857 when the property of the company was turned over to the United States government he entered a part of the fort as a pre-emption claim, which claim was sustained in the subsequent proceedings. For a number of years he carried on the fur business which had been conducted by the company and for some time was quite successful, but the settling up of the country brought in many traders and the competition between them brought the business eventually to an unprofitable state, so

that he finally withdrew from it.

He also kept up the company's store for some time on his own account, but gave it up when it ceased to be profitable. Subsequently he added to his original landed possessions at Fort Nisqually, until he now owns about one thousand acres, one hundred twenty acres of which is first-class agricultural land, the remainder being adapted to grazing purposes.

Through this land, the route selected for the projected lines of the Great Northern and Pacific railroads extends for a distance of one mile. The Great Northern (Olympia and Gray's Harbor) is already operating contiguous to the property.

He continued to resident on his place at the old fort, and in 1876 was elected a member of the Board of Commissioners of Pierce County. He was re-elected in 1878, and during the second term of two years was chosen and served as chairman of the board. He was acting in this capacity when the county seat was changed from Steilacoom to Tacoma.

In 1884, after an intermission of two years he was again chosen, however, against his protest, as a member of the County Board of Commissioners, and again served as chairman of that board. He was elected Auditor of Pierce County in 1886 to which office he was re-elected in 1888, serving four years in all, and during the entire continuance of the historic boom which accompanied the phenomenal building up of Tacoma. Although it was offered he refused to consider a renomination for the position.

In January, 1892, he became associated with the National Bank of Commerce of Tacoma, and was elected a director. He was later chosen vice-president of the bank, a position he now holds.

Mr. Huggins was married at Fort Nisqually in September, 1857, to Miss Letitia Work, a daughter of John and Suzette (La Gase) Work. Mrs. Huggins' father came out while a young man, to fill a position of authority for the Hudson's Bay Company, and in charge of a party made many traveling expeditions into the interior and it was on one of these occasions that his daughter, now Mrs. Huggins, was born.

He was for many years in charge of Fort Simpson, an important post, 350 miles northeast of Victoria, and later he was appointed a member of the Board of Managers with Sir James Douglas, of the Company's affairs for the western department at Victoria. He acquired other properties, about 1,000 acres of land within the present limits of Victoria and on this tract, which he had highly improved he continued to live after his retirement from the Company's management until his death, in 1862, at the age of seventy-five years. His widow still resides there, aged eighty-five years in 1893.

The eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Huggins, who was named William in honor of Dr. Tolmie, became a civil engineer, during the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, on which he was employed during its construction. He has for nine years been living in South America pursuing his profession, and has completed two very extensive contracts in Brazil, where he now is. Edward the second child is deceased; and the other children are John, Thomas, David, Ellen

Suzette(also deceased), Henry and Joseph.

In Mr. Huggins' distinctive character shine two qualities of the successful, and therefore typical, pioneer, namely, practicalness and firmness. One of the most marked features of the early history of this region was the ill feeling characterizing a great part of the relations, as well as the absence of relations, between the American pioneers and the representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company.

From the resulting ill will, however, Mr. Huggins was singularly exempt, though he was so long identified with the company in a position of authority. This part was due to his sense of justice and adherence to honorable practices in the conduct of his business affairs. No better proof of the propriety of his bearing throughout all these years could have been afforded than by his repeated elections to positions of honor and trust under the new dispensation in the very locality in which had been the scenes of his labor under the old.

His standing here, now, in view of his past record in the community in pioneer days, is impregnable in all respects. More need not be said; less could not be in justice to the truth of history.

Hines, pp. 597-598-599.

Edward Huggins died at the home of his son, Thomas, in Tacoma on January 24, 1907. Mr. Huggins left a widow and six sons, William, Thomas, David W., Henry, John W., and Joseph.

PART ONE--- ITEMS WRITTEN FOR THE TACOMA LEDGER

Part one was published in the Tacoma Sunday Ledger January 1,1892 on page three and the Tacoma Daily Ledger on December 27,1891.

Part two was published in the Tacoma Sunday Ledger January 14,1892 and the Tacoma Daily Ledger on January 17,1892.

The article about Donation Land Claims in Pierce County appeared in the Tacoma Sunday Ledger on March 4,1892.

The following interesting account of the Puget Sound Agricultural society, its cattle, sheep and the luxuriant grass of the Nisqually of that period, was prepared for the Ledger by the Hon. Edward Huggins, late county auditor of Pierce County and a curator of the State Historical Society, and one of our substantial business men and leading citizens.

I have often thought that I would like to say a few words with reference to the capabilities, past and present, afforded by the Nisqually plains in Pierce County, Washington, for the purpose of breeding and rearing live stock, and also give a short account of its first introduction. For the past eight or ten years, I have frequently ridden across the country between Tacoma and the 'Squally River and with sorrow noticed the arid appearance of the plains.

Where, in my early days was exhibited a luxuriant growth of the most nutritious, in my opinion, of all grasses, the "blue" bunch grass," indigenous to the country, and especially this portion west of the mountains, there is now a changeable or short lived growth of very inferior grass and weeds, which is very fugitive in character, coming early in the spring, maturing very early, and disappearing almost entirely in latter months of summer, rendering our plains during the summer months of July and August almost as worthless for grazing purposes as are the semi-tropical deserts of Arizona and New Mexico in their heated season, and to this cause I attribute the decay and almost annihilation of our sheep industry, the source of food for that animal having been destroyed and a growth of very poor grass and weeds taken its place.

In connection with the above I have thought that perhaps a short account of the early history of the introduction and endeavor to breed and rear live stock in this county, would be of some interest to the farmers now resident here. I have been looking over my old papers lately, and found statements showing the number of live stock belonging to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a company formed in England long prior to the establishment of the international boundary line, and when the country north of the Columbia was supposed to belong to Great Britain, for the purpose of forming an agricultural company and obtaining a grant of land, as was in those days a very common occurrence in Australia.

It would not, perhaps, be out of place for me to here state that in October, 1849, I left London in the Hudson Bay Company's ship Norman Morrison and arrived at Victoria in March, 1850, and was engaged by Governor Douglas, at that time in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's affairs at Victoria, as a clerk and sent to Fort Nisqually, and arrived there in the old schooner Cadboro in March, 1850.

Dr. William F. Tolmie was then in charge of the company's business there, and I immediately assumed the duties of clerk and Indian trader, and at that time, and for at least two years after the position of trader at the fort was no sinecure, as almost all the Indians residing between Port Townsend and Olympia traded exclusively with us, no other opportunity being afforded them except that of a small store in Olympia.

When I arrived at Fort Nisqually the Hudson Bay Company and the Puget Sound Agricultural Company were doing business there, the Hudson Bay

Company owning the fort and conducting a fur trading and general merchandising business, and the Puget Sound Agricultural Company an agricultural business, principally in the breeding and rearing of live stock. The latter company at that time claimed to be the possessers of all the prairie country, and contiguous timber lands, comprising upwards of 180,000 acres in Pierce County which they claimed under the treaty of 1846, between the United States and Great Britain.

This claim, after a protracted and expensive examination was finally settled in 1869, and the company surrendered all their rights and claims to the United States government for a large money consideration.

In 1852, the Puget Sound Agricultural Company owned 6,777 head of cattle and about 9,000 head of sheep, and I have every reason to know that this statement is correct, and if anything, under the real number; but in 1856 the band of cattle had dwindled down to an estimate of 3,558 head, sheep to 5,269 head, and in the course of a very few years the cattle entirely disappeared, with the exception of our occasionally hearing of small bands being seen in the foothills timber, which were, if anything, more wild than deer.

A few words now about the horned cattle. They were originally obtained in California, and the old fort journal shows that in June, 1834, were received the first horned live stock, "which were wild and wicked." They were of the kind known as the "Spanish breed," and although in the early days, when treated kindly, were manageable and under control, so much so that we could count stock and care for progeny.

After 1852, and as the country became settled up by farmers, the cattle in such large herds, and in 1851-52, and '53 I do not exaggerate when I say that I have often seen as many as five or six hundred head in a band quietly feeding upon the prairies, and my last recollection of those large herds is associated with a visit I made in the fall of 1853 or 1854 with Dr. William F. Tolmie, then in charge of the company's affairs at Fort Nisqually, to the Meut-suk-que or what is now known as the Nisqually Indian reservation, where we saw and had a long talk with the chief, Lesh-chy-uch, his brother Quy-eem-ulth, and other Indians of prominence belonging to the Squallyamish tribe, concerning reports at that time in circulation relative to the threatened outbreak of the Indians east of the mountains, against the whites, and I have every reason to know that Dr. Tolmie's intimate knowledge of Indian character and influence enable him to obtain information that was of great value to executive officers of this territory.

At the time of our visit the weather was delightful, the fall rains had added color and pristine appearance to the undergrowth of that glorious grass, selected by nature as then best adapted for stock feeding purposes upon our sterile prairies, and which at one time almost all of our old settlers firmly believed to be a source of future competence to those lucky enough to own a portion of the prairie country; and I am safe in saying that we saw in that, to me, never to be forgotten ride, six hundred head of horned cattle quietly feeding upon the plains in the vicinity of the Squally lakes, now included within the boundaries of the Nisqually Indian reservation.

If my recollection is correct Governor Douglas, at that time chief officer in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's western department at

Victoria and afterward Sir James Douglas, governor of Vancouver Island, and the Misses Letitia and Mary, daughters of Chief Factor Work of the Hudson Bay Company's western department, Victoria were of the party also.

As the country became settled up and a large portion of the prairie lands were fenced in, say from 1852 to 1854, the horned cattle in such large herds became a nuisance. No fence could stop them, and perhaps to prevent ruin to their crops, the settlers shot at and hounded the poor animals with dogs. It was well known that a large number of the stock were killed and used for food by others than their owners, under the impression in which they were supported by some of the officers of the government that the cattle in question, being so wild as to be beyond the control of those claiming to own them, were considered the same as bear, deer and other wild animals, and any one's property that was skillful enough to secure them.

The consequence was that in the anxiety to procure meat at so cheap a rate, hunters in the endeavor to obtain an animal, and before they secured the carcass of one probably wounded a dozen which later died a cruel, lingering death in the woods. It is a well-known fact that bands of hunters from the adjoining country, would make midnight raids and commit havoc and destruction amongst the company's cattle.

The cattle, after 1852 and 1853, became so wild that it required skilled horsemen to hunt and kill them; in fact, it was harder work to kill many of our old Spanish steers than it was to kill buffalo in old times on the plains, as our run here on account of the limited extent of the prairies would not admit of a long chase.

At last the cattle became so wild that we could not do anything with them in the day time, but I have often headed a band of from five to ten hunters, white and Indians, started out in the evening, made a run in the dark and killed five to forty head of cattle. We had a few men so expert in this business that I have known them to hunt five animals in a run on the Puyallup plain, now known as Edison. Guns used in those days had nearly all flint locks, and our plan would be to load up, lie low and quiet at the edge of the timber and when, after dark, the band of cattle made its appearance, say to the number of one or two hundred, we would contrive to get behind, and drive them on the prairie, and run, shoot at and kill all we could.

I recollect on one of these expeditions we made in 1854, I started in the evening from the fort with a party of about a dozen hunters and made the Puyallup Plain (Edison) and just about dark a large herd of cattle appeared at the edge of the timber. I gave the word, the men started on the gallop, gun in hand and bullets in mouth, and for the next five or ten minutes affairs were lively around where I sat on my horse, so much so that to avoid the missiles in circulation I gained the protection of a bunch of dwarf timber in my near vicinity.

That night, if my recollection does not err, we killed about thirty head, the dressed carcasses of which were shipped to Victoria by the old steamer Otter for the use of the colonists and ships of war then lying in Esquimalt harbor.

As I have before stated, early in the '50s our prairies were covered with a dense growth of prairie bunch-grass, of a character very nutritious, affording good feed for stock all the summer, and remaining in the heated season comparatively succulent, as does not grass

and weeds now growing upon our plains. I think many of the old residents of this county will bear me out in this assertion. I recollect that as late as 1860 the grass in the Elk Plain, Walla Walla plain (Montgomery's) South Muck, Puyallup, Sastuc, Tlithlow, Red Pines, (F. Goodwin), and 'Squally plains were covered with a thick sward of the native blue bunch-grass which entirely covered the ground, and in the fall of 1855-56 and '57 when the Indian war was pending I have seen the grass on almost all of these plains, having ripened its seed, waving in the breeze like a field of grain.

I think this same species, of a more nutritious character than the bunch grass common to the prairies east of the mountains which I saw on my journeys there I noticed that the grass late in summer dried up, but with us the undergrowth remained comparatively green. The character of our grasses was well established as a grass of nutritious quality as in the early days, we had no means of caring for but a small number of live stock during the winter months, and our poor animals would come out of the timber in the spring, looking exceedingly thin and woe-begone, but after a few weeks' feeding on the blue bunch grass would gain flesh, the horses able to perform extraordinary work and the horned cattle make beef of a very fair quality.

The horses especially, as many of the early settlers in Pierce and Thurston counties can bear me out in, soon recovered from the enervating effects of winter pasturage, and became full of life, and able to endure a day's ride of many miles in extent. I have often, in the fifties taken a horse from the band of seventy-five or one hundred head, started from the Fort at sunrise and made the company's post

on the Cowlitz prairie before sunset, on the same day, a distance of seventy miles, and at the journey's end the horse appeared to be not so tired as its rider.

A good opportunity was afforded me, I think to form an opinion of interest to our farmers as to the great value of the Nisqually bunch grass above referred to. In 1854, 1855, and 1856, this country was afflicted with an Indian war, and during its pendency, our settlers were compelled by an edict of the governor of the territory, martial law prevailing, to abandon their farms for the time being, and they moved with their live stock to the fortified stations contiguous to the plain, Fort Steilacoom, Fort Nisqually, Fort Raglan, and Fort Montgomery, and the only stock feeding upon the plains was that belonging to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, and it was managed in such a way as to cause but little injury to the grass, a system of rotation of pastures having been adopted and rigidly adhered to by the officer in charge of the company's business and frequently in the fall of the year I have seen the grass on many of our prairies, after having matured waiving in the breeze.

Edward Huggins.
The Weekly Ledger.
Tacoma, Washington.
January 1, 1892.

also

The Daily Ledger
Tacoma, Washington
December 27, 1891.

In the Ledger of Sunday, December 27th last, my article concluded rather abruptly, and I endeavored then to show the magnificent appearance of our prairies in 1855-56 and 1857, during the pendency of the Indian war, the plains at that time being comparatively bare of live stock, which afforded the bunch grass an opportunity to mature and seed, and in the months of August and September, many of our prairies for miles in extent were, in the opinion of the stock-raiser, a glorious sight to behold; but since 1872 they became well settled and more than half the open country was fenced up.

In the course of a few years, in the seventies, especially, the sheep in Pierce county numbered upwards of 25,000 head, and in the summer time this large number of animals were pastured on the commons or unfenced lands, and the old blue bunchgrass was not permitted to seed, and that, with the close nibbling of the sheep soon destroyed it, and a growth of almost worthless grass and weeds has taken its place.

Many of the fenced lands for some time retained a good growth of the grass mentioned, and even at the present time I think the large and valuable enclosures of I.G. and his brother John Murray, situated near Tithlow and Spootsylth or American lake and that of Henry Murray of Sohalie (high or upper) Muck and the exceedingly valuable farm known as Forest Dale farm, South Muck, belonging to E.R. Rogers of Steilacoom and the estate of Samuel McCaw, deceased, show luxuriant fields of this growth of grass.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, 'twas a glorious grass, and I have seen as late as 1864 thousands of acres of it, so thick as to form a perfect mat

of luxuriant vegetation the undergrowth and most valuable part of which was at least six or eight inches in height. I think this old grass can still be seen growing vigorously within enclosed pastures on Grand prairie in Chehalis county, on property belonging to Gibson, Tilley, Nelson Sargent and others.

I would like to refer to ex-county Commissioner A. F. Tullis to bear me out in my eulogization of this grass. I know him to be a very early settler in Chehalis county, skilled farmer and a man at one time extensively engaged in the breeding and rearing of live stock and a large dealer in the same, especially horned cattle, and no one, in my opinion, particularly in an agricultural point of view, is better able to talk intelligently about the early history of this country,

I would like also to give the names of several more of my old friends (many of them brother farmers) whose knowledge of the early condition of this country is almost contemporaneous with my own, and I feel assured that most of them will bear me out in that which I have above asserted: John Flett(1842-1868), John McLeod(1838-1843), Adam Benston (1844), Peter Runquist, the well-known Steilacoom blacksmith(1849), John Rigney(1849), John Neison(1849), William Young(1850), Richard Fiandre(1851), Stephen and Paul Judson(1853), James Hughes(1852), W.B. Downey(1852), Warren Gove(1854), Daniel Mounts(1854), and Henry Murray(1850).

The latter gentlemen is one of the earliest settlers in this country, having become a resident of Olympia in 1849, and of what is now known as Pierce county in 1850, in which year he took up a donation claim

of six hundred forty acres, situate on the upper Muck, and from time to time has added to it, until he now owns an estate of upwards of two thousand acres in extent. He at one time owned very large herds of cattle and sheep, and I am sure that his practical knowledge of the value of these plains in the early days, for stock raising purposes, is equal, if not superior to my own.

John McLeod is seventy-six years of age, and is now residing with his son-in-law I. M. Mounts, on a large farm contiguous to Nisqually City. John is a native of Lewes island, and came to this country, in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1838 after serving four years and upward as a stoker on board the old steamer Beaver, during which period of time he frequently visited Port Nisqually, six miles above Steilacoom.

In 1843 he was ordered to Fort Nisqually and was engaged as head shepherd and placed in charge of the company's station at Wy-aatchie (Steilacoom) lake. He left the company's employ in 1849, and having been smitten with the gold fever, in company with several other of the company's employes went to California, and after an almost fruitless search for the precious metal, returned to this country in 1850, and expressed himself delighted to get back.

He immediately took a donation claim of three hundred twenty acres of land on the Upper Muck Creek bottom, a portion of the soil of which is of a character exceedingly productive; in fact, I know of no land in the county of a quality superior for agricultural purposes than the strip of alluvium to be found for miles on each side of Muck Creek and I know whereof I speak, having for upwards of four years

during the Indian war, farmed a large tract of it myself. McLeod still owns the farm.

Referring again to the number of horned cattle belonging to the company before 1850, McLeod tells me that in 1848, he assisted at the annual count of stock made that year, and says that in 1848 were counted in the open plains five thousand head, and there were hundreds more in the timber which they were unable to count .

Adam Benston, now residing on a farm between Gastuc (James Rigney's place) and Tithlow, now owned by James Hughes, came here in the employ of the company in 1843 and when I arrived early in 1850 he was in charge of a sheep station situate at that time on the prairie near the present site of the waterworks of the insane asylum at Fort Steilacoom.

Benston left the service late in 1850 or 1851 and took up a donation claim along with Peter Runquist, the Steilacoom blacksmith, and a few other discharged United States soldiers on a portion of land now comprising the most valuable part of the Puyallup Indian reservation rendered more valuable because of its close proximity to the city of Tacoma.

These citizens were not allowed to perfect their title to the land they entered, but were compelled by the executive officers of the territory to vacate their claims, as they had been included within the boundaries of the tract allotted to the Puyallup Indians as a reservation.

This occurred after the Indian war had ceased, in 1856 or 1857 and

these men were tendered by the government a small sum of money from two hundred to four hundred dollars to pay for the improvements they had made on their claims, but I do not know whether or not they accepted it; but I know that old Peter Runquist, the 'Village Blacksmith' is at the present time making an effort through his friends to induce the government to more fully compensate him for compelling him to abandon his now highly valuable claim, and preventing him from deriving any benefit from the Donation act, which he, being an old soldier, and I think, one of the participants in the Mexican war, was eminently entitled to.

Again reverting to Benston: He know's a good deal about the horned cattle I have so fully referred to, and frequently formed one of the party of hunters. I recollect that early in the '50s he one day came hom to the fort in a frightful condition, caused by the bursting of his gun barrel.

To detail anything approaching a history of these cattle would necessitate a great deal of writing, but in a few words I will tell how we used to act in these cattle hunts. The men were supplied with horses of Spanish breed, originally obtained from California. They were fine animals and possessed powers of great endurance, were well broken and thoroughly understood the business they were engaged in.

Before starting on the run the men would properly load their flintlock guns and put several bullets in their mouths, and when they sighted a band of cattle, give chase, each man selecting an animal, and when close enough, going at racing speed all the time, fired, oftentimes dropping the animal with the first shot. They would then pour powder from their horns into the barrel, drop in a bullet from their mouth, and

holding the gun perpendicular, the horse all this time galloping at a tremendous pace, in the often times pitch-dark night, and when close to the animal pursued would lower their gun, sometimes nearly touching the poor brute's side, again fire, invariably dropping the animal. I have seen these poor brutes, after receiving a not fatal shot, turn and fight desperately, sometimes goring and killing the horse and injuring its rider. When this occurred the hunter would gallop some distance from the infuriated animal, wheel round, the horse would brace itself, its rider would sit firm in the saddle, and when the poor brute was quite close, with head down and nostrils dilated would lower his gun, fire and almost always finish the animal.

The horses were so well trained that immediately the gun was discharged they wheeled round and thus avoided the wild charge, should the animal not have received a fatal wound. Benston met with the accident in one of these runs. The bullet lodged midway in the barrel of his gun which burst and shattered his hand, besides injuring his face. Thanks to the skillful attention he received from Dr. W. F. Tolmie, then in charge of Fort Nisqually, poor Benston's hand was saved with a loss of only a finger or two.

There are a few men still living in this county who were in the employ of the company, and were fine horsemen and adept at killing and also lassoing these wild cattle. Willie Young, who left London with myself in 1849 and is now living on a farm near Nisqually City, Dick Firdre, a sturdy Englishman of 1851, a splendid horseman, and one of the most expert hunters we had. He is now living somewhere in the Puyallup valley.

I could name others--Indians--but I fear I have already made this communication too lengthy. As I before stated, my purpose in writing this was to show the comparative difference of the value of the Nisqually plains, in my humble opinion, in an agricultural point of view between the years 1850 and the present day, and I feel that I have wandered from the subject, and my only excuse is that, in recalling the recollection of my early experiences in this country, or county, to make myself plain, I have touched upon topics which I think would be of interest to most of my brother old settlers, but which perhaps to a new resident would be of little moment.

Edward Huggins, Tacoma,
January 14, 1892. Tacoma
Sunday Ledger, January

17, 1892 p. 3.

The following article, by one of the oldest settlers in the Puget Sound country, Edward Huggins, contains valuable information about the donation act and the claims taken under it, upon the lands claimed by the Puget Sound Agricultural society, comprising about 160,000 acres, and all the prairie portion of Pierce County south of the Puyallup River.

The act donating six hundred forty or three hundred twenty acres of land to citizens of the United States was approved September 27, 1850. Section Four of this act granted to every white settler, American half-breed Indians included, above the age of eighteen years, being a citizen of the United States, or having made declaration of intention to become a citizen on or before the 1st day of December 1851, residing in said territory who resided upon and cultivated the same for four consecutive years, one "half section, or 320 twenty acres of land, if a single man, and if a married man, six hundred forty acres, one half to himself and the other half to his wife, to be held by her in her own right. The surveyor general designated the part inuring to the husband, and that to the wife."

Section 5 gave to all citizens qualified under the law emigrating to and settling in said territory, between the 1st of December 1850, and the 1st day of December 1855, one quarter section or 160 acres of land, if a single man, or if a married man, or if he became married within one year from the time of arriving in the territory, then one half section, one half to the husband and the other half to the wife in her own right.

Section 11 provides further, that nothing in this act shall be construed and executed, as to destroy or affect any rights to land in said territory holden or claimed under the provisions of the treaties existing between this country and Great Britain.

The Puget Sound Agricultural Company, an association of British subjects, whose chief place of business in this country was Fort Nisqually, established themselves here long prior to the treaty of 1846, and claimed to be the rightful possessors of about 160,000 acres of land, comprising nearly all the prairie portion of Pierce County, and upwards of 3,000 acres of exceedingly fertile land situated on Cowlitz prairie.

The United States government temporarily accepted the boundaries as claimed by the company, and its surveyors were ordered to stop the public or government surveys at the line claimed by the company which they invariably did. The government also paid the company a rental of six hundred dollars a year for six hundred forty acres of land they claimed at Steilacoom, now the insane asylum, for the use of the United States troops for about twenty years from about August, 1849, the date of the arrival of Captain Hill's company of the Fourth artillery, until Fort Steilacoom was abandoned by the United States government in 1869.

In 1865 a commission was appointed to take evidence and decide as to the extent and value of the claims of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company and that of the Hudson Bay Company, the latter company claiming to be the possessors of very large tracts of land at Forts Vancouver, Walla Walla, and Colville. The commission sat for

several years and in September, 1869, made an award of \$650,000 which was paid to the companies.

In June, 1870, the companies through their agent, made a formal surrender of all their rights and claims in Washington Territory to the United States. In August or September, 1870, the government survey of the lands formerly claimed by the Puget Sound Agricultural Company in Pierce County was commenced and completed in November of the same year.

Notwithstanding the prohibitory clause in section 11, quoted above, citizens commenced taking up claims under the donation act as early as 1850, firmly believing that the company's claim would be restricted to only the few acres of land they had inclosed by fences at their principal station, Fort Nisqually, and the ten or a dozen other outlying sheep and cattle stations situated at different portions on the Nisqually plains.

It perhaps should be here stated that the company based their claim to the land in question upon the fact of their having it stocked in the early '40s and '50s with from 6,000 to 12,000 head of sheep, from 5,000 to 7,000 head of cattle and about three hundred head of horses. The early settlers taking land under the donation act upon lands claimed by the company had their claims surveyed by anyone then in the county claiming to be a land surveyor, and the record of their claims were non-officially received by the government land register at Olympia, but no proof of legal settlement would in any case be accepted.

These early settlers were considered by the company to be trespassers or squatters, and it was the duty of the agent in charge of the company's affairs to serve upon each of them notices to that effect, and in many instances it became the unpleasant duty of the writer, at that time clerk at Fort Nisqually to serve these notices.

Almost immediately after the return of the survey of the lands surrendered by the company, settlers claiming under the pre-emption and homestead laws were allowed to file on their lands, but it was generally believed that proofs of settlement under the donation act would not at any time be accepted, and attempts were made by parties to jump some of the most valuable donation claims in the prairie tract, indeed the jumping of these claims was the cause of very serious trouble which in the end culminated in bloodshed.

In 1871 or 1872 the donation claimants were relieved from their great anxiety. Selucius Garfield, at that time delegate to congress from Washington Territory, was instrumental in the passage of an enabling act through congress which permitted these claimants to make proof of claim and in due time patents were issued.

The writer has in his possession the original warnings served upon these settlers, and for the information of those interested in anything pertaining to the early settlement of this county, gives sub-joining a list of their names, date (and in most cases) location of settlement, etc.

John Macleod, 1850, Sohalie or High Muck, residing in Pierce County.

L. A. Smith, 1847 or 1848, Sohalie or High Muck, dead, donation claim now owned by Henry Murray.

3. Henry Murray, 1850, Sohalie or High Muck, residing in Pierce County.
4. Lafayette Balch, Steilacoom City, 1850, dead.
5. John B. Chapman, 1850, upper Steilacoom city, dead.
6. R. Murray, 1851, Pe-lai-lah-plain, Flett's prairie, abandoned claim.
7. Daniel F. Brownfield, 1851, Pe-lai-lah-plain, now Flett's prairie, dead.
8. Joseph Lowerie, 1851, Pe-lai-lah-plain, now Flett's prairie abandoned.
9. Charles Wren, 1851, lower Muck Creek, dead; now owned by George Dougherty.
10. T.M. Chambers, 1851, Steilacoom prairie, dead; claim now owned by W.G. Thompson.
11. William Dougherty, 1851, Puyallup swamp, residing in Pierce County.
12. John Rigney, 1851, Puyallup swamp, residing in Pierce County.
13. John Bradley, 1851, Pe-lai-lah-plain, dead, now owned by Flett and others.
14. J. Broshears, 1851, Pe-lai-lah-plain, abandoned.
15. John Withal, 1852, near Sastuc, dead.
16. James S. Hall, United States Army, 1852, south side of American Lake, abandoned.
17. R.M. Hall, United States army, 1852, south side of American Lake, abandoned.
18. Frederick Rabjohn, 1852, south side of American Lake, dead; claim now owned by I. G. and John Murray.
19. Christopher Mahon, 1852, Clover creek, near Sastuc, dead; claim still held by his heirs.
20. C.W. Savage, 1852, near American Lake south; claim now owned by Joel Myers.
21. "Fahy." Murty. 1853, Sastuc, dead; claim now in possession of James Rigney.
22. James Melville, 1853, near Spanaway Lake, dead.
23. Sherwood Bonney, 1853, north side American Lake, adjoining Lake City.

24. Harry Smith, 1852, High Muck, dead; now owned by Henry Murray.
25. Peter Wilson, 1853, High Muck, dead; now owned by Henry Murray.
26. Thomas Talentire, 1852, near Sastuc, dead, claim now owned by Wilson and Brookdale Land Company.
27. Louis Latour, 1852, Canadian plain; dead.
28. J. T. Harrison, 1853, dead.
29. M.M. Bowles, 1853, near Sastuc, abandoned.
30. H.S. Bell, 1853, Puyallup swamp, abandoned.
31. Henry Chapman, 1853, near Squally bottom, abandoned, now owned by Dan Mounts.
32. Peter Smith, 1853, near Sastuc, resident of Pierce County, now site of Violet Meadow addition.
33. J.H. Minson, 1853, near Sastuc, dead.
34. W. Sales, 1853, near Fort Nisqually, dead.
35. Aubrey Dean, 1853, South Muck, residing in Oregon, claim in McCaw and Rodgers.
36. M. Clute, 1853, South Muck; dead; claim now in McCaw and Rodgers.
37. G. Hamilton, 1853, Stony Lake, near Spanaway, dead.
38. A.J. Knecht, 1853, Lake Steilacoom, dead, now owned by J.W. Thompson.
39. Theoplius Seal, 1853, near American lake south; dead, now owned by I. G. and J. Murray.
40. John M. Chapman, 1853, upper Steilacoom, City, residing in Olympia.
41. Lemuel Bills, 1853, Bills addition to Steilacoom, dead.
42. W.H. Wallace, 1852, between Steilacoom and Nisqually, dead.
43. John Van Buskirk 1852, adjoining Steilacoom and insane asylum, dead.
44. Peter Butler, 1852, Canadian plain, dead.
45. George H. Larmand, 1852, near Sastuc, abandoned.
46. W. Northover, 1852, near American Lake south, dead; claim now owned by I.G. and John Murray.

47. Henry Barnes, 1852, near American lake south, dead; claim now owned by I.G. and John Murray.
48. J. Bapte DesChamps, 1852, near Roy, dead; now owned by J. Bell.
49. Louis Thibeault, 1852, near Roy, dead; now owned by H. Spence.
50. John McPhail, 1852, High Muck, dead; now owned by his sons.
51. Joseph Legard, 1852, South Muck, resident of Pierce County; now in William Lyle.
52. John Lecky, 1852, near American Lakesouth, dead, claim now in Mrs. Kennedy.
53. Henry Jahn, 1852, near Sastuc, dead.
54. H. Hunter, 1852, Stony lake, dead.
55. L.F. Thompson and Rosencrantz, 1852. Mouth of Seguallitchew Creek near Fort Nisqually, Thompson residing at Sumner; claim now in Elliott of California.
56. William R. Downey, 1852, Red Pines, near Hillhurst, residing in Steilacoom, claim in John Fuller.
57. John Montgomery, 1852, Fort Montgomery, dead.
58. Andrew J. Bird, 1852, Steilacoom Lake mill, dead; now in Fred Myers and Company.
59. "Martin" Abner, 1852, Red Pines, dead, claim in Henry Murray.
60. Samuel Stewart, 1852, dead.
61. Francois Sobanah, 1852, near Canadian plain, abandoned.
62. Daniel C. Lane, 1852, near American Lake, abandoned.
63. Nathan Knapp, 1852, abandoned.
64. Richard Fiandre, 1852, lower Muck; now owned by Henry Kandle, father of our present city mayor.
65. Jessie Varner, 1852, lower Muck; now owned by Henry Kandle, father of our present city mayor.
66. James Boyce, 1852, Old Muck; now claimed by Andrew Burge.
67. William Bastien, 1850, Canadian plain; now owned by Henry Murray.
68. Francois Gravelle, 1850, Canadian plain; now owned by John P. Wren.

69. Labouchere, 1852, Spanaway lake; dead; now site of Lake
Park.

70. George Dean, 1853, Smouth Muck, Residing in Oregon. Now in
McCaw and Rodgers.

Edward Huggins.
Tacoma, February 17, 1892.
Tacoma Weekly Ledger
March 4, 1892 p. 4.

PART TWO -- TRANSCRIPTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON AND
OTHER LIBRARIES.

Seizure of the Beaver and Mary Dare, 1851.

Trip to Alki Point near Duwamish Bay, 1852.

Story of "Bill" or Schlousin."

At the time referred to Captain Charles E. Stuart, was in command of the steamer, the Beaver, and Alexander Mount was master of the Mary Dare, the latter a vessel of about one hundred fifty tons burden.

On the 27th of November, 1851, these vessels arrived at the Nisqually anchorage ground, the Mary Dare having been towed up by the Beaver.

The sailing vessel had a consignment of goods for the trade of this post (Fort Nisqually) and both vessels were to take, as return cargo, live cattle and dressed beef for the use of the British Navy at Esquimalt, the Vancouver Island colonists, and the Hudson Bay Company's Fort Victoria. The Beaver would tow the Mary Dare back to Victoria.

The following persons, passengers, arrived in the steamer and landed at Nisqually on the evening of the 27th, namely; Mr. Chief Factor John Work and his wife Mrs. Work, Miss Margaret Work, Master John Work, Miss Rose Birnie, a middle aged maiden lady, a sister of Mr. Birnie, a retired Hudson Bay Company's officer, at this time living at Cathlamet on the Columbia River.

Miss Birnie had recently arrived from England in the Company's ship, the Norman Morrison.

On the 28th of November, the steamer Beaver, with the Mary Dare in tow, in the forenoon, left for Olympia, the Port of Entry with Doctor Tolmie and Mr. John Work as passengers. with Dr. Tolmie intend-

ing to attend to the Custom house requirements pertaining to the two vessels. For several days the people of Port Nisqually heard nothing from Dr. Tolmie and were beginning to feel uneasy at his long absence and silence, which was relieved by the arrival of a messenger on the third of December, informing us that the two vessels had been seized by the Custom House authorities at Olympia for infringing the revenue laws of the United States.

The Mary Dare for having in cargo a package of crushed sugar of less weight than the law requirements permitted. The law said that not less than six hundred pounds weight of crushed sugar could be legally imported and as we only required a sufficient quantity for use at once, an amount less than six hundred pounds was in the invoice, consequently the ship had been seized and detained at Olympia.

The Steamer Beaver had been seized because she had landed passengers before clearing at Olympia, the port of entry, and also for having on board a few remanants of trade goods, the steamer being a regular trading vessel, with a shop on board, supplied with goods for trading with Indians northward, and there was found in the trade shop a small remnant of the goods which was not entered in the steamer's manifest.

Another reason advanced was because she was entered as being in ballast, and no ballast was found on board. The name of the collector was Simpson P. Moses, and his brother Abraham Moses was sent to the

Fort as a representative of the Custom House to make certain that all Custom rules and regulations were followed and he arrived on the third or fourth of December and took up his residence at the Fort.

On the 9th of January, 1852, Mr. John Work received a letter from the Chief Factor, James Douglas, informing him that the Hudson Bay Company's brigantine "Una" which was comparatively a new vessel on her way down from Queen Charlottes Island, where she had been on a gold hunting expedition, had, by stress of weather, been driven on the rocks at Cape Flattery, had been plundered and it was supposed burned by the Indians and was a total loss.

All hands were saved, but were treated badly by the Indians. The captain of the Una was named William Mitchell, a seaman old in the service of the company, a sailor of the old school, a north countryman, and a man universally liked. In the year 1860 his health became enfeebled and he, in the winter of 1862 was sent to Port Nisqually to recuperate and in the course of a few months he in a great measure regained his health. He continued to reside here, assisting in the trade shop until the Company discontinued business in American territory when in 1870 the old gentleman removed to Victoria and in the course of a few years died much respected.

The company engaged the service of two of Portland's ablest lawyers, Judge William Strong, and Mr. Logan, and these gentlemen came over to Olympia to conduct the trial of the case before Admiralty Court.

The Company's two vessels had certainly broken the strict letter of the law, but the errors committed were accidental, and not in the

slightest degree criminal, and to the fair minded looker on, the mistake made, inadvertently, by the company in importing a package of sugar, a few pounds in weight less than the law allowed seemed a very poor reason for seizing and detaining the vessel, and the reason advanced for the seizure of the steamer was in the opinion of many people trivial.

The landing of the passengers before proceeding to Olympia, a mother and father, anxious to see their loved daughter (Mrs. Tolmie) landed at her home from the steamer, before that vessel had proceeded thirty miles further to clear at the custom house.

The Custom house rules regulating the landing of passengers was something strange to the people of the adjoining colony, and this was the first trip the steamer had made under the new order of things, and the officers of the boat were innocently ignorant of the strict requirements of the law applying or relating to the conveyance of passengers from a foreign port.

Then the Custom house was located at the most inconvenient place upon the Sound, at the head of water navigation, when the mud flats prevented even a small vessel from approaching within two miles of the town where the Custom house was located. The finding of the remnants of the trade goods, of very little value, on board and not included in the manifest, was an oversight upon the part of the Captain and there was no effort made to conceal these small bits of goods, and last of all, it was always customary to declare a ship in ballast when she is without cargo, and to account for the Beaver being without ballast on this trip I think the engines and

perhaps boilers served in place of the usual gravel and stone ballast used generally in ships, but I know very little about what is customary with steamers in this connection.

When, after the lapse of nearly fifty years, I carry my thoughts back to those days on which these seizures were made I am compelled to assert that spitefulness had a good deal to do with the seizure and detention of the company's vessels. The detention of the steamer Beaver entailed a severe loss to the company as when she was anchored in the Olympia mud flats she ought to have been to the northward upon her regular annual trading trip.

The Hudson Bay Company was looked upon as foreign interlopers and the collector of Customs, Simpson P. Moses, the first collector of Customs appointed in the district of Puget Sound and his underlings never missed an opportunity of annoying the Company. I will mention an incident which happened during the unloading of the Mary Dare.

On the 29th of January, 1852, immediately after dinner, the men who had been sent to the beach store with ox and horse teams to assist in unloading the Mary Dare and haul home some of the goods came back empty handed. They informed me that the Surveyor of Customs had seized the store, taken possession of the key and had placed a seal upon the door. He was undecided about seizing the vessel at that present time and awaited orders from the collector before proceeding to that extent.

I immediately went down and civilly enquired the reason for his action when he replied that he would give his reason to Dr. Tolmie

and the men and teams remained idle all that afternoon. In the evening Dr. Tolmie returned home and immediately rode down and learned from the officer that he had made the seizure because he had found a bundle containing three dozen sythes, when the manifest called for only two dozen. The Doctor informed the Surveyor that he had made a mistake, and should have seized only the bundle of sythes and he pointed out the section of the law having to do with seizures mentioned only those items brought in illegally. He asked that the work of unloading continue because of the great loss to the company for the lost time to the ships and laboring men.

Almost all of the United States Army officers dealt fairly with the Company. They were gentlemen and behaved in a gentlemanly manner except in one or two cases, one of which I will mention.

The government troops when they arrived at Steilacoom in August, 1849, a company of the Fourth Artillery commanded by Captain Bennett Hill rented from the Puget Sound Agricultural Company an abandoned farm upon which were good substantial log buildings, convenient in size for the accommodation of the troops. Included also was a tract of six hundred forty acres of land, included within the boundaries of the large tract of land in Pierce County claimed by the said company under the treaty of 1846 made between the United States and Great Britain. The new buildings were erected in 1857 upon the site of the old buildings and upon which is now standing the State Insane Asylum.

The government agreed to pay the company six hundred dollars a year for the use of the old buildings, and the six hundred forty acres

surrounding them, and continued to pay this rent without any demur a lease existing which was signed by both parties, and which expired in 1865 or 1866, I think, or perhaps earlier.

I was agent or the Company at that time from 1860 until the date of the abandonment of the post by the government in the year 1868, if I am not mistaken. After the expiration of the lease, I, as the Company's agent asked that a new lease should be made, but the officer in command of the post, Colonel R..... didn't seem at all inclined to renew, or at least cause it to be renewed, and intimated very plainly that he thought it rather an impertinent thing to do, a foreigner to demand rent for the United States government for the use of land upon which one of its military posts was established and he further intimated that he should use his influence to have the payment of rent discontinued.

The rent remained unpaid for several months until I think six months had elapsed correspondence going on all the time between the heads of the company and the department at Washington, the result of which was an order from headquarters to the Quartermaster at Fort Steilacoom to pay the company all arrears of rent due and the renewal of the lease upon the same terms as formerly.

Mr. Colonel didn't like this at all, and couldn't disguise his dislike for the company and those associated with it. Before he came to the post the Company almost always obtained the contract for supplying the post with fresh meat beef, the first contract at six cents a pound and the highest price ever paid by the government to the Company was sixteen cents per pound. That was during a time of

great gold mining excitement when beef and mutton were scarce and high priced. After the Colonel took command we had no more beef contracts, no doubt the other fellows put in a lower bid than did the Company.

This is rather a long digression and to return to my story of the seizure.

Nothing else was found objectionable in the cargo of the Mary Dare which was liable to seizure and I think the sythes were released upon the payment of the regular duty by the Company for the every ready and suspicious collector didn't have the hardihood to charge that the Hudson Bay Company had tried to smuggle into the country two dozen of cheap sythes.

On the 21st of January, 1852, Captain Charles Stuart, of the steamer Beaver arrived at the Port very early in the morning in his own boat manned by a crew of stout sailors. He told me that the attorneys for the company had shown that the Captain was liable for all the illegal mistakes made by the Beaver and that the vessel was in no manner responsible and that the collector had made a large mistake in seizing and detaining her.

Upon learning that he was individually liable for the excessive damage and injury done to the United States government because he had forgotten to include the remnants of the Indian trade goods found in the steamer trade shop, which were principally red paint, gun flints, needles and thread, brass buttons and thimbles, a few cheap looking glasses, brass wire for making Indian jewelry and a few other items, taken all together if put up at sale by auction would

not fetch enough to pay the expense of advertising and selling and also for landing passengers before clearance and to conclude because she hadn't any ballast on board.

To save trouble the Captain thought he had better leave the country and get without the jurisdiction of Mr. Moses as he wished me at once to get a well manned canoe ready for him. I accordingly selected eight of the best men in the place, all well tried canoe paddles and at 9:30 a.m. Captain Stuart well armed, left the landing and I am nearly certain that there was no boat then upon Puget Sound that could overtake him.

Stuart told me that his attorneys had informed him that he would have been liable to pay a money fine, for each and all his infractions of the revenue law, and with him out of the way there would be no longer any reason for detaining the steamer. The Mary Dare was released upon the filing of a bond by the Company, Archibald McKinley of Champoeg and Mr. James Birnie of Cathlamet, Columbia River were the bondsmen.

On the 22nd of January, 1852, at 1:30 p.m Mr. Alonzo Poe, United States Marshal arrived at the Fort with a party of men all heavily armed. He had a warrant for the arrest of Captain Stuart and he searched the premises thoroughly but of course didn't find the Captain. Mr. Poe deemed it useless to follow the Captain and returned to Olympia.

The affair of the seizure was settled at Washington. The detention of the Beaver for nearly two months was a serious loss to the Company. She should have been amongst the Indians, northward, doing her

usual annual trading and the Company, I was told, put in a claim for damages, but I never learned the result.

The Collector had two fine boats at his command. They were copper built, one painted red, the other green. The red one for his own use, the other one, for the use of the Surveyor of Customs, who, for about two years, resided in a house rented from the Company. It stood at the high water mark, quite close to the Company's large store. Port Nisqually was the first named port of delivery in the revenue district of Puget Sound.

The Mary Dare discharged the rest of her cargo, without further interruption from the indefatigable officer of customs, and both vessels were laden with live cattle and many quarters of dressed beef for the use of the ships of war then in Esquimalt harbor, and for the Hudson Bay Company and for settlers, colonists, who were just beginning to come to the country.

The dates I have given in the foregoing story are correct, as I have obtained them from the Port Journals, and I now copy a few extracts from the Journal relating to the seizure of the vessels:

"Thursday, 5th February 1852--Weather fine. Calm. Finished loading the Beaver and commenced on the Mary Dare. All hands employed loading. Fifty-nine quarters dressed beef shipped on board Mary Dare for consumption at Victoria.

"Friday, 6th, Fine weather. Forty seven head of horned cattle alive, put on board steamer, and thirty head on the Mary Dare besides several horses, and seven hundred sheep. Both

vessels left the Nisqually anchorage ground late in the evening. Mr. Work and family going as passengers. A letter arrived this evening from collector Moses, requiring the trade goods, found on board the Beaver should be left on shore although previously a clear and distinct understanding existed between Dr. Tolmie and Mr. Moses that these goods should be sent out of the country.

"In accordance with this request, rather order, the goods were landed before the steamer departed. Last Monday, a meeting of settlers was held at Steilacoom to talk over the conduct of Mr. Moses, in the late seizure affair and it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Moses had done his full duty, and deserved the thanks of his fellow citizens but that certain other public officers had been bribed, no doubt alluding to Judge Strong and one or two other officers, who honestly did their duty.

"They were very fierce against the Company. Messrs. Balch, Hall, Bradley, and Thomas Chambers, of Chambers Creek in particular . They talked of confining the company within the limits of one square mile, and destroying all the live stock they found outside the prescribed mile, etc. etc."

The above is copied from a journal kept by myself, clerk at Fort Nisqually at that time and I was between nineteen and twenty years of age, now I am in my seventieth year. What changes I have seen during that time, and I sometimes shiver when I think of the escapes I have had, from suffering severe injuries and something worse, dan-

ers from encounters with Indians and more narrow escapes from drowning in crossing deep and rapid rivers and the wide reaches of Puget Sound.

I ought to have said that the people composing the public meeting referred to just now, were what the company employees termed to be Squatters and had taken up claims upon the lands claimed by the company, but they were not permitted by the government to enter these claims, it was impossible to do so, because the land claimed by the company was unsurveyed. All the government surveys stopped always when they touched the boundaries of the Company's claim.

In the course of a few years these settlers became quite numerous. They completely ignored the treaty of 1846 which acknowledged and protected the company and so guarded was the government and with such respect did it receive its claims, that pending the settlement of the question of the settlement of the company's rights, that under the treaty of 1846, the United States government, for twenty years paid the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, one of the claimants under the treaty, rent for the use of one square mile of land upon which Fort Steilacoom was established and upon which the State of Washington Asylum now stands.

And yet the many settlers, squatters, asserted that the company had no rights further than the little tracts upon the Squally plains and many of them laughed at the idea of government binding posterity to honor agreements, or treaties, which in the course of a few years entailed great hardship upon their own people.

Mr. Thomas Chambers, an Irish American and a Democrat, of course,

and a sort of a party leader, who always had a good deal to say at their public meetings, spoke very emphatically about the necessity of the abrogation of the treaty, and he spoke as if there was nothing at all binding, or obligatory in a treaty, whatsoever.

Before closing this long and I fear rambling offusion, I would like to say a few words about the frequency of my stating in former stories that certain cases when they went against the Company in the local courts were at Washington decided favorably to the company. I don't know how it was done, but I know one case in particular which involved a great sum of money and which was decided against the company in all the territorial local courts and I think also in the United States Supreme Court.

The case referred to was a case brought by Pierce County against the Puget Sound Agricultural Company for delinquent taxes. The County assessed taxes against the Company for land it claimed in Pierce and Lewis Counties, about one hundred eighty thousand acres, and this tax went delinquent for several years until the amount involved became very large.

In those days no person was taxed for land he claimed under the government land laws until he or she possessed title to it. Only improvements were taxed, and the Company claimed the same rights and privileges as did the citizen settler, and as it, the Company had no title and in fact did not even enjoy possession, as the people living, and trying to collect the tax, held possession of a large portion of the land, the Company held that they were not justly liable for this tax, and the suit brought by the

county.

The county employed two able attorneys, the leader being Selucius Garfielde, at one time delegate to Congress from Washington Territory. Garfielde and his assistant were to receive no fixed fee, but share of the amount collected from the Company. Mr. B.F. Kendall afterwards cruelly murdered, of Olympia was the company's leading attorney and he had several good assistants.

The case was tried in the territorial courts and in the United States Supreme Court at Washington, D.C. and in these courts they went against the company. It was not tried upon its merits in the Supreme Court of the United States but went against the company because of a technical mistake made by the Company attorneys.

The case remained in abeyance for several months until at last the attorneys for the County wanted their fee and began to worry the County Commissioners and these gentlemen, two worthy old farmers and a Steilacoom store-keeper were in a quandry and didn't know how to go to work to collect the amount of judgement against the company which now amounted to a very large sum, many thousands dollars.

I had received private information that the Company would not suffer any loss by the adverse decisions in the Courts and one day during a session of the Commissioners court in Steilacoom I received a telegram, I think it was, informing me that the Sheriff of the county would soon receive a communication from the U.S. Attorney at Washington, instructing him not to in any way annoy the Company

and that the delinquent tax judgement was not to be collected.

I immediately rode to Steilacoom and found the court in session and Mr. Garfielde in the midst of one of the speeches for which he was so much praised. He was urging the court to at once go to work and collect the amount said to be due by the company, the poor man, no doubt wanted to possess a few of the many thousands of dollars due him under the agreement.

I asked permission to address the court and in a few words told them what I had learned. They were very much surprised at my information but Garfielde told them to take no notice of it, for he was satisfied that no power could interfere with a decision made by the United States Supreme Court, but he was mistaken for in a day or two the Sheriff did receive an order from a power which appeared to have more authority than the highest court in the land possessed, for the Sheriff obeyed the order and the Company at Fort Nisqually was no more troubled in the matter, and the tax case, which had become a "casus celebre" was heard no more, until the award made to the two companies of \$650,000, a quarter of a million dollars to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company and the remainder to the Hudson's Bay Company when Mr. S. Garfield aroused the Board of Commissioners by telling them that the money could be collected yet, from the Company, by filing a bill an as amount due, as an offset to a part of the award, and praying to have that amount deducted from the quarter of a million dollars, and paid to the County of Pierce Alas, the County was too late, and Garfield learned that the bill should have been filed long before it was filed so the County after all the long fight they made and their success in the Courts got

nothing.

After the lapse of all these years, and looking at the case fairly and without prejudice in all its bearing I must say that the effort to make the Company pay taxes upon land they only claimed they ought to possess title to, was very unjust. The men who composed the court of Commissioners were squatters and were claiming and residing upon the land they were trying to collect taxes from as being claimed by the company.

Before concluding my story I must tell of another prevention of Company property being sold for delinquent tax claimed by the County, by some power in Washington unknown to me. It was in the early winter of 1862, January or February of that year, and it was for tax assessed against the land and which the company refused to pay, upon grounds already stated by me. The Sheriff had seized the property, had placed a man upon it and informed the Company's attorney of the seizure. Mr. Kendall, who immediately proceeded to Port Townsend, where the nearest district Court Judge resided, the Olympia Judge being away from home, obtained an injunction against the Sheriff which stayed his further proceedings for the present.

Mr. Kendall now commenced a correspondence with a prominent attorney in Washington ,D.C. and it was not very long before the Marshal of the territory for the United States received instructions from the department to order the Sheriff on no account to touch the property of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company in Pierce and Lewis Counties on account of any judgement obtained for delinquent taxes upon land

claimed by said company in said countys and the Sheriff immediately removed his deputy and troubled the Company no more, until the later judgement was obtained, the particulars of which I have already related.

Edward Huggins.

July 11, 1901.

TRIP TO ALKI POINT NEAR DUWAMISH BAY

A few days prior to the 12th of March, 1852, a Mr. Lowe came to Fort Nisqually and informed Doctor Tolmie that himself, Arthur Denny, Messrs Bell, Terry and Doctor Maynard had settled at Alki point, a promontory situated about thirty miles down the Sound from Fort Nisqually with the intention of laying out a town to be called Seattle, named after a noted Duwamish chief, who made his residence at or near Alki point and as they were short of provisions were desirous of obtaining anything in the shape of eatables.

Doctor Tolmie agreed to sell him one hundred bushels of potatoes at one dollar per bushel and I was directed to convey these vegetables in our large mail canoe to their destination. The canoe was very large and had been obtained from Northern Indians, Hyadah's I think who lived upon Queen Charlotte and adjacent island.

The canoe was, or had been a war canoe, and was used by us at Fort Nisqually to convoy passengers and mail between Nisqually and Victoria, Vancouver's Island. Many trips had been made in this canoe and I do not remember or recollect any accident having happened during its active life, and it was in use in winter as well as summer.

Mrs. Edward Huggins has made six trips to Victoria in her. Sometimes the passages would occupy a considerable length of time as the canoe occupants would not attempt to cross the straits during the blowing of a stiff breeze of wind, and Mrs. Huggins has been as long as eight days making the trip.

She once made a trip with Theodore Winthrop (in 1853), the celebrated

author and soldier.

The potatoes were put in the canoe and were well covered. I selected a good crew, all Indians, and about 2:30 p.m. I started from the landing during a dead calm with every indication of a pleasant and quiet trip. Just a little before dusk we reached the usual encampment, a small streamlet on the mainland at the North end of Day's Island called by the Indians Tukasulie, and from the large mound of shells there, it had evidently been a camping ground for centuries.

We partook of a good supper and after listening to stories and legends from the Indians, one of the party being a story teller of renown and as we supposed making our canoe secure, retired to rest, myself in a comfortable tent and the Indians under a shelter made quickly with a few home made mats.

I awoke early next morning feeling anxious about the canoe which I found, to my surprise and chagrin high and dry and the weight of the potatoes in it weighed it down so much as to render it impossible for us to proceed any further on our journey without making repairs. I blamed my leading man for this mishap. I was inexperienced in such traveling, but he was an old hand at the business and ought to have anchored the vessel further out beyond the danger of grounding.

I set about unloading the canoe, the bulk of the cargo being in sacks and remainder in bulk. We found the canoe to be severely cracked and it required some mending before we could proceed. It was blowing nearly a gale from the Southwest and I was in an unpleasant position, my canoe in a half wrecked condition and no means of repairing it when it occurred to me that three or four miles below our camp was

the ship yard, so called, of Bill Bolton, an Englishman who had been one of the crew of the British ship Albion, Captain William Brotchie, the vessel, which about two years before had been seized by the Custom house authorities at Astoria for cutting timber at Dungeness port in the United States Territory, condemned and sold at Steilacoom, the particulars of which I have given in a former story published in the Sunday Oregonian in 1899 or 1900.

Bill Bolton had been the Albion's carpenter and had become an American citizen, taking a donation claim, and established a yard for building and repairing boats and scows, and even small ships. I made up my mind to walk along the shore line until I got to Bolton's place. I was well acquainted with Bolton, who had an account with us, and I would engage him to return with us with tools and repair the canoe.

I had a very arduous trip of it and arrived at Boltons place in an exhausted state. Bolton immediately agreed to return with me at once and with a man, an English sailor named Dick Biggs and with the requisite tools and material, returned in a sail boat to Tukasulie. The wind blew almost a gale and I felt far from comfortable in the sail boat of Boltons which sailed at a fast pace, steered and managed by Gibbs, who, it seems had been a water man upon the Thames, England.

Bolton and Gibbs went to work and soon patched up the canoe, making her strong and tight enough to admit of our continuing our trip. I agreed to leave the canoe with Bolton upon our return to be thoroughly overhauled and repaired. We remained in camp another night, the repairs being finished too late to allow us to leave that day, but

next morning, early, we put the freight on board and started with a cold breeze blowing from the North, a fair wind, but we didn't venture to raise the sail. About midday the wind began to blow rather stiff, and my leading canoeist kept under the Vashon Island shore, it being less windy there. We kept on, a little alarmed at the force of the wind, and our heavily laden canoe, until we made an Island, opposite Alki point.

We had time to cross, six or eight miles, before darkness set in, but Swheiliqualth, my chief man, would not venture to make the passage in the face of such a wind so we made camp for the night in a place protected from the wind taking care, this time, to keep our canoe afloat all the time.

We found our canoe all right on the morning of the 14th, and it appeared to me that the wind, which was still blowing from the North, was not blowing hard enough to prevent our crossing. It had snowed a little during the night and it was cold enough to make thin ice. I was very anxious to cross over and get rid of my cargo, and besides our provisions were nearly gone, and eight of us would soon have nothing but potatoes to eat, that is if we couldn't cross to Alki point.

