THEY CAME TO PUGET SOUND

Reminiscences of Seven

Pioneer women

Sarah McAllister Hartman

Esther Packwood Chambers

Nancy Russel Thomas

Ellen Jane Mark Wallis

Mary Perry Frost

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Tacoma Public Library
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INTRODUCTION

In 1892 Clinton Snowden, editor of the Tacoma Daily Ledger began a promotion for an Old Settlers Day at the Western Washington Exposition by announcing a contest open to anyone who had arrived in the Pacific Northwest, either by wagon or by sail before the coming of the railroad. Snowden offered two round trip tickets on a Pullman Palace Car from Tacoma to Chicago for the 1893 Worlds Fair to the person writing the best historic accounts of Pioneer days in the Pacific Northwest.

A goodly number of pioneer settlers responded to Mr. Snowden's promotion and for a number of months the accounts written by the settlers were printed in the Tacoma Daily Ledger and the Tacoma Weekly Ledger . So successful was the contest that following the award of the first prize a second contest was announced so that more settlers would be encouraged to write of their experiences.

This collection of seven reminiscent accounts appearing in this book were taken from the Tacoma Weekly Ledger and focus on an often neglected area, history from a woman's viewpoint. Generally these stories differ from those written by the men in that they present history from this second point of view.

None of the women who wrote led a wagon train, captained a ship, commanded a military operation, or served as a public official but they were present and recorded what they experienced and saw.

Of the seven accounts two are from women, Mrs. Hartman and Mrs.Chambers, who came to the Pacific Northwest as small children in the 1840s and who coincidently lived near each other in the Nisqually valley. Four, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Frost and Mrs. Ruddell, tell stories of crossing the plains as adults and the final story by Mrs. Luzana B. Wallace describes coming to the territory by sea.

Both Mrs. Hartman and Mrs. Chambers did not experience the actual events described for they were small children but they saw and heard their parents discuss what happened. Mrs. Hartman's father, James McAllister, was killed by Indians in 1855 and her story of what happened to the McAllister family is especially interesting.

Since all the stories were written at least forty years after they happened it is interesting to note that in most cases what was written agrees closely with more official accounts. Even names generally come out as they actually were and only occasionally are mistakes shown such as recording Michael Connell who was killed during the Indian War of 1855 as Thomas Connell.

The urge to annotate and footnote extensively was resisted for this publication since much of what was written presupposes a certain expertise and interest that would not be served by overloading with annotations and footnotes.

The small world of the 1840s and 1850s was of special interest in accounts. People who are mentioned in one account often show up in other

accounts even years later.

Those who read these reminscences will be interested to read of one women who was badly burned while cooking over a campfire when her long dress caught on fire but to had to travel on the next day because she could not stay behind, of the mother who swore to protect her ten year old son from the Indians if only someone would show her how to load her pistol, of the woman who warned settlers that Indians were wearing warpaint and was ignored, and the woman who gave up her place in a wagon so that an ill person might ride.

All these stories and many more are presented in this collection.

Gary Fuller Reese.
Tacoma Public Library.

CONTENTS

In the year 1843 James McAllister and family left Kentucky for Missouri in order to make an early start in the spring for the far west, his object for coming being his health. They were nine months from the Mississippi to Whitman Mission, and remained there on account of sickness, my oldest sister being sick with mountain fever.

They were treated with kindess, but were discouraged by finding everything so different from what they had expected. When they started they thought they would find settlements, but alas, there were none. News was very difficult to get in those days, and like a snow-ball, it grew as it traveled, and a little item soon grew to be a large one.

Father was anxious to reach a settlement on account of schools, and he hard there was one on the Sound and one on the Cowlitz River. He started for the Sound in company with five other families: Gabriel Jones, wife and three children; George Bush(colored) wife and six children; David Kindred, wife and son; Michael Simmons, wife and seventeen children; three single men, John Doe, Richard Roe, and John Smith.

They got as far as Sopha Island in the Columbia River, when winter overtook them and they camped there. In the Spring they started for the settlement and found it consisted of a Hudson's Bay trading post without a white woman in it. There was a man named Burrier, who was married to a halfbreed woman. It has been stated that her son was