Swheiliqualth said that the wind was still blowing very hard, too hard for us to be exposed to with the heavy load we had. He said that where we were encamped we could not feel nor see the full force of the wind, but he exclaimed, " Look at the white caps," pointing towards the open water of the Sound, which certainly did look very rough . But I was obstinate and ignorant too of the dangers to be incurred in canoe traveling upon the wide parts of the Sound. I foolishly

insisted upon leaving at once and almost drove the Indians, one of whom waded in the cold water and got the canoe close enough to enable us to embark easily. Swheiliqualth made no further objections but muttered something in his own language, and I understood him to say "such squeluchchute" which means in English large fool, of which I took no notice.

When we got outside the little bay around a point and headed for Alki point, I saw at once that the poor Indian was right and that the wind was blowing much too hard for the safety of our heavily laden canoe and when we were in the middle of the crossing I began to think we should certainly founder. I then felt thankful that I had selected a good crew for I am quite certain that it was only the skill of my crew and the courage of my braveleader Swheiliqualth that brought me safely through the perilous passage.

He spoke cheeringly to the men and evidenced no bad feeling towards myself but tried to put courage into my by saying we were all right and would soon be in safety, etc. etc.. About two thirds of the way across the wide reach we passed close to the ship D.W.Kendall on her way up the Sound for a cargo of pile timber, and I saw by the way she was pitched and tossed about, how severe the wind was blowing and the hands on board the vessel crowded to the side as we passed and stared at us with astonishment.

I have often thought since of the great risk we ran and how nearly my ignorance of canoe traveling caused the death of seven poor Indians, for you must recollect that the canoe was laden with one

hundred bushels of potatoes, besides eight human beings forming her crew. She was pitched and tossed about like a little clip of wood, and I expected every minute that she would capsize, but no, she didn't even ship any water and Bill Bolton deserved much praise for the able character of his repair work at Tukumalie

I am quite sure that it was the strength of my crew and the great skill of my steersman Swheliqualth that brought us through safely. As we approached the point and the termination of our journey, the whole population of the village was assembled on the beach landing place, viewing with anxious eyes, our gradual approach to safety, and when at last a big wave drove the canoe upon the sandy beach, upon which she struck, and was split from stem to stern, the good people held her and prevented the receding wave from taking her back. We jumped out and our united efforts soon had the canoe in safety.

The inhabitants of the point gave me a hearty welcome and Mr. Denny, who afterwards became eminent, and one of the leading men in the territory of Washington, took me to his house, a log cabin, built in a very primitive style and I spent the remainder of the day and night with him, and several other gentlemen of whom I can now recollect, Charles Terry, Lowe, Bell, and Maynard, but they were not all living in the Denny cabin.

There were two or three log homes there at that time and not very long after my visit Mr. Denny and party moved from Alki point and located where the present city of Seattle now stands. Alki point was found to be too open and exposed to the wind and offered no good protection for shipping.

The load of potatoes was found to be but little damaged but the canoe was in a deplorable condition. I instructed Swheiliqualth to patch her up and with all hands take her to Bolton's yard where Bolton had been requested to alter and make into a row canoe, which he did by ribbing her oak and putting in rowlocks and making several oars so that in the future she could be propelled with oars, as well as paddles.

I now looked about for some means of conveyance home, for you must bear in mind that in those days there were no steamboats upon the Sound and all boats were very scarce also. A large camp of Indians was located on the point and there I found a young Nisqually Indian named Wyamook (the man who fights) was there with his wife paying a visit to Seattle, chief of the Duwamish Indians. Wyamook was the son of noted Nisqually chieftain Louhlet and his wife was sister to Wathymous the noted Snoqualmie chief. Wyamook was about to return to Nisqually and he offered me a seat in his canoe, which was one of the smallest in use, so small in size that a strong man could carry it upon his shoulders. I didn't like the idea of traveling in such a small canoe, but being anxious to get home, I accepted his offer.

Everything being ready we started for home on the morning of the 18th. Wyamook in the stern and his wife in the bow of the canoe and myself sitting on the bottom in the middle and it was so frail a craft that I dared not to move in her, and passage up occupied nearly the whole day. I recollect when passing across from Point Brown to Point Defiance, in about the middle it was quite rough and I thought that certainly this little canoe would turn over and take us all together.

These last few days of canoe traveling satisfied me, and I have ever since disliked that style of conveyance and avoid it all I possibly can. One our way up, I stopped at Bill Bolton's and arranged with him about the repairs and alterations to the big canoe and proceeding on reached the Nisqually landing about eight p.m. and glad enough I was to get home again, fully satisfied with this my first experience in canoe traveling.

Dr. Tolmie had become alarmed at our extended absence and was preparing to send off an party to search for us. At the landing we found the Ship D.W. Kendall the vessel we sighted when crossing from Blakeley Island to Alki point. She had a little cargo for us from San Francisco.

The Captain told me of his astonishment at seeing our canoe in such a dangerous predicament, and how, every minute, they expected to see us turn over and sink.

Mr. Bolton made a good job of our canoe and she was now a strong sturdy boat, well ribbed up, and with thwart and rowlocks, stronger in every aspect than every she was before. She was not in use much longer as a mail canoe, the steamer Major Tompkins having arrived from San Francisco and at this time (about September, 1851) she commenced conveying the United States mail between Olympia and Victoria and the good old canoe was disposed of for a good price after doing faithful service for several years.

She made many trips between the two ports during her long active service. No lives were lost, neither was anyone injured. Before the advent of the steamers upon Puget Sound canoes were principally

used, but afterward a number of lives were lost and very seldom were many of the drowned bodies found. The sound abounds with dog fish and sharks and a drowned body would very soon be disposed of by these fishes. I have seen several brought to our landing which measured fifteen feet in length.

I have knowledge of the drowning of several of my acquaintances from boats, and I now recollect a sad event which happened in the fifties. Major Larnard who was in command at Fort Steilacoom was ordered to make a trip down the Sound on military business and with five or six men, all soldiers, he started from Steilacoom in a fine substantial whale boat, the property of the United States government.

He called at Seattle, then a small village, left that place, and nothing was ever seen or heard of him. He left a widow but no children. I have known of several lives having been lost between Olympia and Settle and in all causes the lost ones were white people. I don't recollect every having heard of an Indian being drowned and in the extensive canoe traveling done by the Hudson's Bay Company upon the Sound, I never heard of any lives being lost .

I think the Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company's servants were more skillful in navigation of canoes, many times I have known that the unskillfulness of the occupants of a boat or canoe has caused it get into trouble and the consequence was loss of life.

Thank goodness now there is no necessity for using canoes and small boats on the Puget Sound and traveling is now done with positive safety, many instances in large and swift going steam-boats. There

is a large number of quite small steamboats(the Mosquito fleet)
running now between the different Sound ports, especially from
Seattle.

July 4, 1901.
Edward Huggins.

STORY OF "BILL" OR "SCHLOUSIN."

When I resided in Tacoma, I was often asked by new comers to tell them the correct name of our magnificent mountain. They would say, "You are almost the oldest resident upon Puget Sound, was associated with the Indians, having been a fur trader for a number of years and certainly had a good opportunity for learning something about the early history of this part of the country from its aboriginal inhabitants,"and they, the new comers of course have every reason to suppose that I have often heard the mountain called by its proper name.

Many of the visitors cannot understand why the mountain should in Seattle be called Mount Rainier and in Tacoma Mount Tacoma and I am requested to explain why this difference exists, but alas, I cannot. I have resided in this country for upwards of fifty-one years and for thirty years of that time was engaged in the fur trade, and for twenty years was intimately associated with the Indians in the way of trade and during all this time I never once heard this mountain called Tacoma, Tacobah, or Tahomah.

In fact I never heard the Indians give it a name of any kind other than the "Lamonti," the Chinook word for mountain, but my wife, who was born in this country, and is one of the daughters of the late Chief Factor John Work, who was one of the managers of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs upon this coast, is well acquainted with Indian character, and well up in three or four Indian languages. She as I above observed has often conversed with a few of the older intelligent Indians employed at Fort Nisqually by the Hudson's Bay Company and one of them named Sclousin or Bill told her the mountains name was Tach omah but he couldn't give any further information as

to why it was so named, other than anything or everything in the shape of a mountain, or large mound, covered with snow is so named Tach omah or Tacobah which means, he said, nourishing breast, etc, But this difference of names has been discussed so often that it would be, I think a waste of time to go into it again.

It occurred to me when speaking of Sclousin or Bill that you were always interested in anything pertaining to the early history of this country, and its aboriginal inhabitants and a short sketch of Bill's life or at least a part of it, by myself would be pleasing to you.

"Sclousin" or Bill as I shall call him his Anglicized name, was a Squallyamish Indian, and when in April, 1850, a youth of between seventeen and eighteen years of age, I arrived at the Fort where I was to pass so much of my active life Bill was one of the first Indians I became acquainted with. He was a short, but very stout and strong Indian, a stolid and phlegmatic man, who scarcely ever smiled and talked but little.

He was a real Indian notwithstanding the length of time he had lived with the whites, and all the missionaries in the territory could never make anything else of him. He was brave, and a good fighter and would not hesitate a moment to fight and would keep it up if necessary to the bitter end. He was fond of Whisky as indeed almost all Indians were. He was in charge of the dairy and with the help of subordinate Indians was then milking between seventy and eighty cows, many of which were half wild, Spanish bred brutes

and it required a courageous and strong man to handle them. I soon made his acquaintance and we got to be good friends. I once prevented him, when he was under the influence of liquor from cutting his wife to death. For this act I was compelled to report him, very much against the grain though, to the Indian agent, who foolishly, in my opinion tied him up and gave him many stripes upon his bare back.

He gave no sign whatever that he felt the severe pain and a G____l was wielding the savage whip. I thought to myself, that if Bill only had a chance to catch him alone, before his back recovered from the cutting lashes how short the Agent's time would be upon this earth.

BILLS WIFE A BAD WOMAN

Bills wife was many years his junior, was rather good looking but a thorough going one who treated the poor fellow shamefully, but of course, when he used the knife upon her, he could expect nothing but severe punishment. Just to let you see what an Indian he was, and how very unreclaimable such aborigines are, I will relate an incident which occurred during his last decade of existence upon earth.

Bill had several children of whom he was very proud. These poor creatures all died before reaching five years of age. The last one was a girl, much loved by Bill, apparently which as usual with his children, when approaching the fifth year, began to sicken, when Bills old Indian instincts took possession of him and he firmly believed that his child's sickness and subsequent death was the work of a Snohomish Tamanoous, or Medicine man, as also, he thought was this man the cause of the death of his other children.

KILLED THE MEDICINE MAN

He firmly believed in spite of his long life with white people and the teachings of missionaries that all his children's sickness and subsequent death had been caused by the magic of the medicine man, and he made up his mind that he would kill him and he did it too, in a barbarous manner. He obtained the assistance of a Nisqually Indian, a slave nicknamed Lame John from the fact of his being lame in one leg. One day, late in the sixties, I think, the Snohomish Tamanuous man came to Steilacoom, and a friend of Bills who was then at Fort Nisqually sent a messenger informing him of the man's arrival.

Bill immediately went to the city, accompanied by his friend the lame man. The lame man had a bottle of Steilacoom poisonous liquor with him, which Indians found very little difficulty in obtaining in that little burg, and the medicine man could not resist the apparently good natured invitation of the lame Indian to imbibe with him. The liquor being more potent than the Tamanuous man's magic, soon got possession of him and he became quite helpless.

In broad daylight, about four o'clock p.m. Bill and Lame John whose Indian name by the by was Shooltun led the unfortunate Snohomish Magician to the clump of young fir trees then growing around the county jail in Steilacoom, and there deliberately stabbed him to death, with the Indian's favorite weapon, the double edged dagger, made from a mill saw file.

They hardly waited for dark before they carried, or hauled the dead body through the streets of the town to the waters' edge, where they obtained a canoe, in which they threw the body of their victim. They

then paddled a little distance from the shore, attached a basket of stones to the body and threw it overboard, to appear again soon after upon the beach between Steilacoom and the Narrows. The dead body was picked up by an old Indian, Chawyons, who conveyed it to Steilacoom where it was recognized by friends of the deceased.

Bill and Shooltun were suspected as being the murderers and they were arrested by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, General McKinney and taken to Olympia and underwent a sort of trial before the Superintendent. Shooltun or Lame John turned states evidence and made a full confession, when of course Bill was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for several years with hard labor.

All the labor he did was in General McKinney's garden at Olympia. He looked after a cow or two and lived in McKinney's kitchen. He did not remain very long in prison but after perhaps two or three years of such punishment was released and came back to Nisqually and worked a few years for me, after I left the service of the company.

Bill's health now began to fail, and he became quite sick, but he couldn't be persuaded to accept assistance from the white man's doctor and firmly believed in the doctrine of Tamanuous, after a great deal of suffering the poor fellow died upon the Nisqually reservation. When living with General McKinney, and undergoing his punishment was called Bill Huggins, because of his frequent allusions to me, as being his friend and benefactor.

Shooltun or Lame John did not live long after Bill's conviction. I know he disappeared, and no doubt he was killed by Bill's tillicum or people.

This is a true story of Bill or Sclousin's trial conviction and punishment for the murder of a Snohomish Tamanuou or medicine man and since Bill's death I have been told by credible acquaintances of both parties that the Snohomish medicine man was very much to blame and that he, in a braggadocio kind of a way and when under the influence of liquor, in the presence of Bill boasted of his power as a great magician or Tamanuou man, and that his magic had killed Bill's children.

After Bill was discharged by McKinney and came to Nisqually he more than once told the story of the killing and showed the knife he used to perpetuate the bloody deed. According to old Indian usage Bill did no wrong in killing the supposed destroyer of his children. I have seen and heard of many similar cases, years ago. Of course Bill ran the risk of being killed in return by friends of the murdered man. Shooltun didn't live long after Bill's conviction. I know he disappeared.

Sclousin or Bill's wife, as I have before said, was a bad woman, she was at least twenty years younger than Bill, she was very fond of whisky and would often get helplessly drunk, and Bill, poor fellow, put up with a great deal of her bad tricks, but sometimes his temper would get the better of him and he would chastise her, but he very seldom laid his hands on her. I recollect one occurrence which reads fabulous, but nevertheless is quite true.

Bill's wife Grace, one day in the middle of a very hard winter, in the sixties, went to Steilacoom with her baby girl which was about six months old. She was on horseback and alone with her child. She met friends in Steilacoom and as usual, soon got possession of liquor and before long became quite drunk.

She insisted, against the wishes of her fiends upon going home, and after some trouble her friends managed to put her upon her horse with her child, and just about dusk she started for home, a ride of six miles. Snow covered the ground to the depth of about eight or ten inches. About ten p.m. the people in the Indian camp along each side of the Sequallitchew creek heard the noise of someone singing or droning an Indian song. Presently Mrs. Grace's little pony trotted up to the lodge of her parents and husband.

The animal stopped short and Mrs. Bill fell off like a log into the snow. Her baby was not with her, and she was too drunk to give an explanation about her. The baby's grand-mother was nearly frantic, but was consoled by being told that the child was with her friends in Steilacoom, who wouldn't let the drunken mother take her when she left for home. Bill said not a word, but looked and no doubt felt murderously inclined.

The mother lay in a dead sleep through all the dark hours of the night, the old grand mother, Mrs. Swansap, started to walk to Steilacoom and when she had covered about three miles from the Fort she saw a little snow covered mound upon the side of the road and being curious the old woman stopped and examined it, and to her horror, found that the bundle was the missing baby girl, the drunken mother had dropped it, and owing to the depth of the snow upon the ground, it apparently had received no hurt.

The old woman, of course, expected to find the child dead, frozen as the night had been severe, but no, the poor little creature was alive, and began to cry, being no doubt hungry, after lying so long without

food of any kind.

The friends at Steilacoom had wrapped up the child very carefully and in Indian fashion making it into a stiff bundle, enveloped in many folds of cloth and cotton. After the child fell the fast falling snow again gave it more protection. When the old woman reached hom, the child was found to have received no injury from the fall and lying out in the middle of the bleak American plain for such a length of time and in such freezing weather for I recollect it was very cold, not far I am sure from the zero point.

We did not at that date note the thermometer I am sorry to say, but soon commenced to regularly note the weather both in winter and summer. I cannot refrain now from saying a few words about the difference I have plainly noticed in the winters of forty and fifty years ago and say the last twenty years. I well recollect the winters we experienced in the fifties and sixties.

I had then under my charge large bands of cattle, horses and sheep, especially large in the fifties and belonging to the British Puget Sound Agricultural Company. In the fifties the winters were invariably very cold. The creeks and lakes were nearly always frozen tight, so that we were compelled to break the thick ice in the swift running streams to afford the live stock an opportunity to obtain water.

From 1855 to 1860 I resided at Muck House, and I recollect that every winter during that period Muck creek froze hard enough to allow heavily laden wagons to cross with safety upon the ice, and it would remain frozen for several days. The Winter of 1857 I think it was, I recollect was severe and remained so for some time.

Snow was on the ground which fell before the severe cold set in. I had a large band of hogs running at large and in spite of all efforts I made to find them to drive home I was unsuccessful and didn't find them until the thaw set in, and a smell from a heap of dead hogs led us to the spot. The poor brutes were driven by the cold into the thick woods, and for warmth had huddled together, one on top of another, at the foot of a large fir tree and were there starved, smothered or frozen to death.

Sometimes the snow would cover the ground for three or four weeks so thick or deep as to prevent the sheep from grazing. We would then have to chop down large fir trees and the sheep would brouse upon the green branches and that with browsing upon the small bushes would bring them safely through a not too protracted winter.

Near Fort Nisqually and about half a mile to the Southwest is a very picturesque looking lake, of about ten acres in extent. It is called Old Fort Lake because of its contiguity to the first Fort built by the Hudson Bay Company in 1829 or 1830, the water in the lake is not very deep at its low stages, but I never saw it approach getting dry until about the year 1893 or 1984. This lake in the sixties contained a large number of what we called land tortoise and one winter in the sixties a friend of mine, a society man from Victoria, B.C. saw these animals in the shallow water, under the ice where they congregated in large numbers and appeared to be in a torpid state, almost.

This gentleman was very desirous of obtaining a supply of them for himself and many friends he had belonging to the vessels of war in Esquimalt harbor. He said they were delicious eating when properly cooked, and his friends, the British naval officers thoroughly under-

stood the art of cooking them, or having them cooked as did he, himself.

The ice that winter was very thick, fully ten inches and by breaking it I easily obtained as many as my friend wanted. I never heard how he relished the Tortoise after he got them home. He called them Terrapin, but I think they were the genuine land Tortoise, but these were apparently in the water all the time.

The following winter the lake again froze up hard, and the tortoise could be seen in great numbers in the shallow water under the ice, and it then occurred to me that I would like to taste one of these animals which the Englishmen declared to be such a dainty and I instructed the Fort cook, a West Indian negro, to go to the lake with a horse and cart and bring up a dozen or two of the animals. He made a terrible grimace and said he wouldn't eat the things upon no consideration, they were poisonous, etc. but I insisted upon on going down with the vehicle and accompanied him myself.

The ice was seven or eight inches thick, and the Tortoise were as usual in such weather to be found in large numbers under the ice. We soon obtained a couple of dozen and I instructed the cook to cook two or three of them on the morrow.

The next morning the cook came to me with a long face and said that the tortoise had crawled out of the car and got clear away during the night. I knew he was lying but I was disappointed and very likely wouldn't have touched the delicacy had he cooked them.

A lot of very large carp were in the lake also having been put there several years ago. When the lake dried up completely in 1894 the Tortoise all disappeared, and though the basin soon filled up again with water, the tortoise have not returned to it, up to this. The lake was never before seen dry, not by the oldest Indians, there is no visible in and outlet to it, and is about half a mile from Puget Sound, and one hundred feet above it, and the same distance below the level of the prairie level.

It is about a mile in a straight line from the Fort, to high water mark and the altitude is two hundred and two feet as ascertained by the Geodectic survey, made by Captain James Lawson of the U.S. Coast Survey in 1870 or 1871.

Refering again to Bill's troubles, a portion of which I have endeavored to portray and this is only one of many similar instances saving nothing about Mrs. Bill's unfaithfulness, and tis not to be wondered at if the poor untutored Indian sometimes allowed his savage nature to get the better of him and forced him to do acts which many people not having the facts would term savage and brutal.

Edward Huggins.
October 13, 1900.

THE FUR TRADE

I have been a resident of Puget Sound for upwards of fifty years, and for twenty years of that time was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually, near Steilacoom in the state of Washington. Almost all of this time my services were transferred to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, an English corporation, which was altogether distinct from the Hudson's Bay Company, as is the Tacoma Land Company from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

In one or more of my articles lately published in the Sunday Oregonian I have endeavored to show how this company stood with the Hudson's Bay Company, so I shall not now devote much time to it, but simply say that some of the members of the one company were stockholders in the other, and vice versa, and shareholders in the Hudson's Bay Company who had no interest in the Puget Sound Company were generally impressed with the idea that the latter company were getting more favors than they were entitled to, thus making it very unpleasant to the Hudson's Bay Company officers whose services were transferred to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company.

Leaving this part of the subject, which if persisted in, would involve a great deal of writing, I will now try to say something about the fur trade, and especially sea otters, which latter are becoming very scarce and valuable.

The last ten years of my connection with the company I was agent in charge of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company's affairs at Fort Nisqually, and pending the settlement of the company's claim for compensation for certain rights they considered they were entitled to, under the treaty of 1846, between Great Britain and the United States of America, I devoted a good portion of my time to the fur

trade, making trips to the coast between Shoalwater Bay and the Que-ny-ulth river and down the Sound and up the principal rivers, which latter I made in a large and commodious boat, with a strong, muscular crew of five or six hands.

The fur trade was very different after 1860 to what it was prior to that date. There was little or no competition then, and the company never gave an Indian money in exchange for his furs, but always goods. After 1860 or soon after, this was all changed. Competition became great and we had to break through with out old customs and adopt the tactics of rival American traders and give money or anything except spirituous liquor to get possession of the furs.

During all my intercourse with Indians, which was, I suppose as extensive as was that of any other man or men in the Puget Sound country, I never once gave or sold an Indian spirituous or alcoholic liquors of any kind. I have seen so much blood shed and injury done from the effects of drinking to excess spirituous liquors, both by Indians and white men, that I have always been very careful not to give any to Indians, and if I could help it, not to allow any one else to do so.

I used to make periodical trips to the different towns and cities on Puget Sound and trade most of the furs obtained by merchants or retail dealers. I found it a difficult matter to get the retail dealers to learn to tell the different qualities of some of the furs, especially bear and beaver skins. It was much easier to distinguish the summer from the winter skin, because the summer skin was dry, dull-looking and very thinly furred. Then, another safeguard in those days

we always bought beaver by weight, and that made it a protection for the merchant buyer, i. e., if he understood the difference between a summer and a winter skin.

Land otter depended entirely upon its quality. If large, thick furred and glossy, it would naturally be called a No. I skin, and so on, according to size and quality. We seldom traded martens, and those we did get were of little value. Mink were not plentiful, and we rarely got a No. I skin; in fact, the mink we got here were of inferior quality.

I was for a few years, very successful in obtaining sea otter skins, but had to work rather hard to get them. I went to the hunting grounds and sometimes got them direct from the hunters on the coast between Shoalwater Bay and Point Greenville, which is three or four miles south of the Que-ny-ylth river. I will, before I close this paper, try to tell the story of one or more of my trading trips to the coast for furs, and sea otter skins in particular.

The fishers skins obtained in this section of the country when in season are very good, but very few are killed; also but few fur seals are obtained, and those obtained are small and of not much value. I had more trouble in teaching dealers the difference in the quality and value of bear skins. Many of them would trade anything in the shape of a bear skin.

Twenty years ago, when I was in the trade, a No. I black bear skin was worth from five to ten dollars, middling skins from two to five dollars and summer skins were really worthless, but I would often give twenty-five cents for them to use as outside coverings to bales of

furs, and sold them sometimes to the tanner, but such skins made very inferior leather.

At times I would refuse to give anything for staged or summer bear skins, and more than once I have had these same rejected skins offered to me again by a retail dealer amongst a lot of other kind of furs, and to secure the lot offered I would have to allow him something for them, but they were a dead loss to me, and I have often destroyed them to prevent them from perhaps getting into someones hands and being again offered for sale to me.

We would get musquash, raccoon, and lynx, but they were then of very little value. Often a dealer would be taken in by Indians who would palm off on them wood rats for muskrats, the former being of no value.

Until 1862 or 1863, we obtained no sea otters at Fort Nisqually and only perhaps five or six yearly were traded at Fort Vancouver. White hunters had not yet found their way to the Gray's Harbor coast, and the few sea otters the Indians obtained prior to 1860 generally found their way to Victoria through the Cape Flattery Indians.

There are but a few places upon this coast where sea otters can be found. Crescent City, on the California coast, is one of the places. The coast between Point Greenville, and Gray's Harbor is another, and up northward I know but little about except that the primest and most valuable skins came from the Alaskan Coast.

The skins were dressed differently. Up north the otters were "cased," or not slit open (furriers, I am told, preferring to get them that way.). On the Che-chales coast the animals were always slit down

the belly, the skin stretched, and made as large-looking as possible. Of course, to the non-expert buyer the latter form of dressing is the most preferable, because the condition and value of the skin is more easily ascertained.

It takes an expert to be sure as to the quality of a skin prepared the other way, the appearance of the skin(parchment) and the feel of the fur upon the "tail." An expert buyer very seldom makes a mistake as to the quality of furs he is examining, I am told, and the prices quoted in newspapers confirms the report that sea otter skins are becoming scarce and are very valuable.

Skins which I paid about forty dollars each for thirty five or forty years ago now readily bring three hundred or four hundred dollars each, and I have been told by a credible friend that as high as six hundred dollars has been paid for an exceptionally good skin. I once bought a skin at the point(Gray's Harbor) for which I paid fifty dollars in coin, a very high price in those days. It was a very choice skin and said to be the handsomest ever seen on that part of the coast. It was jet black, with very deep, thick fur, and was as glossy and shone like the finest black silk velvet; it was seven feet in length including the tail, and was about thirty inches in width. Oh! it was a beauty, and I have no hesitation in saying that today such a skin would readily sell for one thousand dollars and perhaps more.

There is something curious about the habits of sea otters. They are to be found in only a few places, and the only place upon this part of the coast where they are to be found is the little length of coast between the north side of Gray's Harbor(John's Point it was then

called) and Point Greenville, a distance of about fifteen or eighteen miles, and an animal (sea otter) is very rarely seen outside of these points. I have traded only one skin from a Shoalwater Bay Indian which he claimed to have shot in the surf between the river's mouth and the bay (Shoalwater) lighthouse. I have traded several skins from the Que-ny-ulth, or, as it is generally term, Quinault Indians, but they might have been killed south of the point (Greenville), as the river is only a few few miles, perhaps three or four, from Point Greenville.

I have never heard of any otters being found south of Fort Simpson, but I don't know much about that part of the coast, and consequently shall say but little about it. I am quite sure, though, that no sea otters have been killed in the waters of Puget Sound.

I will now attempt to tell about my efforts to obtain sea otters and the success I met with. As I have before stated that during the last ten years of my connection with the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually, I devoted a good part of it to fur trading, and particularly to retrieving the sea otter trade, which, I think, had been neglected both at Forts Vancouver and Nisqually, and as a beginning of my part I obtained from the board of management at Victoria permission to make a trip to the coast, and was ordered to fully report upon my return about the country, the condition of the fur trade, etc.

I made my first trip in April, 1863. On the 30th I started for Gray's harbor accompanied by one man, an Englishman named William Legg. He was one of the lot of about eighty laborers sent out by the company, and leaving London on the 10th day of October, 1849. I was also a

passanger in the same ship, the Norman Morrison.

We drove a strong spring wagon by the way of Olympia to the mouth of the Black river, a small sluggish stream, but very much larger than the Sequallitchew creek, which runs through this place. A Mr. Hill was living there then, and was hewing a farm, with some success out of the thick timber. The soil seemed to be very good, but the surrounding forest, in which were then growing between two and three hundred feet in length and thirty and forty feet in circumference was enough to take all the pluck from an ordinary man at the idea of clearing and making a farm out of it, but 'tis often done, and I never shall forget my first trip up the Snoqualmie river, I think it was, in a whaleboat, in the year 1864.

I can clearly recollect stopping at a little place called Snohomish City, where, to my surprise, I recognized in the proprietor an old Steillacoom acquaintance, a carpenter then, named Ferguson. He afterwards became a prominent man, and was several times elected as a member of the legislature from the county of Snohomish.

Some years after a friend of mine went up the same river and he said that many of the little farms with less than an acre (sometimes larger) planted in onions, beans, and potatoes in 1864, were now large, fine productive farms. I recollect that when I first saw these little clearings, with often a good-looking woman and five or six bare-footed children living in a small, log hut, the family of the brave owner of the place, I would laugh to myself and think the man in charge must certainly be crazy to attempt to hew out a farm in such a place, but he wasn't a bit crazy, but, on the other hand, was a clear-headed

strong sensible fellow, who saw ahead of him, if Providence gave him continue health and strength, a fine and wonderfully fertile farm two or three hundred acres in extent, and large and productive enough to support his own family and leave something for charity, if he felt so inclined.

I am credibly informed that there are now many fine farms, such as I have just described, the owners of some of them being the same men I saw laboring so slavishly (apparently) when I made my first trip up the river. I had a crew of five or six men, and I have a very vivid recollection of the torture we sometimes suffered from the bites of mosquitoes. Oh! there seemed to be millions of them, and the only way to get any sleep was to completely envelop the head in the bed clothes, which was not very pleasant, especially if the night was warm.

My own men were sometimes hard to awaken in the morning, but I discovered a plan which never failed to arouse them with alacrity. I always was the first man up in the morning, when I would go to each man, turn down the bed clothes from his face and admit the mosquitoes, when they would immediately jump up, with an ejaculative prayer on their lips.

We left our team and wagon at Hill's place, and after a good night's rest, proceeded on foot to a place on the river (Che-chaes) where we found an Indian encamped and we soon hired him to take us down a few miles to a place called Elma, then only a farm, the soil of which was very good and capable of growing any kind of grain and grasses. None but the owner was residing there and I have forgotten his name.

Elma is now a place of some importance; the railroad runs through it, and it possesses several manufactories, so I am informed. We remained there all night, and the next morning started away, bright and early, on foot for the next little town, called Montesano, which was perhaps twelve or fifteen miles down the river from Elma, and was then on the opposite or south side of the river.

The road was not well finished, and in places rather rough traveling for vehicles. We passed over some fine land, but saw but few well improved farms, nothing to compare to the Upper Che-chales bottom country, which I passed through two or three times in 1854 and 1855, and was much surprised to see at that early date many improved farms.

I recollection on this trip passing through a fine piece of land, part of it prairie, on which was the farm of a man named Brady. The soil of this place struck me as being remarkably fertile looking and I am told that it is now a finely improved farm. We found no one at home when we passed and we proceeded on until towards evening we came to a prairie, the soil of which seemed to be alluvial in character and of very good quality.

Passing on, we came to a larger prairie of the same kind of soil, upon which were many improvements such as fencing, and fields which had been cultivated, and soon we came to a large homestead, a farm house, large, and built of logs, several log outbuildings, and a large and commodious barn. The owner of this place was an Englishman I believe of the name Pearson, with a large family who had resided there since 1853, having I was told taken a donation claim of six hundred forty

acres in extent.

It struck me as being a beautiful place, the soil of its prairie fields so very different from that, the prairie land, I had lived upon all my life nearly since attaining manhood, and which I had tried in every manner conceivable to farm, but without success, and I thought to myself that if seventy or eighty thousand acres of prairie land found in Pierce County was only like this, what a fruitful country this would be; but the Nisqually prairie land is directly opposite in character.

One acre of this lower Chechales prairie land is worth ten of the other for farming purposes. We remained with these people all night and were kindly treated. The next morning we started early and walked two miles, if I err not, and came to a river, the Wynooche. Near the mouth of and partly on the prairie is the present city of Montesano, a place with banks, stores, saloons, jail and everything requisite to make a modern city.

At the time of my visit there was no sign of a city on the present site, but right across the Che-chaless river was then what was called the town of Montesano. A man named Scammon was its proprietor, and it was on his pre-emption claim. Scammon kept what was called a hotel, which was his dwelling house, and we had to remain there two days to await the arrival of the man who carried the weekly mail to the point and along the beautiful sandy beach the mail was carried by stage, driven and owned by Peterson about fifteen miles to Shoalwater Bay.

Besides Scammon's house, there were three or four more houses in the

town, but they were all empty at that time. The day after we arrived, a man named Bob, an English sailor, a runaway man-of-warsman from Esquimalt, B.C. arrived with a very decent boat and he agreed to convey us to the point, at the mouth of the harbor for a moderate fee, and about five p.m. the tide being favorable, we started on our voyage, the termination of which was about thirty miles--ten along the extremely pretty river, which from Montesano to the entrance of the harbor is wide and free from rapid and swift-running water; the remaining distance, twenty miles, is through the harbor which is very wide in places, with several sand bars, some of them dry at low water, and five or six miles from the shore.

When the wind blows hard, the navigation of this harbor is dangerous for boat and canoe traveling, and several fatal accidents--death by drowning--have occurred in it. The surf, or the breakers, upon the river bar makes a great noise, and the booming sound made can plainly be heard at Montesano.

We have a pleasant passage until we got to Cosmopolis, at one time a town much larger than Scammon's Montesano, there being some eight or ten houses there and a large tannery, buildings and vats, all complete; but the most curious thing about this town was the houses, including the tanner, which were without inhabitants. The place was completely deserted, and not a single inhabitant was to be found anywhere.

The tide having turning against us, we determined to camp here, and await the turn of the favorable tide; so we went to the largest and best looking house, two stories in height, found the door unlocked which we opened, and entering made a fire in one of the rooms and made

ourselves comfortable for the few hours we had to remain there.

I learned from Bob that the tannery belonged to Mr. C. Byles, who was living upon a farm near Montesano, but I couldn't learn why the place had been deserted. I think Cosmopolis is opposite the flourishing city of Aberdeen, and perhaps is part of Aberdeen. The railroad from Tacoma and Olympia crosses the Chechales river at this point, if I am not mistaken.

When we left Cosmopolis it was a dead calm, and the moon was shining brightly. We made good progress, Bob using the oars, and the tide running out with great velocity. Very often we would be startled by large fish jumping clear out of the water and making a great noise when again returning to their native element. I thought they were sharks, but Bob told us they were sturgeon, which, he said, were very plentiful in the river mouth and harbor.

The river for about ten miles below Scammon's place, Montesano, is almost beautiful. 'Tis wide, and there are no rapids or current swifter than the tide, and there are long reaches through which with a fair wind, a boat can do pretty sailing. The land each side of the river seems to be low and is free from large timber; in fact, from the river it seems to be low land and liable at times to be inundated.

We reached the point about eight a.m. and it is but a short distance to Fort Che-chales, where I met my friend, Giles Ford, who was sub-Indian agent for the Que-ny-ulth Indians, and also had charge of the government buildings. I was much surprised to find such an establishment there. Large barracks for one company of men, officers quarters,

guardhouse, storeroom, and other outbuildings. Everything was well built, and it was Fort Steilacoom in miniature.

It was built not far from high-water mark and sometimes the roaring of the surf upon the bar of the river was almost deafening. I visited this place again on May 7, 1892 and couldn't find a vestige of these buildings. Fir trees had formed almost a forest, and the wind from the ocean had blown up great heaps of sand where the nicely finished buildings once stood.

Mr. Ford gave me a kind reception, and I remained with him during my stay there. The Peterson family resided closely. Mr. Peterson having taken a pre-emption or homestead claim, which embraced all the point. A Mr. Sam W _____ and family also lived within a short distance of the fort and kept a little bit of a store, trading with the Indians for furs principally.

It was publicly rumored that he traded whisky to the natives, or stuff which was called whisky. It was said to be of a home manufacture, was very strong, and sometimes made the Indians who drank it veritable fiends, and many a wild orgie in the camp near the point wound up with a bloody fight. Sam himself was a great lover of strong drink and had been a drunkard for many a year, but he was one of the few men found who could, apparently, drink an unlimited supply of the alcoholic mixture without it seriously affecting him.

Perhaps he was careful not to drink the same stuff the Indians indulged in, and got drunk on a purer article, for he seemed to be alcohol proof, and the large amount he drank didn't appear to do him

any injury for he had been using the stuff for many years with impunity.

I was told that when Sam went to Olympia, he invariably got on a big spree there, and almost every one in the city knew it, for he was very noisy in his cups. When he got out of jail sobered up, amongst other goods he laid in a supply of stuff of an alcoholic character, and when he got home to the point he made it known by firing a salute from an old cannon he owned, and soon the Indians would be seen making for Sam's establishment, and most likely for a few days afterwards pandemonium would reign in the vicinity of Citizen Sam's tradeshop.

I made it known to the Indians and the few white men on the beach who attempted to shoot sea otter, sometimes with success, that I wanted to purchase furs, and especially sea otter and when they learned I was a bona fide agent of the Hudson's Bay Company they promised to get all the skins they could and save them for me.

I met several of the Indian hunters, amongst them Copalis Jim, who lived at the mouth of a river of that name emptying into the Pacific Ocean, about ten miles up the coast north from Gray's Harbor. Jim was made notorious by Herbert Bashford, the poet of Puget Sound, writing a pretty poem about him and a pretty, black-eyed Indian beauty named Nawanda. Jim was represented as being in a cage, built upon a rock, out in the ocean about a mile from the shore. He would sit there day after day, watching for a chance for a shot at a sea otter, and his thoughts would be full of this Nawanda, who, it seems, had

gone back on him and bolted with some other fellow; and I don't blame her a bit if she did, for Jim was a sour-looking, illnatureed old chap, who hadn't built any cage when I saw him, and an old, ugly bleary-eyed squaw with him was said to be Mrs. Copalis Jim.

Perhaps she was the Nawanda of the poem, who looked like a woman might look who had been living with Jim for twenty or thirty years. I traded five fine sea otters from white hunters and about one hundred smaller skins, principally beaver and land otter, from the Indians, and after making a stay on the coast for about ten days I got everything ready for my trip home, which would have to be done in a canoe for fifty, or sixty miles up the river Che-chaes.

I found the point to be a nice place to spend a few of the summer months. There is a magnificent beach there, which extends for a distance of at least fifteen miles each side of the river, on one side ending at Shoalwater Bay, and the other extending a few miles beyond the Copalis river. I should think about five or six miles this side of Point Greenville the coast changes and the shore line is rough and rocky with hardly a landing place for a boat between Point Greenville and Cape Flattery.

The beach referred to is composed of fine, white sand, which, in some places at low water is two miles wide, or thereabouts. It is so hard that a galloping horse or a carriage wheel will scarcely leave a mark behind to show it has passed over it.

Then the fish to be obtained there are numerous and plentiful. Sturgeon in abundance; crabs, great, big, fat fellows, can be picked up upon the beach, and the fat razor clams can be obtained

by digging in inexhaustible quantities. Salmon, also, from the Que-ny-ulth river, the most delicious fish I ever tasted. It is a small fish, about seven or eight pounds in weight, is very fat, and, in my opinion, is a better eating fish than the far-famed Columbia river salmon. I am told that this little salmon is not found anywhere else upon the coast only in this one river, and that is included within the boundaries of the Que-ny-ulth Indian reserve.

A company once made great efforts to buy the consent of the Indians to construct a cannery at the mouth of the river and liberty to can this dainty salmon, but the Indians wouldn't listen to them, and for no amount of money would they grant such a privilege.

Deer and elk meat can be obtained from the Indians, and game in abundance. Bear meat, too, for those that like it, but the bear killed near the beach is generally abnormally fat, the effects of an unlimited diet of fish, which is to be found in abundance dead along the shore. I have seen sturgeon dead upon the beach from eight to ten feet in length; at least they looked to be that long, and I have seen a line of small fish, smelt, and herring, left by the tide so thick that a wagon could be filled with them within a distance of fifty or sixty feet, so it's no wonder that the bear get fat, but the meat after it is cooked tastes more like fish than flesh, and I should have to be on the verge of starvation before I could eat it.

I engaged Indian John, who resided on the north point of the harbor mouth and five of his people to take me and my man, with the furs traded up the river. We found the river very rapid in places, and its

navigation in safety requires the aid of skilled canoeists, which we found in John and his men. We occupied two days and a half in making the blockouse, so called because a large blockhouse was built there on the farm of Mr. Smith in 1855, during the Indian war.

We parted with John here and sent him on his way home, well satisfied with what I paid him, and the other hands. We were not far from Hill's place, where we procured our wagon and team, and, after loading up our furs, we drove smartly home, well satisfied with the result of the trip, having traded more than enough furs to pay our expenses twenty times over.

I had promised to return to the point on or about the beginning of the coming August, and the white hunters and the Indians had promised to save their furs for me. I immediately shipped the sea otter skins to Victoria, with a request that I should be informed as to the trade value of each skin so that I could be guided in my future trades in those pelts.

I obtained permission of the board of management to make another trip during the coming summer, and I determined to take a good assortment of goods with me, suitable for such Indian trade as the Che-chaes harbor country required. I expected to be gone on this trip about six weeks, and my only assistant at Nisqually, now being an old Sea Captian, Captain Wilie Mitchell, a young clerk was sent up from Victoria, A Mr. Weynton, to assist Captain Mitchell during my absence.

Early in August, 1863, I received a letter from Mr. Ford informing

me that the white hunters between them had upwards of twenty-five sea otters, and the Indians had ten or twelve, and they were all very anxious to see me down there, and what interested me chiefly in the letter was a half-breed, a "Makah," or Cape Flattery half-Indian was expected to appear daily by the way of the sea coast in a very large canoe to purchase all the sea otter he could for whisky and money.

The liquor stock gave him great advantage over me; then he could talk to them, as he understood their language. The Indian agent then in charge was known to trade extensively in the most valuable of the furs, such as sea otter and fur seal, many of which latter skins were obtained off the cape; indeed, it was rumored that this half-breed was employed by Agent "W."

In the fifties and early sixties, the position of superintendent of Indian affairs was eagerly sought after and that of agent under the superintendent also, and it was said that a great deal of money was made yearly besides the regular official pay per annum.

Every year in those days a large amount of money was appropriated by congress with which to purchase goods, farming implements, and all kinds of tools, which were distributed amongst the Indians, and this always large lot of goods was purchased by the superintendent or his agents, and the successful dealers, supplying the goods were very generous and didn't forget to remunerate people for the trouble they were supposed to be put to on their account.

It is different now. The law has been changed, and the places in the Indian department are now not nearly so eagerly sought after. In reply I asked Mr. Ford to make it known that I was on the point of

starting away with a fair assortment of goods, and accordingly, on the 17th of August, 1863, I left the fort, accompanied by two men, William Legg, my former assistant, and Jack Kingdom, a runaway English man-o'-warsman. They were trusty men, but possessed one great fault-an inordinate love of liquor, the indulgence in which ultimately caused their death, which occurred some years ago.

The three of us with the goods filled a couple of wagons, and a couple of large canoes, previously arranged for, met us, and in which we stowed our goods, and proceeded down the river and reached Montesano in good time and in good order. Traveling down the Che-chales was a very different thing to traveling up. Going down required a good boat or canoe and a competent steersman, one well acquainted with the river and all its hidden rocks and falls, but the trip up is sometimes dangerous, and requires two good men, besides the four paddlers, one in the bow and the rest in the stern.

I recollected that in 1861 or 1862, Lieutenant A.V. Kautz, afterwards one of the leading generals in the United States army, was placed in command of a company of troops stationed at Fort Che-chales, and after bringing the Indians to terms without bloodshed, left for Steilacoom, arranging with the weekly mail boat or canoe carrier to convey up the river a large box containing amongst other things, his valuable journal or diary of events occurring since his arrival in this country.

The canoe containing this box was in charge of Sydney Ford, the mail contractor, who was considered one of the most expert hands navigating the river. In making the ascent of one of the many rapids to be met

with upon this river the canoe struck a snag and capsized, everything in it being apparently lost. The lieutenant offered a reward for the recovery of his box, and strange to say, some weeks after the same canoeman, Sydney Ford, espied the box, one of these Chinese trunks, Chinese-made, studded with brass-headed nails, lying high and dry upon a bar of the river.

He sent it to its owner at Fort Steilacoom, who much to his surprise and pleasure, found his diary in a fair state of preservation. Some of its pages were partially defaced, but not enough to render them unintelligible, and they only required rewriting, which, to him, was an easy task.

Bob, the mail-carrier, undertook to convey our goods to the point, and we accompanied him with a portion of them, and he was to carry the remainder on his next trip. At the point I arranged for Sam W. to carry our goods, he owned a team and wagon, to the barracks, and Mr. Ford, the agent in charge of the buildings, premitted me to open a shop in the large barrack room, and my two men had the use of one of the houses used by the subordinate officers.

As before, I lodged with Mr. and Mrs. Ford, and I was very kindly treated, indeed. It soon became noised abroad that I had arrived and a grand salute from Sam's cannon told the Indians that something of interest to them was to be found at the point. Sam had traded a lot of common kind of furs, and I was quietly informed that he had two fine sea otters stowed away somewhere in his dirty store, which smelled strongly of liquor, the home-made article, which was made of alcohol, turpentine, coal-oil, cayenne pepper, and finished off with a lump of tobacco.

What a decoction to imbibe! and I know men who have drank scores of gallons of this precious mixture and are alive today, apparently none the worse for having used or misused it. I know one to be nearly ninety years, and four or five upwards of seventy years of age, but, on the other hand, what a lot of men I have seen suffer from its bad effects, and what a number of once strong, hearty men I have seen die before reaching the age of fifty years!

With the assistance of my men I got the goods all opened and laid out in my temporary store to show to the best advantage, and as is usual with Indians, the first few days were devoted to looking at and pricing the goods, and before doing active business, which I fully expected to do, I determined to take a trip up the beach, and made arrangements with old John, who resided at the point, on the opposite side of the river, the north point, I think its American name is Damon's point, named after a man who formerly took a pre-emption or homestead claim, taking within its boundaries the point and its surroundings.

Damon was not living there at that time. John owned several horses, Indian ponies, and I arranged with him to have one ready for myself the next day at about 2 p.m. and a horse each the next day for my two men who were to follow me the next day and take care of the furs I expected to trade with the Indians at the Que-ny-ulth reservation. I ought to have mentioned that in consequence of these coast Indians having become very saucy and suspected of having murdered a white settler residing near the harbor, a detachment of about twenty United States soldiers from Fort Steilacoom, commanded by Lieutenant De Jester, were located on the Que-ny-ulth reservation, and had constructed there, at the mouth

of the river, a blockhouse for protection from the Indians should they show any pugnacious signs, and a house for the soldiers to live in.

The next afternoon John was on hand with his canoe, well manned, and the tide being favorable, we went across and arrived safely on the other side. The river at its mouth is about six miles in width, and sometimes crossing is dangerous as the current when running out is very strong, and if a boat or canoe is caught in the middle of the river when the tide is ebbing, the chances are that the boat with its crew will be carried across the bar and all hands drowned.

I was told that such cases have happened more than once, and not many years ago a scow, laden with lumber, in attempting to cross was carried into the breakers, when the scow was capsized, and its crew of three hands were drowned.

I went to John's lodge and got my horse, which I mounted and started off. The little brute was lazy and rough paced, and the saddle was a veritable instrument of torture. The road, as I have before stated, is across the sandy beach, and is one of the finest in the world until a few miles beyond the Copalis river, when it changes and is I think, one of the worst roads in the world.

It is rocky and covered with large stones and gravel. In crossing the Copalis, which is about half the size of the Puyallup, I escaped, almost, getting a wetting, but in the middle I went into a hole and my horse almost had to swim for it. The middle bottom was V-shaped, but it was deep for only a short distance. Of course, I got a wetting, but I soon made Copalis Jim's lodge, where I rested awhile and dried

my clothes partially.

Jim was then a dirty looking fellow, and not very young, and in his lodge was an Indian squaw, and I have often wondered if she is the pretty girl, "Nawanda" Mr. Bashford so prettily sings about in his poem about "Copalis Jim," sitting day after day in his iron cage fastened to a rock some distance from the shore hunting sea otters and lamenting the loss of "Nawanda."

Jim had no cage in my day, but did his shooting from the shore, and it was very, very seldom, that the poor fellow killed an otter. The roof poles of his lodge were hung around with sea lion bladders and stomachs, it looked to be that, containing seal and other kinds of fish oil, which the Indians on that coast used for food.

The lodge was awfully rank smelling, and I was very glad to get a whiff of fresh-smelling air outside. Jim was not a very talkative fellow, and I could not get much out of him about otter hunting, but after a good deal of talking I prevailed upon him to show me his sea otter skins. He had two, very fair skins, and I got him to promise to bring them to me at the point in the course of a few days, when I would give him a good price, either in money or goods for his skins. I always found it much harder to work to trade furs from coast Indians than from white men.

I left Jim's lodge, as the sun was getting rather low, and I expected to soon see the cabin of one of the white hunters which was upon the beach, but I rode some distance without finding it, and I began to fear that I would have to camp upon the beach or else ride back and beg a night's lodging of Jim; but I hated the idea of doing this, and another

cause of anxiety was I had money on my person, and I thought the white hunter would guess that I had it, because a man on a sea otter buying trip must necessarily have money to enable him to buy skins. I well knew that some of these men bore rather hard reputations, and I thought how easy it would be for one or more of them to waylay me, and after making me helpless, before showing him or themselves, rob me of the money.

Some three or four years prior to my visit a prominent man residing on the harbor or up the river had been murdered, and one of the otter hunters had been suspected as having committed the deed, but the murderer was never discovered. I thought of all these things, and just as I was seriously thinking of returning as far as Jim Copalis, I espied a light in the distance, and whipping up my poor old horse, I soon came to a log house upon the beach at high water mark, and knocking at the door, it was soon opened and I was kindly invited to enter, and, to my delight found the owner of the shack to be an acquaintance, an otter hunter named or nicknamed, "Yank."

There were two other men in the house, who were also hunters, and one was the man referred to above as being suspected, etc. I will say here about these men, the hunters I heard so much about, that I found them all to be decent and apparently respectable fellows. They were kind-hearted and generous, and they were pleased to see strangers and treated them with the best they had.

Of course, they were always bent upon getting the best of a trade, and didn't think it a sin to sell or give an Indian liquor. There were many reputedly good people in the country who were of the same way of thinking.

"Yank" was quite an old man, apparently about sixty years of age, not at all large, but wirey and strong-looking. He had been a hunter nearly all his life, and devoted these last years of his life to hunting sea otter. He had lived for many years on the coast of California, near Crescent City, where he said sea otter were more plentiful than they were here, but the fur, he said, was not so good, and brought a lower price in the market. He had eight skins now ready for me, if we agreed at to price, and he was only waiting to conclude the trade, get the money from me and be off to the, to him, much better country in every respect--California--the superiority of which he was never tired of talking about.

After a good dinner of venison steak, grouse, and good coffee, to which we all did ample justice, Yank produced his skins, which proved to be a very fine lot, and we soon made a trade. I only made one offer--forty dollars each--which he at once accepted, and he insisted that I should buy his old rifle, one of the old-fashioned heavy sort, which I gave him ten dollars for, and soon sold for double that amount to a connoisseur of ancient things.

The two men said that they had twelve otters and a lot of smaller skins which they agreed to take to the point and trade them there. We agreed to all meet at the point, John's lodge, on a certain day and hour and all cross over together. After concluding our trade talk the three men filled their pipes and proceeded to tell hunting lies, and I acted the greenhorn so true to life that they were carried away, and told such yarns, such extraordinary lies, that Baron Munchausen was a truthful "James" alongside of them.

Old Yank soon showed his superiority, and the other two soon gave it up, and listened to the old and more seasoned liar with astonishment and incredulity plainly marked upon their faces. Notwithstanding the yarns these men told, I learned from them more about sea otters, their habits, and method of hunting and trapping in general than in my long trading experiences.

These animals are getting to be scarcer and harder to get every year, and from being shot at so much keep a long distance from the shore, and it is useless for any man to attempt to hunt them unless he is a good shot and able to hit the mark at a distance of from two hundred to one thousand yards, and at that distance, the mark offered is so small and so much hidden by the surf that many shots are fired before one brings success.

The hunter seldom can tell at once whether he has killed or not, as the poor brutes always sink to the bottom if killed, and the hunters are always patrolling the beach to be on hand when a dead carcass is washed on shore, and sometimes the carcasses are damaged by sharks and other savage fishes, oftentimes making the skin almost worthless and only fit to be cut and sold in strips.

I recollect an occurrence which happened on one of my trading trips. I was alone and making the journey on horseback from the Que-ny-ulth reservation to Peterson's point, and when within a few miles of the Copalis River I saw something in the distance lying at just about high water mark which I took for a piece of drift-wood and I thought no more of it and continued to jog along, my mind full of sea otters.

Copalis Jim, and Miss Nawanda, when looking up, I saw in the distance a man running as fast as he could towards the dark object upon the beach. It immediately occurred to me then that it was the dead body of an otter which had been washed ashore after being shot dead in the surf.

I could have easily beaten the foot runner and become the owner of the perhaps valuable skin, but I didn't want to. My business was to encourage these men to hunt, and I didn't for a moment wish to deprive this man of the fruit of his daily and often unprofitable toil, so I allowed him to possess himself of the animal, which he had almost denuded of its skin by the time I rode up.

The skin appeared to be in good condition, and had not been dead very long. I could not judge very well as to its real value until it had been stretched and dried, and the man, appreciating my action in allowing him to get ahead of me, promised to take the skin, with two or three others he had, to the point, which he did, and I gave him forty dollars coin for it.

Sea otters are to be found only in a few places upon the coast. I don't know anything about the coast north of Cape Flattery, but these animals are only found in two places south of Cape Flattery, from Point Greenville to Gray's Harbor, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and down south off the coast of Crescent City. It is very sel-dome that otters are killed south of the harbor and north of Point Greenville.

This is very strange, but it is true, and there must be something

between the two points particularly attractive to these animals and which prevents them from straying either above or below these points. The otter seems to be fond of playing in the surf, and when riding along the beach I have seen them playing like puppy dogs.

After leaving Yank's cabin, I rode on towards Point Greenville and I soon found the difference in the road which was now by a road, or beach covered with stones, and occasionally the traveller would have to watch by the receding of waves to gallop around the point of rocks to be passed. One of these obstacles detained me for some time before I got round it.

Whilst awaiting a chance to rush around, I looked down and plainly saw the imprint of the feet of a large bear, or what I took to be a bear, which must have just passed around the rock, and this made me more anxious to get around, and watching the waves going back, I whipped up my horse, but before getting safely around another big wave struck the horse and nearly took him off his feet, but the animal had been there before and evidently knew what to do from the manner in which he braced himself.

We now soon made Point Greenville which I rode over by the trail. I stopped some time and viewed the scene from the summit of the point which was very grand. To the westward the limitless Pacific Ocean, now calm and smooth but never free from the big rolling waves which beating against the rock bound shore, make a noise like the discharge and booming of a cannon.

To the Northward , the coast line was very rocky and awfully desolate looking, and I fancied to myself helpless a sailing ship would be if driven by a gale upon the inhospitable shores, and then to the southward one could see where the sandy beach commenced, the waves striking more than a mile out and making a tremendous and wild looking surf.

I noticed just inside of the south side of the point was a calm place, and quiet enough for a boat to land, and I am told that this is the only boat landing between the harbor, Gray's, and the Que-my-ulth river. I don't know anything about the coast line north of Greenville, but it is said to be iron bound and inaccessible all the way to Cape Flattery.

Once over Greenville, I soon came to the Que-ny-ulth river and in a few minutes was greeting my soldier friend who was glad to see me and obtain the latest news. The river is not large and about the size of Copalis. The bar at its mouth is shallow and a big surf is always running and makes it a difficult matter for the Indians to launch their big canoes, and I have stood and admired the skill they exhibit in getting their canoes afloat and beyond the influence of the destructive waves.

They go out a long distance to sea in their canoes and often bring home large sea lions which they had killed upon rocks some few miles from the river and a favorite place of resort of these large, unwieldy looking brutes.

We here feasted upon the small delicious salmon I have before described. There is another kind of salmon sometimes caught by the Indians at the mouth of the river and I was once a witness to the taking of a lot of these fish. On one of my trips, myself and two men were caught by the darkness just as we made Greenville and not liking to pursue the rest of the journey in the dark, because of the dangerous nature of the road if traversed in dark-

ness, we agreed to camp until daylight, so we made a good fire and passed the night as best we could, talking, smoking and trying to sleep, but it was too cold to get any of the latter as we had no covering of any kind except the strong smelling things used by Indians as saddle blankets. The Indians wouldn't think of using good blankets to put under saddles.

The next morning we started away, just before daylight appeared and were not long in making the reservation. We could hear the surf on the bar, and through the fog or mist saw a lot of nearly naked Indians standing in the shallows at the river's mouth. They were, for the first time in the season, catching the large salmon, which to me looked like and tasted like the far famed Columbia river salmon.

The Indians were killing them with wooden spears and wouldn't on any account use a knife or thing made of iron or steel on them the first day of their appearance, for, according to them, if a metallic instrument of any kind was used on them, back luck would pursue them all the season. They refused to sell or give them to us for the same reason. The fish were very large and the water very shallow on the bar, and it was quite a novel sight to see them, by dozens floundering upon and endeavoring to cross the bar.

They were very fine salmon, very large, some of them weighing upwards of forty pounds. They only appeared once during the year; at this particular time. I am nearly sure that they were the same as the salmon called "Columbia River" or "Chinook" salmon. We could, on the next day, get all we wanted for little or nothing of a price, and we could use any kind of an instrument to cut them with.

I attempted to ascend the river in a canoe but soon gave it up. The river was rapid in places and as far as we went there was little or no bottom land on each side and then the river was obstructed by logs, making navigation very arduous. I traded a couple of sea otters from these Indians, also a lot of inferior skins, and my two men having arrived we proceeded to pack them, along with a bundle of small, fat salmon I have before described which I wanted to give my friends at home, to make plain that which I had so often spoke to them about.

After a stay of three days at the reservation, we started one morning early for the harbor and arrived at old John's lodge, long before dark. We here met Yank and the others, according to arrangement, and prepared to start across, to take advantage of the tide which was still making upstream. Upon looking up Mr. John we found that worthy and his gang in a drunken condition and the old rascal began to talk rather saucily and made threatening remarks about Boston soldier men being "Cultus tilicum," no account men, and refused to take us across.

He became quite abusive and from the mild mannered well behaved old Indian he was now, when full of alcohol, an abusive old savage. He picked upon me more than the others and followed me up so close that I pushed him over and he fell and was unable to get up on account of the liquor he drank. The other Indians commenced to be impudent and I began to think we were in for a serious row which was the last thing in the world we wanted.

One of the white men, whose cabin was close by, requested us to

follow him, and not very far away we found he had an old boat which we agreed to run the risk of crossing in, as we did not think it safe to remain in the vicinity of a drunken camp of Indians. We got away unperceived by the natives and after a rough and dangerous passage, arrived safely on the other side.

The next day I devoted to trading with Yank and the other two hunters, getting from them nineteen sea otter and a good lot of smaller skins, including a few fur seal and large black bear, the latter, most of them, having been killed in season and the skins very good. The white hunters, except Yank turned round and spent a good part of the money I paid them for goods I had taken with me.

The next day, accompanied by Mr. Ford, I drove to Shoalwater Bay, in the mail wagon, which makes weekly trips. The distance is fifteen miles and is all the way over the hard sandy beach, a beautiful road, and I have often since thought what a splendid road it would be for bicycle riding. We remained one night at Shoalwater Bay, crossing from the lighthouse, at the entrance of the Bay in a rather small canoe which I did not consider very safe, the bay being rough and open to the wind.

It seemed to me to be a wretched place and the harbor being appropriately named, being shoal indeed. The only thing going on there seemed to me to be oyster raising, and many parts of the bay were laid out in oyster beds. I was glad to bid good-bye to this place and care not if I never visit it again.

My store at the point was doing a fair business and in the course of a day or two Copalis Jim made his appearance with his two previous skins which I did not offer to trade for him, but I showed him all our goods and gave him prices. He wanted blue blankets for his skins but wanted too many and valued his two skins at a ridiculously high price. I laughed at him and awaited my time.

Quite a large lot of Indians were living not far from the point, the chief of whom was Che-ni-mous, a good looking fellow, and apparently a very decent Indian. He had quite a lot of furs which I traded for money and goods. I generally got the money back, all but a portion which was spent in what they thought was whisky, but it was the home made decoction I have before described.

While I am on this home-made whisky them, I will relate another fact bearing upon it. A liquor seller, residing not a hundred miles from Fort Nisqually was notorious for selling liquor to Indians and he had been convicted once and served a term in prison as a result. He kept a bottle of home made stuff for the use of a lot of drunken bums who hung about his saloon. He was taken very sick and declared that someone had changed the position of the bottles in his saloon and he had, inadvertently taken a big drink out of the wrong bottle, and he, not being accustomed to drinking the stuff, became violently ill and his health being impaired at the time incuded other symptoms which in a short time caused his death.

Copalis Jim got tired of hanging about the store with his two

skins and at last made up his mind to part with them, and accepted my offer of blankets and other small goods, and I really paid the fellow more for his skins than I had paid the white men, but I had to get them, and the price I paid for them didn't in the least affect my prices paid all in cash to other hunters.

I remained at the Point twenty-one days and having traded about all the furs in the neighborhood and disposed of my goods, I prepared to leave the harbor for home. I forgot to say that Chief John and gang showed themselves at the store, a day or two after the difficulty with him occurred and he was quite penitent and shamed of having offended us and said it was the lum he had drunk that for the time being made him crazy, and we talked the things over and were "feloshe-tum-tum", good friends. I made an agreement with John to convey myself, hands and furs up the river.

I had quite a lot of furs, thirty-nine sea otters, and a large pile of the smaller valued skins, principally beaver, land otter, and seal. We packed them as well as we could in bales and John having obtained the largest canoe to be hired in the harbor, we one morning early, had our freight hauled down to the water's edge and carefully stowed it in the canoe, which filled it complete as large as it was.

We left the point when the tide commenced flowing and I felt a little uneasy which I thought of the ugly rapids we had to encounter and the low state of the water along with our large and heavily laden canoe. On our first night we encamped at Cosmopolis, in the dusk of the evening, a most desolate looking

place, and started bright and early the next morning, and when we got beyond Montesano (Scammon's place) our troubles began. Our canoe was so large that we had very hard work to ascend some of the rapids and the river being extremely low made the trip really dangerous, but I had a skilled crew and with old John at the stern and the "Sickman" (so named because of his thin, tall, and fleshless appearance) at the bow, after the first day, I felt comparatively safe and having encamped another night on the afternoon of the next day we arrived safely at the block-house (Smith's place), and the next night, after a toilsome drive, we arrived at the Fort, well satisfied with the result of our expedition.

Before leaving the point I made arrangements with the white hunters to send their otter skins, if they were lucky enough to get any to a reputable (good) merchant in Olympia, who would notify me when I would immediately go up and bargain for them. They did so, and in the fall of 1864 one of the hunters, the most intelligent man among them, brought a large lot of sea otters to Olympia, which I obtained, in the face of smart competition, and on some future occasion I will perhaps relate the particulars of the trip to Olympia and the difficulties I encountered before I secured the skins.

I had almost forgotten to relate one incident connected with my trip to the coast, the particulars of which I have just attempted to relate. In some manner, unknown to me, Mr. Ford, the care-taker of Fort Chehalis, had managed to become the owner of the finest sea otter skin I ever saw, which I have no doubt at the present time would easily fetch five or six hundred dollars. It was a

pure black skin about seven feet in length, including the tail. It was upwards of thirty inches in width, and its fur was thick and beautifully glossy, just like silk-velvet.

When he first showed it to me he said he intended to send it to some friends in New York, but just as I was getting ready to leave, to my surprise, he accepted an offer I made him for it, fifty dollars, and the company became the owner of the skin, the most handsome and valuable sea otter skin I ever handled, or indeed ever say and I have seen a good many.

I never paid more than fifty dollars in coin for a single skin and only three times did I pay as high as that. Forty dollars was the maximum with me, and I am told by people, who ought to know that prime sea otter skins are now worth, to the hunter three and four hundred dollars each, but probably this is too high a figure, and it certainly does seem to me to be an enormous price for a single skin no matter how scarce and valuable the kind had become.

Soon after my arrival in this country I became a naturalized citizen, and when, in 1870, the Company surrendered their claim to certain rights to the Treaty of 1846 and they abandoned all the posts, forts, they once claimed south of the 49th parallel of latitude, I was ordered to take charge of a Fort in the interior of British Columbia, but not wishing to take my young and growing family and indeed myself too, to such a wild and savage country, I resigned and took a pre-emption claim, which included within its boundaries a portion of the improvements surrounding Fort Nisqually and in the course of time, I purchased the rest of the establishment.

For a few years following I continued to keep a small stock of goods and did business in the old store, and also continued to carry on the fur trade, which in consequence of competition, became gradually less profitable; so much so that in about the year 1876 or 1877 I discontinued it altogether.

After my last trip to Gray's Harbor which I attempted to describe in the Sunday Oregonian I continued to purchase sea otter skins through a merchant of Olympia, Louis Bettman, one of the oldest and most substantial merchants of that flourishing city, who acted as my agent inasmuch as when he did not desire to purchase the skins himself, he would notify me and keep the owners there until I made my appearance in his store. In the fall of 1864 I traded through him the largest and finest lot of sea otters I ever saw, or heard of having been traded in a single lot and from one owner.

It was in the fall of 1864, in the month of November, before I left the service. District court was in session in Steilacoom and I was one of the regular panel of the petty jury. Judge Dennison was on the bench. During session of court, I received a telegram from Mr. Bettman, informing me that one of the hunters, the principal one, had arrived in town from the Coast with a large lot of sea otter, about sixty he thought and if I wanted them to go up immediately. He said that two of the leading men in town were making great efforts to obtain them. They were McKinney, the superintendent of Indian affairs, and Smith, the secretary of State.

I immediately asked Dennison, with whom I was well acquainted to excuse me for a day, but he said he couldn't so I made up my mind to go at once to Olympia, court, judge, and jury to the contrary notwithstanding, and if the Court saw fit to fine me fifty dollars for contempt of court all right, for I'd rather pay two fifties than lose the chance of getting this lot of furs.

Upon my arrival home, I ordered the best horse we had put to the buggy, and taking with me a half-breed of tried courage, and with what I considered enough money in coin, part of it obtained from friends in Steilacoom, and returned in the course of two or three days through Captain Finc of the steamer Eliza Anderson, from whom I could always obtain money for the fur trade for my sight draft upon the company at Victoria for which he exacted a very profitable commission of one per cent. We also took a couple of rifles, carefully loaded.

We started about 8:00 p.m. for Olympia reaching that place in safety about 10:30 or 11:00 p.m. I pulled up at the livery stable and leaving the horse there, went to the Pacific House, a hotel, then kept by Hill Harmon, a man of prominence in those days but who lived the latter years of his life in Steilacoom, depending, it is said, upon the cold charity of his former friends and acquaintances for subsistence. He died in that little town about twelve months ago.

Harmon was a pioneer of 1851 or 1852 and in the early fifties was very closely identified with the logging business, which was then a source of great profit to many of the first settlers. Although he was, in pioneer days, such a leader in everything conducive to the prosperity of his county, a man full of energy and work, who had filled more than one position in the service of the people, he dragged along the last few years of his life, a martyr to sickness and died in obscurity but I don't say in want for the old man had relatives supposed to be quite wealthy, and it is to be hoped that they wouldn't allow him to suffer for the want of the common necessaries of life, although his surroundings would lead one to form that conclusion.

No favorable obituary notice, or newspaper eulogy followed his death, and I am inclined to think that no notice of any kind was taken of his demise but I may be wrong in saying this. I used up some space and time in commenting upon the death of Hill Harmon, because of the prominency of the man in the earliest times of this part of our country, in its territorial days.

Harmon told me that the man with the bundle of hides who had just

arrived from the coast was stopping at his house and was in his bed room and probably asleep. He had not yet sold his skins but some people in town were making great efforts to get them, but their ignorance as to the value of such furs and the large amount of money required to purchase them, caused them to be nervous and timid about making an offer, but they were willing to make a bid for what they considered the best of them, and wouldn't have anything to do with the inferior looking big ones. The hunter laughed at them derisively and told them he would wait for Huggins who knew all about such skins and would do one thing or the other, buy, or reject, without any palaver.

The next morning about day break I knocked at the hunter's door which he opened, and seemed glad to see me, saying that he had been much annoyed by two would-be buyers and by people anxious to see such a large lot of valuable furs. He flung out the bundle of what Harmon called Hides and shutting the door, proceeded to dress.

With the assistance of my man, I opened the bundle and sorted the skins, examining and pricing each one and in less than fifteen minutes had made up my mind what to offer. They were a fine lot of skins and for so large an amount, exceptionally good, and my offer for the lot was twenty three hundred dollars, if my recollection is correct.

There were sixty-four skins in the lot, some of them were small but taking them as a lot they were good indeed. Amongst the lot were some very fine ones, fully seven feet long, including tail and twenty-eight and thirty inches in width, and as prices are today such

skins would readily fetch from three to four hundred dollars each and perhaps more, as I am told sea otter skins are very scarce, and good ones very valuable.

In those days, 1864, fifty dollars in coin was considered to be a high price, and only on a few occasions have I given so much. The hunter demurred a little at first at my offer, and whilst he was hesitating I produced my money bag and commenced counting its contents. This transaction took place in the stationer's store owned by Crosby and Lowe of Olympia. Crosby was the father of the present chief clerk of the United States Marshal Ide, and Tom Lowe is now the proprietor of a dry goods store in South Tacoma. When the hunter saw the big pile of twenty dollare pieces, he accepted my offer, signed a receipt for the money and turned over the bundle of furs to me.

This was certainly a valuable bundle of skins, or hides, but only think that same bundle of skins today would fetch, I have no doubt at least eighteen thousand dollars.

Just as I was concluding the transaction with the hunter, McKinney and Smith came into the store and were anxious to know how much I paid for the skins and upon my informing them, expressed themselves as being quite satisfied, as the trade was quite beyond their capacity, the amount of money being too large for them to handle and their ignoracne as to the value of the skins making the transaction too risky for them to have anything to do with.

McKinney invited me up to his office to look at some skins he had traded during the fall, and my interview with him ended by my pur-

chasing his entire lot. I think he had eight sea otter skins for which I gave him about forty-five dollars each, there being two very good ones amongst the lot, which were apparently a picked lot of skins. I was informed that McKinney and Smith had gone into the business of dealing in sea otters, under the impression that the former's position in reference to the Indians would give them great superiority over me, or any other trader, and that the Indians would more readily sell to them than to anyone else.

It was their intention, so I was informed, to express the skins to New York as fast as they could get them, and turn them into cash in double quick time, but they were counting their chickens before they were hatched, and they soon found that McKinney's influence with the Indians when it came to trading sea otter skins wasn't work "shucks" to use a vulgar expression; in fact, they suspected that he wanted to take advantage of his position and make them part with their skins for perhaps half their value.

Indians are very suspicious and McKinney soon found out that it was much more difficult and tiresome to trade with an Indian than with a white man. I wonder whether General McKinney would have spent so much time with Copalis Jim as I did before I succeeded in trading his two sea otter skins? I rather think not. An Indian trader must possess a vast amount of patience and make no display of bad temper; if he does, he'd better give up the business because he will certainly have to for the reason that the business will give him up. Then, the expressing of the skins to New York turned out to be a failure. I am told that the first thing they sent proved unpro-

fitable and they decided to give the business up, and that is how it came about that I got from them so many first class skins, within my usual scale of prices.

I was very anxious how much the company, Hudson Bay, would have paid for the lot of sixty-four skins, had the Chehalis coast hunter taken them to Victoria, so I made an unpriced list of them and shipped them down, with a request to inform me how much they would have given for them had they been offered in trade in their store at Victoria. They, the Hudson Bay Company, replied that they would have offered between three and four hundred dollars more than I had paid for them which, at that time, the amount of which they did not know anything about.

The sea otter hunter, he was said to be the best upon the beach, would have made that much by simply taking them, the sixty-four skins, to Victoria, and very likely he would have made more, because there is a great competition there, and several moneyed buyers are located there. The appearance of such a man upon the streets of Victoria, an unheard of thing in those days, would have caused quite a commotion and the owner of the furs would have been posted as to the custom in such cases.

The skins would have been offered to the highest bidder, and the dealers would have been notified when bids would be received and opened. A responsible man would be agreed upon to open the bids and the highest bidder would become the purchaser. On such occasions, the feeling of opposition runs high and there is something very exciting about the buying of furs, something like gold seeking,

I should think, and I have not the least doubt but that some of the bidders would have been so much excited at to bid a price for these sixty-four sea otters skins, which were a very good average lot, a price much higher than that offered by the company.

The Hudson Bay Company in London were quite pleased at getting so large a shipment of sea otter skins, almost one hundred having been shipped from Fort Nisqually, the proceeds of my trading during the year, as the returns of sea otter had been gradually getting less and less every year.

I should have mentioned in its proper place, that the sea otters I purchased from McKinney were bought at rates much below the company's Victoria rates.

There is something exciting about fur trading, as I should have before stated, at least I found it so. There is also some little danger. In making the ascent of some of the rivers, danger is frequently incurred. I found the Cowlitz to be the most to be feared. I only made two trips up that river, but not in a canoe but in a bateau, which is a large flat bottom boat, double ended. These boats are made purposely for river navigation and carry a large amount of freight, sometimes five or six tons, and they draw very little water. They are clumsy and require skillful men to handle them and French-Canadians are the best men for that work.

The Cowlitz is a much more dangerous river to ascend than the Chehalis, the rapids being more swift and dangerous to ascend than those to be met in ascending the latter named river. In making the ascent of some of them, ropes have to be used and the boat pulled up, inch

by inch, the men often being up to their middle in water.

The first time I went up, I had a heavily laden boat and the crew was composed of Canadians and Englishmen. The steersman, though, was a big strong half-breed, the best man by far in the boat. The Englishmen were clumsy fellows, strong and splendid enough fellows to pull a rope when it came to fighting our way up a rapid.

I have a vivid recollection of the first trip I made up the Cowlitz. It was in the salmon season; the river was very low and on the bars were many dead salmon and on this trip up I think I am safe in saying we saw at least ten large black bears feasting upon the dead fish. We didn't interfere with them and they appeared to be not much afraid of us and only retired back a little way and soon returned again and resumed the feast we had interrupted.

I have made a few trips down the Cowlitz river in the canoe which, guided by the contractor himself, stout good-looking Henry Winsor, was a very enjoyable ride, if the weather happened to be fine. The distance was covered in less than a day. A clumsy man, though, at the helm or steering end of the canoe would perhaps endanger the lives of the canoe occupants, the many twists, turns, falls, and rapids to be met on the way down making the passage under such circumstances quite dangerous.

The Indian trader fifty years ago, incurred other risks, which might lead to danger and fatal results. In the winter of 1852, I think it was, I was in the shop trading with three ill looking and to me strange indians. They were middle aged men, apparently between

thirty-five and fifty years old, wore nothing superfluous in the way of dress and had their ugly faces painted with the successful intention of rending them still more ferocious looking. A boy about ten years of age with with them, and whilst I was entering the particulars of the trade in the blotter, the boy picked up a piece of dirty muddy stuff and whipped it heavily upon my book and derisively asked, "...what I give for that?"

My book was made dirty and under the impulse of the moment I slapped his chops and continued my writing not noticing that the three men had left the shop. I continued writing when I heard a noise and looking up, saw the three men standing before me, with each a long double edged dagger knife in hand, the Indians favorite weapon. One of them asked me if I didn't know I had struck the son of a chief and continued in their own language said, or I thought they said, "...we are going to kill you for doing so."

I was taken all aback at this and catching up an iron bar I always kept under the counter for use in just such emergencies, I jumped over the counter and told my assistant, an Englishman, to follow me. Two of the men ran across the fort and out of the water gate, across the little river and awaited the coming of their companion who had run out of the east gate and around the Fort, keeping under the palisades.

I followed close after the fellow and when near to the two men across the river, he suddenly made a swinging blow at me with his murderous knife, just missing my chest. The fellow faced me and continued flourishing his weapon. I had a small pistol in my pocket but I had sense enough left in me not to use it and lucky for

me I didn't because the man's companions were aiming at me with their guns from behind a fir tree standing just across the little river and the report of my little pocket thing would have been the signal for them to fire with perhaps fatal consequences to me.

All three of these Indians got safely away. We heard afterwards that this trio were renegades of the Snoqualmie tribe, who had separated themselves from the main tribe, and were living like outlaws. They had committed murders and they were proscribed men. Believing they would be followed, they hid in the bush, determined to fight to the bitter end, but they were, fortunately not followed. and they got safely away.

Not very long after this, these three fellows were all killed somewhere down the sound, in a drunken quarrel with Indians of a neighboring tribe, and their death was hailed with delight by all decent Indians in the country.

Another risk a fur trader ran was the liability of being way-laid and robbed when upon a trading trip. It was well understood that a fur buyer when out on a trading expedition must have a good amount of money with him, and I was always on the lookout for trouble of that kind, but was lucky enough to escape it in all my long trading experience.

I continued to devote most of my time to the fur trade all though the few remaining years I was connected with the Hudson's Bay Company and every year obtained a few sea otter skins, but the number became less every year. South of the 49th parallel of latitude they became scarcer and more difficult to kill and I think the

reason of this is because of the constant shooting at the poor animals.

Hunters were compelled to shoot them at a long distance, making their aim very uncertain and I feel satisfied that the animals were frequently wounded and died a lingering death and their bodies became the prey of the voracious shark and other predatory fishes inhabiting the vast ocean. The hunters have often told me how very uncertain their shots were, and they felt assured that a great number of the beautiful furred animals were wounded, died, and their bodies never recovered.

When a sea otter was shot dead the carcass always sunk to the bottom and the waves washed it ashore, sometimes in such a decayed condition as to be useless for trading purposes, but more often the carcass would sink to the bottom and be devoured by the fierce denizens of the deep as before stated. I suppose the scarcity of fur has caused it to be so valuable, about three or four hundred per cent higher than prices in vogue twenty-five or thirty years ago.

After 1869 I continued to buy furs on my own account with some degree of success, until the breaking out of the Franco-German War and in 1871, the year of the seige of Paris by the Germans, when there was a slump in all kinds of furs, especially in prices of the finer kinds. I happened to have quite a large lot of furs on hand and amongst them were nine or ten fine sea otters. I paid out coin for these furs and my circumstances were such that I was compelled to sell, and as I traded with the Company a good deal, and obtained goods from them on credit, I sent my furs to them, well knowing

that they would give me the highest market prices for them.

I made a small profit upon the common sort of skins, but lost about one hundred dollars on the ten sea otter skins. If I had sold them before the outbreak of the war, I would have cleared that much and perhaps more. I made up my mind to have nothing more to do with such uncertain priced and expensive skins and traded no more of them, but continued for a time to deal in the cheaper kinds, but the competition became so great and the profit made so small, indeed, once or twice, I lost a little upon shipments, that I determined to give up the fur trade completely and now for the last twenty years I have not handled furs of any kind and I am fairly astounded when I read that beavers are fetching from ten dollars each down and sea otter skins from six hundred dollars down and other furs in proportion.

The highest I ever paid for beaver was a dollar and a quarter a pound and the large beaver ought to weight one and a half to two pounds, and I have already stated all I know about sea otter skins. I tried to find out from a large dealer in Tacoma, but the person in charge of the store at the time I attempted to interview it must certainly have been suffering from liver trouble or something akin if one could judge from the manner in which he didn't answer a few civily put questions by myself, so I learned nothing from that source.

I have handled lots of furs other than the usual returns of the Post. In 1853 the demand for goods at Fort Nisqually was rather brisk, and the sales for cash were very good. The Indians had plenty of money then obtained from ships coming to the Sound to load piles for use

in California in building wharves, etc.

Labor was in demand and well paid; some men, laborers, were earning five dollars a day and almost any kind of a working man could earn two and three dollars a day. Almost all the Company's servants, white men and Kanakas, left the service and went to work, some of them, cutting piles and loading ships at five dollars a day. A few of the white men went to California for the gold mines but made very little money and not being the kind of chaps made for digging and searching for gold, and failing to find it in lumps all ready for them to pick up, soon became tired and made their way back to Nisqually and the Indian wives they left behind them.

All but one reentered the Company's service and remained a few years and then became settlers and farmers. All the Kanakas were good axemen and readily obtained employment. It was a great raise from fifty cents a day, the wages they received from the company, with board and lodging, to three and five dollars a day, but it didn't last long and when the demand for piles slackened, wages fell also and soon the Kanakas, seven or eight in number, were glad to get back in their old places at almost the same rate of wages, a small advance having been made them.

The duties upon the goods imported from the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria were charged upon the advanced prices, about thirty three and one third per cent upon prime cost, and to make this lighter it was decided that a large invoice of goods should be obtained direct from London, and accordingly in 1854, the annual, or perhaps now semi-annual ships from England, the old Hudson's Bay ship, Prince Albert,

came out that year and on board had upwards of twelve thousand pounds worth of goods for Fort Nisqually and about this time this large lot of goods reached Nisqually the trade at that Fort had lessened very considerably. Stores in Olympia, Steilacoom and Seattle had opened and there was not the same outlet for the goods as there was a year or so ago and to enable us to get rid of some of these goods the managers of the Company's affairs decided that the interior force and posts in the Oregon department should get their year's supply of goods for trade of each place from this establishment and accordingly on the second of June, 1855, Mr. A. McDonald of Fort Colville arrived at Fort Nisqually, by the way of Nachess Pass with two hundred pack horses laden with the fur returns for the year ending May 31, 1855, of Fort Colville, Walla Walla and all the trading posts in the United States territory, extending as far as the Rocky Mountains.

This brigade was in charge of McDonald and twenty-five men, Canadians and Scotchmen with a few Iroquois Indians and half-breeds. The furs were all nicely packed in bales weighing about eighty pounds each, two packs being a load for one horse. The furs arrived in good order and were handed over to Dr. W. F. Tolmie, the officer in charge of the fort at that time, and that gentleman gave them in my charge to unpack and beat, and in due time to repack them for shipment.

The brigade, after a rest of several days, prepared to return with the goods required for the ensuing year's trade and the year's supply of goods for each servant. The goods were assorted and weighed and carefully packed and pressed into compact bales weighing each eighty pounds and the non-pressable goods were packed in boxes. Gun powder

was in strong oak barrels, copper hooped and the shot and ball was packed in green hide bags. Everything was put in a ship shape order and strong enough to stand the difficulties to be encountered upon such a long trip, the roads and trails along the route being in many places rough and dangerous.

On the 10th of July, the Fort Walla Walla brigade left with fifty-five packs of goods and on the 25th of the same month, the Colville brigade left with one hundred fifty one bales, cases and packages of goods. Soon after McDonald left with the Brigade, Dr. Tolmie learned from friendly Indians that a party of "Yachimah" Indians who afterwards joined the hostile Indians, who gave so much trouble to the United States troops which resulted in the defeat of Colonels Haller and Steptoe but who were not long afterwards so thoroughly whipped by Colonel Wright had threatened to way-lay and rob Mc Donald and he (Dr. Tolmie) was much exercised and troubled in mind about these reports knowing these Indians so well as he did and being fully aware what a great temptation the goods or some of the goods McDonald had in his charge, the principal and most valuable part of it to the hostile Indians would be the ammunition, the gun powder and balls, of which there was a very large amount, but he was comforted when he thought of McDonald and his great influence over all the Indians from the "Yachimah" valley to the base of the Rocky Mountains.

He was connected by marriage with the Kalispel Indians and could talk or make himself understood by all the Indians between the Cascade and Rocky Mountains. Still, the Doctor's mind was ill at ease until he heard of the safe arrival of McDonald with his pack train at Colville.

He received a letter from McDonald in which he told him of the trouble he had experienced with some of the "Yachimahs," especially the murderous rascal "Qualchen," the son of the Chief "Ouchi," the same scoundrel who very nearly murdered that brave fellow Theodore Winthrop in 1853. I had recommended him to Winthrop as a guide before I was aware of his treacherous character.

McDonald had trouble in keeping Qualchen at bay, and it was only when he had seen the rascal's father, Ouchi and resumed an old friendship with him was he able to feel himself safe from the clutches of this bloody handed and murderous young redskin, who as young as he was, not much over twenty at the time, was guilty, as was afterwards ascertained of having murdered and caused to be murdered several men who had purchased their horses and outfit from myself at Fort Nisqually and after bidding us good-bye started on their journey to the Rock Creek and Salmon River mines by the way of the Nachess Pass, but the poor fellows didn't reach even the Yachimah river, having been murdered and robbed by this young demon and his gang somewhere in the vicinity of the Wenass river.

I recollect three of the missing men, Captain Jones, who for several years ran a small sloop between Victoria and Olympia but not the Captain Jimmie Jones of the steamer Jennie Jones notoriety; Alick Wilson, a sailor and once a boat hand in the employ of W.W. Miller, the first surveyor of customs appointed by President Buchanan, with residence at Port Nisqually, the first port of delivery named upon Puget Sound, and "Lecky" an honorably discharged U.S . Soldier one of the company of the 4th Artillery under Captain B.H. Hill, who arrived at Fort Steilacoom in August, 1849.

These men were never more heard of except only through Indians after peace had been proclaimed. There were others outfitted in Nisqually who followed in the footsteps of Jones and the others and who met the same fate, but I have forgotten their names. I have already mentioned that the many packages of furs, the result of the year's trade at Forts Colville, Walla Walla, Nez Perces, the Snake River country and one or two other little trading posts near the Rocky Mountains were turned over to me by Dr. Tolmie and I made a thorough examination of them, well aired them two or three times and at last gave them a good beating before packing and pressing into larger bales for shipment to Victoria.

I have a list of the furs received and re-packed for shipment and I will here give a copy of the account showing the number and names of the most valuable of the furs, namely:

176 badgers	2685 beaver
576 black bear	345 Fisher
522 brown bear	13 Silver foxes
270 grizzily bear	115 x -breedfoxes
1531 marten	322 red foxes
588 mink	417 land otter
42 wolverines	7947 Musquash
184 lynx	572 wolves

Forts Vancouver and Nisqually are in the same district as those above mentioned but the returns of those establishments are not included in the above statement. The wolves and lynx in the above lot are altogether different to the same pelt obtained upon the Sound or in the

Sound country and are valuable as furs whilst the Sound's skins are not.

The Company used a great number of pack horses in their business, at least they did forty years ago. I don't know whether they use as many now. McDonald had several spare horses in his brigade to change when required. Some of the poor animals had fearful sore backs and withers and no matter how much care is exhibited by the packers in handling the pack animals it seems impossible to prevent those animals backs or some of them becoming excoriated.

In 1859 mules were introduced and in the fall of that year I drove a lot of very fine mules received from Victoria to British Columbia by the way of the Naches Pass. The Company then had some idea of moving a lot of the Nisqually breeding ewe sheep into British Columbia and I was ordered to return home by the way of the Snoqualmie Pass and was to report upon my return as to the comparative merits of the two passes, and the feasibility of driving sheep into British Columbia.

I reported in favor of the Naches and unfavorably for sheep driving. It seemed to me that the long narrow passes so often met with upon the trail by the Naches and Columbia rivers afforded insuperable difficulties in the way of sheep driving and, at that time, there were a great number of large brown wolves in the country which would be very hurtful to sheep raising.

We, myself and party, were driving our band of mules and horses along one of the long narrow and lofty Columbia River passes when we met a wolf, a single animal, in the middle of the path, who, after showing his teeth for a while slowly climbed to an eminence a little above

the trail, and deliberately squatted down upon his haunches and viewed the procession. One of my hands was a good shot and he brought the brute down and he died without scarcely a struggle. Upon our return we looked for Mr. Wolf's carcass but we found nothing but the white bones which had apparently been picked clean by its own tilli-cums (people).

Another time, we were compelled to leave a very fine yearling stallion in the valley of the Okanagon in charge of an Indian. The animal had become used up completely, its feet had given out in spite of the horse hide shoes we made for the poor lame brute, obtained from an animal we had killed for that purpose. The surface of the ground upon the tops of the bald mountains, several miles across, on each side of the Yachimah valley, thickly dotted with sharp angular stones which we found to be severe indeed upon the feet of our unshod horses and particularly upon the feet of the young yearling colt who couldn't proceed any farther, so we left him in good grass, thinking he would recuperate enough to perform the rest of the journey in the course of a few days.

We proceeded to our journey's end, the Similkymyne valley, about two days journey from where we left the colt. When we returned to the spot upon our way home, we found five or six large brown wolves feasting upon the poor colt's carcass. I suppose the savage had attacked the poor weakly animal and soon rendered it lifeless.

Another time when upon our trip home we camped one night on the summit of the bald mountain between the Columbia River and the Yachimah valley and after starting the next morning discovered we had left behind our small axe. I rode back to recover it and upon

approaching the site of our encampment I saw five or six, at least, large and savage wolves smelling around the spot. When they saw me they deliberately walked a little way off and squatted down. I didn't much like the idea of dismounting but I galloped quickly up, dismounted and recovered the tool, the savage brutes showing their teeth in a very unpleasant manner.

I thought that a country so largely infested with such savage brutes was a poor place in which to drop three or four thousand sheep, and I, in my report, didn't encourage the idea of moving the sheep. I have been informed by people, well acquainted with the Yachimah and Okanagon country that at the present time (1900), there were very few wolves to be found in those localities. Perhaps they have all been killed off or else the hard winter of 1861-1862 starved them all out, as they were this side of the mountains.

To show how very destructive these large timber wolves were in those days, I will relate a case which happened when I was in charge of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company's business at Nisqually. Of course, I mean under Dr. Tolmie. It was during the Indian war of 1855-56 when I lived at Muck and had charge of the sheep, cattle, and horses and the several small farms or stations upon the Nisqually plains.

I was very much annoyed by the constant depredations upon our poor sheep by these savage brutes. I think that I have, perhaps, told this story in some of my former papers, but no matter, I will tell it again, and as it occurred during my superintendency I can vouch for its truth.

I had called in from one of the stations a band of about one thousand sheep, ewes, and had handled them all and picked out the very aged and sickly animals and separated them from the main band which in the night following was kept in an enclosure upon a piece of land intended for cropping purposes and which was being enriched by the sheep in large bands, being nightly parked upon it, the parks being moved every one or two nights according to the requirements of the land.

This is found to be a most admirable method of enriching land and with five or six thousand sheep faithfully looked after, a large amount of land can be greatly enriched and made wonderfully productive. I have raised fifty and sixty bushels of wheat upon land so treated and between five and six hundred bushels of potatoes per acre. The old and sickly sheep, forty in number, were not put in the park with the main band but allowed to run outside and remain all night near the fence.

The next morning, early, the shepherd was horrified to find the entire forty sheep dead! They had been all killed by having been bitten in the neck. The carcasses were all removed but one which was well baited with strychnine and the next morning one large brown wolf was found dead! I would have much liked to know if this one brute had killed all the forty sheep or if it had any assistance.

The dead wolf was hanged to a tree growing at the edge of Muck creek at the side of the county road where it swung in the breeze for many years. Many of my acquaintances thought that a cougar had done the mischief as the brutes generally kill by piercing the

the jugular vein, and that wolf came prowling after and found the dead carcass. We seldom killed a cougar by baiting. They were shy of it and wouldn't touch it

The Board of Management of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, Columbia River, had decided that the fur returns from the different posts, or trading establishments in Oregon and Washington territory, for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1855, which, hitherto, had always been taken to Fort Vancouver, should, this year, be taken to Fort Nisqually, which post is situated on Puget Sound, six miles south of Steilacoom, directly upon the high road between Olympia and the growing maritime port of Tacoma, by the way of the Naches pass, across the Cascade range of mountains, and the supply of goods required by these posts for the trade for the ensuing year, and the supplies to servants for the year also, should be obtained at this post, Nisqually, and freighted back by the pack train of horses which carried the furs.

The principal reason for making this order was because Fort Nisqually was overstocked with goods, the usual kind required to carry on trade with Indians, and a small selection of the fine kind of goods, to satisfy the demands of the now fast increasing white population coming into the country to find employment at the large sawmills now in operation and in the course of construction, and also to take up claims, farms, under the United States very liberal land laws.

These goods had been intended for the year 1854 when the country was feeling the effects of the building up of San Francisco which made trade upon Puget Sound very brisk, and the demand for piling timber was great, causing money, in the shape of gold coin, Mexican gold doubloons were plentiful, and Mexican silver dollars to be

largely in circulation.

The demand for goods was very brisk, and the Indians were the best customers in these days. They obtained big wages in return for their labor in logging camps, or camps employed in getting out piling timber for loading the numerous ships then in the San Francisco lumber and piling trade, and often times bands of Indians from the lower Sound country would come to our store and spend from one to three hundred dollars at one visit.

Up to 1854, Fort Nisqually had obtained its supply of goods required for the trade of the place from Fort Victoria, and occasionally a small supply would be obtained from Fort Vancouver, there was no Fort Vancouver in British Columbia in these days, and paid duties to the United States Custom house, upon the advance upon first cost charged by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company. It was to save this extra expense and anticipating a continuation of the brisk and lively trade of 1853 and 1854 which caused the Board of Management to permit Fort Nisqually to make a large requisition of goods upon the Hudson's Bay Company in London and accordingly an invoice of miscellaneous goods, amounting in value to nearly thirteen thousand pounds was, in the Spring of 1854, shipped on the Hudson's Bay Company's old barque Prince Albert, Captain Mannock in command, and she (the vessel) arrived safely at the Nisqually anchorage grounds on the morning of the 7th of October, 1854, having first discharged a large lot of goods at Fort Victoria.

By receiving goods direct from London, the Company made quite a saving in the amount paid for duties. Formerly the goods obtained

from Victoria were charged the Puget Sound Agricultural Company at an advance of fifty per cent upon prime cost, but upon the goods just received from London is to be added on by the cost of freight, insurance, etc. and the difference between paying duties upon the first cost of the goods and upon an invoice with fifty per cent added was saved to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company.

In relation to the supplies to servants: each man made known the kind of goods he wanted and the quantity which, if within the amount to his credit in the books of the company, was supplied him at an advance price of fifty per cent upon prime cost, and they were packed with the Company's goods, and freighted to their place of residence free of cost, but if the servant wished for more goods before the expiration of the year, he had to pay the company one hundred per cent, upon the first cost for them.

We at Fort Nisqually made preparations for packing the goods for the interior posts long before the arrival of the Brigade of horses bringing the furs, and a small press was made by one of our Canadian carpenters. It was a primitive affair but answered all purposes. Its pressing power was the wedge and it made a compact, strong bale, each bale weighing about 80 pounds which made a good load for a horse and two weighed one hundred sixty pounds which was a load quite heavy enough for a horse weighing from seven hundred to one thousand pounds to pack over such roads and trails as are found in this mountainous country.

Some of the goods couldn't be pressed and such were put in strong boxes. Shot and ball were put in raw hide casing which required to be strong to prevent loss enroute.

I had never seen such work performed, I mean the packing and pressing of goods, and it was deemed of such importance and so necessary that the goods should be properly packed, that a man well acquainted with the process of packing should superintend the work. Accordingly Mr. H.N. Peers, an old officer and then in charge of the company's establishment at Cowlitz, was ordered to come and instruct me, in fact to take charge of the work.

He came across and for the first few days of the packing work appeared in the press room, but soon dropped it and did nothing but occasionally gave me advise when I asked for it, and for about a month he had an easy time of it, but he didn't get any credit for the manner in which some of the goods were packed, and for a long time after the reception of the goods packed for each servant, Peers and myself were freely abused, for acting under instructions from Peers, I had pressed in a bale, stuff which ought to have been put in a box and not subjected to pressure.

Almost all the servants asked for a good supply of soap, and the English article, a very good kind called Mottled Soap always came in three pound bars. This article, Peers told me to put in the bale along with the miscellaneous assortment of other goods asked for by the servant. This I did, and I afterwards wedged up the bale as tight as I possibly could, the soap being in the middle, and when the bale was opened the soap was found pressed as flat as a pancake and mixed in with the other goods, and many were the insults we got from the poor French Canadian when they saw the state of their bundles of goods, and soap especially.

I was blamed for this as well as Peers, and I certainly ought to have known the soap should not have been subjected to pressure along with other goods.

On the 27th day of June, 1855, the Fort Journal states that "...three French Canadians arrived at the Fort and presented an order from Mr Angus McDonald...." the officer in charge of Fort Colville, for flour and other provisions for the use of the brigade which was in the mountains and would probably arrive here in five days, and they were correct in their prediction for on the 2nd of July about mid-day I was startled at seeing a tall and rather slim man ride into the Fort yard, dismount and walk towards the large house where he was met and kindly received by Dr. Tolmie.

This was Angus McDonald of Fort Colville, and now in charge of the Brigade of upwards of two hundred horses, most of them packed with furs, the result of the year's trade at Forts Colville, Walla Walla, Boise, Hall, Okanagon Nez Perce, and the Snake Country, also a minor post or two, not of much consequence and the names of which I have forgotten. I had heard a great deal about McDonald and was anxious to see him, which desire was soon gratified, for Doctor Tolmie brought him to the packing room where I was working and gave me an introduction to him.

He was rather a good looking man, about six feet in height, straight and slim, but was said to be very wiry and strong. He had a dark complexion and long, jet black hair reaching to his shoulder, and a thick, long and very black beard and mustache. He wore a dressed deer skin shirt and pants, a regatta, or rowing shirt, and had a

blackish silk handkerchief tied loosely around his neck. He had a black piercing eye, and a deep sonorous voice, rather musical, and had a slow and rather monotonous manner of speaking.

He was fond of telling Indian stories and legends and would sometimes keep an audience entranced and spell-bound when walking to and fro in the large Nisqually reception room, and telling some blood-curdling Indian story in which he had borne a conspicuous part. He could talk several Indian languages and lived a long time amongst the Blackfoot Indians, and he was full of interest stories of adventure amongst that, at one time, savage tribe of Indians.

He was excessively fond of living the life of an aborigine, and would much prefer to live in a tent, or lodge, than in a house built in accordance with civilized plans. He was fairly educated and was well up in the politics of the day. He was a good French linguist, but his native language was the Gaelic of the Scotch Highlands, and he was very fond of singing or chanting in a deep, not by any means musical voice Gaelic songs or verses improvised by himself.

Sometimes Dr. Tolmie would join in, when he sang, or attempted to sing some old and well known Scotch ditty. The Doctor could talk and understand Gaelic although he wasn't a native highlander, but came very near becoming one, having been born in Inverness. The Doctor was very fond of music and although he wasn't the possessor of a voice like "Marios" or "Jean de Resche" he could sing a great variety of Gaelic songs.

But as for MacDonald, he was never tired of chanting Gaelic lines and he had a wonderful voice. I should like it was something like

the late Signor Folis' voice, the great basso, when suffering from a very bad cold, but the most astonishing thing about it was that "Mac" actually labored under the idea that he was a fine singer and the possessor of a voice which only required a little training to be equal to any of the leading basso profundis of the day, 1855-56, at least I used to think this of Mac for I got very intimate with him and liked him much.

He was married to either a Nez Perce woman or a Kalispel, the daughter of a leading chief and he had several children by her. One, a girl named Christine, was said to be quite good looking and for a long time was the belle of Colville. When MacDonald left here with the return pack train laden with goods, he made application to Mr Dugald McTavish, who was the chairman of the Board of Management at Fort Vancouver, that I should go with him, to be his chief clerk but was told that I couldn't be spared from Nisqually because of my acquaintance with the details of the company's claim under the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, made in 1846, was more extensive than that of anyone else and that I couldn't be spared until after the settlement of the company's claim.

MacDonald wanted me to go with him urgently, as he was thinking of resigning and I could succeed him at Colville. If I had gone with him it would, I am sure, have been infinitely better for my prospects in the service; as it was now, all the Hudson's Bay officers whose services were transferred to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company stood a poor chance of speedy promotion, because the majority of the appointing board, that is, the board elected to promote

chief clerks, were not connected with the Puget Sound Agricultural Company and looked with disfavor upon men unfortunate enough to be placed in charge of the business of the Agricultural Company.

Things were managed differently after 1850. The Puget Sound Agricultural Company in London engaged men to act as bailiffs, as they were termed, and they had nothing at all to do with the Hudson's Bay Company. Before 1850 Hudson's Bay Company officers were selected by the management of affairs here, to carry on the business of the new company, the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, but after 1850 this was all changed.

A Mr. Dean, an Englishman, who had tried and made a failure of several kinds of business was sent here. He was between fifty and sixty years of age and actually was sent out here to supersede Dr. Tolmie and allow the latter to take charge of Fort Victoria. But Dean was a perfect failure. Was almost uneducated, and had been more interested in sporting affairs than in anything else and was better able to discuss the fighting abilities of "Deaf Burke," "The Game Chicken" and "Cock-eyed Barney," all notorious bruisers than any question relating to farming and raising or breeding and rearing livestock.

He had a wife, and two sons of age, one leaving the country for good (never returned) and the other, a comical Punch and Judy sort of a fellow, married an Indian woman, superior in character to himself, took a claim up in this country and is living upon it today. The father, Dean, quarreled with the Doctor Tolmie about the question of wages and suddenly left the service of the company and jumped, that

is squatted upon the place upon which he resided, a place called Flithlane, and in spite of the ejection suit brought against him by the company and which he won in the courts of this country, he succeeded in selling the company's farm Flithlane house and safely pocketed the money, fifteen hundred dollars.

At the same time, the other bailiffs were engaged in London by the Company. They were superior men to Dean, having been gentlemen farmers in England. They all had large families and when they arrived they were put in charge of farms of about three or four hundred acres in extent situated near Victoria, and they were expected to make money for the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, but of course they didn't and I doubt very much if they made enough upon the places to support their own large families. They remained upon the farms for a few years, when two of them died and the other went back to England.

He was an ex-captain in the British Army. Rather a funny idea to send such men out from England to run little farms upon Vancouver Island.

MacDonald was a staunch Englishman and was very plain spoken, in fact, I thought he was sometimes offensively rude when talking to Americans. He made a visit to us once during the San Juan difficulty and I recollect that I took him up with me to Olympia when he never missed an opportunity for getting into a wordy quarrel with some American upon the San Juan question and I thought that more than once I saved him from being assaulted for talking contemptuously of decent Americans and it was only the fact of his being my

friend that I saved him, but he didn't appreciate it and continued as abusive as ever until at last I refrained from taking him with me when I visited adjoining towns.

One time at Fort Steilacoom he got into an argument with an officer just as much prejudiced against the British as was Mac against the Americans and a challenge to fight a duel was nearly the result but I succeeded in calming the troubled waters. Mac would have fought in a minute and the American officer was a regular fire eater. I was careful not to take Mac visiting any more after this little episode.

To continue my story after the rather elaborate introduction I have given Mr. Angus MacDonald; not very long after his arrival there came trotting into the fort yards the first detachment of the brigade, about twenty horses, all laden with packs of furs and in charge of two men. Detachments continued to arrive until upwards of two hundred pack animals were inside the fort yard, and about twenty-five men were in charge of them.

There were also spare animals for packing and riding, and not a few were packed with tents, cooking utensils, and what little provisions remained. Unloading the poor tired animals immediately commenced, each detachment being attended by the two men to whom its care belonged, and I was horrified to see the backs of some of the poor animals, the pack saddles, in some instances, no doubt carelessly attended to, had worn awful looking sores in their backs.

It will sometimes happen in the most carefully watched pack trains

and the utmost care will not prevent some of the horses from having very sore backs, but it is oftentimes caused by the carlessness of the packers in fixing the saddles properly and securely fastening the packs to the backs of the hard working and sometimes suffering animals. I have superintended a good deal of this work myself and know that the utmost care exhibited will, sometimes not prevent the horses from having sore backs.

The valuable lot of furs were turned over to me and I had trusty men selected to watch them. There was a lot of work to do with these furs, in exposing them frequently to the air, beating them and getting them ready for making into larger bales for shipment to Victoria.

Amongst the lot of furs received were a large number of foxes, martins, and mink, small but valuable furs, and strict watch had to be kept over them to prevent peculations by Indians and even sometimes white men would be caught in trying to get away with a valuable martin. Some of the furs had been slightly damaged in crossing the many rivers along the route, but I was suprised to see them open up in such good condition as they did.

In the lot were upwards of 1,300 bear skins, almost all large and 250 of them were Large and fine Grizzlies. There were:

200 badgers	185 lynx(prime fur)
2500 beavers	1500 martin
380 fishers	575 mink
12 silver foxes	8000 musquash
80 cross silver	412 land otter
334 red foxes	580 wolves(Prime fur)

45 wolverines.

The large lot of horses were placed in charge of two horse keepers and two boys and were driven to what was then known as the Kull-kullillahe or the Oak Tree prairie or land because of the large grove of young oak trees standing in its center. It is about three or four thousand acres in extent and is situated between the Squally reservation plain and the Canadian prairie. It was then covered with a thick growth of native blue bunch grass which at that time, covered many of the Nisqually plains, and this prairie we, the company, kept reserved especially for horses and kept most of our riding horses there, a horse keeper always residing there and the Company's establishment in 1855 was where Frank Goodwins farm is located at the present day, but alas! none of the old indigenous grass can be found.

In 1855 the prairie had been reserved and the grass sowed especially for these expected horses, and when the poor tired animals were driven to it the grass was pleasant to behold, it was so thick and tall. It was of a character so nutritious that poor, used up horses, if in good health, picked up almost immediately and would, in the course of two or three weeks be in fine condition.

The men accompanying MacDonald were a cosmopolitan crowd. There were Scotchmen, French-Canadians, half-breeds, and Iroquois Indians. The foreman was a Scotch Highlander and when at home was in charge of a little trading post amongst the Blackfoot Indians. The Canadians were strong wiry fellows and amongst them were men who had been in the employ of the Company for nearly fifty years.

The Iroquois, or half-breed Iroquois, were the best looking men in the band. The handsomest and strongest man amongst them was a half-breed(Iroquois and Canadian French). He was very strong and agile and being the champion athlete amongst his own people he challenged our hands to run a foot race and other games requiring strength and endurance; although amongst our staff were some strong and powerful fellows, the Iroquois beat them all and at running a foot race he beat them badly.

These men were great fellows to brag and crow and they were constantly taunting our fellows, and claiming their great superiority. Our men, especially the Englishmen, and we had several of them attached to the place, felt humiliated at the idea of this Iroquois beating them so easily, and they were aware that one of the clerks of the establishment, a young Englishman likewise, was able to outrun them all easily, and they felt satisfied that this young fellow could beat the Iroquois champion and they begged the young fellow to accept the braggart's challenge as they felt satisfied he was the best man and could take the laurels from the brow of the fastest runner in the Colville-Nez Perce country.

The young man was a little doubtful of his ability to beat such a muscular, strong looking fellow and resisted the importunities of the Nisqually men for some time but the conduct of the Brigade men became so unsufferably boastful that he at last gave in and agreed to run the champion a short race of one hundred yards.

This coming contest caused a great excitement and so confident were the Colvilles of winning that they offered to bet almost all they

were worth upon their man, but the young clerk would not allow the Fort men to run any risk of losing and refused to run if they insisted upon betting.

MacDonald laughed at the idea of the young man for a moment thinking he could compete with such a well known runner as their champion, but agreed to act as starter with, I think, Doctor Tolmie and Mr. Peers acting as judges. The race was to be run in the evening after the days work was over.

In the Summer time and in the evenings, it was customary for the young people, and a few old ones likewise, to assemble at the water gate, where there were seats placed at the foot of the palisades. Then young men would have games, run races, throw the hammer, put the stone and pitch quoits. These sports would bring around us many Indians, who would sometimes join in the games but not often.

The starting point was down the road, west of the gate. A line was drawn and one hundred yards measured off, terminating almost opposite the small gate where another line was made. The first man to cross this line was the winner. Between six and seven p.m. a large crowd had assembled at the gate, for the coming race had caused quite an excitement and many Indians from the Nisqually and Puyallup Rivers had come to witness the struggle, for the clerk was well known to the Indians and was rather a favorite.

At the time appointed the contestants appeared. The Iroquois, Edourd Pichette was his name, wore a gaudy, loud colored shirt fitting tight around his big, barrel-formed chest. A handsome red silk belt around his waist and a pair of thin cotton drawers

showing his handsome, muscular legs to good advantage. He was a splendid figure of a man, such a chest he had. It was round like a barrel and altogether he looked a fit model to satisfy any fastidious painter or sculptor.

The young Englishman stripped well also, and I noticed that MacDonald was astonished when he saw his well developed chest and powerful arms, for the young man was a leader in the prevailing games throwing the hammer, putting the stone and pitching the heavy iron quoits. All was ready for the race, the halfbreed was cool and confident of success, as were his fellow, who to the last, were anxious to bet their last shirt and inch of tobacco (the tobacco sold to the men came in large one hundred pound rolls and was like a rope and about one inch in diameter) upon their favorite.

The starting place was one hundred measured yards west of the water gate, a small postern gate which led to the creek, the Sequallit-chen river. At the time its boards were perforated with holes made with bullets fired by the Snoqualmie Indians when they attacked the Fort in 1849. It was here that poor Leander Wallace fell, shot to death by these same Snoqualmies.

When all was ready and at an agreed upon signal from MacDonald a fair start was made. The young Englishman jumping ahead at the start and to our astonishment he increased his lead until the end of the first fifty yards when Pichette, the Iroquois, shortened the distance but to the intense disgust of MacDonald and his company, the Englishman won the race by a distance of about four or five feet.

Oh, the howling and hurraing by the English part of the crowd. "Sacreeing" and other demoralizing French expressions from the Canadians and the silent jubilant looks of the Nisqually Indians. It was all very pleasing to the English victor. Edourd Pichette earnestly begged the Englishman to run him to distance of one mile, or half a mile and down to two hundred yards but the Englishman was wise and refused to run any more and was content to rest on his laurels.

The young man's reputation as a great runner, who had defeated the Rocky Mountain champion, spread over the Indian country between Colville and the base of the Rockies.

A dance was given by Dr. Tolmie to the MacDonald band of packers before leaving for their homes. One of the large stores was emptied of goods and it became a fine dancing hall. A room about sixty feet in length and thirty feet in width, its floor was rather rough but that didn't trouble the dancers. One or two of the Canadians were fair fiddlers and of course a liberal supply of whiskey was provided and nearly all the young Indian girls and Halfbreeds in the neighborhood were there. In those days there were quite a number of French Canadians, ex-Hudson's Bay Company servants married to Indian women and living in this country.

The Indian women and the Halfbreed women and girls were passionately fond of dancing and almost all the Indian women had an original way of dancing, a step of their own. It was very comical to see them, ten or a dozen at one time. "Jigs" were their favourite dances and they would stand facing their partners and keep time

to music by simply bobbing or jumping up and down. No step, no change, but always the same jumping with both feet from the ground at the same time.

We had in our employ at that time about ten Kanakas and to vary the entertainment I would persuade these men to dance some of their native dances. They would cheerfully comply, and standing in a row would begin a wild and monotonous chant, keeping time by moving their bodies with great exactitude and twisting about, in which I could see no dancing, but merely posturing and sometimes it seemed to me to be an unseemly performance in the presence of ladies.

One of the men attached to Fort Nisqually was an Englishman named Dean, one of the two sons of Mr. Thomas Dean, the Bailiff sent out by the London directorate to supersede Dr. Tolmie. He was a genius, a comical character and a natural musician. He could sing comic songs in character and was for a time the life of the place. He made, in the course of two or three hours a common tin whistle upon which he could play fairly well tunes from Operas. He made a set of Punch and Judy dolls or figures and he would go through the performance of Mr. Punch and his wife, Judy, just as clever and good as I have often seen it performed in London.

It was arranged that he should give his Punch performance at MacDonald's party. He did so and I never before sawy of party of men so pleased and delighted in my lifetime. Several of the men had never been out of this country in their lives, had never been inside of a theater. Young Dean's Punch and Judy show was a

revelation to them.

There was one old chap in the crowd whose manifestation of pleasure particularly pleased me. He was a Canadian Frenchman, a very stout old man, small in stature but very strong and muscular. He was upwards of sixty years of age, and had been in this country all his life. He understood enough English to follow Punch's show, and to witness that old man's expression of delight was to me a far better show than Mr. Punch's. How the old man would laugh. He would lay down upon the floor, kick up his heels and burst into paroxysms of laughter, almost causing all of his fellows to do likewise.

I am sure this old fellow and others of the band never forgot Monsieur Punch and I can fancy how often the story of the show would be told by the campfire and in the wilds of the trapper's camps in the Rockies.

The horses had put on flesh and their backs had nearly healed up when the Walla Walla contingent was ordered to get ready to start for home. On the 18th of July, the Brigade of fifty five horses, laden with goods, started for Fort Walla Walla, and on the 25th of July, 1855, MacDonald and the remainder of the train left for Colville, taking with them seventy-six horses packed with goods.

Dr. Tolmie received a communication from MacDonald after he had arrived safely at his journey's end and his letter was very interesting indeed. He left here in July and in the month of September the Indian War broke out. We, at least Doctor Tolmie, know the condition of the minds of the Indians and had been in

communication with Governor Stevens on the subject, but had no idea that the outbreak was so imminent. MacDonald's letter opened his eyes and alarmed him greatly.

The Walla Walla party, which had left Nisqually a few days in advance of the main body, became alarmed at something they providentially had learned on the road, and encamped before entering the foothills and awaited the arrival of MacDonald. Lucky for them they did for if they had continued along ahead, no doubt they would all have been murdered. Being Hudson's Bay Company people would, in my opinion, have made no difference to the murderous young scoundrel, Qualchen. To get possession of what would have been to the hostile Indians such an immensely valuable lot of goods as were in the pack train, the bloody minded young villain would have murdered the entire party, including MacDonald, without the slightest feeling of compunction.

MacDonald's influence amongst the Indians must have been very great indeed to have allowed him to come scatheless through such a danger. He was looked up to by the Spokanes, Nez Perce, Blackfeet, Kallis-pels, and indeed all the tribes between the Yakima vally and the Rocky Mountains, as a great medicine man, although a white man.

I have no doubt that reputation, along with the ability to talk to the Indians in their own language permitted him to pass safely through the ranks of the Indians, who were almost on the eve of declaring themselves hostile, and safely conveying such a valuable lot of goods to their destination.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN. 1900-1901.

Number one--Killing of Cush. Oregonian 19 Aug.1900.

The road from Tacoma to Olympia passes through the well-known farm or what is now generally known as the Huggins Ranch. The homestead is about sixteen miles from Tacoma and fourteen from Olympia. Puget Sound is only one and one quarter miles west of the house, or about two and a half miles above the landing or anchorage for ships. The Nisqually River which is about the same size as the Puyallup, debouches into Puget Sound immediately opposite the southeast corner of Anderson Island.

The newcomer, riding along the high road--the first ever made in this country through the fenced fields, and by the quiet, picturesque looking old homestead would, no doubt, be surprised when told that it is the most historical spot north of Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River, and was not so very long ago a place of importance and the principal business site on Puget Sound; that, fifty years ago, it was a strongly constructed fort, well manned and armed, and that upward of fifty hands, white men, Kanakas (Sandwich Islanders) and Indians comprised its garrison.

The Nisqually Indians (the Squallyamish tribe) were then quite numerous, and in the Spring of 1850, a large number of lodges were in the open, west of the fort, and on the banks of the little river, bearing the euphonious name of the "Sequallitchew," which takes its rise in a lake of the same name, about three quarters of a mile in a straight line to the eastward edge of the fort and after running with great swiftness through a ravine or gulch nearly as wild and savage looking as any to be seen in the Cascade

range of mountains, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for about a mile, empties into Puget Sound, about one third of a mile below the landing place.

Between the bridge which crosses the stream near the fort and high-water mark--about one mile in a straight line there is a fall of two hundred two feet.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Forty-five years ago the fort looked very different from what it looks now. In fact, a stranger would not for a moment think it had ever been the scene of so much bustle and activity.

There is only one of the old buildings erected by the Hudson's Bay Company left standing. It is after the old style adopted by the company where timber was plentiful. The walls are of fir timber, squared with the ax, and the frame is stout and generally not less than ten or twelve inches square and the walls of squared fir, about ten or twelve inches wide and six inches thick. The floor is either boards cut with the pit saw, driven by man power, or else puncheons, with one side squared only, with the ax.

The roofs were generally covered with cedar bark cut into sheets, about ten feet long, and from eighteen to thirty inches wide. Why this bark was used in preference to cedar shingles, or shakes I never could find out. Bark roofs always gave trouble and required repairing every fall. The rough or outside of the bark was always exposed to the weather.

Soon after I came to Fort Nisqually, all the bark roofs were replaced with cedar shingles, or shakes, which make an infinitely better roof than cedar bark. A roof of well-made, good cedar shakes, carefully nailed on, ought to last forty-five or fifty years, and shingles from twenty to thirty years, and at the end would leak but very little.

The Huggins residence which replaced the old Tye House or chief's house, was built in 1853 of sawed lumber, obtained from the first water power mill construction upon Puget Sound, a small affair, with only, at first, one up and down saw. The lumber cost from thirty dollars to forty dollars a thousand. It is a strongly constructed house, fifty feet by thirty feet, and one story in height, with a wide veranda around three sides of it.

The work was done principally by a skilled mechanic, a discharged United States soldier, but under him worked a number of rough carpenters, French Canadians, Kanakas, and Indians. Some of the Indians became expert in the use of tools, and one especially, named Gohome, bade fair to become a good mechanic.

All the work of this house, and another of a similar kind, only smaller, was done by hand, as there were no machines invented for making doors, sash, etc. at that early date.

The old house, built in the old Hudson's Bay style, was about forty by twenty feet, and was erected on the site of the old fort in 1833 or 1834, which stood on a pretty clear plateau about one quarter of a mile from the Sound, and in 1841 or thereabouts was moved to the new fort, on the edge of the large plain or prairie, which bears the name of American Plain, or Boston Plain" so called

by the Indians because the American or United States troops were located at the northeast end of the plain. The Hudson's Bay Company's servants were called King George tillacum(King George people or Englishmen.).

THE TYEE HOUSE.

The old Tyee House was, in those days, considered to be quite a palatial residence, although to the man just out from one of the world's leading cities it appeared to be what it really was, a wretchedly uncomfortable house. It contained only two rooms. The dining room was about fifteen or eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, and there was one smaller room used as a bedroom. A still smaller room was built on the south end. The large room has been the scene of many stirring events and several men, principally United States Army officers, who afterwards rose to eminence have sat at its board.

President Grant, Generals McClellan, Casey, Pickett, Kautz, I.I. Stevens and several others, the names of whom I have forgotten, have been entertained in that shabby looking old house.

Theodore Winthrop, the author of the "Canoe and the Saddle" made two visits to the fort, He made, in 1853, a canoe trip to Victoria along with Dr. Tolmie and his wife, and the latter's sister, Miss Work. The return trip he made alone, and the adventures he met with, and the trouble he had with his Indian crew, at the head of which was the Duke of York, the eldest son of King George, the chief of the Clallams, and the Duke's wife, "Jin Lin" (Jennie Lind), is

most amusingly told in his book.

Up till 1854 the only means of communication the people of Fort Nisqually had with the colonists of Vancouver Island was by canoe. The company owned a large Northern Indian war canoe about seventy feet long, and six or seven feet wide, which would carry at least forty people, and this canoe made almost semi-monthly trips to Victoria with the mail, which was brought across the country from Fort Vancouver by express messenger.

The wife of E. Huggins, now residing at the old place (Fort Nisqually) has made six trips by canoe to Victoria. During all this time of canoe travelling, not a single life was lost, although some of the trips were exceedingly dangerous. The canoe was always manned by a crew of skilled hands, thorough masters of canoe sailing.

This mode of traveling remained in vogue until September, 1854, when the steamer Major Tompkins arrived from San Francisco at Steilacoom en route for Olympia. She was in command of Captain Hunt and owned by Captain John Scranton, who had obtained a contract for carrying the mail weekly between Olympia and Victoria, calling at all intermediate ports.

This made the trip very long, and the old rattletrap of a steamer occupied nearly a week in making the voyage. Her charges were high, passage to Victoria, twenty dollars going and the same returning. Freight; ten dollars per ton; cattle ten dollars a head, and she charged six hundred dollars for towing a ship from Nisqually Landing to Port Townsend.

SLOW AND UNRELIABLE

She was an ugly-looking craft, very slow, and always unreliable, and remained on the route but a few years. She was wrecked one dark stormy night trying to enter Victoria Harbor, and was a total loss. No lives were lost. Another boat, a propeller named the Constitution, Captain A.B. Gove, took her place. She was a boat much superior in every respect to the old Tompkins and the Sound soon had steamboats enough and a few to spare.

Resuming my story.

The old house stood until a few years ago, when, on account of its dilapidated state, it was pulled down and its old timbers used for firewood. Several people have expressed regret that the old building was not carefully taken down, removed to and re erected in Wright Park, Tacoma, and perhaps it was a pity it was not done. It could have been moved and put up again for about fifty dollars, and I am quite sure that its owner would have cheerfully donated and assisted in its re erection. There was no doubt about its being the first house constructed north of Fort Vancouver.

In 1856 there were quite a number of Indians employed about the fort, and one in particular, a Nisqually named Gohome, of whom I have previously made mention, who was a handy man at any kind of work. He was a very ugly man, had a large hideous mouth, savage looking features, and long coarse black hair. He was strongly built, although not a large man, was quiet in his demeanor, when sober, but when under the influence of liquor of which he was inordinately fond, he was a perfect fiend, in looks and actions.

One day in the early 1850s he got into a quarrel with some Indians from down the Sound, who had come to the fort for the purpose of settling a grievance of long standing between Gohome's people and themselves. Gohome, when they arrived was employed in the company's old slaughter house and a messenger from his lodge informed him of the arrival of his enemies. He immediately threw down his tools and started for the encampment, but had proceeded but a few steps when he met the party coming to interview him. There were five or six of them, and four or five of Gohome's people.

A conversation ensued which soon became fierce and bitter. Hard words were used, and Gohome, feeling himself attacked almost in his own house, aimed a blow at the leader of the Snoqualmies, I think they were of that tribe, and almost immediately both sides were mixed up in a fearful bloody fight. Each man was armed with the Indian's favorite weapon, a knife, or dagger, made from a twelve or fourteen inch mill saw file, ground down sharp on two edges, and to a fine dagger-like point. A knife of this kind was a fearful weapon, and being rather heavy, when wielded by a strong man does fearful and bloody execution.

A BLOODY FIGHT

The participants in the fight were soon covered with blood, and it wasn't long before two or three of them fell from the effects of their wounds. The ground upon which they were struggling was covered with blood, and after a while the bystanders were enabled to seize the combatants, and disarm them. Strange to say Gohome, although the most forward in the fight and wounded in many places

did not die, but after suffering a great deal, apparently fully recovered. Two or three of the others though succumbed from the effects of the fearful wounds they received.

No more was heard from the attacking party until the Summer of 1858 at which time I was living at the Mucia house, having gone out to take charge of the company's business during the Indian War, and the occurrence I am about to related was told me by an eyewitness, a day or two after it happened.

On the night of Sunday, May 30, 1858, the Indians living outside of the fort were greatly exercised over the report that a small party of Snoqualmies had arrived at the beach and it appears that during the evening four or five of them came up to the fort encampment and were recognized as being the same party or at least some of them with whom Gohome had the awful trouble, as just related.

It would seem that they pretended to have come on a friendly visit and from what followed it is supposed that they brought liquor with them, for about the middle of the night, the people were alarmed by the report of firearms in the camp and the usual noises attending a drunken orgie in the aboriginal encampment.

The usual result followed, and a terrible fight ensued. Gohome shot one of the Snoqualmies dead, and he himself received two fearful stabs from a knife but was not killed. An Indian woman was also badly cut with a knife. She was a relation of Gohome's and received the stabs while endeavoring to protect him. Some of the other Indians were severly wounded, but the Snoqualmie was the only person killed during the fight.

How many afterwards died of wounds received I cannot now say, having forgotten the details of the affair. That which I have just related was brought to mind by my having read the account of it as noted in the journal of occurrences that was kept at the fort. The surviving Snoqualmies made their escape in the timber and it was supposed gained their canoe, and soon placed some distance between themselves and the Sequallitchew.

But the Nisquallys were woefully mistaken in thinking themselves safe, as they soon found to their sorrow. The cook at the fort, or one of the cooks, for there was generally more than one, was a Snohomish Indian named Cush, whom, I think I have before mentioned in one of my stories. However, he was a jolly, good-natured Indian, full of fun, when not full of whisky, and was liked by every one whites and Indians.

KILLING OF CUSH

On the day after the fight and after a hot time in the kitchen, Cush, feeling tired went to the corner house of a row standing upon the north side of the fort and in which some of the workingmen lived, and threw himself upon a bed, with the intention of sleeping. There was no one else in the house which was about twenty five or thirty feet from the veranda of the newly erected principal house (the tyee house). Mrs. Tolmie, the wife of Dr. Tolmie, the gentlemen in charge of the establishment at that time, was standing on the veranda and saw Cush enter.

The place was exceedingly quiet, as almost all of its inhabitants

were lying down, taking it easy. It was the custom of the place to rest for two or three hours in the middle of the day during the heated term, and make up for it by working as soon as daylight appeared in the morning.

Well, to continue my story.

Mrs. Tolmie noticed an Indian, a stranger to her, sneak through the open small postern gate, on the north side of the fort, and gun in hand quietly creep along the side of the house in which Cush was lying. Not for a moment thinking of the purpose of the Indian she remained quiet until she saw him peer into the window, raise his gun, already cocked, and point at something in the room. She then, fearing the intruder meant no good, screamed out just as the gun was discharged. Poor Cush was shot fatally, and died a day or two afterwards.

The murderer immediately ran out of the fort, and after him a young half breed Iroquois, named Ignance, with a gun. He fired, and it is supposed hit the escaping Indian, but the latter didn't fall; with his three or four companions who were awaiting him at the beach with a canoe he succeeded in getting safely away. They gained their own country down the Sound where our up Sound Indians dare not follow them.

Cush was regretted by all with whom he was acquainted, for he was really a remarkable Indian, possessing a fund of humor, and powers of mimicry, seldom seen among Indians. He had a way of speaking broken English, which was irresistibly funny, and the poor fellow's tragic death was a loss hard indeed to replace, and some of us

had serious thoughts of perpetuating his memory by the erection of a little monument or headstone; but like the generality of such good intentions, this was never done.

It was afterward learned that the killing of Cush was a mistake. The Indian took him for Gohome, and I never learned how the fued ended. Gohome strange to say was not killed but died a natural death, accelerated, no doubt, by the many wounds he had received during his lifetime.

It is astonishing what an amount of cutting-up the human frame can stand so long as a vital part is not touched. I have seen men here, Indians and Kanakas, apparently cut to death, but after a great deal of suffering which the Indian medicine men no doubt augmented without the assistance of a white doctor fully recover. I recollect one case, in particular, which occurred in 1853 or 1854.

A big burly Kanaka, named Kalama, a good man at almost any kind of rough work, and ordinarily well behaved was one of a party of Kanakas and Indians taking part in a jollification, during which a great deal of liquor was consumed, and the party became uproariously drunk. As usual, a fight ensued, the Indians taking sides against the Kanakas. The English workmen, at that time, only three or four in number feeling themselves in the minority and suspecting what the result of the spree would be, kept aloof from the crowd.

One of the Indians, not a servant of the company, named Gukynum, or Cut-faced Charlie, so called because of his face having been badly cut in his many fights, tackled the big six foot Kanaka, and

with the aid of his awful knife, came within an ace of killing him. Before, however, he quite accomplished it Kalama was pulled away and Charlie was secured.

Kalama was a frightful looking object, his nose was nearly severed from his face, and his features were rendered nearly unrecognizable by the many cuts he had received. Luckily the Indian didn't attempt to stab him about the body, or else he would have made short work of him. The poor Kanaka was taken into Dr. Tolmie's office, where he was attended to, his nose washed and sewed on, and the other cuts nicely stitched. After the lapse of some time he fully recovered, but his good looks were completely gone, and he showed plainly the treatment he had received.

For several years in the fifties, an old Scotchman, a superannuated old servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, a man upwards of seventy years of age, and afflicted with blindness, was living in a house on the sidehill, near the company's store on the beach at the anchorage with his Indian wife and daughter, the latter about ten or twelve years old. The old man was hale and hearty and remarkable fine looking. He was tall and well made, with a florid complexion and long silvery hair.

In his younger days he had been in the employ of the East India Company. For several years he had been a ship's carpenter in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company and until about 1847 he was stationed at Fort Vancouver. He worked at boatbuilding and repairing principally. The company had quite a fleet of large river craft used in the transportation of goods and furs, and this gave

the old carpenter, and his mates constant employment, building and keeping the boats in repair.

OLD JIMMIE'S MASTERPIECE

He also built a small schooner, named the Prince of Wales, at Vancouver, and this vessel ran on the Columbia River for many years between Vancouver and Astoria, doing any and every kind of freighting required. She, at last, wore herself out, and the remains of the Prince could be seen for many years sticking on a sandbar near the mouth of the Cowlitz River. Old Jimmie (his name was James Scarth) was very proud of his handiwork and considered the Prince of Wales a masterpiece of marine architecture.

Many people though, thought her a very ugly dry-goods-box like craft, more like a barge than a ship, and I have no doubt that there are people now living in Oregon who recollect the old tub and its builder.

Jimmie was a regular Munchausen and was full of stories about his life in India and on the Columbia River. There were not many people in the country in his time, and I have known more than one settler to travel some miles to stay a night with Jimmie for the purpose of listening to his wonderful yarns about the snakes he had killed in India, all the way from ten to fifty feet in length, and of the number of Burmese he had cut down with his cutlass, for the old chap said he was all through the Burmese War. Of course Jimmie's visitors always took with them a supply of liquids to limber up the old fellow's tongue.

One day during the heated term in 1854, I think it was, I was at work in the trade shop when I was startled by the appearance of an Indian who in an agitated manner, told me that the Indians at the beach, there was always a large encampment there in those days, in a drunken frenzy, had broken into Scarth's house and stolen some whisky the old chap had on hand. They were also treating to kill him.

Directing four or five of the white workmen to follow me to the beach and not waiting for horses to be driven up, which would have taken half an hour at least, we started on foot for the scene of action. When we reached the summit of the hill we heard a noise, and loud talking and swearing in English and Indian. I was the fleetest runner of our party, and gained Jimmie's house a little ahead of the others.

I saw a crowd of Indians around old Scarth, who was standing at the door with his shirt torn from his back, and blood streaming from his face. He was struggling with Cut-Face Charlie, whom I saw aim a blow at the old man with an ax, and strike him on the back, luckily with the back of the weapon.

Before he could strike another blow, I struck Charlie a heavy blow from the shoulder, as I ran between him and the old man, knocking Charlie senseless. The Englishmen accompanying me now came up, and I had a hard time preventing them from killing Charlie. The other Indians did not interfere; in fact, I think they were pleased to see Charlie master for once, when in one of his murderous fits.

I ordered the men to bind Charlie and the cart from the fort now appearing, he was dumped into it and hauled to the fort and confined in one of the bastions. Old Scarth was terribly bruised about the back and face, but his injuries were not fatal.

It was partly the old man's fault. He had drunk too much liquor, and the Indian, Charlie, had obtained liquor from him, and upon the old man's refusal to give him a further portion of his supply, the fight was the result. If I had not arrived in the nick of time, Scarth would assuredly have been chopped to pieces.

The next morning Mr. Charlie received a flogging which, I think, did him a great deal of good, as I never heard of him afterwards attacking any white men.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN. 1900-1901.

Number two--Letter of William F. Tolmie to the
Citizens of Washington Territory dated
February 10, 1858. Oregonian. 26 August
1900.

Port Nisqually, Washington Territory, February 10, 1858.

To the Citizens of Washington Territory:

The Hudson's Bay Company's post at Nisqually was established in 1833 the Summer of which year I spent here, then obtaining my first insight into the peculiarities of the Indian character. Since the Summer of 1843 I have resided at Nisqually permanently.

In the Summer of 1845, American citizens, Messrs. Jackson, Ford, Simmons, Crockett and others began to settle on the prairie between Cowlitz River and the shores of Puget Sound. Mention was soon thereafter made to the Indians, that ere long they would be paid for their lands occupied by the whites; and as the natives in turn came to inquire of me, the white man of their earliest acquaintance present, my oft-repeated explanations, injunctions to peace and good conduct on their parts were the first instances of my interference.

Until 1849 nothing of importance occurred to interrupt the harmonious relations existing between the whites and the Indians. American citizens, on arriving in the country, found the native peaceably disposed and friendly towards them, guilt, only in rare and solitary instances, of petty delinquences, which were easily checked and differing widely as some citizens of the territory subsequently found from the wild, untamed savages of Queen Charlotte's and the west coast of Vancouver's Island.

In these days I do not think that there was a white man in the country who did not entertain kindly and compassionate feelings toward the Indians inhabiting the districts, now known as Thurston and Pierce

counties.

In May, 1849, a sudden and on our parts unprovoked affray took place here with the Snoqualmie Indians--then a comparatively savage and predatory tribe and little acquainted with the whites when an American citizen was shot dead by the Indians. In getting the perpetrators of the murder delivered, I rendered very material assistance to the Indian agent of that period, J. Quinn Thornton, Esq., and to Captain B.H. Hill, of the United States Army, to whom at Steilacoom in the Fall of 1849 were delivered up by the tribe the six Indians who were here in May who fired upon the whites; and the two most guilty of the murder were soon after tried and executed at Fort Steilacoom.

To the succeeding Indian agents, E.A. Starling, Esq., and subsequently Colonel M. T. Simmons I rendered assistance whenever requested.

EFFORT TO AVERT WAR

In the Summer and Fall of 1855, citizens of Washington territory, I brought every thing in my power to bear to preserve peaceful relations between the whites and the Indians. I had then, as Acting Governor Mason was at the time informed, visits from the chiefs of almost every tribe dwelling on these waters, several of whom I had not previously seen for some years.

The one object of these visits was to inquire of me, whether the evil consequences so much dreaded, namely banishment to an imaginary sunless country, were really to follow the sale of their lands. Invariably and in the strongest language applicable, did I endeavor to disabuse

the minds of the Indians of these foolish fears. I also, with equal earnestness, assured them that they might rely on the promises of the American chiefs whose relations towards them were in every respect benevolent. To such as mentioned the proposals of Yakima envoys to unite in war upon the Americans I pointed out the wickedness as well as the hopelessness of such an undertaking, as likewise the utter ruin it would bring upon the natives.

With Acting Governor Mason, I was during this period, in frequent communication relative to Indian affairs, and well knowing that since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, Indian wars have been usually inaugurated by treacherous murders on their parts, especially were my efforts directed to prevent participation in the then impending war on the part of the Indians dwelling west of the Cascade mountains.

I do not remember ever having met Governor Stevens subsequent to his return from the Blackfoot country in the Winter of 1855 and 1856, without having had lengthy conversations with him on Indian affairs. In the summer of 1856, when he met the Nisqually, Puyallup, and Noos-cope Indians near Steilacoom, and changed their reservations, I was present by his special invitation and acted as interpreter.

And now for the reasons why, from first to last, I have interested myself in Lesh-chi's behalf.

In 1843 the Puget Sound Company's flocks and herds, already numbering several thousand head, had overspread the prairies lying between the Nisqually and Puyallup Rivers, and as in feeding off the pastures they interfered with the root-digging operations of the natives, discontent and ill-feeling occasionally arose on this account .

Another and more frequent cause of actual disturbance was the poisoning of Indian hunting dogs by wolf-baits or being shot by the shepherders when in the act of worrying sheep. In July, 1843, when I came to reside at Nisqually, an Indian was in irons in one of the bastions, on suspicion of having fired at and wounded a Sandwich Island shepherd, with whom a few days before he had had a squabble about the killing of a dog.

Leshchi and Quiemal, I found, had aided the whites in capturing the Indian, and they were then particularly known, the one as McLean's friend or Shikhs, and the other as the friend of Taylor, these being the names of the two white men who lived on the prairies, superintending the management of the sheep. From the early days the brothers were noted for their readiness to assist the whites on all occasions, and with the first American settlers, they, I think, obtained a similar reputation.

LESCHI'S FRIENDSHIP

In the Fall of 1855, as mentioned more fully in my letter to Governor McMullin, now published, I pointed out Leshchi to Governor Mason as an Indian of superior shrewdness, who, if properly managed, might be made very useful in quieting the Indian panic and preserving peace. With this in view, I suggested himself and brother as the fittest Indians to accompany Governor Mason on his visits to the natives of White and Green Rivers, which they did, acting as interpreters and guides.

On his return, in order to have the power of closely observing his movements, I gave Leshchi employment as horseguard on the plains, where

he would have been daily under the notice of white men, and whence, if it is my opinion, he would not have stirred for the winter had he been left unmolested.

By these steps, and by subsequently inquiring of Mr. Rabbeson whether he knew Leshchi, etc. as detailed in the evidence taken at his trials, I contributed to give the unfortunate man a notoriety he would not otherwise have had and which has since operated much to his prejudice. On this account, and in remembrance of important services by him rendered in early days to myself and others, I have done my best to save Leshchi from his impending fate; and the "inward monitor" does not reproach me for any step taken in the matter.

Citizens of Washington Territory, having here, as father of a family and otherwise like interests with yourselves, I have throughout striven, as far as my peculiar position among you would admit of to aver from your borders the horrors of Indian war than which scarcely any calamity more fraught with material and moral evil, can befall a young country.

Whatever may be the opinion of some, I have myself the satisfaction of reflecting that my endeavors towards that end, whether appreciated or the contrary, have not been altogether without beneficial result to the community.

William Fraser Tolmie.

People often say to me, " Why don't you write out and publish some of year earlier experiences in this country? You are almost the oldest settler, and have seen all the changes which have occurred in the last fifty years, and met with many adventures, the recital of which would, to many people here, be interesting and amusing."

Well, perhaps it would, but I have my doubts, because I have found from experience that the generality of people care very little about the old settlers, or as many exceedingly bright and clever newcomers call them, "Old Cranks," and the happenings of forty or fifty years ago. But very few people know that within a couple of miles of Fort Nisqually is living an old Scotchman, between eighty and ninety years of age, who came to this country about sixty-two or sixty-three years ago, and was one of the crew of the old steamer, "Beaver," in 1837 or 1838.

Of course I have seen very many changes upon Puget Sound, and could I have no doubt, tell many interesting things which have occurred during my long residence here. I recall in mind a trip on horseback I made to the Hudson's Bay Company's farm at Cowlitz in 1850, a ride of about seventy miles, and made before the time of good roads and bridges, but suppose I ought to make myself intelligible or at least my story, explain how it came about that an English company should be the owners or claim the ownership of large farms and much personal property within the territory of the United States.

This farm, known as the Cowlitz farm, comprised about three thousand acres of the finest kind of upland prairie. Its soil was a clay

loam of great natural fertility and well adapted to the growth of all kinds of cereals. It was situated on the east end of the Cowlitz prairie, which was about five miles long and two in width. At the farmstead it was about four or five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and perhaps more.

The Cowlitz river formed its southwestern, and the foothills of the Cascade Range, its northeastern boundary. The buildings upon it were large and numerous comprising a well-built dwelling, considering the facilities at hand, a very large and well-built granary, constructed as were all Hudson's Bay Company's buildings in this country of fir, squared with the ax and very strongly and neatly put together. It was about one hundred twenty or one hundred thirty feet long and about sixty feet wide, and two stories in height.

There were stables and other outbuildings, also four or five large, open shed barns at various points upon the property. A well was in the yard upward of one hundred feet deep, dug through the hard, stiff clay, without any kind of artificial cribbind.

The fine granary was destroyed by fire in 1860 or 1861 and it was almost an assured fact that it was the work of an incendiary. The destruction of this building caused the death of two men, and there is a bloody story connected with it.

One of them was a young lawyer, brilliant and talented. who was looked upon as the coming man. He edited an Olympia newspaper and at the time of his death was superintendent of Indian affairs. At this early age, he was already one of the leaders at the bar, which at that time was remarkable for the number of able young men who

gave promise of future eminence belonging to it.

I may mention our Judge Hanford, James McNaught, Judge Struve, Selucius Garfielde, and the older men, Judge Lander, McFadden (the first Territorial Judges appointed) and Smith, all men of acknowledged ability and I might say, possessing brilliant attainments.

The young man I referred to was employed by myself as an attorney for the company, and gave great satisfaction. I became intimately acquainted with him and he spent many a day and night with us at the Fort and his conversation and general conduct were of great pleasure to all. The poor fellow was cruelly murdered and his murderer died from the gnawings of a guilty conscience. This all arose from the burning of the granary but it is a long story which, perhaps, I will tell at some future time.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POSTS

To continue my story.

There was a magnificent view from the front of the dwelling which was erected some time in 1830 or 1832. This view I always thought was the finest and grandest in the country. To the eastward, and apparently not very far away towered that king of mountains, Rainier, which name has been changed by the people of Tacoma to the latter name, Tacoma.

Why its original name, given to it by the same man who gave name to Puget Sound, Whidby's Island and Port Townsend, should be changed in all fairness I cannot, I must say, find out. Certain enthusiastic

Tacoma men say that the old Indians told them that Tahoma, or Tach-oma, is its true name, but I have been for a long time, about fifty years, in the country, and for half of that time was an Indian trader, and during all that time, I never once heard the mountain called Tacoma, and I am backed up in saying this by men, old settlers, contemporaneous with myself. The Indian name of Puget Sound is Wulge. Why not call it by that name? And why shouldn't it be changed as well as Rainier? Certainly the so-called native name is much prettier than the English name and I supposed the majority of Tacomaites will continue to call it by its new name, but outside of the city and in all the maps or most of them, it is called Rainier, which undoubtedly its proper name.

I was calling attention to the splendid view of Rainier, or Tacoma, to be seen to the eastward from the front of the Cowlitz house. To the southward, which to the uninitiated appears to be close at hand is beautiful Mount St. Helens, its original name, and on a clear day, the summit of two or three other more lofty peaks are plainly visible. I think also that at times, the summit of Mount Baker could be seen, but I am not quite sure of this, as it is many years since I paid my last visit to the farm, which was in 1866.

Before that time, I made frequent visits there, and in the Summer of 1855, I was in charge of the place for two or three months or more.

It has occurred to me that perhaps just here I ought to say something as to how it came about that this large farm should, at that

early date, have been in existence, in this wild country, and furthermore in possession of a company of Englishmen, and to make myself more fully understood, I have thought it best to go into matters altogether foreign to my subject.

Long prior to 1846, the year of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States which fixed the boundary line between the two countries, the Hudson's Bay Company, said to be the wealthiest English company in existence, established a line of trading posts throughout what is now known as the state of Washington, at that time a part of Oregon. With Fort Vancouver, Columbia River, the largest of all the forts, and the headquarters of what was called the Oregon department; Fort Nisqually--a smaller establishment, established in Pierce County on the banks of Sequallitchew Creek about six miles south of Steilacoom and fourteen north of Olympia; the Cowlitz farm, a small trading post near the mouth of the Cowlitz River; Forts Colville, Okanagan, Walla Walla, Boise and Hall.

When these posts were established they were supposed to be within the limits of British territory, as it was confidently supposed that the Columbia River would be the boundary line between the two countries. I have often heard the older officers of the Hudson's Bay Company talk about how it happened that the English government so easily gave up its claim to south of the 49th parallel.

The story is that the British Government sent out two agents to examine and report as to the probably value of the part of the country in dispute. One of these Commissioners was a naval officer, a Captain Gordon, and the other was a son of Sir Robert Peel, at that

time Prime Minister of Great Britain. These men, as is common with English gentlemen, were very fond of hunting and fishing and came fully equipped for hunting and killing buffalo and big game in general. They did a great deal of hunting, but unfortunately met with very poor success, consequently they reported very unfavorably of the country. They said it was not worth a d_____ and certainly not worth quarreling about.

BOUNDARY SETTLEMENT

The upshot was the boundary question was easily settled and the 49th parallel of latitude was fixed as the line of demarkation between the two countries, very much to the indignation and dismay of the British settled within the limits of the 49th parallel and the Columbia River especially all of which I learned from letters of that date now in my possession.

When the treaty was made the British Plenipotentiaries were careful to protect the rights of any and all British subjects who claimed to own land within the limits of the disputed boundary, and the treaty contained a special clause which bound the United States Government either to confirm these rights or purchase them at a price to be agreed upon.

Some time prior to the date of the treaty, the Puget Sound Agricultural Association, was incorporated in London, with a capital of a million dollars and the farms and lands at Nisqually comprising about one hundred eighty thousand acres, and including within its boundaries nearly all the prairie land in Pierce County, and the

Cowlitz farm along with the large herds of horned cattle, sheep, and horses at that time running upon these lands; also all the improvements upon the lands, tools, etc. were sold to this new British company by the Hudson's Bay Company for a large money consideration.

The Hudson's Bay Company retained Fort Vancouver and all the other establishments named with large tracts of land around each post. When the treaty was made it was stipulated that if the United States government thought that it would be to its benefit to obtain possession of these claims by purchase, a Commission was to be named and evidence produced of claim and the value of same. The Commission was to agree, if it could, upon the amount of money the claims were worth, and if the award was satisfactory to the companies, it was to be paid over to them, but if the Commission failed to agree, it was to be settled by arbitration, and I think some European monarch was named and accepted as referee, in the event of the arbitrators failing to agree.

The treaty made all these provisions and furthermore the Donation Land Act added to the protection of these foreign companies; as it specially provided that citizens could not take claims under this act upon lands owned or claimed under the treaty of 1846 between the United States and Great Britain, and all Government surveys were stopped when they touched the boundaries of the lands claimed by these two companies.

In consequence many settlers upon the prairie lands of Pierce County

could not enter their lands until after 1870 when the companies' claims were settled, and the lands opened to survey and entry. Prior to this the many settlers including the residents of the city of Steilacoom were only squatters and could not sell and give title to their lands. Fort Steilacoom was on land claimed by the Puget Sound Company.

The first company of United States artillery (the Fourth Regiment) Captain B.H. Hill, landed from the old transport Massachusetts at Vancouver in the Summer of 1849 and in August a chartered ship, the Harpioneer, brought the company to Steilacoom. The government rented a lot of log buildings standing on the present site of the state insane asylum then a farm belonging to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, for the use of the troops, and paid the company fifty dollars a month.

These buildings were used as barracks till 1857-1858 when the new and larger quarters were constructed, the Government continuing to pay the Puget Sound Agricultural Company fifty dollars per month for a mile square of ground to be used as a military reserve. The Government paid rent until the abandonment of the post in 1868. The troops at that time were transferred to Sitka, Alaska.

I was the agent of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company for a number of years and signed leases for the company and collected rents. I also, in the name of the company, had a beef contract with the United States Government and supplied Fort Steilacoom for many years. Some years the contract price of beef was eighteen cents a pound.

With reference to the sporting proclivities of the two British Commissioners, Captain Gordon fished a great deal in what was formerly known as Chambers Lake, near Roy. Fifty years ago, and before the outlet of the lake was lowered, the water covered almost all of what is now arable land, and Muck Creek or river ran through it, and the finest trout fishing in the country was to be found there. The Lake, after Gordon's visit, was called Gordon's Lake.

In 1855 I put a commodious boat upon the lake, and I often took my visitors to fish there, and if I were to tell of the quantity and size of the trout some of them caught there, I should certainly be charged with tampering with the truth.

RIGHTS OF THE BRITISHERS

I supposed I would better finished my explanation about the two companies and tell how it came about that they disappeared from the American side of the boundary line, and left hardly a trace behind. I fancy there are not a great many people in this country who recollect that the companies formed so important a part in the affairs and future prosperity of a majority of the farmers of Pierce County.

Of course, these Britishers were looked upon as intruders, without a particle of right to be here. At all events, the only rights they could possibly claim were the few acres of land they enclosed around their various forts, and the seven or eight small stations, or farms they owned at various points upon the property claimed.

At Nisqually the Puget Sound Company had running and feeding upon

Nisqually Plain from 5,000 to 8,000 head of cattle, about 8,000 or 10,000 sheep and 300 horses. It also had fifty or seventy-five hands--Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadian-Frenchmen, Kanakas, half-breeds and Indians. An officer in charge and two or three, sometimes four clerks, were employed at the fort.

In 1850, when I arrived here, the Hudson's Bay Company owned the fort and goods in store, and the Puget Sound Company owned the livestock, and claimed ownership of the 180,000 acres of land. In 1854-55, all the property upon the place was sold to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, the Hudson's Bay Company retaining the fur trade, carried on at the post, which, as the country became settled upon, because of less value, because of opposition and the high prices the company was forced to pay for furs.

O, what a difference! In the early 1850s the company had it all its own way and fixed prices to suit itself, but when opposition commenced there was a different state of things. The company, to my knowledge never paid an Indian coin for anything; always goods. In 1850 goods fetched a high price. California gold mining times you know! A three point blanket was worth from five to six dollars; common great and red baize a dollar a yard; printed cotton twenty-five cents a yard; common un-bleached sheeting, only twenty six inches wide, six yards for a dollar; common hickory shirts a dollar to a dollar seventy-five each; gunpowder a dollar a pound; ball and shot, twenty-five cents a pound; guns, flintlock, which cost in London five dollars were sold here at sixteen dollars each and other goods in proportion.

Flour was very high in the 1850s and I have often sold a barrel for a California-made coin called the slug. It had eight sides and passed for fifty dollars. It was very awkward and inconvenient coin, and the Government soon called them all in, and they quickly disappeared. Oftentimes the flour sold for fifty dollars a barrel was sour, and when the barrel was opened it came out in large, hard cakes.

There are men in the country who recollect this flour. It came from Boston. Wheat was worth then five dollars a bushel, but there was very little to be obtained in the country, even at that price. Onions readily fetched five dollars a bushel; potatoes in proportion. I recollect hearing it said that some of the earlier farmers who settled near the mouth of the Cowlitz River made a large amount of money by the sale of a heavy crop of onions they were lucky enough to have raised that season.

I think Charles Catlin, formerly prominent in Tacoma, was one of the farmers in question. But the big demand soon fell off, and the big price did not remain long, but still for a long time, what would now be considered high prices were obtained for all kinds of produce.

When wheat got down to one dollar; oats to fifty cents; potatoes the same, a bushel, the farmers groaned in anguish and predicted nothing but poverty and misery for the future.

In 1854 the Company had on hand, I think, about \$70,000 or \$80,000 worth of goods, principally heavy articles. I recollect they had in store upwards of six thousand heavy blankets, many cases of printed calico and bales of bleached and unbleached sheeting, an enormous

number of dozens of shirts, many guns, all flintlocks, and several hundred pound barrels of gun powder of best quality, and a large amount of shot and ball.

All the company's goods at that time were of good quality; I mean good and strong in contradistinction to the American made goods then brought to this country, which were generally of a flimsy character, and the Indians would always prefer King George's goods to those of Boston manufacture.

TRADED IN EVERYTHING

We used to trade in almost everything an Indian brought that could be used or made useful. An enormous number of ducks, geese, grouse, partridges, and fish were traded; also Indian made mats, baskets, and head straps, for carrying loads. The company paid for a mallard duck two charges of ammunition; for a goose four or five charges; a quarter of venison, four or five charges; a good, large salmon, three or four charges; and other fish in proportion.

Dried clams and cockles were traded and served out to the Indians as part of their rations and were very useful to give an Indian when sent on a short journey. They were strung on a string about two feet in length and hung on the lodge roof poles, where they became well smoked and as hard as flint. Before the Indians ate them they softened them by pounding with stones.

A luxury among the Indians was salmon roe, made into cakes with oil and in some manner dried. They would make a sort of soup with it, and consume it with great relish. We never traded that luxury, as some-

times it had a habit of emitting a strong odor, which, to the olfactory nerves of the sensitive white man was very repellant.

In those early days game was plentiful, compared with the present time. There was no legal protection and the Indian hunters were very numerous. Grouse and partridge were so thick that almost always a hunter, white or colored, was certain of getting three or four every time he went after them. Then the geese! How numerous they were in the month of October! I have seen the plains literally black with them, but now they are seldom seen, and I often wonder what has become of them, as well as the grouse and partridges.

People tell me they have been killed by the hunters, but this I cannot believe as fifty years ago the Indians were quite numerous and derived part of their subsistence by hunting these wild birds. Then the deer were quite numerous and comparatively easy to get, but in those days little or no hunting of deer was done with dogs. I have no doubt that the poor animals have been hounded to death by the many packs of brutal dogs kept for that purpose by many of the farmers, and indeed, sometimes these brutes do a little private hunting on their own account.

SITTINGS OF THE COMMISSION

In the early part of the Summer of 1865, I was informed that a Commission had been appointed to take evidence as to the extent and value of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company's claims in Washington Territory, and I was instructed to engage the services of Frank Clark, an attorney residing at Steilacoom. Clark

had never practiced outside of Washington Territory, and was not by any means considered to be a first class lawyer, but was possessed of a good share of natural shrewdness. He was very quick at taking advantage of every opportunity which would accrue to his particular benefit, and bore the reputation of being very clever at managing to persuade a jury to do as he wished.

Ex-Judge Lander, formerly Territorial Chief Justice, was the leading attorney, employed by the company on this coast, and Clark was his assistant. It was thought that the latter would be very useful in obtaining witnesses for the company, and so he was. Another reason was to prevent the other side from employing him, as there he could have given us a great deal of trouble.

Clark and myself went around and obtained quite a number of people who were well acquainted with the business of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, and were good judges, it was supposed, of the value of its claim. There must have been upwards of twenty-five of them, and among the lot were a few of the leading people of Olympia. I remember ex-Surveyor-General Tilton and Ed Giddings were of the number.

No arrangement was made for the compensation of these witnesses. The Hudson's Bay Company sent up the steamer Otter to convey the witnesses to Victoria where the Commission sat. I accompanied the party and took charge of most of the witnesses, such as providing them with hotel accommodation and paying them for their services. The United States Consul at Victoria, Mr. Francis, and Attorney Carey Johnson, of Oregon City, acted for the United States, and Judge

Lander and Frank Clark for the companies. I have forgotten the name of the Commissioner who acted for the companies, but know that Consul Francis acted for the United States.

The evidence was taken down in writing, and I recollect that it was very voluminous. The Commission sat for about two months, but the witnesses were gotten rid of as soon as possible. The majority of them were paid ten dollars a day, and there were paid at that rate, including the day on which they left their homes, and the day upon which they returned, in all, perhaps, an average of ten or twelve days.

Some of the witnesses, men of higher standing than most of the main lot, were paid at the rate of twenty dollars a day. I recollect I paid one of them, after his return to Olympia, and the amount I gave him was about six hundred dollars. But this much I know, for certain, that the witnesses had the least idea of what they would receive before being told by myself, and I must say I was very much surprised when the board of management of the companies' affairs at Victoria, in answer to my inquiry, told me the amount per diem, they were to be paid, and I am quite sure they would not have grumbled had the compensation been only five dollars instead of ten dollars.

All their hotel expenses were paid, as well as their steamboat fare home which at that time was I think ten dollars. One of the witnesses got drunk soon after his arrival and kept in that condition all the time, so much so as to be totally unfit to testify before the Commission.

One afternoon, assisted by a friend, I led this unsteady chap through the streets, and put him on board the steamer for home, and nearly got arrested for shanghaiing a man. We had to use a little force in putting him on board, and some saloon hangerson raise the cry of "Man being kidnaped." This man was not settled with before leaving Victoria because of his condition, but some little time afterwards he had the impudence to send me a bill demanding pay for his services.

Acting under instructions, I paid him. The company also paid his hotel bill, also a bill presented for liquor furnished. I must say though, that this man was not a native-born American, but a foreigner, formerly of good standing. After becoming a citizen of the United States, he held responsible positions, and was at one time well respected, but liquor got away with him, poor chap.

FINDINGS FOR THE COMPANIES

The Commission sat for a short time in San Francisco, and in 1866, during the Winter, sat for a few days in Portland. I drove the party, six in number to Monticello, near the mouth of the Cowlitz River and never shall forget the drive from the Cowlitz Praire by the way of the military or stage road to Monticello where we took the steamer for Portland.

The road is mountainous and in places was then almost impassable, because of the muddy holes to be found in many places. Many old residents are still alive who will recollect the horrors that were met with upon that road. On our trip home we stopped one night at

the old Cowlitz farmhouse, then much dilapidated, and unfortunately Dr. Tolmie, the head of the party, was given the only good bed in the house, or what was supposed to be the best bed in the house. I say unfortunately for the sheets were very damp and the next morning the good old doctor was quite lame from rheumatism, contracted during the night, and he was only just able to get home when he was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism, which came very nearly causing the death of the oldest and best friend the struggling early settlers of Puget Sound ever had.

Perhaps they did not know it, but I was in a position to know what that man did towards making the advent of the poor immigrants comparatively safe from the dangers nearly always to be expected from the aboriginal inhabitants of a new country, as was the case from 1845 to 1855, and perhaps later.

Referring again to the business of the commission. It adjourned to meet at Washington D.C. Clark was paid off and received in all for his services about five thousand dollars. Lander was retained until the final determination of the business at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. Rose, one of Canada's leading lawyers, was leading lawyer for the companies, and J. Choate was leader for the United States.

The thing went along for some time, but no agreement could be made and at last it went to the referee. I forget the chap's name--he was an Emperor, King or something of that kind, and he made a decision which was accepted. I forgot to state that the claim of the two companies amounted to several millions of dollars for value of

lands and property stolen and destroyed, also for damages, not I think, at all consequential.

The amount of the award made and accepted was \$650,000 to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company and \$400,000 to the Hudson's Bay Company. The amount of the expense incurred in settling up this matter I never was able to learn, but I am sure it was very heavy, as I know that the companies acted very generously throughout the whole business, and everything was done in an open and fair-minded way.

At the commencement of the business the local newspapers were paid a little to remain quiet, and not attack the companies. This was done at the suggestion of Clark, but when the chief of the Board of management Dugal McTavish, became aware of it, he was highly indignant, and nothing further in that line was done afterwards.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY DEFENDED.

How often have I heard the Hudson's Bay Company abused and charged with doing things that would be almost impossible for them to do, as its officers were gentlemen, and it would be out of all reason to think of them guilty of offenses charged against them. Why, during the Indian War of 1855-56 the company at Nisqually was publicly charged with having supplied the hostile Indians with arms and ammunition with which to massacre helpless white families. Instead of that, the company's officers at Fort Nisqually did all they could to prevent the Indians from killing defenseless settlers. and I know that in many instances they prevented the Indians from

doing many awful things. I have letters in my possession which conclusively prove that the company's officers were anxious, let alone willing, to aid and assist the used up and almost starving emigrants.

The first American settlers came to the Sound in 1845 or 1846. Mike Simmons, who was the first Indian agent appointed by the Government settled at Tumwater; Edmund Sylvester, who took as a donation claim the townsite of Olympia; James MacAllister, killed by the Indians in 1855; William Packwood, George Shazer, who died in Olympia about November, 1899; Sydney Ford, James Borst, Jene Ferguson, Antoine Rabbeson, Frank Shaw, now Colonel Shaw of Vancouver, L.A. Smith, F.W. P. Tyrell, and George Waunch were a few others.

Most all of these men were farmers and Shaw is the only one now alive, if I am not mistaken. These people, or nearly all of them were poor and depended on labor for subsistence. The companies alone were in a position to help them. The Hudson's Bay Company did, by trading shingles from them for provisions and clothing.

There was hardly any market for the shingles thus obtained and the quantity on hand became very great, and I recollect that when I came here, about fifty years ago, there was a great mountain of them piled in an enclosure at the end of the company's store, at the landing. Dr. Tolmie wrote to the board detailing the situation, and Governor James Douglas, a kinder hearted man never lived, replied: "What can we do, doctor? We can't see these poor people suffer. If we continue to purchase their singles and give them a fair price for them. I am sure we shall ultimately be able to dispose of them

without suffering much, if any loss."

And sure enough, it turned out so, for in 1848-1849 the California gold mines were discovered and hard times on Puget Sound were a thing of the past. Singles were in demand at a good price. Ships came to the Sound seeking cargoes of piles for wharf building in San Francisco and pile timber at the ship's side would fetch from thirty to forty cents a running foot. Lumber, what little there was for sale, was worth thirty to forty dollars a thousand.

As late as 1853-1854 the lumber in the house in which I am writing this was thirty to forty dollars a thousand feet while the procuring of piles for sailing ships commanded five dollars a day. Indians had lots of money then, obtained for loading lumber ships with timber. This store at Fort Nisqually was the only place the Indians could trade, and they would come sometimes, Skagits, Clallams, Duuamish and Snoqualmie from twenty to fifty in groups and trade. I have taken in one day from a part of these Indians as much as three hundred dollars in gold coin. This state of things did not last many years and prices fell considerably.

Farmers could always obtain a fair price for their produce, until the railroad was finished between Portland and Tacoma. This gave the farmers east of the mounts in Oregon an opportunity to rush in their live stock and produce all the year round this taking from the farmer residing west of the mounts the benefit he derived from the difficulty of getting livestock, also produce, into the country all the seasons of the year. But then I suppose, this is all the

better for the non-producer and consumer.

I find that my explanation of the status of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Companies and their position and influence in Pierce, Cowlitz, and Clark Counties between 1846 and 1868 has occupied a great deal of space, but I think the existence of these large companies in this section of the country is news to a majority of the people nowadays.

The story of my trip across the portage in 1850 must be left for some future time. I think in this my attempt to explain things I have been perhaps tedious and tiresome enough. The decision of the referee in the matter of the companies claims was made in 1870 and and sometim in June of that year the companies made formal surrender of everything it owned or claimed to own under the treaty of 1846.

It was the opinion of almost everyone that people claiming to own land under the donation act would not be allowed to perfect their claims for the act itself plainly forbade the taking of claims upon the lands owned or claimed by the Puget Sound Agricultural Company at the date of the act of 1846. In spite of that there were many settlers upon these lands, some claiming 640 acres, some 320, and still others 160 acres of land.

In anticipation of these claims not being allowed some of the best of them were jumped and grave trouble arose in consequence which culminated in the death by violence of two men said to be desparadoes in Steilacoom, some time in 1870. Everything came

out all right in the aid of the people. Selucius Garfielde was our delegate to Congress and he was instrumental in getting a special act of Congress passed giving these people their farms.

There were several men claiming under the donation act upon the gravelly Nisqually plains and in 1893 or 1894 I wrote and published a paper in the Tacoma Ledger giving a list of the claimants under the donation act, and the name of the claimants, with the amount of land and the location of claims.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN. 1900-1901.

Number three--The Balance Tannery and an early trip to Olympia. Oregonian. 2 September 1900.

In 1850 the Squally River, at a point not far from the County Bridge on the Bennett farm, looked very different from what it does at the present time. It was then a narrow river, and its waters ran through the channel which, at low water, was nearly a slough, with scarcely any perceptible current, and passes by the farm now owned by Isaac Hawk, and the other farm formerly owned by the late George Shannon. In 1850 William Packwood owned the Hawk place, and George Shazer the Shannon place.

For a short time Mr. Packwood was owner of a ferry-boat, a scow, and he conveyed people across the river upon the payment of fifty cents each. The ferry route crossed the river directly in front of Hawk's house and the country road ran through the densely wooded bottom from the foot of the hill, near where Mr. Bennetts house now is, through a small clearing to the point on the river where the ferry was established.

There is not much of this road left now, the river having washed it nearly all away, and the channel, instead of being about fifty yards wide, as it was in 1850, is now upwards of five hundred yards in width.

In 1849 and 1850 the only settler north of the Squally River was an American named Collins who had a wife and one daughter. Perhaps he had more children, but I know he had a daughter named Lucinda, because for some reason or other she was a remarkable girl, perhaps because at that time big bouncing American girls were very scarce in this part of the country.

She was known at least by name to everyone in the vicinity. Collins claim was outside of the limits of the claim of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, and he was entitled, being a married man, to take a donation claim of six hundred forty acres, which would include nearly all of the bottom land not subject to flooding at high tide. He built a small log house, and set out a small orchard and I think a few of the old trees are still standing. At least they were ten or fifteen years ago, and the old log house was standing also, but I am informed that the ravenous river has long ago engulfed the house.

Collins left the claim in 1853, I think, and took a claim on the Duwamish River and was one of the first farmers in King County. His claim on the Squally was divided into two or three claims, and is now owned by S.Y. Bennett and Daniel Mounts.

LITTLE MR. BALANCE'S TANNERY.

Some time before Collins sold his right to the Squally claim, he either rented a small portion of it to a man named Balance. This individual was a diminutive feeble-looking man who said he was a tanner by trade, and had carried on a business in Portland. One day in 1852, I think it was, he came to the fort and introduced himself to Dr. Tolmie as an experienced tanner and said that he had heard that the Doctor had accumulated a large number of hides, and that he owned thousands of horned cattle and was considering butchering them and disposing of the meat.

He further said there was now a great demand for tanner leather in

the settlements in Oregon and California, and with our hides, turned into leather here, would be a source of great profit to the company.

HIDES SHIPPED TO ENGLAND

Before this we had been in the habit of curing the hides through a long and tiresome process of curing, drying, packing and shipping to England where they did not fetch first-class prices, by any means because of the condition of the skins. Almost all of our animals had to be run down and shot in the open plains because of the difficulty experienced in driving them into corrals.

In that they were beginning to be wild and untractable, and in 1852-1853 they were as wild as buffalo and had to be hunted and killed like those animals. The dead carcasses would have to be skinned where they fell upon the prairie, by Indians and sometimes the hides would be cut in many places which reduced their value in the London market.

Dr. Tolmie listened to the little man's proposal with a great deal of interest and it didn't take him long to make up his mind that it was a good one. He told Balance that he should go to work at once, and commence the construction of his tannery. However, the tannery was to be built upon the terms proposed by Balance, and he opened an accout with us at once and it was not long before I was constantly waiting upon men, whites and Indians, supplying goods upon the order of Balance.

This occurred so often that the sight of his thin scarcely legible handwriting became odious to me. The tannery was soon constructed, a rough little house, about twenty-five by fifteen feet and three or four tanning vats made--holes in the ground made water-tight with cedar puncheons caulked tight.

Balance now bought his first lot of hides from us, one hundred, I think. We had accumulated quite a lot and had several hundred on hand, ready for the tanner, when they should be needed. Balance, the tanner appeared to get along very well with Dr. Tolmie, and there was no reason why he should not for the doctor acceded to all his demands except when he wanted money. It was very little of that he could get out of the doctor.

Balance saw in the beginning that I did not like him and I freely confess now that I showed more bitterness against the old man than the occasion called for. He would lose no opportunity of retaliating and would bother me by coming at unreasonable hours for his supplies and making in what appeared to me to be unnecessarily coarse language. At all times, hot words often passed between us. I am sure I was a thorn in the old man's side and I watched him too closely to be satisfactory to him.

FIRST INSTALLMENT OF LEATHER

Months elapsed and still no leather appeared until the doctor became rather uneasy and anxious to see some result of the large expenditure, amounting to now nearly one thousand dollars. One day Balance came in with a specimen of his handiwork, a bundle of leather under his arm, which upon examination was found to be only

about half tanned, and of course, worth nothing in the market, although it could be used to advantage about the establishment, but a little of it would go a long way.

It was rough, hard and difficult to cut with a knife. We got from him a few sides of this stuff and the remainder, he said, he intended to put through some process which would render it marketable. I doubted this very much and I was pretty well satisfied that my prediction would be fully justified as to the success of the tannery speculation.

Balance told the doctor that everything was going on all right; that the leather he had brought use had not been long enough in the vats, etc. He was about to improve the tannery. As it was they had to convey water some distance, which was an expenses besides a great inconvenience, and to remedy this, Balance was about to dig a small canal and lead the water close to the tannery.

Doctor Tolmie was beginning to be uneasy as to the outcome of the leather-making business and to think that he would, in the end have a lot of unsalable, half tanned hides on hand.

At all events, he concluded he would better get some sort of an acknowledgement of indebtedness from Balance, and he accordingly obtained from him several promissory notes--nine, I think, each for ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents, in all one thousand dollars, the amount of the goods, etc. supplied him.

Balance signed these notes very readily and upon my word the old

fellow appeared to me to think that the signing and deliverance of these notes was actually paying off his indebtedness.

Things now went along quietly for a while. The hides were in the vats, slowly, or very slowly being made into prime leather when one day I was ordered by Mr. Chief Factor, John Work, one of the Board of Management of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs at Fort Victoria and who was paying a visit to Mrs. Tolmie, his daughter, to go to Olympia with letters for Doctor Tolmie who was at that place attending to business connected with the company's two vessels, the steamer Beaver and the brigantine Mary Dare, which had been seized by the custom-house authorities for alleged infractions of the revenue law.

I will tell the story of the seizure of these vessels at some future time.

EARLY DAY TRIP TO OLYMPIA

I had never yet been to Olympia, and knew nothing about the road south of the Squally River, so Mr. Work, who was in charge during Dr. Tolmie's absence, very kindly told me to take an Indian guide with me. I selected a bright lively young Indian named Sweiliqualth, pronounced "Swa-el-gull," and we started on horseback early in the morning in the early Spring of 1851.

When we got to the top of the Squally hill, we heard the river booming and roaring, and knew from this that it was very high. As there was no ferry, I was wondering how we were going to cross, but I left this to my Indian, confident that I was in good hands. He merely remarked : "Cullum chu" (bad): "Hyas sohalie t'suck," (very high water). Before we got to the bank of the river we passed several men, Collins, Balance, Alex Wilson, George Shazer and one or two more whose names I have forgotten, who were digging a ditch or small canal from a point a little up the river and running not very far from the Balance tannery.

Upon inquiry I learned that this was the canal Balance had spoken about to Dr. Tolmie some little time ago. My Indian found a canoe with its owner close by, and I dismounted, stepped into the frail-looking little craft, clung very quietly to its bottom, fearing almost to breath thinking that little effort would tip over the mite of a vessel, when the nose of the canoe touched the opposite shore and I was soon on terra firma once more.

The canoe returned with much more difficulty the route being up stream this time and the river a raging torrent. My Indian unsaddled

my horse , secured the saddle, and with the aid of another Indian got the horse into the river, and started across, the poor brute swimming quietly behind the canoe, as if he had done the same thing often before and no doubt he had. The two horses were now across and we started to complete our journey. At the time the wagon road up the hill on the south side of the bottom did not exist and there was only a trail up the side of the precipitous bluff, which sometimes horsemen used, but only the most daring of riders, it being so very steep.

The wagon road then followed the route of the one now in use, until the farm, now known as Mingels' or Wiggins' farm was reached. This farm was then owned by James McAllister, who settled there with a family in 1846 or 1847 and took up a donation claim of six hundred forty acres, most of which was in the bottom. It was the finest kind of land, alluvial in character, and I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that if properly cleared and drained it would have been one of the finest places in the country.

FATE OF MCALLISTER

James McAllister was a Missourian, I think. A very tall, raw-boned man, strong and inured to all kinds of work. He was a good hunter and as a matter of course a splendid shot. I saw a good deal of Mr. McAllister, and liked him. He was a very different kind of a man from "Balance," the tanner. Poor Mac! He was one of the first to volunteer when troops were called for to meet the hostile Indians and he with four or five other volunteers went out to interview the

Indians. He was very well acquainted with the Squally Indians and especially with the leaders, Lusch-chy-uch, and his brother Quy-emuth.

He had been in this part of the country seven or eight years, had treated the Indians with kindness, and they liked him. Mac thought, alas! that he could safely go amongst them, and did not hesitate a moment to endeavor to get close to the brothers. He felt sure that he could prevail upon them to give up the contest, and not join the hostile bands east of the mountains. He was besides a sort of a plenipotentiary from Governor Stevens, and was empowered to make promises, etc. and I have not the least doubt, that if he had been lucky enough to have met with the two brothers he could have stopped them and brought them in where they would have been taken in hand by those in whom they had full trust, and easily induced to remain friendly to the whites.

With those two Indians away from the hostile party, I am nearly certain that neither the Nisquallys, nor the Puyallups would have gone to war, and this side of the mountains would have been spared the horrors it afterwards experienced. But it was not to be. McAllister failed to meet the brother chiefs in a friendly way as he had prayed for, but met a party of Indians somewhere in the vicinity of White River (Connell's Prairie) about October 25, 1855. McAllister's men were fired upon and McAllister, Connell, Miles, A.B. Moses and two or three others whose names I cannot now recall, were shot dead, and thus commenced the Indian War of 1855-56.

When we got to James McAllister's place and crossed the slough near the house, the wagon road turned abruptly to the left, through the bottom a short distance to the road up the hill leading to the prairie. This hill was not at all steep, but of a gentle grade, up which a team of ordinary horses could pull a good load. I think the road through the bottom, up the hill and through the skirting timber was about one and a half miles to the prairie.

The road continues through the narrow prairie about two or three miles to the place then owned by Nathan Eaton, the youngest of two brothers, who had been amongst the earliest settlers, and had been some four or five years in the country. Charley, the elder brother, had a place near the Tinalquot prairie, and was married to an Indian woman by whom he had a large family.

He was a fine fellow, liked by all, whites and Indians. He commanded the first company of soldiers raised in the territory, which were called the Mounted Rangers. He and his company were commissioned to arrest Lush-chy-uch and Quy-e-multh, and take them to Olympia, but the noise and excitement made by this body of armed and mounted men, forty or fifty in number, stuck terror to the hearts of the poor, ignorant Indians; they thinking that such a formidable body of men were sent to use force against them, fled to the hills, and Eaton and his braves, with rifles and pistols, not concealed, and spurs ajingling, went after them.

James McAllister, who was Eaton's First Lieutenant, and his little band were the first to come into contact with them, with the result

already stated.

Nathan Eaton's place is now known as the Collins place, a man of that name having purchased it from Eaton. There is a pretty little river running through it, upon which a small sawmill is erected, and has been running for some years. Both the Eatons have been dead for years.

The prairie beyond Eaton's or Collins' place is called Chambers Prairie. An old man of that name having settled upon it in 1846 or 1847. He had four or five sons, all of whom took up claims upon that prairie, or in its vicinity. When I rode through it I think the Chambers were the only settlers upon it although there might have been others there but I am inclined to think that other settlers, Pattison, Ruddell, Hewett, the other two or three came a year or two later.

The road through Chambers' prairie is three or four miles in length, and by the time we got to its end, it was pitch dark. The road through the timber, about two miles, was completely hidden, and we had great difficulty in getting along at all. Rain had been falling all the afternoon, and was now coming down in torrents.

I thanked old Mr. Work for his foresight in sending an Indian guide with me, for I should have been in a pretty plight, in those woods alone. We had no light, not even a match between us, neither of us being smokers. My Indians was a wonderfully good-natured fellow and tried to cheer me up by singing his native songs, and trying to make me understand his native stories. Swhei-li-qualth, poor fellow! I never forgot his conduct on that night. I have since seen him in

tight places where he behaved manfully, once in particular, in a canoe trip he made with me, in which we were caught in a gale and came very near being capsized. He then showed the good stuff in him, and did work worthy of great commendation.

At times during our trip through these woods my guide had to go on his hands and knees, and for some distance actually had to feel for the road tracks, for the road was comparatively new, and not much traveled.

After struggling along in the darkness and rain, through water and mud, sometimes up to our knees, we came out into the road leaving from Olympia to Tumwater. This being more open and free from stumps and fallen trees, we soon made what I supposed to be Olympia then comprising one hotel, a livery stable, saloon and a few houses.

We put up our horses and I made for the hotel, the Indian going to one of the Indian lodges, a few of which were in Olympia. I was told that Dr. Tolmie was on board the Beaver. I didn't see him till the next morning, when I delivered my letter, and about 11 A.M. having looked up my Indian guardian guide, we obtained our horses and started for home. The ride through the woods, Chambers' Prairie, and Squally Bottom was much more enjoyable than the ride the day before.

We got along all right until we came to the slough which crosses the road within a stone's throw of Mr. Hawk's barn, where I came to grief. The heavy rain had swollen all the rivers and sloughs, and this one was so high as to float the puncheon-made bridge which the Indian first crossed in safety. I attempted to follow when the logs

forming the floor of the bridge sank under the horse's feet, and he floundered in, his legs going between the floating timbers. I was thrown off, and floundered to firm ground, somewhat bruised and shaken. The poor horse struggled fearfully, and leaving the Indian in charge, I ran to Mr. Packwood's (who then owned and lived upon the what is now known as the Hawk place), and obtained help.

After a great deal of trouble, we succeeded in getting my poor horse out of the slough, when he was found to be quite lame and unfit to travel. I remained that night with Mr. Packwood and was most hospitably entertained. Mr. Packwood was quite an intelligent man, and Mrs. Packwood I found to be the most motherly woman I had met since leaving my own dear old mother some two years previously. The next morning I sent the Indian home with my lame horse, and hired a man with a small canoe and paddle to the landing, from whence I soon walked home. Thus ended my first trip to Olympia, made memorable by the many mishaps attendant on it.

FAILURE OF THE TANNERY.

Again returning to my tannery story. From this on, for four or five months we did not see much of Balance, and all at once he was missing and no one appeared to know what had become of him. He left no message behind and thoroughly and completely disappeared. Some of his acquaintances would have it that he had been murdered, but I for a moment wouldn't believe that any such an end had happened to him. Why should any one murder such a man? What motive would induce any one to murder such a poor, harmless, creature?

No! I firmly believe that the man had become tired and sick at heart at his failure to tan the hides properly, that he gave up everything and quietly left the country. Dr. Tolmie took possession of all he could find at the tannery, and that was not much, only a few half-tanned hides and a few tanner's tools. I think there are pieces of the half-tanned leather still to be seen at the Huggins place.

The canal which Balance made continued to carry a little water, until the unusually wet Winter of 1867 when the river attained a great height and washed a channel through the tannery canal.

In the course of a very few years this canal became so big as to form the main channel of the river, causing the regular channel, running in front of the Packwood and Shazers farms to be only a slough, which at low tide, had scarcely any perceptible current. Until the new channel was formed Mr. Packwood ran a ferry-boat across the Squally from which he derived a small income, but the new order of things deprived him of this, and a man named J.A. Packard who at that time owned the place now the property of S.Y. Bennett, obtained a charter from the legislature to run a ferry at a point higher up the river than the old ferry ran.

Mr. Packwood, the proprietor of the old ferry, felt very sore that he should be so deprived of one of the sources of his income, and determined to divert the river back into its original channel. He accordingly employed hands and went to work digging a ditch across a point of sand through which he thought the river would break as it did in the former case. All his work was in vain for the river

remained obstinate, and continues to this day to ignore its original channel. For some years the river ran through the new channel without doing much damage, but in 1871 or 1872 the waters commenced encroaching upon the farm of Bennett and carried away several acres of its valuable land. Some efforts were made to stop the eating away of the land but without success, and the ravages continued night and day until the dwelling and barn on the Bennett place had to be removed farther back to a spot which was supposed to be safe from the encroachment of the waters.

But it was not to be so. The insatiable current continued to undermine the alluvial soil of the farm, and soon a splendid orchard of large, prolific-bearing trees was carried away. The dwelling and barn had to be again removed to their present location, right under the bluff of the highland. They appear now to be in a place of safety, a long distance from where the waters of the river are still cutting and carrying away the valuable land, but not to the extent they formerly did.

There are hopes now of the wash stopping and leaving Mr. Bennett in quiet possession of what is left of his valuable farm. I should think that fully one hundred acres of the farm now owned by S.Y. Bennett has been carried away by the swift current of the river. All this great and irreparable damage was caused by this man Balance making a small canal or ditch to convey water convenient to his miserable make-believe little tannery.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN, 1900-1901.

Number four - - A trip from Fort Nisqually to Cowlitz in 1850. (Part two). Oregonian. 9 September, 1900.

"Naut-tze, Naut-tze! Siam' (Look, look, master or chief), is what I heard on the morning of September 5, 1850, in the tradeshop at Fort Nisqually, about six miles south of Steilacoom, at that time the only trading post or place upon Puget Sound except a very small store at Olympia, a town of only six or eight houses. I looked up from the trade blotter over the heads of a crowd of half-naked Indians, and espied fat-faced, good natured Cush, a Snohomish Indian who was our chef.

Cush, thoroughly understood the art of very plain cooking. His great forte was frying beef steak in solid mutton or beef tallow and serving it up cooked a dark brown color and swimming in thick gravy, which soon hardened to the consistency of pure, red pine chewing gum. Poor Cush! He was shot dead in 1858 in the fort yard by a small band of Snoqualmie Indians, in revenge for some fancied tamanowous doings of the Snohomish.

Cush told me that the tenass doctain wanted to see me. Dr. William F. Tolmie was then in charge of Fort Nisqually and I was his clerk. The doctor served for many years at Fort Vancouver under Dr. McLoughlin, who was at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs on this coast. Dr. McLoughlin was a large, portly man, and remarkably handsome, and Dr. Tolmie was by no means a small man. He was about five feet nine inches high and weighed between one hundred eighty and one hundred ninety pounds. The Indians called Tolmie the tenass (small) "doctain," as distinguished from Dr. McLoughlin.

At the time Cush called me I was trading furs, fish, flesh and fowl besides mats, baskets, and a few gold dollars with a band of about

fifty Snoqualmie Indians, headed by the notorious chief Patkynum, who arrived at our landing the evening before, very much to the terror and consternation of the numerous Nisquallies encamped along the beach near the mouth of Sequallitchem Creek. I left the store in charge of my assistant Willie Young, a tall raw-boned Scotchman, who is still alive and living near the banks of the swift-running Squally River, and went over to the big house, as it was called.

There I found the doctor who told me to get ready to start at day-break next morning for the company's farm at Cowlitz, and take charge of the party bringing home a pack train of horses laden with wheat. A Canadian Frenchman named Jean Baptiste Lapoitree, nicknamed " Puss " from his likeness to a cat, and the trick he possessed of imitating the mewling of a cat, had started two days previously with a train of twenty five to thirty packhorses, some of them wild or half broken. I was to ride a middle-aged cattle-driving horse named Garcon, as I was hardly horseman enough, as yet, to ride any of the many young and half-broken horses the company owned.

I had been in the country only about six months, but could speak Chinook fluently, and from constantly trading with the numerous Sound Indians, was beginning to master the Nisqually Indian language which I found very difficult.

ON THE ROAD TO THE COWLITZ

I knew nothing of the road to Cowlitz, and had not been farther south than what is now known as the town of Roy. I mentioned this to the Doctor, who replied that I could not very well miss the road because

there was only one leading to Cowlitz , which was about seventy miles south of Nisqually. He told me to fill my pockets with tobacco and fish hooks to pay my way with the Indians.

I might mention here that until within the previous twelve months (1848-1849) there was only a horse trail to Cowlitz. The road was made wide enough for a wagon, and was finished by the company some time early in 1849.

I started the next morning bright and early, full of enthusiasm, and delighted with the prospect of such a long horseback ride. I was only eighteen years of age, strong and full of life. I had lived in a big city all my life, and until I came here had never ridden a horse or fired off a gun, and the prospect of so long a horseback ride as this would be gave me great pleasure.

I rode along pleasantly enough until I came to a point where the road forked on the Bastien place. Bastien was a French Canadian, an ex-Hudson's Bay employe, who with another French Canadian, named Francois Gravelle, took what they afterwards supposed to be donation claims, and being married to Indian women, claimed each six hundred forty acres of land. Their claims joined, and the Portland-Tacoma branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad now runs through them for nearly two miles.

A short distance from Bastien's house, then unoccupied, the road forked. The trail leading to the right was not so well marked as the left hand one, but I fancied I heard the Squally River roaring not very far away. I had been told that this river had to be forded just after leaving Bastien's place.

Seeing horse tracks on the right hand trail, I took it and soon made the ravine along the side of which the Northern Pacific Railroad now runs. The present railroad bridge is about where I forded the river.

This ford was used by the Indians when the river was low, but it was always considered a dangerous crossing and was seldom used by white people. The proper ford, and the one which I should have taken was three or four miles south of where I left the road. The ford there is much easier to cross, and is not at all dangerous, except at very high stages of water. I had not been told about the different fords of the river.

I thought there was only one, but I afterwards learned that there were five or six, only one of which was considered more dangerous than the one I took on this trip. I crossed one with three companions in the month of March during the Indian War to save four or five miles of road, and came very near meeting with disaster; in fact, it took us all day to get our poor horses out of the ice cold river. We were all at one time in water up to our shoulders, and were wet all that day, but, strange to say, none of us caught cold from the effects of the severe exposure.

DANGEROUS FORDING

When I got to the end of the prairie I could see only a small trail leading down the precipitous bluff, with a few marks of unshod horses' feet upon it, evidently made some time before my

advent. There was no bottom there, and the river ran very swiftly and almost touched the foot of the bluff. There were several large boulders or what are called in this country "rocks," in the river, around which the waters boiled and foamed constantly and the opposite side looked deep and dangerous.

I could see no landing place on the other side, and thick bushes hung over the water completely hiding the nature of the bank to be climbed to get out of the river. I sincerely wished then that someone would come along and tell me what to do in such a case, but that was not at all likely, as I had not set eyes upon a human being since leaving the fort in the early morning.

I made up my mind to risk it, and forced Garcon into the river. He was very unwilling to take the water, but I made him go in, and he at last commenced to cross, and my ignorance of the right thing to do in such a case nearly caused me grave trouble, for instead of heading my horse across the river obliquely, as I should have done, I forced the poor brute as straight across as I possibly could.

My horse slipped and floundered about in terrifying style, and two or three times was nearly carried off his legs. Of course, I soon became very wet, but continued to force my horse toward the other side, expecting most certainly he would, by the force of the current which was boiling and raging about us, be taken off his legs, and with myself carried down the river.

Luckily for me, the poor, old Garcon was made of good stuff, and stuck to his word with true equine courage, until at last he made the deep and quieter water. Here for a short distance he swam, but the deep part was so narrow that the animal very soon got into shallow water. I forced him through the thick bushes which fringed the bank of the river, and found dry sand, and luckily not very steep. I took firm hold of the bushes and threw myself from my horse only too glad to be once more on terra firma.

I was thankful to providence that I had been saved from a watery grave, as I could swim but very little. I worked and hauled at my poor horse, and after a while succeeded in getting him out of the river and once more on dry land. I felt so grateful to the old horse that I could not refrain from petting him and calling him all manner of pet names, and in Chinook too, for the true courage he had exhibited on so trying an occasion.

To the reader, I have no doubt, the crossing of this river as detailed by me would seem to be a small affair, and not worth telling about, but I assure you that even at this late date I cannot think of it without a feeling of horror. I freely admit that I was very badly scared, and thought I had been badly treated in not having a guide sent with me, at least as far as the crossing of the Squally, but it was partly my own fault. I ought to have been more particular in making full inquiries about the road. But then! I was always met with "Oh, you can't go wrong! There is only one road," etc.

My advise to all traveling a road for the first time is always get a correctly drawn plan of the road, or else take a guide with

you.

Again to my story.

I tightened my saddle girth and led my horse through the thick bush at haphazard, and soon, much to my delight struck a well-marked horse trail, the true trail, which, after a ride of about ten minutes, brought me to the edge of a large open prairie, which I knew must be the Yilmn, on the south side of the Squally River. This prairie was covered by a luxuriant growth of that magnificent indigenous bunchgrass which was called blue bunchgrass and which at that time covered all the gravelly prairies of Pierce, Thurston and Chehalis Counties.

It was something like the grass to be found east of the mountains, but covered the ground thoroughly and did not grow in spots as it does east of the range. The undergrowth was thick, and kept comparatively green all summer, and when it seeded it was about two feet in height.

During the Indian War of 1855 and 1856, when the settlers were ordered to leave their farms and move to the towns and fortified places, most of the livestock was moved away also. In the Fall of the year I have seen this grass waving in the breeze like fields of grain, but alas! over stocking of sheep has caused this most nutritious of all native grasses to disappear, and a kind of a worthless grass or weed has taken its place.

KILLING OF JOHN EDGAR.

Upon reaching the open prairie I had a magnificent view of Mount Rainier. The day being clear, the mountain appeared to be quite close, and really seemed to be but a little distance in the dense growth of forest, although it was fully forty or fifty miles away. I saw also not very far off, a lot of zigzag or worm fencing and some buildings which I knew must be the farm belonging to John Edgar, a retired company's servant who still herded and looked after a large band of sheep for the company.

John was an Englishman from Essex, and had been for a number of years in the employ of the company at Nisqually as a sort of head shepherd, I think. He severed his connection with the company some time before I arrived out, became an American citizen, and having an Indian wife, had taken up a claim of six hundred forty acres on the Yilmn Prairie.

John Edgar was then the only settler upon the Yilmn but after 1850 people began to flock into the country, and all the good claims on the Yilmn were soon taken up. John was a good looking fellow, hospitable, and kind hearted, but unfortunately like most of the people in the country in those days, especially Hudson's Bay Company employees he was fond of drinking.

When he was intoxicated his whole nature would change. When sober he was good natured and kind hearted, and would not knowingly hurt a fly, but when under the influence of whisky he was a man to be avoided. Whisky was very cheap in those days, and was extensively used.

Edgar had a good-looking wife, an Indian woman, half Yakima and half Nisqually, and they had several good looking children. When the Indian war broke out John volunteered and served with the regular troops as a guide or scout, foolishly thinking that his long acquaintance and connection with the Indians would make it easy for him to cause some of them to give themselves up. He particularly desired an opportunity to see his wife's father, who was a sort of a leader among the hostiles.

The party to which Edgar was attached met the Indians somewhere on White River, and the commanding officer--I think it was Lieutenant Kautz--determined to attack them at once. A very tall tree was cut down. It reached across the river, and volunteers were called for to head a charge.

An American soldier, an English sailor, who was a deserter from a British man-of-war then lying in Esquimalt Harbor, and John Edgar were the first men to attempt to cross on the tree. A shot fired by the Indians went through the breast of the sailor, killing him instantly, through the breast of Edgar, mortally wounding him, and lodged in the breast of the soldier, wounding him severely. The soldier recovered after a lingering illness. Edgar was taken to the hospital at Fort Steilacoom, and lingered in great pain for a week or two and died.

Just before he died Dr. Tolmie and myself visited him. Gangrene had set in and he was in a deplorable condition, and his sufferings appeared to be very severe. We brought his body to the fort, and buried it in a pretty spot.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S ROAD

Lieutenant Kautz, afterward General Kautz, was severely wounded in the same engagement; also an old settler of 1852, named Andy Burge, was in the hospital suffering from a wound. Burge is still alive and living east of the mountains.

I cantered across the prairie and soon made John Edgar's house, a roomy, warmly constructed log house, of course, very plainly furnished, as were all the houses in the country at that early date. The furniture was all home-made and the carpets coarse Indian mats made of rushes. If not handsome, they were warm and comfortable. John was glad to see me and treated me right royally.

After a hearty dinner I resumed my journey, intending to make by night the farm of Tom Linklater, a Scotchman, and an exemployee of the company. His farm was on the Tinalquot Prairie about ten or twelve miles south of Edgars. The company made the improvements on the place and Linklater kept a large band of sheep for the Puget Sound Agricultural Company.

In 1849 the company gave up all claim to the place, and Linklater took it as his donation claim. The Tinalquot plains are rather extensive, comprising about seven or eight thousand acres of gravelly and sandy land covered with a fine dense growth of bunchgrass, such as is to be found growing on the Nisqually and Yilmn plains. Linkater's farm was bounded on one side by the Deschutes River. It consisted upward of one hundred acres of the finest agricultural land to be found north of the Columbia.

The road from Edgar's to Tom Linklater's is fairly good three or four miles through timber and the rest prairie. Since my trip a new road has been made. It is called the military road, and was laid out by the Government in 1852 or 1853. It was begun by General McClellan, then a Captain, and finished by Lieutenant Mendell, afterward of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army.

Wherever practicable, county roads were made to conform to this military road, which was surveyed and marked across the Cascade Mountains by way of the Natchez. I think the Northern Pacific Railroad runs quite close to the military road, if not on it, from Yilmn to Tenino, but leaves it before arriving at Centralia and Chehalis.

Linklater was, of course, a Scotchman--from Kirkwall. I think. Almost all of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants were Scotchmen from the Hebrides and Highlands, and French-Canadians. There were reasons for this. They were generally a hardy race of people, were more "biddable" than English laborers, and less likely to grumble at the low wages paid by the company.

GENTLEMAN FARMERS.

The company's labor troubles began on this coast after the arrival in 1850 and 1851 of three or four of what were called farm bailiffs and about one hundred fifty laborers. The bailiffs were men with families. They had been in England what are termed gentlemen farmers men of education and refinement, fond of foxhunting.

For some reason, perhaps the foxhunting and expensive style of living, they made a most dismal failure of gentleman farming, and engaged themselves to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company which owned several hundred acres of farming land near Victoria, for a term of years to farm their lands and introduce a system of farming which would result in larger profits for the stockholders. In fact, the London directors were of the opinion that these new English farmers knew a great deal more of the mysteries of profitable farming than did the old chaps who for so many years, had conducted their affairs on this coast.

Gentlemen farmers were supposed to be men who farmed their own lands, and these were English landowners. But the real "no-mistake-about-it" farm is the man who farms rented land, and has not much time to devote to fox, or any other kind of hunting. This kind of a farmer in England is not termed a gentlemen and is not received into society as such.

The gentlemen farmers hired by the company were men of education with one exception, and had large families. The salary they received was not quite forty dollars a month, but the expensive manner in which they lived and the expense of feeding their large and well brought up families cost the company a large amount.

The result of the new system of farming proved very unprofitable, and I doubt if any gentlemen farmer made enough on his farm to pay the expenses of keeping his family. With these bailiffs, or a little before they arrived, a larger number of English laborers were shipped around Cape Horn. There were about one hundred in the first lot, and

from fifty to seventy in the second.

A few Scotchmen were in the crowd, but the majority were Englishmen from Dorsetshire. They were brought out principally to inaugurate the colonization of Vancouver Island, which under the time extension of the charter, the Hudson's Bay Company agreed with the British Government to do. These men signed an agreement to serve the company faithfully for a term of five years, and their wages were fixed at about eighty five to one hundred dollars a year, with board and lodging.

The agreement provided that if they faithfully performed their agreement and did not desire to return to their own country at the expense of the company, they were to receive free twenty acres of farming land on Vancouver Island, two or three cows, a couple of horses and farming implements.

Not many of them received the gift, as they soon became dissatisfied. They objected to their rations, although they were better fed than they were in their own country, and left the company's service long before their agreements had expired.

MEN FROM DORSETSHIRE.

The men sent up to this city were not legally bound by their agreements, because they did not agree to serve outside of the Queen's dominions. The company's men at Fort Nisqually had great inducements to leave. In 1850-1851 wages on Puget Sound were high. From three dollars to five dollars a day, and besides by simply declaring his

intention of becoming an American citizen, a man, if married, could become the owner of six hundred forty acres, and if single three hundred twenty acres.

In those early years a settler could pick the best the country afforded. Just think! What a temptation to the poor, ignorant hard-working Dorsetshire farm laborer! By simply renouncing Queen Victoria and the majority of Dorset laborers cared not a pinch of snuff for her, he could become a large landholder, almost a gentlemen farmer.

The men at Fort Nisqually did not, as a general thing, grumble at their rations. The monthly allowance of a single man was fifty pounds of flour, three quarters of a pound of tea, and six pounds of sugar; and weekly three-quarters of a bushel of potatoes and from sixteen to twenty pounds of beef or mutton.

Married men, of course, got more. One of the bailiffs, I do not think he was ever a gentlemen farmer was sent to Fort Nisqually in 1851 along with six married men, with two grown-up sons, or seven Dorsetshire laborers. He was a genuine cockney. One of them is still living in this county. He was, when young, a comical genius. At one time he went about the country with a Punch and Judy show, which was as good as any of the sort I had seen when a boy in London.

He badly treated the English language, though and scattered the letter "h" about in a thoroughly reckless manner. Our bailiff was a man well advanced in years and it was supposed by the silly London directors that he was capable of taking Dr. Tolmies' position as agent for the two companies, as the doctor's services were thought to be too val-

uable to be wasted at such a place at Fort Nisqually, but when Sir James Douglas, then at the head of the company's affairs on this coast, saw the man, he at once knew that the home board had made a great mistake.

The bailiff had been a great sporting character. He was fond of horse racing and prize fighting and he had been intimately acquainted with many notorious bruisers who were known to the sporting world sixty or seventy years ago. He never tired of telling us stories about "Deaf Burke," "Ben Caunt," "The Game Chicken," "Cock-Eyed Barney," and many other fistic champions.

JUMPED THE COMPANY'S LAND

The old gentleman put through his five years, and then had a quarrel with the company's agent about wages, which resulted in a long lawsuit. The company lost in all the territorial courts, but ultimately won at Washington. The expense of the suit was a great deal more than the amount sued for. Besides, the old man jumped the company's farm upon which he was living, and when the company failed to eject him in the courts, he sold the place for a considerable amount and public opinion--men settled or squatted upon the company's lands--sustained him and said he was justified.

I always thought the company should have granted the old fellow's demand for extra wages, which his agreement promised, but in the ambiguous language, and thus have avoided an expensive lawsuit and establishing a precedent for jumping improved farms.

In the time before Nisqually was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company it was considered that the company would build a Fort on Whidbey Island, but for some reason the idea was abandoned.

WHIDBEY ISLAND

I have often thought that if the idea had been carried out and an establishment were built on the island, the company would have realized its many agricultural advantages at Whidbey and would have proved them to such advantage that it would have been easy for their plenipotentiary to have disputed American title when the treaty of 1846 was under consideration. The subject was, however, not considered.

One great objection was the scarcity of prairie ground much of the island being a poor place for the relatively large bands of cattle and flocks of sheep. On the island, when the bands had become large, the animals would, of necessity, take to the woods and soon would become wild and unmanageable.

The cattle which the company owned in the early days, several thousand head were originally brought from California and were very hard to manage. They became wild and as hard to catch as buffalo, and some of the young steers could outrun the best horses on the place.

Whidbey Island is the garden spot of Puget Sound, and I have thought it strange that it has not been brought into greater prominence than it enjoys at the present time.

After the old gentleman left the company's service he struggled along for a few years and ended his days in the house of one of his sons at Tillamook, Oregon.

Going back to my theme. Tom Linklater served the Hudson's Bay Company for several years. He was for some time one of the crew of the steamer Beaver, and was stationed at Fort McLoughlin, long since abandoned. The fort was situated on the mainland north of Vancouver Island and near Dundas Island. Linklater was there when the officer in charge, a son of Dr. McLoughlin, was killed by some of his men because of his harsh treatment of them.

Linklater came to Nisqually early in the 1840s and brought an Indian wife with him, a woman of the Kit-Kaht-lah tribe. She was an enormously large woman, generous and kind hearted, and was well liked by the old residents of the Tinalquot and Chamber's prairies.

Tom Linklater was a sort of a trusty man at the fort, and assisted in the Indian trade shop. He left the service in 1849 and took the company's land upon which he worked at Tinalquot as a donation land claim, after the company abandoned it, as, under the treaty of 1846, the Puget Sound Agricultural Company could not prove claims outside the boundaries of the Nisqually claim of 180,000 acres or the Cowlitz farm of about three thousand acres. At the time it was supposed that the Puget Sound Agricultural Company claim would embrace all the land of the Cowlitz farm.

I was well acquainted with the island's first settlers--I. N. Ebey, the second Custom House collector on Puget Sound; Captain Fay, Sam Hancock, Judge Justin Chenoweth, one of the territorial District Judges and a man of fair ability and worthy of respect and Samuel Crockett. Chenoweth moved in the 1850s to Oregon and Samuel Crockett was a few years ago living in the town of Puyallup.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN, 1900-1901.

Number five-- A trip from Fort Nisqually to Cowlitz
in 1850. (Part two). Oregonian. 23 September 1900.

Perhaps it would be of interest to some if I should give a list of the names of the people who were living in the section of the country as early as 1846-1847-1848, at which time the company's post at Nisqually was the only trading place on Puget Sound except, perhaps, a very small store in Olympia. All the inhabitants of the Puget Sound country traded with the company and I have taken the name from the company's store books of that time, to which I have access. The names are as follows:

Joseph Allard, French-Canadian, first settler on the Gravelle claim
near Roy;

Joseph Broshcars;

George Brail,

George Bush, colored man, after whom is named Bush Prairie near
Olympia;

Joseph Borst,

Isaac Bastien, French-Canadian;

John Bradley,

L.M. Collins,

A.D. Carnifex;

Samuel Crockett,

Thomas M. Chambers,

David J. Chambers,

Andrew Chambers

McLean Chambers,

John Chambers,

Samuel Davis.

R. Dove,

Redwood Easton,

Henry Evans,

Charles Eaton,
Nathan Eaton,
John Edgar,
Jesse Ferguson,
Alex Follett,
Benjamin Gordon,
T.W. Glasgow,
Pierre Gomery,
John Hammond,
Samuel Hancock,
Gabriel Jones,
John R. Jackson,
Maurice Jones,
Xavier Thatman, French-Canadian;
D. Kindred.
D.D. Kinsey
Oreson King,
Jonathan Logan,
A. Langois, Roman Catholic Missionary,
Louis Latour, French-Canadian,
Jones Lewis,
Josiah Melvin
Anawiscum McDonald, halfbreed;
James McAllister, one of the first victims of the Indian War of
1855;
Nathan Olney,
C. Obrest,
William Packwood,
A.M. Poe,

----Perry,

Elisha Packwood,

Abraham Patterson,

Antoine Rabbeson,

John Ross,

Edmond Sylvester, owner of the Olympia Townsite;

Franklin Shaw, Colonel, leader of the volunteers, War of 1855;

M.T. Simmons, who constructed the first saw mill on Puget Sound at
Tumwater;

Isaac Stevens (not the late General I.I. Stevens);

George Thayer, French-Canadian, and the original owner of the George
Shannon farm;

Rev. Pierre Ricard, head of the Catholic mission near Olympia;

William Stout,

George Wauch,

John Zachary,

Thomas Chambers.

KILLING OF EBEBY

Ebey was a lawyer, a man of the people, and had he lived, would have made his mark in the country. He stuttered a great deal, but when he commenced to speak and he was a fairly good talker, his affliction almost left him. He was appointed Collector, and, I think succeeded Simpson P. Moses, the first Collector of Customs.

There was not much business then in the district of Puget Sound, and the Hudson's Bay Company was the government's best customer. In 1854 the company's bark, Prince Albert, brought to Fort Nisqually direct from London an invoice of goods amounting to between thirteen thou-

sand pounds and fourteen thousand pounds, which was, perhaps, worth when landed here about one hundred forty thousand dollars. The only ports of delivery on Puget Sound were Olympia and Nisqually and the first surveyor of customs, W.W. Miller, resided at our landing, in a house constructed by the company and rented to the Government. He boarded with us for some time, also.

Ebey was very friendly with us, as were most all of the respectable class of real Americans, and when he made his returns to the Government he would bring his voluminous sheets to the fort and I would add up the columns for him. That was when he had no clerk, a state of things that didn't last long. I recollect how pleased I was when Ebey would thank me and praise my ability to add up a column of figures. I was quite young then.

Poor Ebey! Soon after that he happened one night to be at his farm on Whidby Island which was immediately across the Sound and opposite Port Townsend, when the house was attacked by a band of Northern Indians. Ebey was killed, and his head separated from his body. This was done, we always thought in revenge for the unprovoked and willful murder of a young chief, part Tongas and part Tsimashyan, by a man who was in charge of Butler's place near Olympia.

Butler was a seaman, and for several years after this murder was employed in the Sound steamers as pilot and mate. The Indian Tuss-aich, was the son of a chief and had with his band, many of them slaves, done some work clearing land for Butler's agent. He had finished his job and applied for his pay, which was brutally refused.

Upon a reiterated and perhaps more hasty request by the young Indian for his wages, he received a stab from a knife which killed him almost instantly. The band of which the dead man was chief brought the body to our landing, and I was there with a conveyance to receive it. It was brought to the fort and received temporary burial, being afterwards raised and taken north.

I could easily see by the action of the Indians and the veiled threats they made, that something terrible would happen in consequence of this cruel and brutal murder. Dr. Tolmie, who well understood the character of these Indians urged upon the Governor, and the people of Port Townsend and Whidby Island, the necessity of watchfulness, because the Indians were well aware that the Boston man's law did not then punish a white man for killing an Indian and he felt satisfied that some innocent person or persons would suffer in consequence.

Unfortunately Ebey was the man selected to atone for the death of the chief. At all events the Indians were determined to kill a Boston chief and Ebey was thought by them to be the biggest chief in the country.

GRAND OR MOUND PRAIRIE

I fear my readers will find it a difficult matter to keep the run of the story of my trip from Nisqually to Cowlitz, because of the many digressions made, and I know that in my effort to make things intelligible, I very frequently departed from my theme. Well, Tom Linklater again.

He lived as a good citizen on his farm for several years and died fifteen or twenty years ago, respected by his friends and neighbors. His wife, Mary, did not long survive him.

After a pleasant night with Tom, I started early next morning and easily forded the Des Chutes River, which is not many rods from the house. I followed the old Hudson's Bay Company trail, now a county road, which had at that time very little bridging in the low muddy places. The road was through the timber for about five miles, when I came to a narrow prairie, not at all extensive and upon which is now the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's station Tenino.

I soon came to the first crossing of a little stream called Scatter Creek, on the other side of which is a large prairie; then called Grand Prairie, because of its large size; but now called Mound Prairie, because of a singular looking mound to be found on the south end of it, not far from the Chehalis River. The soil of the large prairie is gravelly, the same as that of the Yilm, Tinalquot, and the more extensive Nisqually Plains, but the soil of the mound is said to be clay, and I was told that upon or near its summit is a spring of clear, cold water.

The mound is, I think about two hundred feet in height, and its base is of large circumference, but I cannot now recollect its size. There were at that time no settlers on the Mound or Grand prairie, it was thickly covered with a dense growth of the same kind of grass of the kind found upon all the other gravelly prairies, but it was, it seemed, to me much thicker and finer for the reason I suppose of there being but very few cattle and sheep running upon it.

The soil, though gravelly, was slightly better than that of the Nisqually Plains. The grass was in seed and was tall, and the undergrowth green and it did not dry up as does the worthless grass now growing upon all the gravelly plains. I saw a few cattle feeding upon this prairie belonging to a man named Borst, whose farm was some miles farther south, and on the banks of the Chehalis River.

These cattle were very fat, the bunchgrass they were feeding upon being very nutritious and it speedily put all kinds of livestock in condition in the Spring of the year, after running out all winter without a particle of dry food.

Soon after I passed through this country settlers began to come in, and in 1852, the first party of immigrants arrived. The long prairie called Chambers Prairie and about three or four miles north of the Tinalquot Prairie, had a few settlers upon it, a family of father and five sons named Chambers. They arrived, except Andrew, in 1847 or 1848, and settler on this prairie, named after them. Andrew arrived, I think in 1850. The old man, the father, moved to Chambers Creek near the town of Steilacoom in 1848 or 1849 and erected a little lumber and flour mill.

Directly on the south side of Scatter Creek, and to the left of the road going south a man named Yantis--Judge Yantis, he was called, took up a claim, and adjoining him a man named Colvin Dawson took a claim. There were donation claims. Opposite Dawson and joining fences across the road, the well-known Sam Coulter took up his humble home, and worked as a farmer, afterwards cattle dealer, mine owner, hotel proprietor, and real estate owner. In the 1880s he did

a large butcher business in Tacoma and was considered to be a wealthy man, but the depreciation in the value of real estate made him poor again.

Dawson, who was remarkable for his large size and great strength stuck to his farm, and gradually added to it, until he owned a large tract of land. Next to Dawson comes Tilly. He was not the original owner of the place. Tilly was a black-smith and worked at times at his trade. The Tilly place was well known as a hotel for travelers.

The Tilly family was large. Samuel Coulter married the eldest daughter; Temple of Port Townsend, another; Huston of Tenino, another; and Captain E. Tucker, of the United States Army, Fort Steilacoom, married there youngest daughter. There were several sons. The eldest, Rice Tilly, owned a great deal of property in Olympia at one time. He was proprietor of the largest Olympia stable and in the 1870s he ran a daily stage between Olympia and Monticello, near the mouth of the Cowlitz River. He died some years ago.

Opposite the Tilly place was the Case farm. Next, I think, was the old man Sargent's place. Then the Byles who came across the Naches Pass with the first lot of emigrants in 1852. Here the road crosses Scatter Creek again and the earliest settler whose house was on the road was Goddell; next, the James, an English family (Cornish people), father and several sons, whose places were beyond the big mound and on the banks of the Chehalis. Then comes Nelson Sargent's place who resides there today, and he owns nearly 2,000 acres of land, nearly all prairie. Nelson Sargent is well known in Tacoma.

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FAMOUS WRESTLER OF EARLY DAYS

To the best of my recollection, the distance from Tenino to the prairie beyond the Goddell place, and called Fords' prairie is about fifteen miles, and upon this prairie were living then two families, Sydney Ford and Joe Borst, who had been there some four or five years. Ford had a good well-improved place, about a mile to the right of the road and on the bank of the Chehalis. This place was the favorite stopping place for the few people then traveling that road. The house was commodious, the food and cooking good and the landlord and lady most excellent and kind hearted people.

Old man Ford, as he was called, was a fine looking, and what I call handsome man. He was above the middle height, fair and florid of complexion, broad-shouldered and big around the chest. He was noted for his ability as a wrestler, and when I first saw him was yet in possession of his powers as an athlete, and but very few men in the country cared to try a fall with him.

The Fords had a large family and several of them are alive today. Sydney, the eldest son, is a large man, and built like his father. He gained prominence in the Indian War of 1855-56 and formed and headed a band of friendly Indians and did good service in the war. Some few years ago he was living on a farm on the Chehalis River about twenty-five or thirty miles above Montesano.

Joe Borst's place above Ford's directly on the river and near the mouth of the small swift river called Skookum T'Zuck, or Chuck. He moved to Seattle later in the 1880s and went extensively into the cattle and butchering business. Late in life his eyesight became bad

and I am told that the poor fellow became quite blind. For quite a number of years he had a monopoly of the pasture lands on Thurston and Chehalis counties, and owned a large band of cattle, and later a large band of sheep. The largest and fattest steers and wethers I ever saw were running in his bands.

In 1858, in the height of the Fraser River gold mining excitement, I purchased for the company from him, a lot of mutton sheep, some of them weighing, when dressed, upwards of one hundred pounds, and for which I paid him twenty-five cents a pound, net weight.

When I first came into the Ford prairie a trail left the main road and led directly down a muddy hill to what looked to me to be a river, and I made sure this was the Chehalis River. It was about the width of a river of the Chehalis kind, and the trail leading to it was well marked by horses and cattle. I made up my mind to cross this apparently shallow stream, although I was a little doubtful about its being the right thing to do, and was surprised to see the water so quiet and currentless.

I forced old Garcon in and as he was very reluctant to take the water, I whipped him. He did not go far, as he soon got into deep mud. Becoming alarmed, I turned and tried to get him out, but he stuck fast in the clay, and I had to scramble off and after a while my poor animal succeeded in getting out. Here I was again in a wetness, and I ran a risk of getting drowned, for I learned afterward that this was part of a lake, and just there the water was deep and the bottom very muddy.

I continued through the prairie till I came to what looked to me to

be a well improved farm, owned by a man named Joe Borst. The homestead and outbuildings were on the bank of the Chehalis, and quite close to the mouth of a very swift running river, not half the size of the Chehalis. It was called the Skookum T'Zuck or Chuck, which is Chinook for swift-running river.

The road leads across the river, but a few rods from its mouth, and it is always a difficult ford to make, and at times very dangerous. Several people have lost their lives there. I recollect early in the 1850s a young man, a nephew of the late Governor I.I. Stevens, the first territorial governor was, with his horse, carried out into the Chehalis River and both were drowned. Soon after this sad accident a new county road was made and a cheap, safe bridge was constructed.

The new military road crossed the Chehalis, near the mouth of Skookum Chuck, and a good scow carried the travel across, the larger portion of which soon took this road, in spite of its muddy obstructions. The new road for some distance ran parallel with the Chehalis River through a stiff, clay country. A stage now soon ran daily between Olympia and Monticello, near the mouth of the Cowlitz River which carried the United States mails. This new road in the wet season became nearly impassible because of deep mudholes to be found along its route.

Captain Parker, Sr. of Tacoma, could tell many interesting stories about these roads, as he traveled both the old and new a great deal in the 1850s carrying the first express put on the road between Fort Steilacoom, Olympia and Portland. He was a young and vigorous man then and did the work upon horseback.

I crossed the raging Skookum Chuck, at that late day very high, by fording safely and soon reached the gravelly loam-soiled prairie, which was not extensive, but a few miles up the Skookum Chuck an ex-United States soldier named George Waunch was living.

RISKY TRAVELING

The road from Centralia Prairie, as I may as well call it, went through a piece of low swampy bottom which was notoriously known as Saunders bottom, from the fact of a settler, an American named Saunders, having taken up a claim on the prairie at the farther end of the bottom, at the base of a wooded hill, then called Mud Mountain. The City of Chehalis now stands upon the site of Saunders farm.

The road through this bottom in the Winter time was a terrible road to travel. It was almost impassable, being in many places little better than a lake, its soil being of a sticky, stiff, muddy character. Why, even when I went through it in the month of September, in places it was almost impassable. There are many stories told about this well known road.

One, I recollect, was told of a man passing through the road on horseback and leading another horse, saddled and bridled. About the middle of the swamp he came upon a man apparently stuck in the mud up to his middle. The rider addressed the man in the mud and kindly offered him, the use of the horse he was leading. The bemuddled man thanked him, declining his kind offer, and informed him that he "had a much better horse under him."

How the man got out of the hole with his horse the story does not say.

One time, I was wading through the bottom myself and horse covered with mud when I came upon old John Sutherland, a man well known to many old and new settlers in Pierce County, with an overturned wagon and four horses in the middle of one of the worst of the mudholes. Legs, shoulders and sides of bacon were scattered all about and poor John was in a deplorable condition. He was hauling a load of bacon belonging to John R. Jackson, a well known farmer living near the Cowlitz prairie.

John took it all very philosophically and declined my offer of assistance saying that another team would be along shortly from which he would get assistance. I never heard how he got out of the hole or whether he succeeded in "saying his bacon."

Two or three years after my first trip across this bottom the worst of the mud holes were corduroyed, which at high stages of water would be floated out of place, and the road would then be worse than ever.

I got through Saunders' bottom all safely and made Saunders place about four p.m. I was feeling tired and so did my old horse, and I obtained permission from Saunders to remain there all night. The place was very primitive, a small log house and a very small log barn. Saunders lived there with his wife, and I think there were no children.

He was a man of about forty years of age, I should think, stout and strongly built and not at all a bad looking man. He was a wonderful

talker, and it struck me that from the manner of his behavior and style of talk that he was either half-drunk or nearly crazy. I had a scant supper there and before dark I told Saunders I would like to sleep, being very tired and stiff from the effects of the unusually long ride. He led me to the log barn and pointing to a heap of pea straw, said that was the only spare bedroom the establishment boasted. I think I settled my bill before parting with him, as I intended leaving that unsavory place very early the next morning.

I made a hole in the straw and crept in, feeling certain that tired Nature would soon assent itself and sleep possess me. But, alas! I reckoned falsely, for above my head, upon a beam slept or roosted some of the chickens of the place, and I found it impossible to get any sleep that night.

JACKSON'S COURTHOUSE.

At the first approach of daylight I got up, saddled old Garcon and gladly took the road again. After riding several miles through a rich looking country I came to a small prairie containing about five or six hundred acres. Part of this prairie was fenced in and at the further end was an uninhabited log house. I was told that this was formerly the claim of a Canadian Frenchman named Summstooch, an ex-Hudson's Bay Company's servant. He had either sold his right to it or had abandoned it. After this he came to Pierce County and died near Steilacoom.

I now rode quietly along, feeling quite hungry. I had no breakfast and my supper last night was of a very light character. I next came to a good sized river, easy to ford. This was the Nawakum River

which emptied into the Chehalis. Across the Nawakum is the prairie of that name, the soil of which is very good, being a clay loam of great fertility. Two or three settlers were living on this plain, an old French Canadian, whose name I have forgotten, a Red River half-breed named Marcel Benier and an Englishman named George Roberts. The latter was an old clerk who came to Fort Vancouver in 1832 or 1833 and was for a term of years in charge of the company's farm at Cowlitz.

He was an intelligent and kind hearted man, and was, twenty years ago, well known and much liked by the people of Olympia. He took three hundred or perhaps it was six hundred forty acres of fine land in the Nawakum Prairie. He went to England in the 1840s and returned to this country with a wife. He left the service in 1849 and died about twenty years ago. I did not call at any of the places on the Nawakum, Mr. Roberts at the time being temporarily in charge of the company's farm at the Cowlitz.

I proceeded, and in a short time got into a fine, rather large prairie upon which was a good deal of the usual zig-zag fencing and two or three houses. The first place was the home of an old Canadian and at the far end of the prairie was the well-known farm of John R. Jackson, who owned a full section of what looked to me to be the finest kind of land. It was fairly well improved. On it were several log houses, The dwelling was large and the main room was very much like an English farm kitchen.

Jackson was an Englishman, and had been a farmer in Yorkshire. He was never in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, but was a

genuine emigrant, arriving at the site of his home early in the 1840s.

Jackson's was, in 1850, the best known place in the country, and was the stopping place for almost all people traveling between Portland and Puget Sound. Jackson had provided ample accomodation for the exigencies of those times. When this country was part of Oregon Territory and Thurston was the only county on the Sound, District Court was held at Jackson's and that gentlemen built a palatial building of large peeled logs which was used as a court-house.

In 1850 Judge William Strong, at that time the most prominent lawyer in Oregon, was judge in charge of the court. In those early days persons of foreign birth wanting of taking advantage of the donation act were obliged to go to Jackson's to declare their intention to become American citizens, and to my personal knowledge many a chap who couldn't tell you who Washington was, the name of the President of the United States, nor even the territory in which he was residing was admitted to citizenship and then took up from three hundred sixty to six hundred forty acres of land anywhere in the territory except upon thos lands claimed by the two British companies which remained unsurveyed by the United States government until 1870.

CITIZENSHIP IN EARLY DAYS

A majority of the foreigners applying for citizenship in those early days were utterly without education, and knew little or nothing

about the history of the country of which they were so anxious to become citizens, nor of any other country either. Well, it didn't matter; their votes were as good as those of the best educated and intelligent citizens. Nearly all of them, I will not say, became Democrats, because they didn't know anything at all about the principles of Democracy, but they voted the Democratic ticket when they did vote, but sometimes a few of them on election day would become so drunk, on free whisky as to be totally unfit to vote, and I have more than once seen a voter taken to the polls unable to walk, but when he arrived it was found to be too late.

In their determination not to lose an opportunity for a drink they delayed too long, and thus lost the privilege to vote, but this did not trouble them much. I must say that almost or all, of these men were foreigners and a majority of them ex-Hudson's Bay servants.

Returning again to my theme. Jackson was a big lusty man, and as usual with Yorkshire men, sharp and smart at a trade. He was a good farmer and owned a lot of fine horses and cattle, and I have paid him large prices for what we then called American horses. I paid him once in the early sixties, for a team of three year olds four hundred dollars. He was married and the father of a family. Mrs. Jackson was an American; then, per necessity, a hard-working motherly kind of woman as were most of the American farmers wives I met in those days.

I have no doubt that the old fellows now alive that traveled that road nearly fifty years ago still recollect the savory, well-cooked meals the kind hearted Mrs. Jackson would prepare for them. John,

her husband, died several years ago. Jackson, as may be supposed was doing justice to a toothsome meal of Yorkshire bacon and eggs cooked in inimitable style. Having had but little to eat since I left Linklater's I was almost famished when I arrived at Jacksons. I had a long chat with the worthy farmer, and afterwards walked over his place and was really surprised at the extent of his improvements.

He showed me, with a great deal of pride, the new Courthouse and pointed out to me its architectural beauties, which, I admit I failed to see, having so recently come from a land wherein fine buildings were common. I took care not to let the old gentleman know this, and towards evening bade the worthy couple a kindly good bye and slowly plodded on through a clay-soiled country of woods and openings, for about six miles when I came into a large rolling prairie country with fences and buildings here and there.

What surprised me most was the sight of a church, built with some show of clerical design, steeple, churchyard, graveboards, crosses, and all the adjuncts of a country church. This was the Roman Catholic Church which had been established there for some years. I was now on the much talked of Cowlitz Prairie and the reality far exceeded my imagination. It was a rolling undulating country, all open, and comprising, I should think, about 16,000 or more acres. The soil was a clay loam, and to my unpractical eyes appeared to be a great fertility.

I rode through an eighty acre field of red clover which was many years old and was as thick as it could stand upon the ground, and about

two feet in height. To the eastward and apparently not far away was Mount Rainier and right across the prairie to the southward was beautiful modest looking Mount St. Helens of sugar-loaf shape and so regular and smooth in its outline as to look as if artificially made, instead of a wild product of nature. I caught a glimpse of the summit of two or three other lofty snow-capped mountains, Hood, Jefferson and Adams, I think.

COWLITZ PRAIRIE

I rode slowly along full of admiration until I got within a short distance of a large dwelling, granary and out buildings, all bearing the mark of Hudson's Bay Company construction, and I knew this must be the Cowlitz farm of which I had heard so much. As I approached near the house I espied an old gray haired gentlemen approaching, and whom I soon recognized to be George Roberts then in charge of the farm. I had met him before at Fort Nisqually, so was immediately made at home and was very kindly received.

He had not very long ago buried his English wife, and was left with three motherless children. After resting awhile I looked up my party and directed them to get ready for a start the next day. Puss had been there long enough to rest the horses, and get the wheat bagged for packing. Each horse would carry about three bushels of wheat, about one hundred eighty pounds, which was strongly lashed to the horses backs upon pack saddles which was the method adopted by the company for moving goods and furs, and they possessed a large number of horses of the Spanish breed from California and

common Indian horses, called cayuses.

At Nisqually the company owned upwards of three hundred horses, about half of which number were breeding mares, and with these mares ran five or six stallions of the pure Spanish breed. There were five large horses standing about fourteen and one half to fifteen and one half hands high, and weighing about one thousand or one thousand one hundred pounds. After 1850 the company introduced American stallions, but for good hardy and fast riding horses the old Spanish stock was by far the best. The riding horses of this breed were easy of gait and of great endurance.

I have often ridden one horse fifty or sixty miles a day, and have several times made the trip from Nisqually to the Cowlitz via Olympia between sunrise and sunset on one horse, a distance of seventy five miles. These saddle horses were worth about eighty dollars each when broken and unbroken about fifty dollars. When the two governments surveyed the 49th parallel of latitude the boundary line, in 1857-1858, we, the company, sold to the British party about fifty head of these horses at eighty dollars each. I think the United States party used mules.

The company introduced mules into the packing business and in 1860 I drove a fine lot of large mules and common brood mares, a fine American bred stallion and a jackass to British Columbia. I went via the Naches and returned by the old Snoqualmie Pass, for the purpose of ascertaining which was the best pass for driving five or six thousand sheep into British Columbia.

There were no white settlers along the route then. The Indians were unsettled, especially the Moses tribe, about old Fort Okanogan, and I found the country infested with large wolves, besides the difficulty of driving sheep along the Columbia River by the then narrow flint-floored river passes which were very numerous. I recollect my report was unfavorable, and the sheep were not moved, and the long and severe winter of 1861-1862 saved all necessity of moving the animals as nearly four-fifths of the band succumbed to the fearfully cold and unparalleled winter. I found the Naches Pass to be much easier than the Snoqualmie, the opportunities for finding horse feed along the route being better.

SAUNDERS BECOMES INSANE

In 1850 there were a number of retired Hudson's Bay Company's servants owning fine large claims on Cowlitz Prairie, principally French Canadians. I recollect some of them, Plomondeau, the oldest of all the old Hudson's Bay servants, Xavier Catman, Jean Paptiste Bouchard, Joseph Brulez, Cottendire, Marcel Benier, Joseph Legard, Jean Batiste Chaulifoux, Peter Bercier, Eli Shareault. I have forgotten the names of a few of these Canadians for nearly all the first settlers on Cowlitz prairie were French Canadians and soon all these men sold out their fine tracts of land to Americans who in 1851-1852 commenced to flock into the country.

There were at the time of my visit a few Americans in Cowlitz country. I recollected Edward Warbass, who lived at a place on the river called Cowlitz Landing, the end of boat and canal navigation at that time. Warbass had for a number of years been a con-

spicuous resident of San Juan County. A Captain Drew lived also and owned a little water power saw mill upon a little stream near the west extremity of the prairie. There were a few more, but I have forgotten their names.

The next afternoon Puss had the horses ready and it did not take long to load on the wheat which was strongly bagged, and we made a good start. Our first camp was at Jackson's place. I was now riding a different sort of horse, an animal loaned me by Mr. Roberts. Such a change from old Garcon to a fine high spirited riding horse! After this I took care always to ride a good horse, as I soon became a good rider and could ride any kind of horse.

In 1855 I took charge of the company's business on the plains. At the outbreak of the Indian War I had charge of all the horses, including nearly one hundred saddle animals, and of course, took care to pick out what I thought to be the best for my own use. Puss had taken with him a tent and all conveniences for making traveling easy and as he was exceedingly polite my trip home was a pleasant one. Nothing of importance happened during the homeward trip except when about half way through the small prairie upon which Summatah lived, we heard the music of a horn blowing and soon saw emerging from the woods a strange figure upon horseback.

It was a man dressed in a skin coat, painted in red stripes, a curiously shaped and marked cocked hat, and with a painted face. It was poor Saunders as mad as a March hare. He stopped us, and after blowing a loud blast upon his trumpet proclaimed himself the angel Gabriel, and predicted soon the end of the world, and talked a

lot of wretched stuff, poor fellow!

Not long afterwards he was arrested by the sheriff and taken to Fort Steilacoom and there kept in the guard house there being no other place to keep him, and he being the only insane person in the territory. The poor chap remained there some time and his behavior at times was so annoying to the soldiers that they did not treat him very delicately.

I do not know what became of him, but never heard that he returned to his claim, now very valuable and upon which is the principal part of the City of Chehalis. We crossed the right ford of the Squally this time, and of course experienced no difficulty, and reached the fort with our wheat in good condition.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN, 1900-1901.

Number six - - The 1849 attack on Fort Nisqually.
Oregonian 30 September 1900.

The Snoqualmie and Skeywamish tribes, especially the Snoqualmies, were the most warlike on Puget Sound, and the terror of the other tribes. Often in armed bands they made raids upon the Upper Sound Indians, and murdered, plundered, or made slaves of all they captured alive.

In May, 1849, they visited Fort Nisqually for the ostensible purpose of inquiring into the truth or falsity of a report in circulation among them of the cruel treatment by Wyamoch, the eldest son of the then Nisqually chief, Laghlet, of his wife, a sister of the Snoqualmie chief, Patkynum.

Wyamoch was then about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, and was a fine, good-looking young fellow. He was good natured, but mischievous and full of deviltry. He would steal horses, only to ride the life out of them; and he had an inordinate love of whisky, and when under its influence would ill treat his young wife.

Wyamoch was the legitimate Nisqually chief. His father, Laghlet, a chief respected and looked up to by his subjects died early in 1849. The Nisquallies would not acknowledge Wyamoch because of his wild character, and the tribe remained without a chief until 1854 when Governor Isaac I. Stevens concluded the celebrated Shee-dah-dam, or Medicine Creek treaty with the Nisquallies and upon the recommendation of Dr. W.F. Tolmie, at that time agent in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Nisqually made Quiel-multh chief, and his brother Leschi, sub-chief.

At the time of the advent of the Snoqualmies, the Nisquallies, or a portion of the tribe, the remainder were living on the banks of the

Squally River, where their present reservation is located, were encamped at the landing, near the mouth of the Seguallitchew Creek, about a mile and a quarter from the fort, and then larger portion of them lived in mat lodges outside the fort-in all, perhaps one hundred or one hundred fifty Indians.

The fort was then enclosed by strong palisades, about twenty feet in height. At the northwest and southeast corners were large and very strong bastions, three stories in height, made of twelve inch squared timber, and armed with small cannon, swivel guns, and musketoons. A case was always kept in each bastian for a dozen flint-lock guns, the only kind in use among the Indians fifty years ago, and a good supply of gunpowder and shot.

There was also a strong bastion inside the fort, erected for the purpose of defense during the time of the construction of the bastions and stockage, as the Indians looked upon the fortification of the place with a great deal of mistrust, and I have heard Dr. Tolmie say that the men at work upon the fortifications often had guns by their side.

The stockade and bastions were commenced after the Whitman massacre, and it took considerable time to complete them. I had an autographic letter in my possession until a few years ago, when I lent it to the late Elwood Evans and I have not yet succeeded in getting it. Evans put off its return from time to time and his death, I suppose, will prevent its recovery.

It was a long letter from Sir James Douglas, at that time(1847) in

charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's affairs, Oregon Department, along with "Dr. McLoughtin to Dr. William F. Tolmie, in charge of Fort Nisqually.

It gave him the first news of the killing of Whitman and others, and his idea as to the cause of it, and told of the unsettled condition of the minds of the Indians throughout the country. It particularly instructed Dr. Tolmie to proceed immediately to erect the stockade, and construct the bastions, and to employ all the help he could obtain, and if possible, the few American settlers then in the country.

ATTACK ON THE FORT

On May 1, 1849, the Snoqualmies arrived at the landing early in the morning, a large party of them armed. About noon they made their appearance at the fort and took up a position before the water-gate on the north side. The Nisquallies were very much excited, and those at the landing came up with their women, children, and goods, and with those living outside the fort rushed into the enclosure, feeling assured that the Snoqualmies were on one of their murderous plundering raids, for which they were noted.

Outside the gate there were also some American settlers. Among them were M.T. Simmons of Tumwater, afterwards superintendent of Indian affairs, and Leander Wallace, said to be a relative of Tom and Jack Hewett, of Tacoma, who had taken up a claim on what is now called Anderson Island, then named Wallace's Island. The farm is now owned and worked by the Eckensteins, and is a pleasant place to look upon.

There were upwards of one hundred of the hostile tribe. After dinner a part of the Snoqualmie band went to Chief Laughlet's lodge and the larger part gathered around the water gate, where they were soon joined by the others. On being asked the reason for coming in such numbers and making such warlike demonstrations, they replied that they had heard that young Laghlet (Wyamoch) was treating his wife brutally, and that they had come to inquire about it, and that they did not come with the intention of harming any of the whites.

Chief Patkynum was invited into the fort, and the others were given tobacco to smoke the pipe of peace, with which they retired to one of the empty lodges. Two armed men were placed at the gate--Louis Thibeault, a French Canadian, and Gohome, a Nisqually Indian, with orders to allow none of the Snoqualmies to come inside the fort.

The following is copied from the fort journal, to which I have access. It was kept by a young man who was Dr. Tolmie's chief Clerk:

I also took my gun and went about among the Indians, the Nisquallies, who, in fear of the enemy, were inside the stockade in great numbers, and to keep them employed I set them to sweeping the fort yard or square. After I had made a circuit of the fort I heard a shot and learned that it had been fired by Gohome in jest. I reprimanded him for his foolishness.

Soon after I arrived at the gate, four or five of the worst Snoqualmies came rushing up, provoked no doubt by the shot foolishly fired by Gohome. One of their number Cassass, more forward than the rest, rudely pushed Gohome, who was

standing in the gateway, into the fort, and took his place. I went to him and demanded why he did that, and warned him to keep quiet. He answered with only insult. I then put him upon which he cocked his gun and drew his dagger and made two or three thrusts at me with it.

Wren, one of our men, who was standing a little way from the gate at the time, was called in, and I gave orders to close the gate, which was done, but, finding that Wren was still without, the gate was again opened. Wren, upon entering seized an Indian's gun, whereupon a scuffle ensued and the gun, falling between the door and the post, prevented us from closing it.

I noticed Cassass pointing his gun at me. I at once presented mine and I thought fired first, but it is maintained by the friendly Indians outside that one of the Snoqualmies, Gullawowt, provoked by a blow from Wren with the butt end of the gun, at one of their chiefs, fired at him, but missing, my shot followed.

Which is correct I cannot be positive, the noise and excitement being too great, but my shot missing him, wounded another. A good many shots then followed and the gates were closed. One of the enemy, a Tamomwous, or medicine man, was killed and two or three were badly wounded.

We then took to the bastions, but our people took some time getting armed, the affair being rather sudden. By the time they were at their stations, most of the enemy were out of shot, and running away full speed across the plain to their canoes. Patkynum, the head chief, who was in the fort at the commencement of the row, escaped after the closing of the gate, unperceived by our people.

Wyamoch, assisting him to scale the stockade at a retired quiet part of the fort yard. Two Americans, named Wallace and Lewis were standing outside the fort gate when the fighting commenced and did not heed the call of "all hands come in and shut the gate."

They perhaps thought themselves secure from harm, as they were Americans, and did not belong to the fort, but if this was the case they were sadly mistaken. They were also beckoned in by Mr. Simmons and others, but they either unheeded or did not understand.

Wallace was shot dead, but Lewis had a remarkable escape. A bullet went through his vest and trousers, and another wounded him in the right arm. A friendly Indian received a wound in the neck. One of the Skeywamish medicine men was killed, and two or three Snoqualmies were badly wounded. Kussas is said to be the one who killed poor Wallace.

We did not suppose that the war party came here for the purpose of attacking us, but think they had some other object in view besides the affair with Lagnlet. It was no doubt their

intention to raise a row with the fort Indians and then kidnap as many of the women and children as they could catch, and one circumstance proves that they thought lightly of quarreling with the whites.

Once the tobacco was given them Gullawowt asked Wren if it was not poisoned and none of the Indians would smoke until Wren had smoked and chewed in their presence. A good many stories are told by the Indians here as to what the Snoqualmies were saying and threatening to do.

The Snoqualmie and Skeywamish tribes of Indians are the terror of all the tribes south of the Soquamish River and these people would rejoice to see them punished by the whites and if required would cheerfully assist in their chastisement. Two hours after the affray Sclousin, an Indian, was dispatched with an express for Vancouver and a message from Mr. Simmons to Governor Lane. All the plains men came to the fort in the evening by order, and guard was kept up all night."

PATKYNUM HELPS THE WHITES

The Snoqualmie Indians lived on the Snoqualmie River, a south branch of the Snohomish River and in 1849 numbered between three hundred and four hundred. The Skeywamish Indians in 1849 lived on the Skeywamish River, a north branch of the Snohomish River. The writer in 1850, '51, and '52 very frequently had trading transactions with these Indians, and they often came to the fort to trade in bands of from twenty-five to fifty, and he always found them the most difficult to deal with,

they being quarrelsome, and treacheous.

One time in particular three notorious braves forced a quarrel on him in the Indian tradeshop and in the struggle which ensued he barely escaped with his life. During the Indian War of 1855-56, Patkynum, one of the chief of the Snoqualmies, offered his services to Governor Stevens. They were accepted and the chief, with a party of his tribe, was employed in hunting for hostile Indians. He succeeded in capturing a few, who were killed, decapitated, and their heads carried in triumph to Olympia.

In the history of the Northwest in that portion devoted to the history of the Indian War of 1855-56 in Washington Territory, so ably and accurately written by Elwood Evans, the following is stated relative to the celebrated chieftain:

On February 4, 1856, Patkynum, with fifty-two friendly warriors, had taken the field for the purpose of operating against the hostiles of the White, Green, and Puyallup Rivers. On February 8, these Indian auxiliaries were scouting along the base of the mountains. When within five miles of Snoqualmie Falls and east of Seattle, Patkynum surrounded and captured a camp of hostiles, numbering seventeen without firing a gun.

Three of the party proved to be Klickitats, one of whom turned informer, and agreed to join Patkyaum and guide the party to Leschi's camp. The other two Klickitats Patkynum hanged and beheaded.

On the night of February 15, Patkynum arrived at the camp of Leschi, at the forks of a small stream on the White River. He intended to surprise Leschi, but his approach was betrayed by the barking of dogs. A fruitless colloquy occurred between the two chiefs and Patkynum commenced the attack the next morning. Leschi's party occupied a log house outside the forks. After a desperate fight Patkynum dislodged Leschi's party, who retreated to the forks of the river.

The fight continued ten hours. Leschi's party lost eight men killed, one being a chief, six being killed on the opposite side of the river. Two heads were secured as trophies of the battle. Patkynum continued the fight until he was out of ammunition, when he withdrew his force to wait for supplies."

REWARD OFFERED FOR OFFENDERS.

The writer was well acquainted with Patkynum. He was a sharp, shrewd Indian, but in aspect not at all like the Indian warrior we read about in works of fiction. He was small in stature, and rather insignificant in appearance.

Was well acquainted also with the Nisqually Chief, Leschi, and his brother Quiemulth. They were both good-looking men, and skillful hunters, Leschi in particular. Leschi surrendered to Colonel Casey,

then in command of the United States troops at Fort Steilacoom, under a promise of pardon, but was indicted by the civil authorities for murder, tried, found guilty and hanged in 1858, in a hollow of the prairie near the fort. Quiemulth was induced to give himself up to Governor Stevens, and while waiting in the Governor's outer office in Olympia, was murdered by some party or parties unknown.

On August 7, 1849, Mr. Thornton, sub-Indian agent for Oregon Territory, arrived at Fort Nisqually, and immediately proceeded to investigate the facts connected with the killing of Mr. Wallace. He sent messengers to Patkynum and advised him to arrest the offenders and deliver them to Captain B.H. Hill, at Fort Steilacoom, and offered him eighty blankets as a reward if this was done in three weeks.

He also authorized Captain Hill, of the First Artillery, to double the reward, and to offer it in his name, as sub-agent, if the murderers were not delivered in three weeks. Mr. Thornton then returned to Oregon City, and a short time afterwards Joseph Lane, Governor of Oregon Territory and Superintendent of Indian affairs, received a letter from Major Hathaway, informing him that six Indians named Kussass, Quhlawowt, Stullhah-ya, Jut-tain, Whyach, and Qualthliakyne had been brought in by Indians of the Snoqualmie tribe, and delivered to Captain Hill at Steilacoom, near Fort Nisqually.

On the last Monday in October, 1849, Justice Bryant, Chief Justice of Oregon, held the first session of the district court of the United States in this county, then Lewis, at Fort Steilacoom, and Captain B.H. Hill, delivered to the Marshall of the territory, Joe Meek, the above named six Snoqualmie Indians, indicted for the murder of Wallace.

Kussass and Ouhlawowt were convicted and executed. Those who were found guilty were clearly so. As to three of the others who were acquitted, the Judge was satisfied with the finding of the jury. It was quite evident that they were guilty in a less degree, if guilty at all, than those convicted. As to the fourth, the Judge had no idea that he was guilty at all. There was no evidence against him, and all the witnesses swore that they did not see him during the attack on Fort Nisqually. It was not improbably that he was a slave, whom the guilty chiefs that were convicted expected to place in their stead, as a satisfaction for the American murdered.

The result of the trial had a good effect upon the Indians. The whole Snoqualmie tribe was present at the execution. Also a vast gathering of Indians from other tribes on Puget Sound, and they were made to understand that the United States laws would punish them promptly for every murder they committed, and no satisfaction would be had short of all who participated in the murder of citizens and white people in general.

The Judge, A.P. Skinner, was appointed by Judge Bryant, District Attorney for the time and prosecuted Indian prisoners, and was allowed for his services \$250. David Stone, an attorney, was appointed to defend, and received a similar compensation. They had traveled two hundred miles from their respective homes, camping in the woods, as did nearly all concerned in the trial and also endured a great deal of fatigue from the manner of traveling, in batteaux and canoes.

Many of the grand and petit jurors were summoned at a distance of two hundred miles from their homes. The total expense of holding

the court at Steilacoom for the trial of these Indians amounted to \$1,899.54, and the value of the blankets given for reward was \$480 making the total sum \$2,379.54.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN 1900-1901.

Number seven - - Drunken orgy that led to a
bloody murder. Oregonian. 7 October 1900.

Stony Lake, so called by the first settlers is a swail or low piece of land in the prairie joining the Montgomery donation claim, Fort Montgomery, or Camp Montgomery, as it was called in the days of the Indian War of 1855-56. It had several large bowlders in it, from which it derives its name. It is about two miles east of Spanoway Lake. I don't know who owns it now, but in 1853 a discharged soldier named Hunter, who came with the first company of United States soldiers Fourth Artillery, Captain B.F. Hill, in August, 1849 owned it.

The term of enlistment of this company was five years, which expired, I think in 1852 or 1853. A large number of these men remained in this part of the country and took up donation claims. A very few of them being married, they could not take advantage of the clause in the act giving a full section to a married couple, but several of them took up claims of half and quarter section in extentent.

Nearly all of them had a nice little sum of money when paid off, as besides receiving double pay, allowed principally to induce them not to desert and join the goldseekers in California, they were paid an amount equal to the cost of a passage to New York by way of Panama, which in those days was quite a large sum of money.

This money, with their extra pay, another incentive to remain, they did not receive until they were finally discharged so that a man after serving his full time, was sure to receive quite a respectable sum which the Government saved for him. It was sufficient to enable him to commence farming, especially as the land did not cost him anything more than the usual preliminary expense of surveying.

As I before stated, Hunter owned the Montgomery claim in 1853. He was unmarried, and did not, I think, even have an Indian wife. He was a Virginian, about thirty years of age, and was a good looking quiet, gentlemanly fellow. He seldom drank to excess, but when under the influence of liquor was inclined to be quarrelsome.

A comrade of Hunter's named Buchanan lived with him. Buchanan was a Scotchman, and well-behaved. He often came to Fort Nisqually to see Dr. Tolmie, who, being a Scotchman, always had a friendly feeling for a respectable brother Scot. Besides, he attended him professionally when the regular army surgeon was away on leave of absence.

Buchanan's bad health arose from an effort he made with a fellow soldier to desert and reach Vancouver Island outside the jurisdiction of the United States. The man who accompanied Buchanan was named Russell, and he was between forty and fifty years of age. These men were nearing Port Townsend when they were captured by Snoqualmie Indians, who were on the lookout for them for the sake of the reward that Captain Hill offered for their apprehension.

It is reported that the Indians, headed by the notorious Chief Putkynum, cruelly treated them during the time they were prisoners and in consequence of which Russell died soon after he returned to Fort Steilacoom, and Buchanan's health became very much impaired.

In those early days there was a great deal of liquor drunk. Whisky

was brought in large quantities in the ships which came here in the early '50s to load piles for San Francisco. This was before spirituous liquors were highly taxed. The tax on whisky was small and it was comparatively cheap.

There were frequent orgies among some of the early settlers, and one day during the summer of 1853, when I was temporarily in charge of Fort Nisqually, Dr. Tolmie being away, the cook of the establishment, an Englishman, who had suffered a touch of sunstroke in the tropics, and who periodically had slight fits of insanity rushed into the room in which I was writing, and in an excited manner shouted "Oh, sir, there's been a half dozen men, white and Indians, killed in a big fight at Montgomery's place, and I want to go out and see the bloody sight."

I told him he could not go, but to remain at home and attend to his work. He paid no attention to my order, but took off his apron and immediately started off to walk the distance, about ten miles or more. The story was partly true, but the slaughter was not so great as at first reported.

It seems that Hunter and Buchanan had obtained a keg of whisky and commenced a drinking bout, when an Englishman and an Indian named Utilcut, or Tallman, a Nisqually employed by the company as plains men or vacqueros rode by the house. Hearing the noise of singing and loud talking they dismounted and joined the festivities.

AS was generally the case on such festive occasions, a quarrel ensued and high words led to blows and a general fight. An Indian

boy in the service of Hunter was in the house, and gives this information. Hunter, who was said to be very quarrelsome in his cups, foully abused the others, and lunged at Utilcut with a big knife and stabbed him in the region of the lungs. Utilcut managed to escape from the house, and made for an Indian lodge at Montgomery's place about one mile away. The Englishman escaped without being wounded. Another Indian named Tah-hal took part in the spree, but he was, I suppose, too far gone with liquor to escape.

Hunter was now a perfect wild man and turned his attention to poor Buchanan, who was lying wounded and helpless upon the floor. Hunter, crazy with the liquor he had drank, recommenced an attack upon him, and soon cut and pounded the life out of him.

The drunken man then threw himself upon his bed and was soon in a dead sleep. The Indian boy, in fear and trembling all this time, hid himself under a bed and paid no attention to the frequent calls of Hunter for him to show himself. The lad well knew that had he done so, his life would have been forfeited for the cursed drink had made Hunter for the time being a raving maniac.

The Indian Tah Hal was also lying dead on the floor, choked, it is said by the quantity of whisky he had drank, but more likely he had been choked by Hunter. After the cause of all this bloodshed was dead asleep, the boy crept from his hiding place and viewed with horror the floor of the little cabin which was like a butcher's shambles, with Buchanan lying dead in one corner, covered with blood, and the Indian Tah Hal dead in another corner with features hideous and distorted.

About daylight next morning Hunter awoke, and sitting up in bed rubbed his eyes and looked around the room in bewilderment. He asked what was the matter with Buchanan and the boy told him he was dead and that he had killed him and had killed Tah-hal and almost killed Utilcut. Hunter continued to question him, and after a while requested the boy to bring him his gun. The boy got alarmed at this, and did not give him the gun, but flew from the house, and hid a little distance off. In a few minutes he heard a loud report, and creeping back to the house found that Hunter had blown out his brains.

Nothing was done in the matter. The neighbors buried the unfortunates and that was the end of it. I doubt if there was even a Coroner in the country at that early date; besides a Coroner could have done no good. The witnesses were dead, and an Indian's testimony would not be taken in those days against a white man.

Utilcut came home to the fort the next day, and a ghastly looking object he was. He did not die at once, but lingered for about a year and then died of apparently consumption.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN. 1900-1901.

Number eight - - Seizure of the Albion. Oregonian
14 October 1900.

Almost immediately following the seizure of the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner Cadboro, another seizure was made by the Astoria Custom-House authorities, April 22, 1850 by the same Custom agent, Eben May Dorr, who made the first seizure. It was that of the British ship Albion, and the consequences were very much more disastrous; and the action of the Custom-house authorities so extraordinary, that I think the story is worth telling, especially as I have in my possession copies of all the correspondence which passed during the examanatory proceedings, and the effort made by the Albion's owners in England to obtain compensation for what he considered an outrageous destruction of his property.

The principal person who appeared on the side of the Albion was William Brotchie, an Englishman. He was a good, fine-looking man with a very red nose, caused, I have no doubt by the many years he had battled with the elements, for he was not a heavy drinker, as were many of the seafaring men on the coast in those days.

He was a first-rate seaman, and for several years was the commander of one of the company's ships. For a while he commanded the old steamer Beaver, and thus became thoroughly acquainted with the intricate navigation of the waters of the Northwest Coast. The ledge of rocks just off the Harbor of Victoria, and upon which the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's fine steamer Dom Pedro was wrecked ten years ago was discovered by him and there after bore the name of Brotchie's Ledge. In 1858, about when the Fraser River gold mines were in their glory, he was appointed harbormaster of the Port of Victoria, and there are yet alive a few old gold-hunters who must recollect the big jolly, purple-faced mariner.

Sea Captain Willie Mitchell was, at the same time, acting as mining license officer and his office was in the old Beaver and part of the time in the Hudson's Bay Company's brig Recovery, formerly owned by M.T. Simmons and others prominent in New Market (Olympia) in 1850 and up till 1851-52. Both of these sailors will be remembered by a few of the early settlers and goldhunters of half a century ago, especially the latter, for he was remarkable for his kindness of heart and generosity to many a dead-broke and nearly starving miner.

When Mitchell became too old to follow the sea, he was cared for by the company and for about eight years he lived with us at Fort Nisqually and made himself very useful about the place. After the company's affairs came to an end in the United States Mitchell went to Victoria in 1869 and soon after died.

TWO SHIPS SENT FROM LONDON

I saw Brotchie late in the Winter of 1849. It seems that Brotchie left the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1848. When he arrived in London he never tired of talking among men of business of the unrivaled resources of this country, and he at last prevailed upon a shipowner named Lidgett of Billeter Street, London, to dispatch two ships, the Albion, five hundred tons, and the Fifeshire, size unknown.

The latter vessel I think, did not come to this Coast, as I never heard her name mentioned. Mr. Lidgett, it seems was under contract with the British Admiralty to supply a certain quantity

of spars for use in the naval yards. Among the copies of letters I have I find one from the Admiralty dated December 13, 1848, expanding the time for the delivery of a cargo of spars agreed upon, to December, 1851. The Albion was fitted out in London for a voyage to Vancouver's Island by way of Sydney, New South Wales, for which place she had a full cargo. Richard O. Hindewell was master and William Brotchie supercargo, the latter directed the business movements of the vessel after she discharged cargo at Sydney. The Albion with a crew of twenty-one men and two boys before the mast, arrived late in 1848, in the Straits of Juan De Fuca and anchored at Esquimalt harbor.

William Bolton was chief carpenter of the ship. Immediately after he left the vessel he came up the Sound and took a donation claim on a point about half mile below the mouth of Steilacoom Creek and he has resided there, on and off since. Bolton's shipyard is well known in this country, and I think old Bolton, as he used to be called, is residing there today.

He built two or three small vessels, and many boats and ships, besides doing extensive repairing work. For several years and during boom times, he owned a shipyard in Victoria and did a great deal of work. All together Bill Bolton used to be a man of standing in shipbuilding circles. But like a great many more old residents, his untold works and speculations have place him in the ranks of the well-known in this country, but I sincerely hope the poor old Bill, after being battered about on this Coast for about fifty years has sufficient of this world's goods to enable him to quietly and peaceably live in the remainder of his few days.

In my first decade here I was on close terms of pleasant intimacy with him, but after that we seldom or ever met, and never resumed our former relations, although there always existed a friendly feeling between us.

Another of the crew, Captain Brotchie's servant was the late Fred Rabjohn, an interesting character. He joined the ship at Sydney, and it was rumored that his passage did not cost him anything but that Queen Victoria defrayed the expense of his passage to Sydney. He was a big double fisted fellow, and took pride in the fact that in England, he was a gentleman's servant, wearing a livery, blue velvet-tailed coat, with brass buttons, red velvet knee-breeches, and white stockings and finished off with a cocked hat.

Part of his duty was to walk beside the ladies of the house, carrying sometimes a little dog in his arms or small parcels. He was fond of talking about the Duke of this, and my Lord and Lady of So-and-So, and fondly dwelt upon the fact of having once been spoken to by Queen Victoria. Just think of a large, awkward lump of a man like him, six feet in height and weighing over two hundred pounds, in such a dress, and being a sort of lady's main to young noble English girls!

He lived in this country until his death which occurred about ten years ago. Bolton and Rabjohn were the only two men of the Albion's crew who remained in the country. The others, I think went to Portland and shipped for California.

CAPTAIN BROTCHE'S ORDERS

I find a copy of a letter dated "Hudson's Bay House, London, March 22, 1849 from A. Barclay, Sec. Hudson's Bay Company, London, to James Douglas, Esq. or officer in charge of Fort Victoria," telling him that Captain Brotschie had received a license from the British Government to obtain timber on the Northwest coast of American, and also the permission of the Governor and committee to exchange for the assistance in labor he may receive from the natives the following articles of merchandise: "Slop clothing, tobacco, female ornaments, claspknives, files, fish-hooks, and needles. Captain Brotschie was himself not to traffic; himself nor to allow any persons who accompany him to traffic in furs with the natives.

Should Captain Brotschie desire to cut lumber in Vancouver's Island, which was not included in his license, you will permit him to do so but either under your own directions or those of some persons appointed by you, he paying for the timber at the rate of ten pounds per load. And if he should desire to have a grant of one hundred acres on behalf of Mr. Lidgett, in whose employ he is, you are to reserve that quantity of land selected in such a situation as may be agreed upon between you and him, the price of the land is at the rate of one pound per acre."

Next is a letter from John Lidgett, dated 9 Billeter street, London, March 24, 1849 to Captain Brotschie, on board the ship

Albion for Sydney informing him that the copies of letters from Admiralty, Hudson's Bay Company, London, and list of prices fixed by the government attached to this, "...will guide you in your movements as regards procuring the right sort of timber for the dockyards, etc. With this you will have a letter from the Hudson's Bay Company, agreeable to my wishes and understanding with them, which gives you liberty to cut timber in any suitable place on Vancouver's Island to be paid for at the rate of ten pounds per load."

He recommends to Brotchie to "...examine the harbor opposite Cape Flattery and if a safe harbor and good and suitable trees begin to cut there, and mark out one hundred acres for my account in the best and most suitable place for loading and procuring timber, and erecting a saw mill, ultimately, if needful.

"Afterwards proceed with a boat well armed and manned up to Port Discovery, examine the harbor and wood well there, and if suitable timber, and easily got out, use your own discretion whether you load your spars there or not; and if you can buy forest land; cheap and suitable, with a good title, you had better buy for my account in that case someone must be left on it. Then you had better see the Governor.

"But take care and see the ship placed in safe anchorage, and your watch vigilant, that you may not be surprised by the natives. The men on shore must likewise be upon their guards. Be sure and see that all your dealings with the natives are honorable on the part of the crew and no acts of immorality committed, but the

contrary; let an example worthy of civilized men be set before them so that harmony and a good understanding may exist between you, natives and the Governor....You should discharge the Albion in Sydney in fourteen days, and make the best of your way down the coast and leave word with the Indians at Cape Flattery at the entrance of the straits were he(the master of the Fifeshire) will find you.

"He will have my private signal at the mainmast head, and ensign at the gaff. By this time the Indians will know the ship, and a present of a piece of red baize shall be handed to the chief or any person bringing the letter."

"JOHN LIDGETT"

"P.S. The quantity of land at Port Discovery that you purchase for my own account may be one mile, if you can purchase at the price you named, say twenty-five shillings."

Next is a copy of a letter from John Lidgett to Captain R.O. Hinderwell. It follows:

"No 9. Billeter Street. London, March 23,1849.... Your destination being Sydney and from thence to the Northwest Coast of America, to procure a cargo of red pine spars for government, sizes to be twenty-four inches square,clear of sap, one third from the butt, and lengths from seventy-two to ninety feet, if they can be procured. Captain Brotchie, who accompanies you will furnish you with all the sizes suitable. Of course the large you can get them of the quality, the better the ship will be paid, as well as myself

and you, and I hope you will give all diligence to carry out my intention and design.

"...Captain Brotchie has goods in the amount of seven hundred twenty pounds for barter, etc. We have got permission from the Hudson's Bay Company to cut timber on any part of Vancouver's Island. On the south side of the straits is Port Discovery a very good harbor, and I believe, plenty of spars that now belong to the Americans; and if they are the best spars, I have authorized Captain Brotchie to arrange and purchase forest suitable for your purpose, provided he can purchase it very cheap; I mean on the American side of the straits.

"The Vancouver's Island we may cut by paying so much a load, or purchase the land suitable at so much per acre, to cut as many cargoes as we please from it...If anything should turn out to prevent you procuring the cargo of spars, you must proceed south and do the best you can for a cargo to England, either guano from the Chinlo Islands, or something from Lima."

"JOHN LIDGETT."

KNEW WHERE THE BEST TIMBER WAS

Captain Brotchie knew very well that the timber on the south sides of the straits was very much superior to that on Vancouver's Island, at least on the south end of it, and he would have been very glad to buy the timber wanted for the cargo or to purchase a tract of land for Mr. Lidgett, but neither the timber nor land was offered for sale by the United States Gov

ernment to which it belonged. The only way to obtain timber was for a citizen to enter it under the Donation act. The law required the settler to reside upon, improve and cultivate the land for a few years, when he could make proof of settlement, which, if accepted could give him title.

After he became the bona fide owner of the tract, he could, if he chose, sell the timber upon it, and also the land if he wished. But the settler, during his probationary term could not, under the law, mortgage the land nor make a sale of any of the timber growing or standing upon it, and if it were proven that he had done so it would most certainly invalidate his claim, and he would be debarred from obtaining title, besides losing the right to again enter land under the Donation act.

Captain Brotchie was in a quandary and for a time was undecided what to do. He did not know, he averred, of the existence of a custom-house north of California where he could go for advise. Deeming himself secure if he paid the Indians something for the timber, and for their work for procuring and putting it on board ship, he made up his mind to get his cargo on the south side.

Accordingly he anchored in New Dungeness Harbor on the American side, and went to work getting ready the cargo of spars for the British government, and made arrangements with the chief of the Clallam Indians, King George, and his son, the Duke of York, to load the vessel.

the Clallams were numerous in those days, and being anxious to own some of Brotchie's highly colored dress goods and tempting trinkets, they readily agreed to sell the timber and assist in loading the ships.

Captain Brotchie, who roomed with me, after his ship was taken from him, for several weeks at Fort Nisqually, often told me the story of his life at Dungeness and Bill Bolton, who was at the head of the working gang of men, getting ready the cargo has often talked with me about the primitive manner in which the work was done. There were no work oxen nor horses in those early days to assist in doing the heavy work of hauling. It was all done by manual labor, and Bolton told me that he has seen a gang of Indians, men and women, hauling a long heavy stick through the timber to the water, a spar from 70 to 90 feet long and 24 to 30 inches square at the butt, and not much smaller in the middle.

A big four-inch hemp hawser would be attached to the spar, and the almost naked Indians would be harnessed to it. They all pulled together and by dint of incessant, hard work, succeeded in putting the largest of the timbers into the water. Bolton told me that he had frequently seen the large hawser snap in two like a piece of thread with upwards of one hundred Indians pulling at the hawser.

Sometimes the log would be stopped by an obstruction in the road. Then a rest and a long, strong pull altogether, "Nah! Skookum Kanawah" (Strong, altogether) from Brotchie or perhaps Bolton who had by this time master enough jargon to order the natives about their work and the big stick would either move or the hawser would

snap in two. Of course, Brotchie didn't pay money to the Indians for timber or labor. It was all paid in goods, and Brotchie was a skilled Indian trader, he having been in command of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, Beaver, which always made a yearly trip among the far Northern tribes to trade furs.

On the steamer was a regular Indian trade shop and Brotchie was considered to be quite adept at Indian trading. The old Beaver was well manned and armed and had boarding nettings around her, and it would have required a powerful force of Indians to have taken her.

They attempted it more than once, but were always beaten off. Old John McLeod now living with his son-in-law, Dan Mounts, near the mouth of the Squally River, was on board the Beaver as a hand in the 1830s and could tell some interesting stories about her, if he chose.

Brotchie and his crew, assisted by the Indians worked away for about four months. They were not molested and had contrived to ship quite a quantity of spars. On April 23, 1850, Eben May Dorr, Special Agent of the Custom-House at Astoria and a file of soldiers commanded by Lieutenant Gibson from Fort Steilacoom appeared on board the vessel and declared her seized in the name of the United States for violation of the revenue law.

On April 29, 1850, Captain Hinderwell received a letter from Mr. Dorr of which the following is a copy:

"Steilacoom, April 27, 1850: Sir: Having as Inspector of Customs for this portion of the District of Oregon Territory of the United States seized the ship Albion of London, late under your command at New Dungeness Harbor, for infraction of the revenue laws of the United States, one of those infractions being the entrance into a harbor of this territory of the United States over which its revenue laws have been long extended without any clearance for such harbor; or her place in said territory or district, and without reporting said ship at the Custom-House, and for trafficking for a cargo with foreign goods, not entered, etc. etc. and your arrival at said harbor having been almost the 21st of December, 1849, it becomes my duty to place said vessel in safe custody for trial and also to appoint some one to her command which I have done to Mr. Charles Kinney, who has got instructions to bring her to this place, to await such trial."

E.M. Dorr

"United States Inspector of Customs.

"To Captain R.O.Hinderwell, New Dungeness.

Next is a protest from Richard O. Hinderwell, master, against the seizure of the Albion. He solemnly declares that he "...did not know that any port of entry or Custom House, was on this coast; and further that he didn't know that he was acting against any laws, whatever; or he should not have done so.

"When on April 23, 1850, and without previous notice, E.M. Dorr, Inspector of the United States Customs, came on board; also

Lieutenant Gibson with armed men; also Mr. Charles Kinney (now in command) the Inspector told the chief officer, he seized the ships, the stores and cargo; and that on the 29th day of said month, I was put off command of the said ship, and the said Mr. Charles Kinney was put in command; also the whole of my crew, except chief officer and one apprentice, insulted me, and deserted, and went briskly to work under the said Mr. Kinney; having been engaged by him. He solemnly protests, and appeals for damages, etc."

"Richard O. Hinterwell."

"Witnesses: William Brotchie, supercargo, William Ball."

CAPTAIN BROTCHE'S PROTEST

In explanation of the foregoing protest, where it is stated that E.M. Dorr, Inspector; it should be "E.M. Dorr, who called himself Inspector of Customs, for this portion of the District of Oregon Territory, came on board from Steilacoom and that I did not know that any such person was at that place, and the ship Albion had been at New Dungeness nearly four months, amongst nothing but Indians; and that I had no previous notice of any officers of customs or any authorities being at Steilacoom.

Now comes Captain William Brotchie's protest: "William Brotchie, late supercargo of the ship Albion, of London, solemnly declare that I did not know that any port of entry or Custom-House was on this Coast, and that I did not know that I was acting against any

laws. I therefore solemnly do hereby protest against all such transactions, and that all loss or damage that may accrue or happen to the same ship, her stores and cargo and everything belonging to said ship, may fall upon those who have a right to have the same.

"William Brotchie, Late Supercargo."

On May 23, 1850, Dorr addressed a letter from Newmarket (Olympia) to General John Adair, Collector of Customs, Astoria, Or. in which he gave his reasons for the seizure of the Albion. He commenced by saying that he had resigned his commission for reasons explained in the letter to the deputy collector. George Gibbs, General Adair being in California, and goes on to say that the Albion had arrived at Steilacoom.

He had informed the United States attorney Amory Holbrook, of Oregon City, of this having made the seizure. He continues, "You would like to get the Albion round to Astoria. Such a course would seem impracticable from the fact of the absence of sailors, and the risk in her present trim, she being 126 feet long and 25 feet beam, and 23 feet hold, and having a small cargo in proportion to her tonnage. She has taken in at Dungeness seventeen square spars, sixty to ninety-six feet long, and eighteen to twenty-six inches square at the butt and nineteen inches round of various sizes and lengths.

"She has also a small quantity of slop clothing, hardware tools, tobacco, soap, shot, bails, blankets, etc. a large portion of

her original cargo having been probably sold to Indians and some to settlers. The spars, as I formerly stated, were being cut and shipped under contract with or for the British Navy. Captain Brotchie, the super-cargo showed me a letter from the Hudson's Bay Company, London, authorizing him to cut spars on any part of the Northwest Coast, undoubtedly meant in their possessions.

"There is evidence enough from two or three settlers to prove that the owners were ready to, and did sell goods, and also evidence that they were and had been trafficking with the Indians for cargo and labor. I caused the ship to be removed from Dungeness for the purpose of security which the law requires, the Indians there being favorable to those there connected with the ship on account of what they might make or steal from them, and they are easily bribed.

"I trust you will urge the immediate prosecution of these matters and in my humble opinion, the Court should be held at Steilacoom."

"Eben M. Dorr."

Amory Holbrook, United States Attorney for Oregon, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, Washington, under the date, Oregon City, October 16, 1850, in which he detailed the facts pertaining to the Albion's seizure and said that the supercargo of the Albion was, he was informed, "...the agent of a British Company in England having a contract to furnish spars to the British Admiralty, and though warned by the military officer in command in the vicinity of New Dungeness, where the ship

was seized, not to trespass on our land, he proceeded with the utmost coolness, to select and appropriate such timber as suited his purpose. I am also informed that this is not the first time that the same thing has been done on that part of our Coast by foreign subjects."

VESSEL ORDERED RELEASED

The following is text of a letter from United States District Attorney Holbrook, to Hon. J. C. Clark, Solicitor of the Treasury, dated Astoria, November 2, 1850 informing him that "...at the last term of the District Court, held in Clark County, decrees of forfeiture were made against the British Ship Albion, her tackle, apparel and furniture, also the goods and merchandise she had on board, for a violation of the revenue laws, Writs of venditioni exponas were issued, and the sale took place under the direction of the Marshal at Steilacoom, on Saturday, the 23d inst. but as the distance from there to this place is over three hundred miles by a road, and rivers almost impassable at this season, he will probably be unable to make his report by this mail....

"I should perhaps add that I learn since the decree of sale of the ship and cargo was made, that Mr. Charles Kinney, who was made, after the seizure, in charge of the ship and cargo by General Adair, the collector, has stolen, or embezzled and converted to his own use a very large amount of the more valuable part of the cargo, such as sugar, coffee, tea, liquors, shoes and clothing. I have therefore made a complaint before the Hon. Judge Strong

who has issued a warrant for his arrest."

It appears from the correspondences which is rather voluminous, that the matter had been taken in hand by the British Government and there are copies of several letters from Sir H. L. Bulwer, the British Minister at Washington, to Hon. Daniel Webster and from Thomas Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury, and Webster to H. L. Bulwer. On January 11, 1851, Corwin addressed a letter to the Collector of Customs at Astoria stating that "the department having investigated the facts and circumstances connected with the case of the Albion, a British vessel, seized within your district, in April last, for an alleged infraction of the laws of the United States has come to the conclusion that it is a case in which the department may properly interfere in the exercise of the authority conferred upon it by law.

"In view of the peculiar circumstances of this case, you are accordingly instructed to released the seizure, if no legal condemnation has taken place at the date of your receipt of these instructions and to deliver the vessel in question, her tackle, apparel, furniture, stores, and such timber as she may have had on board at the time of the seizure, to the person or persons authorized to receive the same, on payment of all costs attending the seizure."

BOUGHT BY OLYMPIA COMPANY

This order arrived too late to benefit the owners of the Albion for in conformity with the order of the court, the goods, what little were left, for almost all had been stolen were sold for

a very trifling sum, and the ship, tackle and furniture, said to be worth at least ten thousand pounds, were knocked down to a man named Major Goldsborough for one thousand four hundred and fifty dollars.

The sale was conducted by the celebrated Joe Meek, the first United States Marshal of Oregon Territory. The whole business was very hurriedly done and but very few people attended the sale. I am told that it was a scene of great jollification, or dissipation, to many of the earlier settlers for what remained of the Albion's fine liquors and wines were dealt out with no niggardly hand.

John McLeod was one of the bidders at the sale. At one time during the progress of the sale he thought he was the owner of the big British ship for she was nearly knocked down to him on his bid of \$1,400 when a man more reckless than he went fifty dollars higher and got the prize.

Goldsborough was one of a company of Olympians who had determined to get possession of the vessel, and legally too, in the bargain, and I suppose the price to be paid was agreed upon before the sale took place. M.T. Simmons, a prominent man among the early settlers and the first Indian agent in the territory, was at the head of the syndicate, if I am not mistaken.

The Albion was hurriedly loaded with a cargo of piles, and on her way down from Olympia, near which place she was loaded called at our landing and took on a lot of potatoes and fresh beef. I

was very anxious to see so notorious a vessel. I went on board and inspected her thoroughly. She was narrow and looked to be more than five hundred tons. Captain Fay, one of the earliest settlers upon Whidby's Island, took her to San Francisco, and her cargo was readily sold there, as piles were in great demand for filling in the low places on the water front. There was no chance to sell the vessel as the harbor was full of ships of all nationalities, for which crews could not be obtained.

FATE OF THE ALBION

This was in the golden days in California and directly when a ship arrived in port its crew abandoned it and sought the gold mines, or else hired out to work for wages, eight or ten time larger than they received as sailors. I was told that after awhile the Albion was sold and turned into a hotel or lodging house and ultimately filled with dirt and stones and sunk to form the nucleus of a large wharf for which purpose many of the old wooden ships were used.

Captain Fay returned with a much smaller vessel, called the Orbit which was kept in the California trade for a short time, and then sold to the Hudson's Bay Company to take the place of a beautiful little brigantine called the Una, which was wrecked a few months previously at the entrance of the Straits, near Cape Flattery. Her name was changed to the Recovery and she did duty as a coaster for the company for many years.

I cannot allow the letters of E.M. Dorr and Amory Holbrook to pass without a few comments. They say that two or three of the

of the settlers could prove that Brotchie sold goods, and trafficked with Indians and that he was warned by the military officer in command in the vicinity of Dungeness not to trespass "...on our lands." I think I am safe in saying that there were at that time no settlers between Steilacoom and Port Townsend and the only military officer in command in the Sound country was Captain B.H. Hill, stationed at Fort Steilacoom nearly one hundred miles from New Dungeness.

After Captains Brotchie and Hinderwell were so summarily dismissed from their ship they came up to Fort Niqually, where Hinderwell remained a few weeks to watch the proceedings of the custom house authorities. He then obtained funds from the company to take him home to England. Captain Brotchie remained with us for some time, and I shared my room with him, for in this days our accommodations were quite limited.

I found Captain Brotchie to be a very pleasant man, and I never tired of listening to the stories he could tell of his adventures upon this coast and elsewhere. He went from here to Vancouver's Island and became interested in several matters there, the result of which in a profitable point of view did not make him a millionaire by any means, and I think he felt quite relieved when he received the appointment of harbor master which he held until the day of his death.

LIDGETT'S CLAIM FOR COMPENSATION

As regards Mr. Lidgett, the owner of the Albion, I found from the

correspondence that the question of compensation for damages he had incurred by the seizure of his vessel, became a matter to be settled between the two governments. Among the papers is a copy of a memorial from Lidgett to the Congress of the United States setting forth the affairs in full and praying for compensation, which I never heard whether he obtained or not, and strange to say I never felt any curiosity to find out anything more about it.

From the day of the sale the whole thing appeared to be dropped and I cannot recollect of having heard it talked about except that a few years ago I met Bill Bolton one day on Pacific Avenue Tacoma, and we spoke only a few words upon the subject.

This is the story of the second custom-house seizure and I fear it will be found dry reading, and that the third story, the seizure and detention at Olympia for some time of the old steamer Beaver and the brigantine Mary Dare will not be asked for, but all I have said is part of the history of this country and is in every particular true.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN, 1900-1901.

Number nine. - - Volunteers protect the killer of
a friendly Indian. Oregonian. 21 October 19001.

In the Spring of 1856, the Nisqually plains were bare of inhabitants. In consequence of the Indian War, the Governor had proclaimed martial law, and nearly all the settlers voluntarily abandoned their homes and moved to the little towns of Olympia and Steilacoom, to Forts Steilacoom and Nisqually, and to a few small blockhouses, hurriedly constructed in Pierce and Thurston counties.

A few farmers in Pierce County who had married Indian women or women of Indian blood, deeming themselves safe from molestation by the hostiles paid no attention to the Governor's proclamation, and remained on their farms. They soon found out their mistake. They were arrested, marched off to Fort Montgomery, the headquarters of the volunteer soldiers in Pierce County about two miles east of Spanaway and tried by court-martial, and as a matter of course found not guilty.

The charge against them grew out of the fact that the wives of some of them were related to prominent hostiles and it was reported that some of the Indians had visited one or more of the suspected men at their homes.

After the arrest of these farmers, the farmsteads on the plains were tenantless for a long time, and the Indians stole property, and in some instances burned the buildings of the absent settlers. The employes of the British Puget Sound Agricultural company, whose headquarters was Fort Nisqually, about six miles southwest of Steilacoom were permitted to remain at the various outstations of the company's because of the character of their business, the breed-

ing of sheep, cattle and horses. They were not permitted to employ Indians as herders, and that work was done by white men and Kanakas.

The person in charge of the company's sheepraising business was an Englishman named Dean, a man at least fifty or fifty-five years of age, who, with his wife resided at one of the stations called Kithlow, about one mile north of Hillhurst. The site of the station is now owned by a man named Hughes. Dean and his wife, after the White River massacre, became alarmed and refused to remain any longer at Kithlow house, but came to the fort bag and baggage. The men at the other stations subordinate to him, after he abandoned his post became alarmed also, and signing their intention of leaving their stations and moving to the fort.

DR. TOLMIE KNEW THE INDIANS

Dr. William F. Tolmie, an officer of high rank in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and who had been in this country since 1833, was in charge of Fort Nisqually and the writer of this, a young man, was his chief clerk, there being two other clerks employed at the fort at that time. Dr. Tolmie was a Scotchman, a graduate of Glasgow University, and a man of ability. He possessed a thorough knowledge of Indian character. He could speak the Nisqually Indian language, and could make himself understood with the Klickitat Indians having been for several years physician and Indian trader at Fort Vancouver, which place the Klickitats frequented in great numbers.

He was for several months in 1833 or 1834 stationed either at Fort Rupert or Fort McLaughlin, posts of the Hudson's Bay Company several hundred miles north of the 49th parallel. But the services of such a man were far too valuable to be expended at posts of so little importance and Dr. Tolmie was soon recalled to Fort Vancouver which was then the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company on this coast.

I have heard him charged with being unwilling to assist the early settlers. This I know to be untrue, for no kinder-hearted man ever lived, and there are today old settlers living who could testify to this. He was always ready and willing to do all in his power to assist the sturdy and struggling first comers.

To continue my story. The doctor was very much disturbed by the action of Mr. Dean, and some of the men under him, and it was a very undesirable position to be in, to have several thousand sheep in his charge and with no one to take care of them. Mr. Dean could not be blamed for acting as he did. He was an old man, physically weak, had been in the country only three or four years, and was too old to become acquainted with the Indian character.

In fact, the old gentleman could not master the Chinook jargon, and the Indian language was a sealed book to him. He could not pronounce Indians words correctly to save his life. A young man more readily masters both the jargon and native language, and I have known some of the company's younger servants to master Chinook in a few months and learn enough of the native Indian language to fit them for plain trading.

After the killing of Moses, Connell, McAllister and Miles by the Indians, and the White River massacre, it was not surprising that the old gentleman became alarmed.

LONELY GUARD ON THE PLAINS

I saw the position of the doctor and not feeling any fear of the Indians volunteered to go out to the plains, and take charge of the stock and farming business. The doctor immediately agreed to my proposal and I think felt quite relieved. He gave me authority to act as I pleased in the matter and I picked out my men, English, Irish, Scotch, French-Canadians, Kanakas, one negro and one American. With this cosmopolitan force I at once moved out to the principal station, Muck house, the place now owned by the Kandle family.

There was a large log house on the place which stood on the south side of Muck creek and about half a mile from the timber. Myself and the hands, some twenty in number, lived in this house during the war, about two years, and got along very well, considering the kind of men I had to deal with. I had no serious trouble with them all that time, but occasionally they would get possession of liquor of some kind or other, and then it would seem that the devil possessed some of the crowd.

I pastured about two thousand sheep from Muck house which were herded by white men and Kanakas. I also had a large lot of sheep, cattle, and horses at other stations on these plains, and for two years, I would make weekly horseback trips around the stations, a

distance of thirty or forty miles and not set eyes upon a human being except our own men, and now and then parties of volunteers who were out scouting for Indians.

I was not at all anxious to meet the volunteers, as many of them were rough sort of fellows, and they would stop and question me in an unpleasant sort of manner, although they well knew that I was authorized by the Governor to reside upon and ride about the Nisqually plains.

They would be armed to the teeth, and would say: "How the h--l is it that you can ride about these plains alone and not lose your scalp, when if one of us should attempt it we would certainly be killed?"

I found it rather hard to give a reason which would satisfy them, but would bid them good morning and gallop away with the words "D--d Englishman, Hudson's Bay robber " jingling in my ears.

I have always rode fine saddle-horses, and one was especially good, a young gelding we had purchased from Quiemulth, the chief of the Nisquallys, and brother of Lush-chy-uch of Indian war renown. At the that time the company had a large number of saddle-horses running at large upon the plains and occasionally some of the Washington or Oregon volunteers, nicknamed "the forty thieves" would take up one of them and attempt to steal it.

A friend in one of the other companies would send me word about it, and I would go to the camp of the soldiers and obtain an order from

the Captain in command and after some trouble recover the horse. This occurred several times, and the consequence was threats were often made that I would be shot.

FRIENDLY INDIAN SHOT DOWN

Quite a number of Indians refused to join the hostile band, and were permitted by the Governor and officers in charge of the Indian department to reside at Fort Nisqually or either of the towns. One of these friendly Indians named Bob, or Saysilloh, was permitted to reside at Fort Nisqually by the authorities, and he was employed by Dr. Tolmie as a wood chopper.

At this time I was in charge of the company's business at Muck, and was not at the fort when the following occurred, but I obtained the particulars from Dr. Tolmie and have a very vivid recollection of the death by violence of Bob, Tuesday, May 21, 1856, at about 2 p.m. as the work people of the fort were going to resume labor after dinner, two young volunteers passed the Fort and inquired of Indian Bob the way to Camp Montgomery.

About 2:30 another volunteer, on foot, dressed in a red shirt, corduroy trousers, and an old felt hat, and armed with a rifle, came from the direction of Packwood's ferry, across the Squally River, and asked the way to Camp Montgomery, and also whether the two lads above mentioned had already passed. After obtaining the desired information and loitering about the fort a short time, he set out on the wagon road to Montgomery's. A few minutes after the

report of a gun was heard in the direction he had taken, and where the Indian Bob was chopping firewood in a low piece of ground at the edge of Fort Swamp, which has since borne the name of Bob's Hollow.

About three-quarters of an hour after the red-shirted volunteer had left the fort Bob was found on the slope of a bank, in sight of the establishment, two hundred yards or so from the spot where he had been working, wounded in the back. In answer to questions he said that he had not been shot by either of the young men he had directed to Montgomery's but that while chopping, and unaware that anyone approached, he had been shot in the back, and that, upon looking around, he saw a man in a red shirt running across the road from beyond the fence and within a few yards of him.

Bob, when shot, was chopping a tree into lengths inside an enclosed field, and in sight of about a cord and a half of wood lying in three heaps, one next to the fence and two near the opposite side of the road, but all visible to anyone traveling that way. From the fence where the road adjoined the field the tree was about three or four yards and in the fence there were spaces between the rails wide enough to admit of taking a good aim with a firearm.

Bob, it was supposed, was wounded about three p.m. Between five and six o'clock two white men who were tending sheep about seven miles southeast of the fort saw a man in a red shirt and hat running in the direction of Muck, but he was too far off for them to distinguish his features.

After dark a volunteer dressed as described reach Tithlow Station, six miles from Muck. On entering the house he said he was hungry and very tired; that he had lost his way coming from Olympia, and had walked a good forty miles. The distance by the road is about twenty-two or twenty-three miles. He retired immediately after eating.

On seeing his rifle handled, he said that it had been recently loaded. Thursday morning he reached Camp Montgomery, where he was placed under arrest for killing an Indian prisoner in Olympia, presumably the Nisqually Chief Quiemulth, who gave himself up, and was murdered in the Governor's outer office.

Bob was well known to many citizens of the county, and was a quiet and inoffensive man, a general favorite, and had been for years employed by the company as a man of all work. On the outbreak of Indian hostilities Bob moved to the temporary reservation opposite Steilacoom (McNeil's Island). He left in the course of the winter and returned to Fort Nisqually through dread of an Indian to whom he had formerly been a slave, and who had recently leveled a gun at him on failing to extort property.

The Indian agents were aware that Bob had come to reside at the fort, and so also were Colonels Shaw and Hurb, of the volunteers. The murder of Bob caused a great deal of excitement, and the officers of both arms of the service, regulars and volunteers were highly indignant.

RED SHIRT PUT UNDER ARREST

May 22, I received a letter from Dr. Tolmie informing me that he had seen Colonel B.F. Shaw, commanding the Northern Battalion of volunteers, who had urgently requested him to return to Camp Montgomery, accompanied by witnesses, able to identify the supposed murderer. Other officers, regulars and volunteers also joined with Colonel Shaw in this request, and in reply to an inquiry on the doctor's part as to whether it would be safe to bring Indians to camp to testify against a volunteer he stated that it would, and was supported in his opinion by other officers, all agreeing that no one there would sympathize with the perpetrator of such a foul and unprovoked murder.

They brought such pressure to bear upon the doctor that he at last gave way and agreed to comply with Colonel Sahw's request, and he requested me to meet him on the 23rd at Camp Montgomery at a certain hour. I was much troubled at this news, and apprehended that the poor Indians would be likely to meet with ill treatment at the hands of the volunteers, many of whom thought no more of the life of an Indian than they did of that of a dog, and I had grave fears that even Dr. Tolmie himself would meet with insult, and perhaps worse.

However, I jumped on my horse and galloped to Fort Montgomery, where I found Dr. Tolmie in the commanding officer's tent. I mentioned to him my fears, and he said it was too late to back out and he would go through with the business. The doctor was accompanied by two white men, one Sandwich Islander and four Indians as witnesses.

Two companies of volunteers were now paraded for inspection and in one of these the red-shirted man was recognized at a glance. His perturbed and guilty look while standing in line betrayed him to Dr. Tolmie and others, to whom he was unknown. Colonel Shaw then gave orders to have him deprived of his gun and arrested, which I believe was done.

Dr. Tolmie and the witnesses now went to the Colonel's tents, and noticed that the men were very much excited. A friend of mine now came up and told me that I had better jump on my horse, and get quickly out of the camp, as the men had declared that they would shoot the Indians and possibly in the excitement of the moment would shoot all the witnesses. I went immediately to where the doctor was standing and found him quite cool and collected, for he was a courageous man.

VOLUNTEERS PROTECT THEIR COMRADE.

Very soon after a large number of volunteers flew to their arms and tumultuously declared that the red shirted man should not be molested. They spoke of murdering the Indian witnesses, and of lynching one or two persons they supposed had given information regarding the suspected man's position in the line of volunteers paraded for inspection. We were also informed that they spoke of shooting Dr. Tolmie, but as we remained with the Indians in front of Colonel Shaw's tent till this commotion had nearly subsided, we did not hear any threats uttered.

Dr. Tolmie was now called into the crowd to exonerate Dr. M. P.

Burns of the volunteers from the charge of having given information regarding the suspected man's position. The doctor was lectured in a loud voice by one of the mutineers on the impropriety of bringing a charge against any volunteer at the suggestion or by the wish of their officers, for whom Colonel Shaw and Governor Stevens included, he in emphatic terms said they did not care.

The officers were now in a rather excited state, and were anxious to have the doctor and witnesses depart. They now formed a sort of a ring and the doctor and those accompanying him were placed in its center and thus we marched in safety out of the camp, and I felt greatly relieved when we had mounted our horses and placed some distance between us and the gallant volunteers. The last act of the volunteers that we saw was the getting of "red shirt" into their midst and saluting him with repeated cheers.

There were many, I known, good, honest, fair-minded men in the ranks of the volunteers, and I know also that there were some who would not have hesitated a minute to kill the Indians and perhaps the whole party, could they have though themselves safe in doing so. I must say in all fairness, that the noisiest and most forward among the belligerent volunteers were two or three French-Canadians, who had formerly been in the service of the company, and had behaved in not at all a commendable manner, and consequently they had no liking for Dr. Tolmie and myself.

That was the last of the killing of Bob and nothing more was done in the matter. At that time any Indian caught away from the forts, no matter whether friendly or hostile, by volunteer soldiers,

would certainly be killed. After the White River massacre and the killing of Northcraft and White on the west side of the Suqally River, the feeling against Indians was intense, and if any were caught in hiding, fearing to go to the towns and forts, and not desiring to join the hostiles--and there were many such--they were generally strung up or shot.

NOT HOSTILE TO AMERICANS

I cannot conclude this little story without saying a few words about Dr. Tolmie, the man who did a great deal toward making this country safe for the few early settlers. He thoroughly understood the Indians, and he was by them much respected, if not loved, and if he had been the head of Indian affairs in Washington Territory in 1855 I am bold enough to assert that there would have been no Indian war, at least not on the west side of the mountains.

I often heard the doctor accused of being unfriendly to Americans and even charged with aiding and assisting the Indians in the fight with the United States forces. This is hardly worth contradicting and no man of any standing in the community would for a moment believe him guilty of such conduct. On the contrary I know that he used his best efforts, and with success too, to prevent some Indians from joining the hostiles, and I know that his intimate acquaintance with the leading Indians of both sides of the mountains was the means of the territorial government obtaining information of value as to the minds of certain prominent natives in relation to the threatening outbreak and ultimate war.

I was charged by some people with collusion with the hostile Indians, but this much I can positively assert- that during the term of the war, when I resided at Muck, and my business caused me to be a great deal of the time in the saddle making visits of inspection around the plains stations, I never once saw a hostile Indian, let alone have communication with any. I have been told that the little renegade band of hostiles which cut loose from the main body and made their home in the timber south of Muck River, and made raids occasionally, destroying life and property, often saw me and could easily have shot me if they wanted so to do, but they had no desire to kill me because they said I never injured them.

Nevertheless, they did not hesitate to steal our cattle and horses whenever opportunity offered. The Indian at the head of this band of outlaws lived, after the war, quietly upon the reservation and for all I know may be there today.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN. 1900-1901.

Number ten - - Seizure of the Hudson's Bay Company Schooner, Cadboro. Oregonian 28 October 1901.

In 1850 there was no custom-house or custom-house officers north of the Columbia River. The district of Oregon, which embraced Puget Sound was established in 1848. General John Adair was the collector. He was a southerner, a handsome looking man, as were nearly all the southern gentlemen I met here fifty years ago. Many of them were officers in the United States Army.

General Gibbs was his deputy. Gibbs was well known in this country. He was well educated, was a naturalist, and was connected with the Smithsonian Institution. He lived for several years with the officers at Fort Steilacoom, and in 1854 or 1855 took up a donation claim adjoining the Ainsworth place to the northeast which, for a long time was known as the Gibbs place. It is now owned by Robert Rigney or one of this brothers.

After the settlement of the boundary question in June, 1846, all foreign vessels coming to Puget Sound ought properly to have entered at the custom-house, but there was none nearer than Astoria, which would have entailed a voyage of between two hundred and three hundred miles. I made the passage to Fort Nisqually from Fort Vancouver in April, 1850, in the Hudson's Bay Company's small schooner Cadboro, a vessel of about seventy or eighty tons, commanded by Captain James Sangster, a sailor of standing in the company's service.

The Cadboro arrived at Nisqually on Saturday, April 13, 1850 about 4:00 p.m. At the time there were no white settlers between Victoria and Steilacoom, where the United States troops were located, but a naturalized American citizen named Chambers had taken up what he supposed

was a donation claim of a full section, immediately adjoining the mile square leased to the United States government by the Puget Sound Agricultural Company for military purposes. The claim embraced the mouth of Steilacoom Creek and Chambers had constructed a little saw and grist mill on the creek about half a mile from its mouth. He afterwards rebuilt the flour mill at the mouth of the creek and eight or ten years ago it was turned into a shingle mill and owned by the late W.G. Thompson.

The Cadboro brought a small invoice of goods for the trade of Fort Nisqually and a few passengers to remain at the post, myself among the number. The goods were immediately landed, and put in a large receiving store which the company had constructed at the landing. I slept that night at the fort, and highly delighted I was at the appearance of the place, its people and the surrounding country.

The next morning we were surprised at the appearance of Captain Sangster, who informed Dr. Tolmie, the officer in charge of the fort, that a detachment of United States troops, commanded by Lieutenant Dement, had arrived in a boat, and formally seized the schooner for violating the revenue law, and had also seized the goods in the store and placed them in charge of a non-commissioned officer and a few men. The charge was smuggling goods into the United States, and landing passengers before entering at a custom-house.

It seems that the seizure was made by a special agent, named Ebenezer May Door, acting under instructions from General Adair. Mr. Door came to the fort and seized all the goods in the stores which were

of considerable value, as having been smuggled without paying duties since, June, 1846. The goods were placed in one of the stores, a seal put upon the door and the whole thing given in charge of an American named Glasgow, who some months previously had taken up what he considered a donation claim of six hundred forty acres in the mouth of the Sequallitchew Creek, the east end coming pretty near the improvements on the company's farm.

The man was disliked by the doctor not altogether on account of his having squatted so close to the fort but because he kept liquor in his house and sold it to the company's men, whites, and Indians, and to some of the United States soldiers at Fort Steilacoom. Besides this, Glasgow did not get along well with the Indians, and I think it was only the fact of his having married a Nisqually Indian woman that saved him from their vengeance.

The idea of having this man in charge of the goods was mortifying to Dr. Tolmie, but it did not last long. A messenger was sent across the portage to Fort Vancouver, and Mr. Ogden, who was then in charge of the company's affairs in the Oregon department, immediately corresponded with Collector Adair. It was agreed that if the company would produce all its invoices of goods received since the settlement of the boundary question and promised to pay all duties, the goods would be released. This was accomplished and General Adair came across the country and remained with us several days until the amount of duties due was ascertained and everything amicably settled.

A clerk and I assisted Mr. Adair in this work, and I shall never forget how pleased I was when the collector complimented us upon our

expertness at figures, especially my young brother clerk who was older and much more efficient than myself.

Mr. Glasgow was now shorn of his little brief authority. To me he behaved very nicely, but he could not get along with Dr. Tolmie, who disliked him more for his cruel treatment of the Indians than anything else. At that time a great number of Indians lived near the mouth of Sequallitchew Creek and when Glasgow got ready to erect a sawmill at its mouth he found the Indians in his way.

On the land he claimed were many Indian graves. Some were placed a little way in the ground with an enclosure sufficient to keep off dogs and wolves. Others were in canoes fastened in the crotch of a tree. I am of the opinion that Glasgow disturbed some of these Indian tombs, or did not treat them with the respect that usually white people paid to them.

At all events, he got into a quarrel with one Indian, knocked him down, savagely kicked him in the ribs, and altogether treated him so unmercifully that he never recovered. I do not for a moment think that Glasgow intended to kill the Indian. This occurred before my advent here, but I knew of the bad feeling existing between Glasgow and the Indians, and was not surprised at it, and his affairs here came to a climax not very long after I arrived.

One day in July, 1850, I was employed with a gang of men, English, Scotch, Canadians, and Indians, pressing wool into bales for shipment to England, when we heard a great noise of people talking

excitedly . Glasgow, bareheaded ran into the fort through the water gate, and after him a crowd of the beach Indians, some of them with large dagger-like knives in their hands. Glasgow came toward me and in an excited manner demanded that I should protect him. He said the Indians had attempted to take his life, but he had so far evaded them.

One of the relatives of the man he had maltreated spoke up and charged him with murdering his relative, and calling him a very bad Boston man, who had not only killed a harmless tillicum, but stolen and locked up all of Dr. Tolmie's goods. At this Glasgow became enraged, he stuttered very much and frothed at the mouth with passion.

He picked up a piece of wagon tire, and it was as much as myself and a couple of brawny men could do to hold him. Willie Young was one of them. He is here at this place today, and perfectly recollects the wild and savage appearance of Glasgow, and the difficulty we had to restrain him. In those days Willie would have been classed among the heavy-weights. He was above six feet high and weighted two hundred pounds, all bone and muscle.

The Indians would have finished Glasgow then and there if it had not been for us. I talked to the Indians and tried to make them understand what the consequences would be, should they kill him, and they replied: "What about the brutal killing of our relative by this man? Nothing was done to him."

I was in a hard place and dismissed the Indians as soon as possible. I also advised Glasgow to make up with the Indians by payment. He soon after made known his intention of leaving this part of the country.

He had little or no property--only a little log shanty and the commencement of a cargo of squared timber he was getting ready for the California market. Dr. Tolmie very cheerfully bought the timber for about one third of its market value, but it was not worth to the doctor more than its value as firewood. Glasgow then moved to Thurston County, where he took up a fine farm, and lived on it until he died about twenty five years ago.

Soon after moving to Thurston County he separated from his Indian wife and married a white woman. During the Indian war he had to abandon his farm temporarily and the Indians taking advantage of his absence burned down a fine barn, and stole some very fine horses he owned. If he had been on the place he would most likely have been killed, for a Nisqually Indian headed the party that fired his premises.

This is the end of the first custom-house seizure on Puget Sound, and I fear it will be found interesting. Soon after the seizure of the Cadboro, the British Ship Albion was seized and condemned for cutting and loading timber in United States territory without a license. She was hurriedly confiscated and before the authorities could be heard from at Washington was sold at Steilacoom at auction by the Marshal Joe Meek, and knocked down to some Olympians for about five hundred dollars. The ship and furniture were said to be worth at least eleven thousand pounds.

In 1851, the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Beaver, and the brigantine Mary Dare were seized on some trifling grounds and detained at Olympia until their release was ordered by the United States government.

PART FOUR - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN. 1900-1901.

Number eleven - - Killing of an Indian youth by a
spring loaded gun. Oregonian.
11 November 1900.

In June, 1857, just after the disastrous Indian war, the Indians had begun to feel that they could leave their homes and seek work among the few white settlers then in the Puget Sound country. A number of Indians, male and female, had been engaged by the Puget Sound Agricultural Company at Fort Nisqually to wash and shear sheep. This work had always been done by the natives with the assistance of a few white men and Kanakas, until the outbreak of the Indian war, which prevented the Indians from leaving the protection of their agencies.

Martial law having been proclaimed, the Indians were, by edict of the Governor, strictly forbidden to leave their own country. More than one poor fellow lost his life because he foolishly allowed himself to wander across the safety line, and meeting with perhaps scouting parties of volunteers was ruthlessly shot down before he could explain and prove his friendliness to the whites.

Sheep shearing season had always been a time of rejoicing among the Indians, somewhat like the hop picking season of modern times. The men did the washing, and assisted in the packing of the wool, and the women and girls did the shearing. Of course there were a great many more hands employed at the work than would have been if all white people had been employed.

For the washing part of the work about fifteen or twenty men and boys would be engaged and for shearing from thirty to forty women and girls. The work was done in a primitive way. The women would work in pairs. A man would catch the sheep and carry it to the women,

who would be seated upon the floor of a large storeroom, called the shearing house with an Indian mat under them. One would take the fore part and the other the hind end of the sheep, the legs of which would be tied to prevent the poor brute from kicking and struggling when under the shears.

Some of the workers were skillful and others the reverse, and often the poor animal would, when leaving the hands of the shearers be covered with its own blood. Sometimes these wounds would not be found until a few days afterwards. The poor suffering animal would begin to grow thin and upon examination it would be found that flies had penetrated under the wounded skin and laid the foundation for thousands of maggots which were slowly eating the flesh of the animal.

An application of ointment or a little kerosene soon got rid of the pests, and the sheep would soon recover and become fat and hearty. After the sheep were shorn, they were carried to a place nearby and dressed with a decoction of tobacco and corrosive sublimate, which would speedily kill ticks and vermin.

The entire flock which in 1850 numbered between eleven and twelve thousand was generally dressed with this preparation two or three times a year.

AN EARLY SHEEP TRANSACTION.

To show the dread character of the sheep I will relate an incident which occurred in my own sheep experience. Many of my readers will recollect the late Colonel Haller. After being retired from the

United States Army Colonel Haller for some years owned and worked a farm on Whidby's Island.

Sometime in the '70s he requested me to obtain for him one hundred or more gimmer ewes that is, ewes about twelve or eighteen months old, and ship them to his place via Seattle. I informed him that such sheep were difficult to obtain, but fortunately a neighbor of mine, Harry Barnes, had about that number of ewes, not all gimmers, though, but all young sheep, which he would sell at three dollars each. This I considered very cheap, as sheep were then in demand because of the prevailing high price of wool.

I closely inspected the sheep and handled almost all of them, and informed the Colonel that the sheep were in prime condition, showing not the slightest signs of being scabby. He at once accepted the sheep and directed me to ship at once. I was a little disappointed at this as I had made up my mind, had he refused to take them, to purchase the lot myself, feeling assured that before Winter came I could easily dispose of them at a profit of at least a dollar a head.

However, I attended to instructions, and the sheep, in due time, were landed on Whitby's Island. I had been put to a great deal of trouble in the matter and the compensation I received was altogether inadequate for the labor performed, but the Colonel paid my bill without comment. I had not charged much for my own services because, when the Colonel was in command of Fort Steilacoom during the Indian War in 1856 our families had been on terms of close intimacy, and what I did was in great measure for the sake of auld lang syne.

A few months after the sheep incident I received a letter from the Colonel which completely staggered me. He said he regretted having asked me to purchase sheep for him, for the little band of ewes I had sent him were sorely afflicted with scab, had lost half, or more of their fleeces, some of them had died, and what he was troubled about most was that the wretched gimmer sheep had infected his other sheep, and the island, which, before this had never had a scabby sheep upon it was now a hotbed of sheep disease, all caused by my having foisted upon him a lot of infected animals.

Certainly I was much troubled at receiving such a letter, and at once knew that the Colonel was entirely ignorant of the nature of the sheep scab.

I wrote a long letter in reply, telling Colonel Haller how easily the little band of healthy ewes I had sent him could have contracted scab on board the steamers which conveyed them from Steilacoom. These vessels carried all kinds of animals, and many of the sheep forming their cargo were badly infected and of course the pens which held the sheep on board were badly infected.

I am inclined to think that the Colonel and others of his family never forgave me, and in spite of all my assurances to the contrary, they thought I had gotten rid of a lot of my own diseased sheep, to a friend, at a price far beyond their real value, if such animals had any value at all.

If Haller had only had his sheep dipped in the usual decoction used,

all the bad consequences would have been prevented, and perhaps the bad feeling which followed would not have occurred.

HOW THE INDIAN LABORERS LIVED

The sheep shearing season of 1857 had commenced and the Indians were rejoicing over the fact of being able once more to resume their old employment and thus get a little clothing and trinkets to satisfy their small wants. It was not much the poor creatures were paid, but they were quite satisfied with it. The men received the value of two blankets and one shirt for a month's work with perhaps, a gratuity of tobacco pipes, a few charges of ammunition, fishhooks, and vermilion paint, the latter largely adulterated with flour. The women were paid per month, two yards of green, scarlet, or blue baize, for a petticoat, two or three cotton dress pieces and some yards of gray unbleached cotton for underclothes, with a gratuity of vermilion, cheap beads, thread, and needles and brass wire for bracelets.

They valued the gifts very much. It pleased them to think they were getting something for nothing. They would work faithfully and were generally cheerful and content with the little pay they received. They were fed one meal a day. A man of the band acted as cook, and he would cook a mess in a fifty or sixty gallon iron kettle. Wheat or peas with the head tripe or liver and lights of a bullock, or if none of these was on hand, a lot of grease would be mixed with the grain and a lot of stuff called soup would be made and served to the

willing, hungry creatures, who appeared to eat it with great relish.

They brought with them a supply of dried salmon, clams, salmon roe and dried berries, which they partly subsisted upon, and sometimes one or more of the party would be sent off to hunt or fish, and thus add to the scanty larders. Most of the Indians employed were of the Snohomish tribe, many of who were related to the Nisquallys by marriage. Each understood the language of the other, there being really not much difference.

The story I am about to relate concerns the Snohomish tribe, many of whom were, as usual, assisting at the annual shearing. It was on the evening of June 5, 1857, and the day's work was done. About eight hundred sheep had been shorn and treated as usual. The workmen of the fort were, as was customary with them, sitting outside of the postern gate of the fort, from which they had a splendid view of the Coast Range and Mount Rainier. On a very clear day Mount Baker could be seen.

They would tell stories, and listen to the never ending yarns of a couple of superannuated sailors who had been in the company's service for many a long year. They had the faculty of telling wonderful stories whether true or not, and afforded great amusement to their hearers, many of whom were comparatively green hands who had not been long in the country.

About this time there was a sort of a religious craze among the Indians, and they were divided some being Roman Catholics and others Methodists.

or Presbyterians. Each demonination had its leader. Every evening they would have prayers, and we would hear from where we sat under the palisades the bell of the Catholics, and then we would hear them burst into song in Chinook. It was really quite interesting to listen to them, they seemed to be so much in earnest.

Some of the tunes the Protestants sang were the same as I heard in London many years ago. One could not look at these two groups of people, who only a few years ago were ignorant, wild and barbarous without giving the church, especially the missionaries, great credit for what had been accomplished. Whether it did any lasting good it is hard to tell, but this much I know, for the time being the benefits derived from the labors of the missionaries were very apparent.

THE KILLING OF SUL TUCH KYNE

On this particular evening the Indians had just got through with their usual religious services, and everything was quiet in the camp when suddenly we heard a noise of loud talking and saw men running towards one particular lodge. Presently four or five Indians came running towards the gate where we were sitting.

One of them, a Snohomish named Sah-ah-lil, told me that his son, Sul-tuch-kyne, a youth of about seventeen or eighteen had, when passing through Squally Bottom been shot from ambush and killed. He had a companion with him, a young man named Stayhern or Ay-aalth, the handsome, so called because of his really handsome face and figure who escaped without a wound.

The old man said that his son had been in Olympia visiting his mother and was on his way home with Ay-aalth. They crossed the Squally River on a big log jam, which the Indians always used as a bridge when crossing the river on foot. The trail ran through a little clearing belonging to a man named J. A. Packard who owned the place now the property of S.Y. Bennett. Packard had the clearing planted with potatoes and the old Indian and his companions felt assured that Packard had shot the youth for walking through the potato field. He came with several more of his tribe and intended to go down immediately to Packard's to look for his son, and if he found him dead, to take summary vengeance upon Packard.

HOW PACKARD WAS SAVED

I sent for Dr. Tolmie who listened to all the old man said. He told me that things looked very bad for Packard whom he did not for a moment suspected of having shot the boy. Packard was a man of good standing in the community. He was liked by almost every one and was looked upon as the last man in the world to commit so dastardly a deed as the old man charged him with.

What Dr. Tolmie feared was that should the old man find his son dead in the field, he would at once charge Packard with the murder as it was well known that he had forbidden the Indians to pass through his field, and had threatened them with consequences if they did not desist. The trail had been traveled by the Indians for years and it was hard to break them from the habit of using it.

Besides, there was no other landing place for travelers by the log jam. The doctor thought as did I, that the Indians would immediately cross the river, go to Packards house, charge him with the murder, and in the excitement of the moment, and Packard's lack of fluency in talking Chinook, the old man would kill him, and perhaps his wife, a fine woman, and only child, a beautiful girl of fourteen or fifteen years.

Packard then lived across the river, in a blockhouse called Fort Raglan . It was built during the Indian war of 1855 on a sand spit immediately across the river and near the present county bridge. Packard ran a ferry scow as well as carried on the work of his farm. As I stated, Packard was a man of good character, and no one for a moment suspected him of being guilty of such a deed as this appeared to be except perhaps the ignorant Indians.

Dr. Tolmie reasoned with the old Indian, and others of the tribe, all of whom were greatly excited over the murder. I volunteered to go down and inquire into the matter and the doctor agreed with me that it was the best thing to do. I requested a big giant of a French Canadian to accompany me and he was quite willing to go.

I stipulated that only four Indians should go with me, the father of the missing lad, Ay-aalth, the youth's companion, and two relatives of the boy, Sul-tuch-kyne. The Indians after a great deal of talk agreed to do this. They at first wanted to go in force between twenty and thirty in number and armed with guns and knives.

I insisted that not one of the four should carry arms of any kind with them and this was at last agreed to after a great deal of

talk.

About nine in the evening we started for the bottom, myself and man on horseback and the Indians afoot. The old Indian Sah-ah-lil left orders for some of his own people to go in a canoe up the river to convey the body of his son back. The old fellow felt sure of finding his son dead. We were in a quandary, and didn't know what to think.

NIGHT MARCH TO FORT RAGLAN

We allowed the Indians to keep up with us, and all arrived at the top of Squally Hill together. The road down the hill was very steep, and it was as much as a team could do to pull up an empty wagon, and it required four horses to haul up even a medium-sized load. I recollected that when making the trip in a buggy, we always walked up the hill and it was as much as the horse could do to pull up the empty buggy.

The road, in the course of time, became much better and now it is so altered and graded that bicyclists can now ride up it. When we got to the trail leaving the main road to the potato clearing, and river jam we dismounted and tied our horses and footed it down the bluff, Ay-aalth leading the way. It was as dark as pitch, and not a word was spoken. It was altogether a gruesome trip, and gave opportunity for many superstitious fancies.

When we arrived at the bottom the Indian Ayaalth drew back and allowed me to take the lead. We very foolishly came away without

a lantern, but had matches, and gum or pitch wood with us. We groped along slowly in the dark, for we were approaching, Ay-aalth told us, very close to the spot where the lad, his companion fell.

Suddenly I felt something soft in front of me. The Canadian fired up his pitch wood, and the bright light opened to our gaze a fearful scene. A groan of horror escaped from the Indians, and it soon culminated in threats of vengeance, for right in front of us, stretched upon a fallen tree lying across the trail was the body of the youth, Sul-tuch-kyne.

Upon examination it was found that he had been fearfully shot through the side of the knee, in fact the knee was completely shattered. The youth, after having been shot, crawled along the trail a few yards until he came to the fallen tree. This he attempted to cross, but failed, and leaning upon it, had soon bled to death.

STUMBLED UPON A SPRING GUN

We were much surprised at the nature of the wound, and could not account for its being in such a place. I overheard the Indians muttering and understood enough of their language to know that they were making threats of vengeance against the Boston man owning the field and declaring that they would at once go to Packard's house on the other side of the river and kill him.

The old man went ahead so I not very politely pulled the fellow

back and took the lead myself calling upon Chaulifoux, my Canadian companion , to keep his gum sticks burning and the Indians together. I now began to think that crossing the perilous log jam in the dark would not be wise and determined to return and take the road up the hill, and then regain the main road down the bluff.

Chaulifoux agreed to this, but the Indians demurred, and it took me some time and the use of some threats before they at least agreed. This caused us to lose time, and when we got to the regular ferry crossing, we found that the old man's canoe had arrived with five or six more Indians in it, but luckily two or three of the party were Nisqually Indians, who had come more out of curiosity than anything else.

This was a great relief to me, as I knew that they would assist me in anything I undertook. The old man directed his three friends in the canoe where to find the dead body and instructed them to bring it to the same road as we had taken, as the passage by the jam would be very difficult to convey the dead body across in the dark. He also sent one of his own party along with them to assist in carrying the body , thus rendering it much easier for me to manage matters, should anything happen threatening danger to Packard.

INDIAN LOGIC

We crossed the river in the old man's canoe, and made our way to Fort Raglan. Packard was soon aroused. He was using the second

floor of the blockouse as a sleeping apartment. I told him what brought us there at such an unseasonable hour, when he raised his hands in horror, and exclaimed: "My God, the boy must have come across one of my spring guns." Packard said he had been greatly annoyed by Patrick Fowler's pigs breaking into his potato field, and as a last resort had determined upon setting guns for them. He most emphatically denied putting the guns there to catch Indians, and said he had no idea that Indians would cross the river so late in the day.

The Indians must have crossed at least two hours before dark set in, and I firmly believe that the man, when setting the guns, had not the remotest idea of injuring anything but hogs with them. But it was a fearfully stupid thing to do and displayed almost criminal carelessness. Packard said there was another gun set farther on from the first on one of the trails leading to the jam, and it was a lucky thing for me that I turned back as I did, for had we gone on towards the jam, one of us might have come across and exploded the gun.

I explained to the father of the dead boy the reason why Packard had set the guns in his potato field, but the old man treated my explanation contemptuously, and said if the Boston man wanted to shoot pigs, why didn't he hunt them in the daytime, as any man of sense would do. Only a foolish man would set guns in a trail he well knew was frequented by Indians and sometimes white people.

He said with emphasis: "None but a fool would do the same. Perhaps this American didn't wish to kill people when he fixed his gun so. He perhaps only wanted to slightly wound them in the leg and

make them afraid, and thus put an end to travel through his field to the injury of his crop." The old man's argument was hard for me to answer, "If," he said "the Boston man wanted only to wound people slightly, why did he load the gun with big buckshot instead of small birdshot."

HAD A SHORT CUT GUN READY

Packard took things very coolly. He didn't appear to appreciate the critical position he was in. He talked from the window of his bedroom the second story of the fortress. I was glad that he had not come to the door as the old Indian by this time was in a tremendous state of excitement as were his two companions, the relatives of the dead lad. I kept close to the old man who was enveloped in a large blanket, Indian fashion, and I noticed when the light from the pitch torch flashed upon him, that he was apparently hugging something concealed under his blanket. I jerked the blanket open and saw that he had a short cutoff gun which I immediately took from him, without much trouble and found it to be loaded. We examined the other Indians and found them to be unarmed.

I told the Indian that Mr. Packard would compensate him for the loss of his son, which method of settling such matters was then the customary thing to do among the Indians. The old man replied that he should expect big payment in the loss of his son as he was of an influential Snohomish family, the grandson of a chief, etc.

I felt satisfied now that nothing serious would result from Packard's action, at least that night, and I told him what I had promised the Indians. Packard, much to my disgust, was stubborn. He didn't seem to like the idea of paying anything to the friends of the dead youth. I reasoned with him, and told him the risk he and his family had run. I am satisfied that had I or someone from the fort had not gone down with the Indians, something very serious would have happened to the Packards. I conversed with him in English, which the Indians didn't understand.

Packard was quite a slow-speaking man and seldom got excited. At this particular time, when most men would have been greatly excited he kept as cool as a cucumber. When I at last prevailed upon him to agree to pay the Indians something and he requested me to ask Dr. Tolmie to give the Indians some of his best trading goods for which he would pay for in the course of three or four months.

The Indians would not be satisfied until I gave my word that they should be paid a fair amount for the loss of their son and relative. This ended, they went to the canoe containing the dead youth and mournfully paddled their way out of the river to the Fort landing place. A cart was awaiting their arrival. The body was taken to the fort and buried temporarily in the Indian burial ground near the old place, and for the entire day the place was made mournful by the singing of the death songs of the many females relatives of the lad.

OBJECTED TO THE INDEMNITY.

It was now nearly daylight and I was glad when I gained the shelter of the fort to throw myself on my bed for an hour's sleep, which was interrupted by dreams of spring guns, dead Indians and the exciting scenes under the walls of Fort Raglan. The next day Dr. Tolmie had an unpleasant time coming to an understanding with the Indians. The father wanted a large sum in goods to pay himself and relatives for the loss they had sustained, and after a long and tiresome lot of talk they agreed to take sixteen blankets valued at eighty dollars or the equivalent in other goods.

This we all thought very reasonable, but, to my astonishment and disgust, Packard seemed to think it exorbitant, and for some time held out for about half the amount. He offered to pay half, and intimated that we ought to make Patrick Fowler, a ne'er do well, pay the other half.

After all the trouble and annoyance I had experienced on his account and the trouble Dr. Tolmie had been put to, Packard wanted us to run the risk of losing half of the amount paid the Indians, or else dun and try to get it out of the Irishman. What a return to make for all the work we had done for him!

Dr. Tolmie wrote him a letter, copy of which I have before me, which I think caused him to come to terms. He finally agreed to pay Dr. Tolmie's bill but it was a long time before he settled in full. I don't know whether or not Packard got anything out of Fowler.

PACKARD DIED IN PORTLAND

Fowler located on a piece of land up the river, adjoining L.M. Collins' place and the potato patch, where the tragedy occurred was part of it. Fowler sold out and took a claim near Sastuc, one of the places now owned by the Rigneybrothers. He didn't remain long but moved to Victoria and became a subject of the Queen. I am told that he was always getting into trouble there.

When living on the bottom he became connected with J. W. Balance in the tannery business the latter established in 1851 on the Collins place. Soon after this Packard disposed of his farm and became interested in the sawmill business. He was part owner of the MacAllister mill, a water power plant, built in 1852 by Wells and James MacAllister, on the Shee-dah-dan or Medicine Creek.

Afterwards he became owner of the mill constructed in 1852 by Thompson and Rosenbaum, at the mouth of Sequallitchen Creek, where he failed in business and left the country. He then went into business in Portland and I informed died a few years ago.

My recollections of Mr. Packard are most kindly and the only objectionable thing, in my mind, is the manner in which he acted in this spring-gun episode, but perhaps like a good many more decent Americans with whom I became acquainted in those days, he seemed not to place much value upon the life of an Indian. In saying this I may possibly be doing the man an injury.

Packard, in all other respects, was everything to be desired. He was inclined to be religious, was fond of singing sacred songs, and if I recollect right, he was a teacher of vocal music. Ezra Meeker, the well-known hop raiser of Puyallup, was a close friend of Packard's and when the latter failed, I recollect that Mr. Meeker came to the Sequallitchen mill, and closed up the business for Mrs. Packard. I purchased some of Mrs. Packard's furniture, which was too clumsy to move away and have it still on hand.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN. 1900-1901.

Number twelve - - Lynching of Macdaniels and Gibson at Steilacoom. Oregonian. 4 November 1900.

I am asked whether I know anything about the Charlie Macdaniels-Gibson matter. Of course I do, I am very well acquainted with all the facts of the case. A detailed history of the bloody affair would involve a great deal of writing; besides I do not think it policy to resurrect the unfortunate occurrence for the reason that several of the men concerned in the matter are alive today and are among the most respectable of our hard working, industrious farmers. However, I will try to give a short account of the occurrence and occupy as little time and paper as possible.

Charlie Macdaniels came to this country some time in the 1850s when he was quite a young man. He was not bad looking but aped the cowboy, gambling style of man all he could. He was a great gambler and swaggerer. He always carried a revolver and a knife in his coat, and would quarrel with and often insult people upon the least provocation.

A great lover of horse racing, he ran more than one race with the east of the mountain Indians, on the prairie near Fort Nisqually. Forty or fifty years ago the Eastern Indians, from as far as Colville and Spokane would periodically come across the Cascades in large number and trade and race horses with the Sound Indians and any white men having a penchant for that kind of sport.

Physically Macdaniels was a fine figure of man, tall, big chested and broad shouldered. He had fair complexion and light hair, which he wore in ringlets around his head and shoulders. He could not look one straight in the face and had a shiftless, hang-dog appearance when approaching a respectable man.

In 1858 Macdaniels went to the Fraser River gold mines, in company with a Scotchman named Adams, and was associated with him in mining and gambling transactions. Adams was another hard case, an ex-Hudson's Bay Company's servant with whom I had some trading transactions. I recollect that I bought two horses, stolen ones, probably from him just before he left for Fraser River. It was reported that the two made quite a little pile, but Adams always insisted upon carrying the sack of dust, and refused to divide until they arrived in Victoria.

This did not suit Macdaniels so just before they reached New Westminster, Macdaniels murdered Adams and made for the Upper Sound country with the plunder. Macdaniels hung about Steilacoom and Olympia until he heard that the Vancouver Island authorities were after him with extradition papers. He then put his case into the hands of Frank Clarke and suddenly disappeared.

Clarke was quite a young man and with the late Colonel William Wallace with the only lawyer in Pierce County at that time. Smith, the Territorial Secretary, was then the acting governor of Washington. Clarke, by some means unknown to the general public succeeded in inducing the Governor to deny the request of the Colonial authorities and Macdaniels was never tried for the Adams murder. Pending the settlement of the extradition question, Macdaniels remained in hiding. Before the case was finally settled I was sent to Cowlitz to take temporary charge of the company's establishment on Cowlitz prairie.

One day, while I was riding on horseback from the farm to the landing on the Cowlitz River, about five miles, I saw Macdaniels on the edge of the timber. He was in hiding and if ever a man looked guilty of

murder he did. Soon after Clarke's magnetic eloquence succeeded and Macdaniels was soon showing himself at his old haunts, and if anything was a bigger bully than ever, and the little Adams episode appeared not to trouble him at all.

EARLY DAY VIGILANTES

I find that as usual with me when writing on any of these old time matters, I have wandered from my subject, and become prolix, and I fear tiresome. However, to revert to my original theme.

About 1870 there were many settlers on the Nisqually Plains and on the lands claimed by the Puget Sound Agricultural and Hudson's Bay Companies under the treaty of 1846 between the United States and Great Britain. The lands of the English Puget Sound Company took in all the prairie lands in the county except the prairies bordering the Puyallup and White Rivers and a clause in the donation act strictly forbade anyone from claiming under that act lands holden or claimed under the treaty of 1846.

The United States surveyors always stopped short at the boundary of the lands claimed by this English Company, and the Government to save itself from injuring the company paid a rental of six hundred dollars per annum for a mile square of ground used for military purposes and upon which Fort Steilacoom was established. I collected as agent for the company six hundred dollars a year from the Government for twenty years, rent from August, 1849, until 1868, the date of the abandonment of the post by the military and the settlement between the Government and the Hudson's Bay Company and Puget Sound Agricultural

Company.

Under such a state of things all the settlers on Nisqually plains were bona fide squatters and believing this to be true, MacDaniels and two or three more of the same kidney made up their minds to jump the best of the farms claimed under the donation act.

Gibson, a newcomer, about whom nothing was known further than somebody had said he was a very bad man was persuaded by MacDaniels to jump the Wren claim of six hundred forty acres on the Muck Creek then occupied by Fred Clark, an old and very well-known settler. Gibson made his residence upon the place, intending, it was supposed to be first upon the place and in possession after the land had been surveyed by the Government and opened for settlement under the pre-emption and homestead acts, as it was thought by many people that the original claimant's rights under the donation act would be of no account by reason of the prohibitory clause in the act itself.

The many other similar claimants upon the land in question became alarmed and a meeting of settlers was called. It was decided that a committee of several farmers intending to claim under both acts should pass a resolution ordering Gibson and another jumper Abijah O'Neal who had jumped a claim originally taken by a man named Gravelle, to move on.

The committee, composed of about twenty farmers, first visited O'Neal told him the object of their visit and ordered him to vacate the premises.

O'Neal seeing the uselessness of parlaying, packed his goods, got ready

his conveyances and in a short time was ready to depart. The regulators escorted him across the boundary line of the county about three or four miles away; and there left him with very strict injunctions not to return.

They then proceeded to interview Mr. Gibson, but didn't find him at home. Some one in the party proposed that a written notice should be left notifying the jumper that he should immediately vacate the premises and forthwith leave the county. This was done and the regulators affixed their names to the instrument and nailed it to the door of the house in which Mr. Gibson lived.

Soon after this it became known that Macdaniels and Gibson had sworn to have revenge and threatened to take the lives of the most prominent men of the committee. They went one night to the house of one of the committee, a prominent man, the father of a large family. This man was on horseback when he saw the two miscreants riding toward his house. He readily surmised their purpose and putting spurs to his horse, leaped a fence and gained the house ahead of them. He barricaded his door and being a brave fellow, prepared himself for battle.

They knocked at the door and dared him to come out. They did not attack the door as they well knew the man inside was a determined fellow and that he would defend his wife and child to the last. They parleyed awhile, using threats, and after shooting at one or two of the man's dogs, left, making the night hideous with threats of vengeance.

MACDANIELS AND GIBSON KILLED

This kind of treatment was meted out to others of the committee until life with them, I suppose, became unbearable. The threatened men again met and calmly discussed the situation. They were convinced that the two miscreants were aided by another resident of this county, who was on very intimate terms with Macdaniels, and extreme measures were determined upon.

It became known that upon a certain day Macdaniels and Gibson were to appear in Steilacoom. In obedience to a legal subpoena, January 22, 1870 they rode on horseback to Steilacoom. While they were passing along the country road leading from Muck To Steilacoom, in that part of the road running through the small clump of timber between American and Gravelly Lakes a heavy volley was fired at them by a party of men in ambush.

The volley did not do much damage. Macdaniels was not touched but Gibson was wounded. The men fired at got speedily away from the dangerous neighborhood. Gibson stopped at the insane asylum to have his wound dressed, and Macdaniels went on to Steilacoom.

The firing party followed to Steilacoom. Macdaniels, having previously given up his pistol to a man in Steilacoom, met one of the party of citizens and made all manner of promises for future good conduct and it is said begged that his life be spared. Seeing that all his overtures were useless, he became very much scared, turned, ran and made for the yard in the rear of Westbrook's stable. Several shots were fired and when he gained the yard he fell, severely wounded and died shortly afterward.

In the meantime Gibson, after having had his wound dressed at the insane asylum, proceeded to Steilacoom. Near the town he was met by some farmers and seized, dumped into a wagon and it was decided that he should be taken into the timber and hanged. The wagon proceeded towards the timber, two men sitting in the seat, others marching alongside, with Gibson in the bottom of the wagon.

As they were driving along, Gibson raised himself up, and drew a revolver from the belt of one of the men on the seat, fired and wounded one on the buttock, and with another shot wounded the other man some where about the heel. This occurred near the Catholic Church. Short work was then made of Gibson. He was dumped out of the wagon and in a very short time was lifeless.

SUMMARY JUSTICE WAS JUSTIFIABLE.

The reader may well believe that this wretched business caused great excitement. Of course, people differed in opinion as to the adoption of such stringent measures to abate what they considered a petty matter and asked, " Why not appeal to the courts? " But they who knew the late bully were unanimous in declaring that the farmers were justified in executing summary justice upon Macdaniels for he had lived with his pistol arm in condition to work, more than one of the band composing the committee would have been murdered.

Appeals to the law, indeed! Didn't the Vancouver Island authorities apply to the Washington authorities to have Macdaniels turned over to them for trial, and with what result? The same, no doubt, would have happened in this case.

Lawyer Clarke, or some other authority of similar ability, would have undertaken his defense and either have freed him, prolonged the trial, and given the rascals a good opportunity of wreaking their dangerous vengeance upon the working farmers. No man in those days could go to Steilacoom, and return without being insulted, if he was unlucky enough to come across Macdaniels.

MACDANIELS A HARD CASE

Macdaniels never did me any harm, personally, but I have seen him maltreat others. On one election day, in Steilacoom, and within fifty or seventy-five feet of where he met his end, I saw him hit a poor harmless Irishman over the head with his big revolver, because, forsooth, the man wouldn't vote according to orders. On another election evening a crowd was hurraing at some favorable election news received outside of Westbrook's saloon, when a pistol was discharged from near Clark's little cottage. The bullet luckily passed harmlessly through the crowd and lodged in the frame of the saloon door.

Certainly it could not be proved that Macdaniels fired the shot, but a little before the thing happened he was seen going in that direction and people were well satisfied that he did the shooting. Old-timers recollect poor old Greig, one of the most harmless men in the county a man liked by all his acquaintances. He was in the company's service for about fifteen years and the place where he lived formerly belonged to the company and was one of my sheep stations.

His old wife, Betsey, an Indian, is still living there with his daughter, Mrs. Spence. It is a pretty place and its Indian name is S'

Gukoguas. When the company discontinued business on the plains, Greig was in charge of S Gukoguas, and he continued to reside there, intending to take the place as his pre-emption claim.

Mr. Macdaniels, who was living at that time at old Muck, with his friend Andy Burge, alarmed old Greig by frequently telling him that he could not hold the place, and would not be allowed to take it as a pre-emption claim, because he had been in the service of the English Puget Sound Agricultural Company. He tormented the old man with threats of jumping his place, which was very dear to him, and upon which were buried the remains of four or five of his children.

At last Macdaniels told him that if he would give him some horses, he would cease troubling him, and the poor old chap, for the sake of peace and quietness gave him, out of his little property, five or six horses. That is the sort of a chap Mr. Charles Macdaniels was and poor old Greig was only an honest, lawabiding ex-United States soldier. He came here as one of Captain Hill's company of the Fourth Artillery landing at Steilacoom creek in August, 1849, only a few months prior to my arrival here. I could cite several more little anecdotes, or true stories about the late Charles Macdaniels.

As to Gibson, I didn't know anything about him, never saw him and I fancy none of the committee knew anything about him. It was reported, though, that he was a very bad man, had killed people, etc. and I had an idea that if he had not wounded the two men in the wagon they would not have killed him. There's no telling though. The excitement was so intense and the fear of these men so great that nothing but extinction would seem safe to the committee.

THE TRAIL OF A FARCE

In October, 1870, the district court convened in Steilacoom, Judge Orange Jacobs now one of the Superior Court Judges of King County, presiding. The men concerned in the Macdaniels-Gibson lynching were indicted, and the trial was ordered to take place forthwith. The court sat in the old Masonic Hall, I forget now whether McGillvary, now living in Seattle, or C. Bradshaw was prosecuting attorney. James McNaught, then a young attorney was employed to assist in the prosecution and very well he performed his duty.

An ex-Territorial District Court Judge named Wyche was the lawyer employed by the committee to conduct the defense and he did so with great ability, although at the time he was in ill health, and soon after consumption took him off. For some reason or other, unexplained to me, although I have my private opinion about it, the parties concerned decided to try the cases separately and chose that of the killing of Macdaniels to be tried first which I consider a very lucky accident for the defendants.

Of course there was a great difficulty experienced in getting a jury until at last the old stereotyped excuses got to be of no effect, and a jury of men well acquainted with both sides of the case was obtained, notwithstanding many of them declared that they actually read the local paper, and some of them swore they had already formed opinions.

The case occupied three or four days. I was present throughout the trial and watched the proceedings with a great deal of interest. Both

Wyche and McNaught exhibited great skill in doing their work, and the Judge likewise proved himself to be a man considerably in my opinion above mediocrity, although I could not help thinking that he favored the prosecution; but if he did, it is not to be much wondered at for if lynch law looks horrible to the non-legal mind, what must its effects be to the man of judicial character and legal attributes.

After a long hearing and masterful pleadings by counsel, the case was submitted to the jury, and I know I am right when I say that the jury was not alone ten minutes before it arrived at the verdict of "Not guilty." How could it be otherwise? Among those charged with being concerned in the death of Macdaniels were men who were not in Steilacoom at the time.

In February, 1883, an article appeared in the Overland monthly, entitled "Barbarous Days on Puget Sound," which purported to give a truthful account of the matter I have just concluded. It was so full of glaring inaccuracies and so outrageously untrue that I determined to write a reply, but upon second thought, I refrained from so doing, thinking that to open up a newspaper discussion about the matter, now nearly forgotten, would not be pleasing to those of the number of the committee remaining with us at that date, nearly all of whom were my friends, Barbarous days on Puget Sound, indeed!

I have lived on Puget Sound almost fifty years and the only barbarous times I have known among the white population were the days in which Mr. Charles Macdaniels attempted to ride roughshod over the people of Pierce County, and with his bullying ways and always prominent pistols

make life to some people thoroughly miserable.

PART FOUR -- REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN 1900-1901.

Number thirteen.- - The murder of Colonel Isaac N.
Ebey on Whidbey Island. Oregonian. 18 November 1900.

I have been requested more than once by friends to tell the story of the murder of Colonel Isaac N. Ebey, one of the earliest settlers in the Puget Sound Country who was cut off in the prime of life by the Northern Indians, in revenge, as I always thought, for the wilful murder of a young Indian of the Chim-sei-yan tribe, name Tsus-sy-uch by an American named Burt, who was in charge of a farm at Butler's Cove near Olympia, belonging to a man named Butler, at that time either mate or pilot of the steamer carrying the mail between Olympia and Victoria.

Prior to 1852 a Northern Indian was seldom seen on Puget Sound. It was not until Chief Factor John Work gave up the charge of the large Northern fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and named Fort Simpson, that the Indians began coming down to Victoria to look for Mr. Work, of whom they were very fond. The existence of Fort Nisqually being made known to them, and the fact that the wives of some of the employes of the company were connected with prominent Northern Indians induced many of them to make their way up the Sound to Nisqually to visit these female relatives.

These Indians soon found out that labor was in demand up the Sound. At the large sawmills, just then starting into operation, these Indians, who were much larger and stronger than the Sound Indians, were readily employed, at wages which to them, appeared to be very high. It was not long before a large number of them, Chim-sei-yans and Hydahs, were at different points on Puget Sound working at the sawmills and at a few of the farms just then being opened up by the first settlers. At one time, in 1854, I think,

some fifteen or twenty of them, men and women, were employed at Fort Nisqually.

The men were generally tall and athletic, and good workers. They conducted themselves peaceable, and did not consume so much liquor as did the Sound Indians. This was, no doubt, because of their being in a strange country and among natives, who before the advent of the whites, would not have allowed any Northerners to come into the country.

They soon became so numerous on the Sound as to be a nuisance, and a menace to the peace and safety of the few whites then in the country, and measures were taken to stop their numbers from increasing. Ultimately they were driven across the straits, but not until they had had vengeance on a few of the white settlers, the most prominent was I.N. Ebey, who at the time of his death was on his farm on Whidby's Island, directly opposite Port Townsend. He was attacked in his own house, killed and beheaded. His wife and children escaped.

Tsus-sy-uch, the young Chim-sei-yan Indian mentioned in the opening of this story was about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. He was the son of a prominent Chim-sei-yan chief who came here in 1854 with several followers some of whom were his slaves, to visit a female relative who was married to one of the Canadian French servants of the company at Fort Nisqually.

After remaining encamped quietly for a week or two, he went to Olympia, and there came across Butler, the steamboat captain or

mate. Butler engaged the young Indian to clear a few acres of his farm at Butler's cove. A man named Burt was in charge of the farm, Butler being engaged daily on board the steamboat.

This man Burt was a Southerner, a large, coarse man, who looked upon an Indian as he would a dog. Butler, in the presence of Burt, made a square contract with the young Indian to clear so much land for a stipulated sum. The bargain was settled, and the Indian and his followers went to work, and labored steadily and faithfully, week after week, until the land was cleared, strictly in accordance with the terms of the contract.

The young Indian, after resting awhile, applied to Butler's agent for his pay, but Burt, with coarse language, refused to settle. The Indian naturally felt highly indignant at such treatment and again demanded that the white man perform his part of the contract. No doubt the Indian spoke rather urgently to Mr. Burt, who, feeling himself insulted at being so addressed by an Indian shot Tsus-sy-uch through the heart.

I was told that the murderer immediately got away. The Indians for a few minutes tried to see if any life was left in their young chief, and when they looked around for him, he was nowhere to be found. Well enough for him, for if they had laid hands upon him, no doubt they would have torn him to pieces.

The little band enveloped the body of their young chieftain in a blanket, collected their few little goods, and slowly and sorrowfully paddled away from the accursed spot, no doubt vowing in their

hearts to take twofold vengeance. They were of a race well known to pursue with undying hatred such enemies as the murderer of Tsus-sy-uch, unless adequate compensation was paid.

BURT ESCAPED WITHOUT PUNISHMENT

The courts at Olympia took no notice of Burt's crime and I am quite sure that nothing was done in the matter by the officers. The murderer no doubt felt that to kill an innocent Indian, in the vicinity of Olympia, was no crime in the eyes of the law, and I suppose he would not hesitate to put another poor fellow out of the way should the occasion offer.

To show how little was thought of the life of an Indian in the fifties, I will relate an incident which came under my observation and the truth of which I solemnly avow. At a session of the District Court held in Olympia, I was present, watching a case in which the company was interested. I had just put up my horse at the livery stable, where some of the men told me that an old Nisqually Indian had been nearly murdered the night before by some Olympia Indians, and the poor old fellow was lying in a lodge behind Charlie Williams hardware store.

Feeling a curiosity to learn the name of the Nisqually Indian who had been so badly treated, I went to the lodge and found the man to be an old Snohomish Indian named Och-uch-kul-myne, who was past sixty years of age. He was a big tamanwous man (medicine man), and was hated and feared by many Indians, because of his supposed magic powers.

It seems that the old man was suspected of having bewitched the child of an Olympia man, and of having caused its death. The old man's presence in Olympia, on professional business, gave the Olympia man and his brother a chance of getting even. Watching their opportunity when the old man was alone in the lodge, they stole in, and finding their victim asleep, hit him an awful blow with an ax. Then they attempted to cut off his head, but as the ax was blunt, they made a large ghastly-looking wound.

When the old doctor recognized me he tried to talk, but the effort made the blood flow again and he very soon breathed his last. He had many other wounds about the body, besides the awful gash in the throat.

The court was in session, and the grand jury was very active in finding true bills, several of them against men for selling or giving an Indian a bottle of whisky, but do you think they undertook to inquire into the case of the old Indian doctor. No, not a bit of it. Not the least notice was taken of it, and old Och-uch-kul-myne's case received no more attention than if it had been a kultus dog killed instead of a human being.

NORTHERNERS THREATENED VENGEANCE

Again reverting to my story. I went down to the beach with a conveyance to await the arrival of the canoe with the body of the Indian lad. Upon its arrival it was placed in the cart and hauled to the fort, put in a plain, home-made coffin and buried in the Indian burial ground near the fort. The little company of

Northern Indians remained for some time at the fort, anxiously awaiting the action of the authorities in the matter of the cold blooded murder of Tsus-sy-uch for they had been told that the white man, be he Boston or King George man, always punished a murderer. At last they got tired of waiting and told Dr. Tolmie that they felt confident that the murderer would not be punished and they had made up their minds to go home, taking the body of Tsus-sy-uch with them.

At some future time, they said, they would return in force and take bloody vengeance for the cruel wrong done them, and of which the Boston people thought so little as not even to cause the arrest of the perpetrator. They were wrong in that statement, for the murder of the Indian did cause a thrill of horror throughout the Sound country, and some attempt was made to try Burt and Butler in the lower court of Olympia, over which Justice Plumb presided. But the whole thing fell through, the Prosecuting Attorney claimed that there was no jail in the district suitable for imprisoning the alleged murderers. After considerable talk the matter was dropped and nothing more was heard concerning it in the courts of justice.

WATCHED ALL THE WAY TO VICTORIA

Before the Indians departed with their dead chief, Dr. Tolmie had serious talks with them, earnestly advising them not to take the law into their own hands and murder innocent people. They were sullen and made no promises.

The doctor knew these Indians well, having been stationed for some time at one of the company's northern posts--Fort McLaughlin, on Millbank Sound- in the capacity of surgeon and Indian trader. Besides, Mrs. Tolmie was a daughter of Chief Factor Work who, for many years was in charge of Fort Simpson, and was much liked and respected by all the northern tribes that traded with white people. Mrs. Tolmie lived for several years with her father at Fort Simpson and she could talk the Chin-sei-yan language like a native as could her sister, now Mrs. C.H. Huggins.

The doctor also communicated with the Governor, earnestly telling him his fears that in revenge for the Burt and Butler murder, some innocent persons would surely suffer, and he could not see any possible way of averting it, unless Butler would compensate the friends of the dead youth by the payment of goods or money, and this it was already ascertained, he would not for a moment consider.

To guard against the Indians perpetrating outrages on their way to Victoria, William Tolmie sent two men attached to the corps of the fort. One, I know went. He was a half-breed of tried courage, experience and fidelity. He had served several years with Mr. Work at Fort Simpson and was liked and feared by the natives. He could talk their language like one of themselves. This man accompanied the Indians as far as Victoria.

Upon his return he told us of the difficulty he had with the band, who wanted very bad to land on Whidby's Island and murder and plunder some of the isolated settlers. He persuaded them not to do it, and they sulkily obeyed him saying though that at

some future time they would return and have revenge for they were determined to have bloody satisfaction for the great loss they had sustained at the same time significantly calling attention to the box and its ghastly contents.

The authorities of Victoria, having been acquainted by Dr. Tolmie with the facts of the case, the Indians were well watched there until they started for their distant home.

SHELLED BY THE MASSACHUSETTS

Indians from the far North continued to come to the Sound, any they gave great trouble. Three or four white people were murdered by them and they became so numerous and saucy that the United States war steamer, Massachusetts, was ordered to drive them from the Sound country.

This vessel was engaged in surveying duty on the Sound at the time. She went to Port Gamble about the middle of November, 1856, where Northern Indians numbering one hundred twenty or one hundred thirty men, with nine or ten large canoes capable of carrying fifty or sixty people, were encamped.

The Indians were ordered to leave forthwith, cross the Straits and never to return again to the American side, under the penalty of death. They refused and fired on the ship's boats. The ship fired shot and shell into the Indian camp, and destroyed all the canoes. The Indians went into the timber and held out for a couple of days, when they surrendered were taken on board the ship and transported to Victoria.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL EBHEY.

Affairs went on more quietly until August 11, 1857, when the whole country was shocked at the news of the murder of Colonel Ebey, then Collector of Customs for the District of Puget Sound. Ebey was visiting his farm, a donation claim, he had taken on the end of Whidby's Island, and called to this day Ebey's landing. It was night when the Indians called at his house. He came to the door and spoke kindly, as was customary with him to the Indians, when he was shot through the heart. He was decapitated and the head was carried away as a trophy, no doubt.

The murder was by many supposed to have been the work of a party of Kake Indians who lived in the far North, beyond Sitka. They were of the same tribe as were the Indians who were killed, wounded and driven out of the country by the Massachusetts the year before. The people of Fort Nisqually were of the opinion that it was done by the Chim-sei-yans, the friends and relatives of the young man murdered by Burt in the Summer of 1856.

They swore that they would have revenge, and would, it was well known, very probably kill a man of prominence, a Tyee, to pay for the killing of their young tyee relative. Truly they did pick out a tyee, for Ebey really was among the prominent men of the day. They certainly did not kill him for any reason of personal dislike, for he always treated the Indians with kindness.

Nothing but the desire of revenge upon a tyee, or big Boston man, prompted them to murder Ebey. The writer of this was well acquainted

with Ebey, I liked him very much. It is pitiful to think that the cowardly action of Burt should have caused the taking off by violence of a man so identified with the welfare of this young and growing country, as was Ebey.

He more than once brought his accounts to the fort before finishing them up, and I assisted him in adding up the many columns of figures in them for I recollect the accounts were very voluminous and involved a great deal of work. I was always considered quick at adding up a column of figures and I felt quite elated when Mr. Ebey praised my work, and to flatter me, I suppose, told me I was the quickest and most correct assistant he had ever had.

Ebey's scalp was recovered by Captain Dodd, master of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Labouchere, when it was north on a trading trip in 1858.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND
OREGONIAN 1900-1901.

Number fourteen - - A letter by William Fraser
Tolmie regarding Leschi. Oregonian. 25 November
1900.

Following is a copy of a letter written to Governor McMullin, of Washington Territory, by Dr. W. F. Tolmie, in defense of the Indian Chief Leschi, who had been condemned for murder:

Fort Nisqually, W.T., January 12, 1858.
To his Excellency, Fayette McMullin,
Governor, Washington Territory, Olympia, W.T.

I have known Leschi since 1843, as a well-disposed peaceable Indian of superior ability, respected by his tribe and often referred to as an arbitrator in their disputes. Towards the whites he and his deceased brother Quyeimal, were from our first settlement here, in 1833, remarkably friendly and in early years they on several occasions rendered valuable assistance in repressing thefts of horses and cattle on the part of other Indians.

Colonel M.T. Simmons, who was present, remembers how readily in 1849 the two chiefs volunteered their aid when we were in trouble here with the Snoqualmies. Leschi, I have learned, both from whites and Indians who were present at the treaty making at Medicine Creek in the Winter of 1854-1855 protested vehemently there against the reservation originally appointed for the Nisquallies at Seilseilootzin on Nisqually Bay.

I do not remember having any conversation with Leschi specially on the subject till July, 1855, when one Sunday morning accompanied by another head man of the tribe, he came to state his grievances and ask my advice. He complained

that he was kept in continual apprehension and uneasiness, on account of reports brought to him by Indians from Olympia, of his being obnoxious to the agents there, and of their intention soon to incarcerate, and perhaps hang him. He and his companion then talked with great emphasis, of the unsuitableness of the reservation intended for them, and a passing Indian approaching to listen, they reproached him in bitter terms for having failed at Medicine Creek to support their protest.

I reminded Leschi of the tale bearing lying propensities of Indians in general, and added that, knowing himself guiltless of offense against either the property or persons of the whites, he might go to Olympia, and talk without fear to Acting-Governor Mason. He shared at this time in the dread generally entertained by Sound Indians, that the buying of their lands was a prelude to shipping them off in steamers to an imaginary dark and sunless country; and the Indian agents of that day will remember how widespread and ineradicable that apprehension was--how an Indian seemingly convinced of its absurdity would be back in a few days, as much alarmed as ever.

In August and September, 1855, I saw Leschi several times, and perceived that the threatening reports from Olympia still concerned him much. In September or October, I pointed out to Leschi to Mr. Mason as an Indian in the event of hostilities likely to be very useful to the whites if with them and formidable if the contrary.

The Governor, hearing evil reports of him from Indian enemies and I believe from whites likewise, exacted a promise from Leschi that he and his brother Quyelmal would forthwith move with their families into Olympia. The two brothers, while yet uncertain whether to go or not, having notice from Indians that next day a party of whites were coming to seized them, fled in the night, leaving their families behind. The next day, when Captain Eaton and the rangers reached their place of residence, the families were still concealed in the woods close by.

Leschi has been greatly blamed for going off on this occasion, but to any impartial person acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and the condition of this country and the time, he conduct will seem natural enough. He seems to have lingered in uncertainty till the last, and to have gone off at length under the strong impulse of fear for his personal safety.

He maintains, and I have heard it from others, whilst he was yet at large, that Quyeimal and himself intended going direct from Nisqually to the Yakima country, where they had numerous relatives, but were induced to remain at Green River, by the threats of Kynaskut and Kutsap, chiefs there to follow and assassinate them, if they persisted in going on.

In October Leschi came, and as I was the first white man he ventured to meet, he desired me to acquaint the Americans that if they needed that assurance, he would cut off his

right hand in proof of his intention never to fight them again.

He expressed his willingness to surrender to Colonel Casey, commanding at Fort Steilacoom, but that officer considered it most prudent that Leschi should for a time remain in the woods, as prejudice ran high against him. Soon after, tempted by a large reward Sluggia entrapped Leschi by treacherous promises of complete reconciliation with the Olympia white chiefs and he was soon after imprisoned on the charge which has led to his condemnation.

The capture and imprisonment of Leschi greatly surprised the Indians, and in particular those east of the mountains, who had been present at the pacification with Colonel Wright. His execution now for an alleged offense, the Indians one and all believe him innocent of, would greatly outrage their notions of justice and weaken the confidence in the plighted faith of the "white chiefs" which it is so desirable they should be fully possessed with.

Among the warlike tribes east of the Cascade Mountains, the hanging of Leschi at this late day would, under the circumstances, awaken strong feeling of distrust and dissatisfaction towards Americans and it is not unreasonable to suppose, might leave them open to Mormon overtures, which otherwise would not be listened to.

I would from the first considered your proposal to send some of the leading Indian chiefs to Washington as if carried

out, a master stroke of policy. During the absence of these chiefs, we would have full security for the peace of the country, and white men could go through the Yakima Valley to the but partially explored gold country near Colville, in large or small parties, in safety.

With Leschi executed, however, it would be difficult to prevail on the right sort of Indians to be sent, to place themselves in the power of the whites, as they would, of course, be very suspicious and distrustful. With Leschi pardoned and free on the contrary, he might be most usefully employed as emissary to these Indians, to bring about the desired consummation.

Our territory needs population, and the soon its good name is re-established as a safe field for immigration the better will it be for all whose interests lie in this portion of the American continent.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant.

William Fraser Tolmie.
Chief Factor, Hudson's
Bay Company.
Agent, Puget Sound Agri-
cultural Company, Nisqually, W.T.

The following is a copy of a letter written to W.H. Snell, in reply to a charge made by the Tacoma News that the Hudson's Bay Company destroyed the pastures on Nisqually plains:

Steilacoom, September 5, 1900. W.H. Snell, Tacoma, Washington.

My Dear Sir:

In the Friday evening last issue of the Tacoma Evening News I noticed a short item, headed: "Eating Out Bunchgrass," and saying that "...the prairies south of Tacoma are an example, and that within the time of the memory of man, the grass on the prairies grew as high as the withers of an elk, but when the Hudson's Bay men brought in droves of cattle and sheep, the grass was eaten out root and branch, and now only a fuzz of short grass and moss grows on the prairies."

I assure you, the writer of this has been misinformed. I would like to cause him to be put right, and give the credit of the destruction of the fine growth of grass, which thirty-five or forty years ago covered the greater part of the prairie land in Pierce County, to whom it belongs.

I could conclusively prove that it was not the livestock of the English Puget Sound Agricultural Company which caused the extinction of the indigenous blue bunchgrass upon these plains, for in 1862, the company had hardly any livestock running upon the 160,000 acres of land it claimed to own in Pierce County.

About 500 sheep, 100 head of cattle and a few wild horses then belonged to this company, and long after they discontinued the breeding of cattle and sheep to any great extent, the grass upon these plains grew luxuriantly.

When this company pastured about 12,000 sheep, 7,000 head of cattle and upwards of 300 horses, the grass, except immediately around the principal establishment, Fort Nisqually, and the seven or eight outlying stations, continued to be very good indeed. The cattle, from being constantly shot at, became so wild and unmanageable as rendered it almost impossible to handle as buffalo, and in 1854-1855 they almost all disappeared from the plains.

The large lot of sheep was so managed that the grass did not receive any injury from the herd pastured upon it. They were kept in bands of from 500 to 700 and were herded by Indians, two to each band which were under the supervision of a white man, who resided at the out-stations. Each white head shepherd had under his charge from two to four of these bands, which were carefully parked every night and the parks or corrals, moved every two or three nights, thus thoroughly manuring several acres of land around each station for arable purposes.

The sheep were not allowed to overpasture the land, but were moved to new ground before the grass became injured. This grass was of a very nutritious character. Although it was in bunches, it was not like the grass common to the east side of the mountains, which leaves fully half the ground bare. It covered the ground completely, making a thick sward, which even in the hot Summer months, did not dry up, but was of a deep, bluish green color. In the Winter Season here the cattle and horses had to shift for themselves, and lived

principally in the woods, coming out in the early Spring months in a deplorably thin condition.

A few weeks' run upon the green, nutritious prairie grass made them different animals, the cattle fit for beef and the horses fat and sleek looking. In the early 50s there was very little of the prairie land fenced up, and the livestock had the run of the entire plains, thus affording ample room for feeding, without seriously injuring the grass.

There are still living, in this county, and not far from Steilacoom, three of the old servants of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, the acquaintance of whom with the early history of these plains in connection with this company is extensive as my own. John McLoed, now residing with his son-in-law, Dan Mounts, near the mouth of the Squally River, came here first in 1838, as one of the crew of the steamer Beaver. His visit was only transient, but in 1841, he was sent here to remain permanently, and became head shepherd.

He resided at first at one of the company's stations, on the banks of Wyaatche(Steilacoom) Lake, and had the supervision of three or four flocks of sheep. He is now a very old man between eighty and ninety years of age, is in fair health, is intelligent, and could tell, if he chose, a good many interesting stories of early happenings in this country.

Another old hand is Adam Beinston, who lives on a prairie

farm near Lakeview. He came here in 1844, and in 1850 had charge of two or three bands of sheep, supervising the Indian herds. He lived in a company house, standing within a stone's throw of the Insane Asylum Springs. In fact the first Fort Steilacoom was once an extensive farm, belonging to the English Company which was rented to the United States government and the first company of soldiers, Company H, Fourth Artillery, Captain Hill was located there in August, 1849. A large barn, built of squared timber, was used as the soldiers' barracks, and the outbuildings were used as officers quarters and storehouses.

The government occupied this tract of ground, including the farmstead, 640 acres, for twenty years, and paid the company six hundred dollars a year rental all that time.

Another of the old hands is Willie Young, residing near Mounts'. He served the company for many years and was part of the time a shepherd, residing at a station in Elk Plain, a large prairie, or plain, between Spanoway and Muck. He had a large band of sheep and cattle in his charge, and was a resident of the plains throughout the period of the Indian war, and could talk intelligently about the condition of the prairies and about early times in this county.

In 1870 the land formerly claimed by the English Company was surveyed, and thrown open to settlement, and the most available parts of it were soon taken up. Large tracts

were fenced and no regard was made to the amount or quantity of land comprised within the lawful boundaries of the claims taken. A man fenced up as much land as his means would admit of, or his neighbors would allow him, and I know of instances where a man who could claim lawfully to own only one hundred sixty acres of land had fenced up from one thousand to two thousand acres and held undisputed possession of it until someone came along and interfered with his calculations by perhaps entering a homestead or pre-emption claim, in the midst of his large, squatted upon tract.

In this way fully one-half the prairie land was fenced up, and at that time almost all the prairie farmers owned sheep, some one hundred and some even as many as two thousand sheep. I think I am safe in saying that in the '70s and early '80s upwards of thirty thousand sheep ran upon the Squally plains.

Of course, nature never intended these plains to pasture such a large number of sheep and mind you, at the same time there were many head of cattle and horses also running at large upon these plains. The large number of sheep were pastured during the Spring and Summer months upon the commons, or unfenced lands, and the enclosed lands were reserved for Winter pasture.

The common grass had no chance to seed, and that large number of sheep soon killed out the old original bunchgrass, the sheep in fact nibbling it so close that the hot July

and August heat, and scorching northwest winds dried up and killed its roots, and a growth of worthless grass and weeds has taken its place.

So you see, it was not the Hudson's Bay Company's droves of cattle and sheep which ruined the Nisqually plains, and caused its grass-covered acres to be more worthless than are the majority of the arid plains of Arizona and California, because they are susceptible of improvement by irrigation, but the greater part of the Nisqually plains are beyond the reach of such, because of the porous nature of the sub-soil, which is pure worthless gravel, which would drink up and lose all water put upon it like a sieve.

I have often heard it said that the Hudson's Bay Company did this and that to the detriment of the soil, such as the introduction of injurious weeds, the overfeeding of and destruction of the pasture lands, etc, but this is untrue. It is not at all likely that this great company would do anything willfully to deteriorate the value of its own property, for, in the days prior to 1846, both the Hudson's Bay Company and the Puget Sound Companies firmly believed that the Columbia River would most certainly be the boundary line separating the two great countries, and that they would obtain title to the immense tracts of land they claimed to own from the British government.

If they had not felt certain of this, they would not have made the expensive improvements they did, within what was

eventually decided to be within the boundaries of the United States. When the boundary line was fixed, and it was found that the company's large possessions, or claims, were upon the wrong side of it, a special clause in the treaty of 1846 gave protection to them, and after long and expensive consideration, they company surrendered their claims to the United States Government for \$650,000.

E. Huggins.

PART FOUR - - REMINISCENCES OF PUGET SOUND FROM THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN 1900-1901.

Number fifteen - - Captain Jimmie Jones and his steamer The Jennie Jones. Oregonian. 9 December 1900.

I am asked whether I know anything about Captain Jimmie Jones, who, some time in the early '60s commanded a little steamer called the Jennie Jones, which ran on Puget Sound, and for a short time carried the United States mail between Olympia and Victoria. I was well acquainted with him, and had many business transactions with him.

Jimmie Jones, as he was called, was a Welsh-man, a small, insignificant looking man. I think he was uneducated. He was a sailor by profession. In the early '50s he looked to be about thirty-five years of age and when I first became acquainted with him he owned and sailed a small sloop the Wild Pigeon, if I am not mistaken.

Jimmie became acquainted with Dr. W. F. Tolmie, who was then in charge of Fort Nisqually, where I was chief clerk. Jimmie frequently called at the fort, and Dr. Tolmie intrusted him with the mail which at that time was brought across the country from Fort Vancouver by the Fort Steilacoom mail messenger. The United States commander at that post, Captain B. H. Hill, kindly permitted the fort mail carrier to bring our mail, as well as that of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Victoria, and arrangements were made by Doctor Tolmie with Captain Jones, to convey the mail to Victoria.

Jimmie was a good-natured fellow, and at that time was apparently a sober man. After the mail steamer commenced making weekly trips on the Sound, Jimmie still occasionally carried a package from Nisqually to Victoria, but of course was not so frequently employed as before the advent of the steamer.

Some time early in the '60s Jimmie, it would seem, had made and saved money enough to build and own a small steamer called the Jennie Jones. She was, I should think, about one hundred to one hundred fifty tons burden, schooner rigged and looked more like a sailing vessel than a steamer. She was a propeller, and did not look at all like a racing steamer. She was a homely looking vessel, but little Jimmie was very proud of her, and well he might be. To be able to build such a vessel, and completely own it, with savings made of his little sloop, the Wild Pigeon, was very creditable to him.

In those days the Custom House at Port Townsend was rather a weak institution, and a good deal of smuggling went on; at least, so it was supposed. When Victoria was a free port smuggling was very profitable, and it was largely carried on, so it was rumored, in little vessels like Jimmie's Wild Pigeon, which kind of boat was then quite numerous on Puget Sound.

The Custom-House authorities could not do much to prevent it. The only craft they had at their disposal was one sailing cutter. I think its name was Jefferson Davis, Captain Pease in command. She could do very little to stop the illegal work of such small, swift vessels as Jimmie's Pigeon. I have no direct reason to think that Captain Jimmie's boat was employed in that traffic, but it was very evident that Jimmie made a good deal of money in a comparatively short time, at least enough to pay for the construction of the steamer Jennie Jones.

MAIL CARRYING IN EARLY DAYS.

After his steamer had been running a short time, Jimmie, to the surprise of almost every one acquainted with him managed to obtain the contract to carry the United States mail, weekly, between Olympia and Victoria, and all intermediate ports. In those days the mail steamer had to make the grand round-Steilacoom, Seattle, Port Madison, Port Gamble, Port Ludlow, Port Townsend, Bellingham Bay and Semiahmoo.

Late in the '50s and the early '60s were added Port Angeles, for a short time the port of entry for the District of Puget Sound, and at Juan Island. I do not know whether Jimmie was the regular contractor or whether the work was sublet to him. Most likely the latter, as I think it would have been almost impossible for Captain Jones to obtain the bond required by the Government. The Jennie Jones continued to run quietly now, carrying the weekly mail, but very few passengers as she had no accommodation for them. Her cabin was small, unfurnished, and generally had an ill-flavored smell about it. It was more like a forcastle than a cabin. Its atmosphere was impregnated with a very pronounced smell of Old Tom gin, for Jimmie, since his promotion from the command of a five, or six ton sloop to a one hundred fifty ton steam, had adopted some of the habits of not a few of the merchant naval marine on the Sound at that time, and had become a lover of strong drink, and his favorite tippie was Old Tom gin.

The steamer then running in opposition to the Jennie Jones, or one of the steamers, was, I think, the Eliza Anderson, which was almost a

new steamer, having been built at Portland in 1858 or '59. She was a paddle-wheel steamer of about 150 or 200 tons, but I am not certain about her size. In late years the Anderson, compared with other steamers then running on the Sound, was a small and very inferior looking vessel, but in the early days she was considered a fine specimen of marine architecture. She was not at all fast, and after taking many trips in her, I found she was only a second or third class steamboat. I think, by putting on full steam, and with a fair wind, she might make perhaps ten or eleven miles and hour. She was principally owned by Captain Tom Wright, then well known in steamboat circles on Puget Sound and Fraser River, and his brother-in-law Captain John Fleming.

After Captain Fleming severed his connection with the Anderson in consequence of ill-health the business of the vessel, which was very large, was in charge of a man named Finch, who was not a seaman, but was considered to be one of the best business men on Puget Sound. He was a small delicate-looking man, but must have been stronger and tougher than he looked to be, for he attended to the business of the vessel apparently night and day.

When she carried the mail and made the round of all the ports, which the weekly mail contract required, the steamer occupied but five days in making the round trip, and Finch, most of the time attended to the business of the steamer without any assistance. He bore a good name for his business habits and integrity of character, but was thought by many to be very close in all his dealings, and was not credited with being at all charitably inclined.

He was a strict Methodist, and I have often heard it said by people who knew what they were talking about that he helped that church financially very freely. He was a strict tee-totaller, and had no very kindly feeling towards men addicted to excessive drinking, and I am sorry to say that such men were frequently met with in those days. I had many business transactions with Capt. Finch and always found him to be strictly straightforward. He eventually became principal, if not sole owner of the Anderson and ran her for many years, and I venture to say that the Eliza Anderson made more money upon Puget Sound than all the other steamers running during the same time, put together.

He must have made a good deal of money by advancing cash for bills or orders generally paid to him in the course of a few days. I obtained a good deal of money from him to use in buying furs. He always charged one per cent for the accommodation and in my case he always got his orders cashed by the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria in two or three days of draft. I have said a good deal about Captain Finch because he was a very prominent man between 1860 and 1870 and there are a great number of people on Puget Sound today who were well acquainted with him. After he parted with the Eliza Anderson he moved to California and I am under the impression that I heard of his death some years ago.

Again referring to Captain Jones. When his steamer commenced running he patronized the Hudson's Bay Company wharf at Victoria, and I received orders from the board of management of that company's affairs at Victoria, to do all my freighting business with Captain Jimmie, very

much to my disgust.

Sometime in November, 1864, I went to Victoria, not in the Jennie Jones, though and obtained from the company an invoice of goods, about three thousand dollars worth, for the trade of Fort Nisqually, and as ordered, I shipped them by the Jennie Jones and returned home in that steamer. We started from Victoria about three p.m. and steamed across the Straits for Port Angeles, for at that place was now the United States Custom-House, the Port of Entry having been changed from Port Townsend by the influence of Victor Smith, who was then the Collector of Customs.

It was rumored that Smith owned large interests in Port Angeles and that through influential friends at Washington had caused the removal of the Custom-House to the Angeles harbor, called Port Angeles. This was a bitter blow to the people of Port Townsend in fact, the majority of the business men on Puget Sound were adverse to the change.

The bay itself is large and commodious, but, if I recollect right, it was open and exposed to the wind blowing across the straight from Vancouver Island. The evening we arrived there it was calm, but there was a heavy swell in the barbor, and the Jennie Jones rolled about very uncomfortably. The Custom-House did not remain there many years. An awful catastrophe occurred there in which five or six lives were lost, the Custom-House destroyed, and soon after the Port of entry was moved back to Port Townsend much to the satisfaction of the people interested in shipping business on Puget Sound.

CUSTOM-HOUSE DESTROYED.

The accident referred to I will tell in as few words as possible. Mr. Smith constructed a wooden building, just inside the mouth of a small river, which I am told, takes its rise in the Olympic Mountains. Smith had the government Custom-House in this building, and he and some of his assistants made their residence in it also.

It seems that some little distance up the creek was a natural dam caused by logs which had accumulated there for years, checking the water, which had formed a deep pond just above the dam. One night not very long after my visit there in the Jennie Jones, and just after a heavy rain, and when all the inmates of the doomed house were wrapped in sleep, the jam gave way. The immense body of water let loose, carried everything before, struck Smith's Custom-House, and carried it and its sleeping inmates out into the bay, and very probably into the Straits of Fuca.

Smith, and I think five or six others who were in the house at the time were drowned and not a vestige of their remains was ever found. I may be wrong in some of these details, but I am sure about the loss of the house, and the drowning of Victor Smith and five or six others. There was no difficulty after this awful accident about removing the Custom-House to where it properly belonged.

I accompanied Captain Jones to the Custom-House. The Collector had received the invoice, with the duties charged through the mail from the United States consul at Victoria, which I had helped to prepare in the office of the Company at Victoria. After a cursory examination

by the Collector or his deputy, I paid the amount due and we returned back to the ship. It would take some time to go over the figures of or statement of duties, due upon a large and miscellaneous invoice of goods, and rather than keep or detain the mail steamer from proceeding on her way I had an understanding with the deputy collector that if any error was afterwards found in the entry or invoice, I would make it good.

The bay was quite calm that night, but it seemed never to be free from rolling waves, making it very uncomfortable for landsmen who might be on board vessels lying in the harbor. I found that state of things to exist in the harbor when I visited it, but it might not be always like that. The harbor is large and commodious protected fully upon the west side by the bluff mainland, and upon the north side, I think it is protected by a low, sandy spit, which extends out for some distance. The southeast side, to the best of my recollection and I have not been there since 1864, is open and fully exposed to winds blowing across the Straits.

We lifted the anchor and steamed away two or three hours after midnight. The weather was calm but the fog was very thick which necessitated slowing down and keen lookout by the officers and the crew.

CAPTAIN DRUNK, STEAMER GOES WRONG.

I soon found that Captain Jimmie was drinking to excess, and the engineer told me that all hands including the cook were indulging as well as the captain. The odor of gin permeated the whole ship.

We two sober ones soon saw by the erratic movements of the steamer that the navigators were too drunk to know what they were about, and the engineer, at my request, slowed down to nearly to a full stop.

We soon found that we were right in our conjectures as to the ignorance of our captain and mate of the location of the miserable gin-sodden little steamer, for Captain Jimmie approached me, and in thick, drunken tones said he would be "blankety-blanked," if he knew the where-abouts of the steamer and asked if I knew. Of course, I could not tell anything about the location of the boat, and I spoke rather roughly to the miserable little commander.

The engineer and I though that we certainly ought to be in the vicinity of San Juan Island. The words were no sooner spoken when the ship bumped heavily upon a rock. It could not be the shore, because we heard no surf running or beating upon the beach. The ship now gave a list and all was dire confusion. Luckily it was dead calm, and the fog was densely thick. The engineer sounded the well, and I was very glad to learn that the ship was not taking much water. We soon ascertained that the tide was nearly at its lowest stage, and daylight was not far off.

The accident nearly sobered the captain, who appeared to be in a terrible funk. We remained hard and fast upon the rock until daylight when we found that we were actually near the entrance of San Juan Harbor, and the vessel had struck a submerged rock, and the quiet state of the weather, no doubt, saved the steamer from being severely

injured. The state of the tide was also in our favor, for as the water raised, the little steamer slid from the rock.

We soon came safely to an anchor, and I felt thankful to Providence for having escaped so easily from what might have been had the weather been unpropitious and the tide unfavorable--a great catastrophe. As it was, it proved to be an expensive drunk for the little captain, for I think I heard it rumored that he was compelled to go to the expense of having the steamer hauled upon the ways and repairs made.

I always thought our making so near the harbor of San Juan as we did a strange piece of luck, for I am quite sure that not one person in the ship knew anything of her whereabouts, when she struck. When Captain Jimmie was in his sober senses, which was soon after the accident, he refused to talk about the accident and seemed to be heartily ashamed of his conduct. The rest of the passage was soberly, and of course, safely made, and when I landed at Steilacoom, I made up my mind never to take passage with Captain Jimmie again.

SEIZURE OF THE JENNIE JONES

I heard no more of Captain Jones for some time, but not long after my not very pleasant voyage with him, I was again honored with a call from him. One morning when I was busily engaged in the trade shop with a band of down-Sound Indians, trading furs, mats, baskets, and dried clams, dressed deer skins, and any other thing of the slightest value, I was surprised to see the little Welsh captain walk into the store, accompanied by a gentlemanly looking man whom he introduced

to me as an officer attached to the United States Custom-House at Port Townsend. Captain Jimmie told me that he had been arrested at Olympia, and his darling Jennie Jones seized for an offense he was falsely charged with having committed against the revenue laws of the United States, and that he and his ship were under arrest, and on their way to Port Townsend for trial before the Admiralty Court. I forget what the charge was, but I think it was smuggling.

Jimmie had persuaded the inspector or deputy Collector in charge of him, and his ship to come round to our landing, the channel which the big mail steamers used to take in the early days, when a semi-monthly steamer ran between San Francisco and Olympia. I recollect the big paddle-wheel steamer Oriflamme was one of them, and the others I have forgotten. They always took the deep-water channel, around the southeast end of Anderson's Island, making the distance to Olympia from Tacoma about five or six miles further.

The route now taken by passenger steamers is through Balch's passage and round the northwest end of Anderson's Island. When I arrived in this country, April 13, 1850, the island now known as Anderson's Island was called Wallace's Island, after a man of that name who took a donation claim and commenced improving the farm, now known as the Eckestein place. Wallace was killed by the Snoqualmie Indians when they attacked Fort Nisqually, on May 1, 1849.

He was standing outside of the fort, near the water, on the north side postern gate when the trouble commenced, and refused to enter the fort with others then outside, when he was immediately shot dead. He was one of those who had great contempt for Indians, and would say

that with a club he could single-handed tackle a band of Indians and make them run. I have often heard such foolish talk as if an Indian, with a loaded gun, was not almost as good in a fight as the generality of white men. Wallace was, I am told, a first cousin of Tom and Jack Hewett, old and well-known residents of Tacoma.

DECLINED TO GO BAIL

About Captain Jimmie again. He told the United States officer in charge of the vessel that I was a very close friend of his and would do anything for him. He was very confident that I could cheerfully become security for his appearance with his vessel at court, when required and if necessary I could give bonds in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company in any amount. Captain Jimmie made the officer believe this nonsense, so that he came that distance out of his proper road and walked up from the beach, only to find that I would have nothing to do with Jimmie or his ship, and as for my giving a bond in the name of the company, and a foreign company at that, the idea was ludicrous and not worth talking about.

I think the wretched little captain really thought that I would become security for him, and that he would, with his steamer, be released, and from what happened subsequently I am almost sure he thought so. When he saw that he could not do anything with me, for I almost laughed in his face, his impudence struck me as being so gigantic as to make it more comical than serious.

That was the last I ever saw of Captain Jimmie Jones, for what now follows I was told by a friend, well acquainted with both Jimmie and

the United States officer. When the captain left our landing he was very much down in the mouth, and had little to say to the officer. The officer noticed that Jimmie was frequently conferring quietly with his mate and engineer, but he thought nothing of it, for he felt confident that nothing now could save Jimmie and his steamer from being kept in durance vile for some time at Port Townsend and he paid no attention to the mysterious conduct of Captain Jones and his two leading officers.

The vessel was now drawing near to the port of entry and the officer felt elated at the idea of entering the harbor with his successful capture in broad daylight. But he reckoned without his host, for as the vessel approached Port Townsend, instead of heading across the bay to the wharf, as is usual with steamers entering the port, she kept in the middle of the channel, with head pointing to the entrance to the straits. The steamer's funnel belched clouds of smoke and streaks of fire, and the little vessel was making more knots an hour than she ever made before.

The Custom-House representative made all manner of threats. Captain Jimmie laughed and told the deputy to shut his mouth, keep quiet and he would soon learn what Jimmies' intentions were. The officer stormed and raved, then begged and prayed and endeavored to make Jimmie see the enormity of his offence. It was bad enough he said, to run away with a vessel when in charge of a representative of the Government, but to run away with the officer too, was in his opinion ten times more culpable.

CUSTOMS OFFICER PUT ASHORE.

He could not get anything out of Jimmie but "wait awhile and you'll see and learn all about it," and sure enough the steamer went her fastest by the port of entry, loudly tooting her whistle and dipping her flag as a parting salute. Jimmie had no big gun or he would, I have no doubt, have fired a salute. When he had got about half way from Port Townsend to Cape Flattery he slowed down, and approaching the Washington shore lowered a boat and forced the United States officer into it, and he was rowed to the shore and made to land.

The poor fellow was left to make the best of his way to Port Angeles, the nearest place of importance where he could get transportation to the port of entry. He very probably met with farmsteads before arriving at Angeles, so there was no fear of his being starved en route.

Jimmie and his Jennie Jones proceeded around the Cape and God only knows where he at last pulled up, for I never from that day to this heard anything about him. How he could escape the law is a mystery to me, and I have often wondered how he managed to escape capture.

His papers, so necessary, that all vessels should have in good order, were deficient and as for fuel and provisions, his supply must have been very scant indeed. It did not much matter being short of fuel because the little steamer was full schooner rigged and indeed she had more of the appearance of a sailing vessel than a steamer, but provisions were another thing and how she managed to get a supply was and is a mystery to all who knew and thought about the occurrence.

This is the story of the escape of the Jennie Jones, and it will no doubt be interesting to those who recollect the little captain. It will revive memories, perhaps, long since forgotten and cause a smile to all who recall the little ill-shapen figure of the captain; his funny manner of speaking with a Welsh accent and last but not least a picture of the ordinary looking vessel the Jennie Jones. If there had been a steam cutter on the Sound in those days Captain Jimmie would not have gotten away so easily.

APPENDIX

The evils of demon rum

Leschi

The Huggins/Work Wedding from the
Kautz Diary.

Copalis by Herbert Bashford

The Huggins family in the 1870s by
Edgar T. Short

THE EVILS OF DEMON RUM

A man was working for the company, under me, in the year 1860, I think. He was an Irishman, an old discharged soldier, a Mexican veteran. He was strong and hearty, and about fifty-five years of age. He was a shepherd, and had taken the place of an Indian herder who was not allowed to show himself anywhere away from the reserves or forts since the Indian war commenced.

This old shepherd was, as 'twas with most of his kind, very fond of anything of an alcoholic character, and one evening having arrived home, to his, generally, cheerless habitation, was, to his surprise and pleasure, offered a bottle of stuff by his wife, and was pressed and coaxed to drink. He was a little shy at first, because the donor of the delightful drink was an Indian, an old admirer of his wife, and who, report said, etc. etc.

He was, however, soon persuaded to taste, and afterwards didn't require any persuasion, and was soon in a drunken condition, and fell down the floor in a stupor, from which he was soon awakened by agonizing stomach cramps. Poor fellow! It wasn't long before his sufferings became terrible to witness, and he soon breathed his last.

A sort of a sham inquest was held. Coroner, jurors, and doctor went out to the house of the tragedy, and all were satisfied that the poor man had been poisoned with strychnine, but nothing was ever done, in fact, if I recollect aright, the result of the inquest was never made public.

I knew of other similar cases. One in particular occurred in 1874 or 1875. Two men, Englishmen, and one the man Kingdom I had with me

on a trading trip were drinking at the home of one of them who was married to an Indian woman, who was said to be a "hard case," although the mother of several children.

During the carouse, these men were taken suddenly, violently ill with cramps and terrible distortion of the limbs, and it was plain to an intelligent man, one of the party present, that these men were suffering from strychnine poisoning. This man had once served as hospital steward at Fort Steilacoom, and he at once brought his knowledge of strychnine poisoning into play, and administering antidotes the sufferers were soon pronounced out of danger. It was, to the sober looker-on, quite amusing to see the movements and listen to the words of these two men when they were thought to be at death's door.

"Kingdom," the runaway English sailor, made all manner of protestations of reform, and swore that he would never more touch the b--y stuff. "Gawd strike me blind if he would." and the other, who was an intensely ignorant man, who thought the state of Maine was in Ireland, said between the spasms of pain, "He'd be danged if he'd quit. He'd have a dang sight more o' drinks before he died," and sure enough, he did but two or three years after this happened he was with his family returning from Tacoma on the afternoon of the Fourth of July.

He was sitting at the end of the wagon, his legs hanging down, when the horses gave a jerk, pitched him out, and when he was picked up he was found to have sustained injuries about his neck which in the course of two or three days cause his death.

The other man continued his habits of dissipation until death brought

him up with a round turn. He was one morning found dead in his bed from the effects of heart disease, brought about, no doubt, by his habits of intemperance.

The other man referred to was the subject of some remarkable adventures, the most prominent of which was being the recipient of a pistol shot an attempt to murder him. He had just left my house (he was working for me at the time) and was sitting upon the side of his own bed when a drunken half-breed, with whom he had quarreled slightly, came into the house and without saying a word fired downwards at him, the bullet entering his chest, between the nipples, passed obliquely through his body and lodged against the backbone, near its end, the tail end, and it could plainly be felt there with the finger.

He was carried to a neighbor's house, and I telegraphed to Olympia for a doctor, but we all present expected to see him breathe his last every minute, the would seemed to us to be so certainly fatal, but he was alive when the doctor arrived, hurriedly, and after turning the patient upon his stomch, he pressed the skin near the end of his backbone, which made the bullet show very plainly.

He then made a light cut with his knife, causing the bullet to pop right out, after a little manipulation with the fingers. The doctor, an old army surgeon, told me to watch the man, and if blood appeared, he would surely die.

The next morning I rode to see the patient, about five miles from my house, and I certainly expected to find him dead, but, to my intense surprise, he was sitting up in bed, smoking a pipe, and he said he felt very well!

No blood had appeared and he soon was in a condition to resume his drunken habits, but it wasn't long before he met with the fatal accident I have before described.

The wound this man received was the most wonderful ever recorded in this part of the country and its recipient fortunate to escape death so easily; that's what skilled men said. It ploughed obliquely right through his body, and how it escaped wounding vital organs, was a wonder to all who saw the patient immediately after he was shot.

The would-be murderer was arrested and confined in the old Steilacoom jail, but before his trial, I think, he made his escape, and never more was heard of.

Huggins, Edward. Oregon Native Son
II (March 1901), ppgs 467-68.

LESCHI

Lashehyach was tried in the district court of Pierce County for murder, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on January 22, 1858, but on the day fixed for the execution of the sentence Captain James Bachelder, residing at Fort Steilacoom or its vicinity, who was United States Commissioner, caused Sheriff Williams and his deputy to be arrested for selling liquor to Indians, and Fred Kautz, brother of Lieutenant, now General A.V. Kautz, was appointed by Bachelder to act as marshal, and he made the arrest in due form; consequently there being no one in the county authorized by law to kill Lashchyach, the execution did not take place on the appointed day.

Almost immediately after this I think a special session of the supreme court was convened at Olympia, which court resentenced Lashchyach to be hanged on a certain day in Pierce County, and appointed William Mitchell, a well known citizen of Olympia of good repute, to execute the sentence. A detachment of armed citizens, some thirty or forty in number, went sent with Mitchell to assist him, if necessary, to perform his duty, and on the 19th day of February 1858, Lashchyach was hanged by the neck until he was dead, and a party of Nisqually Indians, friends of the deceased borrowed a team and ox wagon from the officer in charge of Fort Nisqually and conveyed the dead body to the Nisqually reservation where it was buried on the side of a lofty eminence on the beautiful grass covered Squally plain and within the sound of the murmuring of the swift running waters of the Squally river.

did not witness the execution, as I did not care to see the death struggles of a man I had intimately known for nearly ten years, and

that time I never knew of his doing anything of a character to incur the displeasure of his friends and acquaintances amongst the whites, until he committed the fatal mistake of plunging himself and associates in a bloody war with the United States.

It was generally believed that Williams, an ex-sergeant of the United States Army, was privy to his own arrest, as the officers of the garrison, with whom he was on friendly terms, were much exercised over the action of the civil authorities, the condemned man having been induced to surrender to Colonel Silas Casey, then in command at Fort Steilacoom under the promise of pardon.

Edward Huggins,
Tacoma Sunday Ledger
May 22, 1892.

JOURNAL OF AUGUST VALENTINE KAUTZ

October 21, 1857.

Shaaff, Fred, Mrs. and Mrs. Bachelder and myself rode in the ambulance this morning to the wedding. Mr. Huggins was united to Miss Letitia Work. We had a very pleasant party, and everything went off well. Made the acquaintance of Miss Shay and Miss Maggie Work and also a Miss Maryann Reed all of Vancouver Island. Also a Mr. Finlaysen of Victoria. Mr. Shannan, a Scotchman from New Caledonia was also there and quite a number of the citizens of Olympia.

We kept it up quite late. Spicer was there to play the violin, a little drunk at first but he sobered up. I found some difficulty with McKibben and Shaaff as they were a little too much inebriated, but all went well.

October 22, 1857.

It was four o'clock this morning when we got home. Miss Reed rode with us in the Ambulance and we had much spirit. Shaaff was so far gone that he wanted to kiss Miss R. and of course was refused. He afterwards wanted to escort her to Mrs. Websters in town. They left the post on horseback in advance of several other gentlemen and got lost in the woods.

Shaaff suddenly found himself on one side of a log and his horse on the other and was som ashamed that he let the party go on and he returned to the garrison.

The party lost him in the woods and did not know what became of him. The amusing part of it was that Sam McCaw had taken the young lady to the wedding and Shaaff not knowing this, or perhaps unconcious was her gallant coming back to the great discomforture of McCaw. But when Shaaff lost himself in the woods McCaw came along and took the young lady home. We had quite a laugh on both of them and had them apologising to each other.

Kautz, August V. Nothing Worthy
of Note Transpired Today, Tacoma,
Tacoma Public Library, 1978, pp.
99-100.

COPALIS

High above the strong Pacific, rising solemnly and lone
Looms the rugged rock, Copalis, like a mountain built of stone.
Break the heavy waves against it, roaring through its caverns wide,
Caverns worn by maddened waters and the moon-enchanted tide.

All around are curling breakers, shifting spray and flying foam,
Where the slim sea otter gambols and the gray gull has a home.
All around is fierce commotion pale forms reaching to the skies,
Sounds of awful cannonading, haunting moans and battle cries.

Clinging to its craggy summit, fastened down with massive chains,
Bathed in Summer's yellow sunshine, drenched in Winter's driving
rains,

Rests a low, quaint hut, the dwelling of the brave Copalis Jim--
Rests the hut whose door is opened, opened never save by him.

From this airy habitation keen black eyes peer on the seas,
Raven locks are tossed and tangled in the sighing ocean breeze.
Night and morn he scans the billows marching grandly far below,
Night and morn he sees the warriors with their helmets wrought
of snow.

Day by day he keeps his vigil caring naught for any man,
Watching ever with the patience that the otter hunter can.
Oft his swarthy face grows eager, oft his rifle darts its flame,
And a dying creature struggles from that quick, unerring aim.

Often when midnight winds are calling in his mind sad thoughts
arise,
Thought of her who held him captive by the magic of her eyes.
In his dreams she stands before him as she stood in days agone,
Ere his heart had grown more hardened than the rock he dwells
upon.

And he hears her laughter ringing like the echoes of a lute,
Through the forest, still and somber, down the vales of Quillayute.
And again he sits beside her speaking tender words of love
With the fragrant flowers surrounding and the waving green above.

But the thunder of the breakers and the sea bird's pearcing scream
From the ledges, brown and jagged, break the vision of his dream.
Ah! Nawanda, false Nawanda, with your artless maiden grace,
Think you never of your lover living in this lonely place?

He, whose fondest hopes you shattered, now a hermit, mute, alone,
Far away on bleak Copalis, on a mountain built of stone.

Herbert Bashford. At the Shrine
of Song. San Francisco: The
Whitaker and Ray Company, 1909,
pp. 41-42.

The Huggins family in the 1870s by Edgar T. Short, The Tacoma Times. July 6, 1934, July 13, 1934, July 20, 1934, August 3, 1934, and August 10, 1934.

On May 12, 1870 Edward Huggins received a letter from the land office at Olympia telling him that the federal government had instructed the office to receive and receipt for all the lands and improvements of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company in Washington territory. Leaving some important business in connection with an auction sale of the company's personal property, Huggins hurried to Olympia the next day expecting to close the deal and file on his homestead.

It proved to be an unlucky trip for Huggins. Nothing was accomplished save the unwinding of a few yards of official red tape. The land office refused to receive his filing on the ground that the lands of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company had not been officially surveyed and he was told to come back on June 21, 1870.

In the meantime Huggins went about the business of putting in crops and repairing the buildings on the assumption that ultimately his filing would be accepted. The whole situation was rather discouraging for the weather was cold and wet all the month. To cap the climax, two of the best horses on the farm, "George," and "Dandy" disappeared and several of the farm hands were taken from the fields to hunt for them.

Early in June, hoping to hurry the completion of the deal, Dr. Tolmie came back to Nisqually. A hearing was arranged at the state land office and early on the morning of June 11, 1871, Dr. Tolmie and Huggins left for Olympia in a spring wagon. Again "...nothing was accomplished."

Dr. Tolmie, out of patience with the whole proceeding, told the officials he would carry on any further negotiations by correspondence from Victoria.

While all this was going on Mrs. Huggins was having the usual troubles of the pioneer housewife. The only help she had in what for those days was a rather pretentious establishment was the indifference service of a half breed Indian woman. Seeking to obtain a reliable white servant for her, Huggins arranged for Margaret, the sixteen year old daughter of John Lidoux, of Cowlitz to come to Nisqually.

Margaret arrived at Nisqually on June 17th. On July 12, this entry was made in the diary:

"This morning Margaret left with her sister for Olympia. She is not suited for housework and is inclined to be conceited and saucy."

For the time being that ended the attempt to get white help in the house and Mrs. Huggins went back to her half breed woman.

Because of the unfavorable spring weather, planting was late and growth slow, and Huggins was trying in June and July to make up for the backward season. A hard worker himself, he stayed on the job from dawn till dark but couldn't inspire his help with the same abition. Most of them were old employees of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company and insisted on continuing a policy of the company and talking a half holidays every Saturday.

Of this Huggins wrote:

"Tis a hard and difficult matter to break my hands of the old company habit of taking a half holiday Saturday. I sometimes, however, let them take it, but charge it against them, though."

July 23,1870, was a red letter day for the Huggins family. A traveling tinker arrived early that morning and after a good breakfast started repairing the family tinware. Mrs. Huggins brought out all the dish-pans, pails, and tin cooking utensils with holes plugged with a piece of rag or dough and kept the tinker busy for two days. For many years after, the visit of the traveling tinker continued to be an event in the pioneer homes.

A day or two later Huggins rented his saddle horse "Dick" to a U.S. census taker who had come to count the folks on the Nisqually plains. The census takers was to pay seventy-five cents a day for the use of "Dick" for three weeks. A week later he came back and announced that he had finished the job, and Huggins was out two weeks rent for "Dick."

An entry for July 31,1870 tells how the Huggins family piled into the Spring wagon and drove to the "schoolhouse at the lakes behind the Fort..." to organize a Sunday School. Others there were Mr. and Mrs. White, and children, Mrs. Harrington and son, the Barnes and Northover children and Jenny Young.

Edgar T. Short.
Tacoma Times.
July 6,1934.

Getting back to the Huggins family, the winter of 1870-1871 was tough. There was a dreary round of "...cutting firewood, " and "...cooking hog feed, " and looking for stray cattle. The only event of interest recorded that fall was the bazaar or "fancy fair" given by the Sister of Charity at Steilacoom about Thanksgiving time.

Sister Peters was at Nisqually soliciting donations for the fair. Mrs. Huggins gathered up quite a collection and of this Mr. Huggins wrote: "Went to town today with Willie. Took the contributions to the fair. Was induced to stay a while and of course was compelled to spend seven or eight dollars."

January 1, 1871 came in with a sharp white frost. Huggins like many of us, had difficulty in remembering that a new year was upon him. The first New Year entry in the journal shows that he wrote 1870 and then tried to cover the "0" with a very heavy figure "1" .This entry tells how the Indian servants all went to a soiree at the mouth of Chamber's creek and became so drunk that they were all sick and useless for a week after.

All that winter the principal occupations continued to be cutting and hauling firewood, boiling hog feed and digging turnips. Huggins did the cooking while the Indians and the boys took care of the fuel supply and dug the turnips.

An unfavorable season started when March came in with a squall. It was cold and wet during the planting season. Later the weather became dry and hot and grasshoppers ruined all the oats and part of the wheat.

On top of this misfortune "Peggy's" calf fell into the river and

drowned. "Nellie" the best cow in the herd disappeared and a week later Mrs. Peter Judson drove up and said that "Nellie" had been found at the foot of a cliff with her neck broken.

The next day worry over these pioneers troubles was side-tracked by a tragedy. A neighbor, James Cauley, was found in his yard dead from gunshot wounds. Another neighbor was arrested and charged with murder. That gave the country-side something to talk about.

In the meantime, after many vexatious delays, Huggins had proved up on the Nisqually claim but was worried for fear that the government might charge him too much for the improvements. He was having other troubles too. J. B. Chapman was protesting Huggins' claim on the ground that he was acting for the Hudson's Bay Company. Chapman himself had filed on a portion of the Steilacoom townsite and a mass meeting was held to protect his claim. It was terribly exciting for a while.

All this time not much was said about how the family was getting along except an occasional reference to the domestic help problem. After "Margaret from Cowlitz" who proved to be "...poorly adapted for household work," Mrs. Huggins had worried along with such help as she could get from the Indian women.

One day Dr. Tolmie, who knew from experience something of the servant problem at Nisqually solved the difficulty by sending Mrs. Huggins a Chinese cook and all-around house man. This arrangement was so satisfactory that some of the other "...best families..." sent for Chinese servants.

The practice became so general that when the Chinese were driven from Tacoma by a vigilance committee a few years later, ninety per cent of the homes here were left without servants.

Edgar T. Short.
Tacoma Times.
July 13, 1934.

With too much rain in the Spring and now enough in the growing season, a scourge of grasshoppers which ruined the grain crops, and a freezing winter, the year 1871 was tough on the Huggins family and other settlers around Steilacoom and Nisqually. The last day of the old year the thermometer was below zero , but the new year of 1872 came in bright. Before the day was over a south wind began to blow and a warm rain washed away the snow and ice. Huggins celebrated the new year by trading two bushels of onions with Charley Weston for four bushels of apples.

The weather improved so rapidly that Huggins was sowing rye and wheat before the end of January. Everybody was busy getting ready for a good season.

About this time Willie Huggins evidently had been promoted for his father's diary tells about him boiling the hog feed instead of digging turnips. Then he had a stroke of bad luck.

Young Huggins came near being killed by the ramrod of his muzzle loading gun. With the gun at half cock he was ramming a charge with the rod when one of the unexpected happened. The charge exploded and the ramrod wen through his fingers and just grazed his head.

With "Willie laid up" it was tough enough, but that day day Huggins strained his back and had to go to bed. The next day Dr. Weston called from Steilacoom. He fixed Willie's hand so that it soon healed, but Huggins had a seige of three weeks in bed. Of course he did a lot of sputtering about being laid up when there was

so much to be done but the farm work went along pretty well. Eddie Huggins took over Willie's job and the hands worked just as well as they did when the boss was around.

May 1, 1872, Hiram McAllister came from down Olympia way to teach the Nisqually school. Eddie, Tom and John Huggins went to school but Willie, being a big boy stayed at home and did a man's work. One of his jobs that month was herding a band of sheep on a piece of fertile prairie to get rid of the grass and make it easy to plow for late spuds.

One of the events of early summer was a visit from two peddlers, the Levine Brothers. They stayed a couple of days and Huggins traded them out of a good horse. As he tells it in the journal, "Old Charley," was so old and used up that he was no longer a match for "Tom" his teammate. The peddlers had a fine big bay horse about eight years old, slightly lame.

Huggins knew horses and was sure the lameness could be cured so he offered to trade "Old Charley" for the bigger and younger horse. The peddlers held out for a while but finally made the deal when Huggins added forty dollars in cash. Just how far the peddlers traveled before "Old Charley" played out completely isn't recorded.

Early that fall Mrs. Huggins got a break in a new smooth floor in the kitchen and dining room. The material came from the Tacoma Mill and was the first matching flooring at Nisqually. Housewives who have tried to keep a rough board floor clean know what a relief it must have been to have real floors.

Just about the time the floor was finished Governor Ferry and wife, General Milroy and some other territorial dignitaries dropped in for dinner on their way from Olympia to the Puyallup Indian headquarters on the reservation. Of course, they made Mrs. Huggins happy by admiring the swell floors.

Weather that fall was ideal for harvesting and crops were abundant. Adam Benston's threshing crew came and spent a couple of days at Nisqually threshing the oats and wheat. In three weeks the crew threshed about fifteen thousand bushels of grain for the Nisqually and Puyallup farmers.

The social event that fall was the Thanksgiving Ball given by the Steilacoom Ladies Aid society. About fifty couples attended, including, of course, the folks from Nisqually. The Puget Sound Express noted that the "...ladies all were sensibly attired..." and that there were none of the "...novel reading primping lally-gagging..." young women just then beginning to be a torn in the flesh of the older generation.

As a Christmas present that year the Huggins family got the final patent on one hundred sixty acres of the Fort Nisqually property, including the buildings. Huggins had feared that the buildings would be valued so high that he couldn't afford to go through the deal. He noted in the journal that the government probably figured the cost of appraising and selling the buildings would be more than they were worth. Huggins knew the buildings were worth a good deal more, but it wasn't his business to compel the government to take the money. He paid a dollar and twenty-five cents an acre for

the land.

Edgar T. Short
July 20, 1934.
Tacoma Times.

Reading between the lines of Edward Huggins journal one is struck by the havoc wrought among the Indians by the white man's civilization. Before the Hudson's Bay Company departed from Fort Nisqually, Indians came about the fort and many were employed by the Company. When Huggins homesteaded the property in 1870 there were still a few Indians at Nisqually, but as the record proceeds Indian names appear less frequently.

Like the rich native grass and the fox and the deer, the Indian disappeared as civilization made life more complex. Finally there was left on the Huggins Nisqually farm only "Old Bill." For several years there was not a better worker but as time passed "Old Bill" began to slip. His visits to Steilacoom became more frequent and each time he indulged more freely in the rum with which the white man sought to take the sharp edge off his own sorrows.

After each visit to Steilacoom "Old Bill" would return to the Huggins farm, less able to do his work. Finally he told Huggins he was going quit.

"Too lonesome here," he told Huggins. "Indians are all gone. Too much rum. Go where Indians are." So poor "Old Bill" left his job to escape the effects of the civilization for which four of his people forty years previously had walked two thousand miles toward the rising sun.

"Old Bill" wasn't the only one who became lonesome at Nisqually and quit his job. An entry in the journal in the Spring of 1876 tells that "Miss Meeker, the teacher..." became so lonesome that she had to give up her school. She complained that there were no girl pupils attending school in the little log building near where Jason Lee in

1839 established the first school north of the Columbia River and the women were too busy to be companionable.

Commenting on this Huggins wrote: "The fact is, it isn't the absence of girls pupils, but she is home and mother sick." Fancy some of the modern school teachers quitting because there were no girl pupils.

Huggins tried to encourage her to continue through the term but it was no use. Finally he went to Lakeview and telegraphed her father in Puyallup, J. J. Meeker, to come and get her. Meeker drove over the next day and maybe it wasn't a happy girl who climbed to the seat in the spring wagon, homeward bound.

The only thing that didn't change was the work on the Huggins farm. The journal shows an endless round of tasks, ploughing, sowing, harvesting, splitting rails, butchering. The butchering was only for the home meat supply but Huggins always had a few animals which he sold to provide meat for nearby towns.

On one occasion, David Chambers bought ten fat steers from Huggins for the Olympia trade. It required some time to close the deal. After they agreed on a price of six cents a pound, there was a question of how much the beef would weigh. They had no scales to weigh the animals and as they were to be slaughtered only as Olympia needed beef, weighing them dressed would necessitate Huggins waiting until the last one was slaughtered before getting his money.

They finally agreed to take one of the steers as an average and settle the lot on that basis. This particular steer dress at five hundred thirty pounds and Chambers sent Huggins a check for three hundred

eighteen dollars for the lot of five thousand three hundred pounds.

Huggins apparently was always having trouble with his cows. It was "Snowball" or "Katie" or "Lily" or "Susie" or "Squinty" that required some special care. In the fall of 1875 "Susie," a valuable animal died just after a fine calf was born. It seemed as if the calf would have to be knocked in the head, but Mrs. Huggins rigged up a bottle and a nipple which "Susie II" was given for nourishment. That was the first bottle fed calf in this part of the country.

"Tacoma," a father pig with a long line of blue blooded ancestors, obtained from Dr. Tolmie's farm at Victoria, also was a source of more or less trouble. He was kept, however, until he was too ornery to handle and then became just common salt pork.

July 4, 1876, the first centennial of American independence, should have been celebrated by all the Huggins family, but early that morning "Baby Joe" was taken seriously ill, The boys went to Steilacoom to spend the day, but Mr. and Mrs. Huggins stayed home to doctor Joe. The usual home remedies were applied but didn't help much.

That night when the boys came home about ten o'clock, one of them was sent to Fort Steilacoom for Dr. Bullard, but he had gone to Portland to celebrate. That night and the next day "Little Joe," grew worse. AT four o'clock in the afternoon Willie Huggins saddled a horse and galloped to Olympia for a doctor but it was eleven o'clock the next day before he got back with Dr. Steele. It looked tough for poor "Little Joe," but Doctor Steel went to work and late that afternoon he was out of danger.

The case of "Little Joe" was just one of the incidents which every pioneer family faced with more or less frequency. Doctors were few and far between. Home remedies sometimes were effective and sometimes they were not. Sometimes there was nothing to do but just sit by and watch a "Little Joe" lose a battle for existence.

Edgar T. Short
Tacoma Times
August 3, 1934.

Early in the story of Fort Nisqually as disclosed by Edward Huggins there appears frequent reference to Willie, oldest of the children who grew up in the historic old house now being restored at Point Defiance. He could not have been more than ten years old when he began to take on his share of the farm work.

We first hear of him weeding turnips. Then he is watching a band of sheep, keeping them in a prescribed area so they would eat the grass down close and make it ready for plowing. A little later we read of him riding to Steilacoom for the mail, and that became a regular job. Soon he is "pulling" turnips, riding over the prairie after stray cattle, driving to Steilacoom at three o'clock in the morning to meet a visitor who is coming on the boat from Victoria.

One of his steady jobs was "cooking pig feed" in an iron kettle over an open fire in the barn yard. This was something to be done every day during cold weather. After the feed was cooked it had to be carried in heavy buckets to the pig pens.

Another regular job was cutting turnips which furnished the succulent feed for the milk and beef cattle and sheep during the winter. And if there was any time after the regular chores were done, there always was the wood pile inviting attention.

A couple of years after his name first appeared in the "Journal of Occurrences at Nisqually House, " we read "...Today Willie took a load of wheat to the mill and returned a little after

dark with two barrels of flour."

Another year and he is plowing and some of the routine farm chores have been taken over by his brother Eddie. The next season Willie seems to have had charge of getting up the hay. He was running the mower while Father Huggins and Eddie cut out the corners with a scythe. When the Huggins hay crop was cut he earned a few dollars mowing for the neighbors or taking his work out in some commodity the family could use.

He must have been quite a hand with horses, for when there was any hauling to do it was Willie who had the job. He hauled wheat to the mill at Steilacoom, drove to Tacoma for lumber, and on several occasions took a load of produce to Olympia.

But operating the mowing machine and driving team were not his only jobs. He helped brad and grade the sheep and often did that work for the neighbors. When there was a steer or couple of pigs to be butchered for the family meat, he helped. And during the fall in the early seventies he helped finish "the boys" room" which Huggins added to the original Nisqually House.

With all this work Willie also went to school. Of course, going to school in the seventies wasn't what it is now. Three or four months was a good school year, and that lent plenty of time for work.

After a few years of these activities an entry on October 2, 1877 reads: "With Willie, sold four fat hogs at Steilacoom today for six and one half cents a pound. All together there were one thousand one hundred and three pounds. With the money bought clothes for

Willie who goes Monday to attend the Territorial University at Seattle."

That was the end of farming for Willie Huggins. At the university he took a course in engineering and after graduation went to work for the Northern Pacific. In a couple of years he went east and was next heard of building railroads in Brazil. He remained there a number of years and is credited with the construction or promotion of the important railroad system of the country.

David H. White, civil engineer, in the Fidelity Building, a neighbor of the Huggins family recalls that Willie was the only one of the Nisqually boys to go to the university. He also remembers that the Huggins mowing machine was the first one in this part of the country.

One of Willies first jobs with the machine was mowing the hay and grain on the White farm at so much an acre. David was studying to be a civil engineer himself and his first job was the measure the fields and figure out how much Willie was to be paid.

Edgar T. Short.
August 10, 1934.
Tacoma Times.

PUGET SOUND PIONEER VESSELS

The Eliza Anderson was built and launched in Portland, Oregon, in 1857 or 1858. I ought to know a good deal about this because two relatives of mine by marriage were then in the service of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, Washington. They were large stockholders in the company which constructed the Eliza Anderson. She was named after a daughter of Alexander Anderson, a retired officer of the Hudson Bay Company, then living on his farm, a colonial claim, at or near a little town situated on the Columbia River midway between the mouth of the Cowlitz River and Astoria.

Miss Eliza Anderson was a good looking girl, and in those days I suppose, thought a good deal of. In 1861 she married a young Scotchman named Beattie, and she lived at Fort Nisqually from 1861 to 1863 where her husband was serving under me as clerk during that period. When he left the service he with his family went to England. With his wife's loving influence to back him, he became cashier of the Bank of New Zealand, which position he held until his death a few years ago.

The first American steamer on Puget Sound was the Mary Tompkins. She arrived at Steilacoom, en route to Olympia, from San Francisco on the evening of September 9, 1854. Mr. Hunt was captain and John Scranton her owner. She was a wretched boat, a propeller, I think, about one hundred fifty tons register. She carried mail, freight and passengers, starting and touching at all the forts, generally taking five or six days to make the voyage. The fare to Victoria was at first twenty dollars each

way, cattle ten dollars per head.

On the 7th of October, 1854, the Hudson Bay Company's barge Prince Albert, under Captain Mannock, an old Hudson Bay Company commander, arrived at our landing with a large cargo of goods, consisting of about seventy-five thousand dollars worth, prime cost, for the trade of this place, and this ship gave the old Tompkins the first money-making job she ever had on the Sound. The Prince Albert, being one of the company's regular barge ships, was built purposely to batter with the ice in Hudson Bay.

At the time mentioned Dr. Tolmie was away on a trip to Oregon with a band of four thousand sheep, which he disposed of before coming home. He was gone two or three months, I believe, and as I was considered too young to have charge of the company's business here, a man named H. Peers, an old officer in the service and at that time in charge of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company's farm at Cowlitz, was sent here to take charge of this place during Dr. Tolmie's absence.

Mr. Peers and Scranton, owner of the Tompkins became very chummy and seemingly were very fond of the Hudson's Bay Company's fine wines and liquors and somehow or other Scranton persuaded Peers to give him the job of towing the Prince Albert to Victoria. The Tompkins was to receive the sum of six hundred dollars for the service, four hundred of which was paid to Scranton before he left Steilacoom.

The old steamer started off with the old Hudson Bay barge tied to her, but before they had made many miles a strong southeaster struck them, and to prevent the Tompkins from being run down the hawser had to be

cut and the old sailor soon left the steamer astern.

This incident caused a good deal of feeling, and the parties concerned in this disaster got a sharp raking down for it. The Major Tompkins continued to run on the Sound and Victoria route, until she was totally wrecked on the tempestuous night of the 10th of February, 1855, in trying to enter Victoria harbor, but without loss of life.

Several steamers ran on the Sound before the Eliza Anderson's day began. I recollect the old propeller Constitution, afterward converted into a sailing vessel; the larger and faster paddle-wheel steamer, New York; the steamer Josie McNear, of which Captain Winsor, once sheriff of Pierce County and Naty Crosby, the father of the present United States deputy marshal of Pierce County were owners.

The handsome new paddle-wheeler steamer Enterprise was sold to the Hudson Bay Company during the winter of 1861 or 1862 for sixty-five thousand dollars. This steamer ran for several years between Victoria and New Westminster, and was wrecked in Cadboro Bay some ten or fifteen years ago.

I am not quite certain of the date of the beginning of the Anderson's Sound trips, but by referring to the company's shipping book, find that the last shipment the company made on the steamer Constitution was on the 16th of April, 1858, with twenty-five head of cattle, and the first shipment per the Anderson was on the 24th of September, 1859, with a small lot of fresh beef.

Edward Huggins. "Puget Sound
Pioneer Vessels," The Wash-
ington Historian I (July,
1900), 196- 97.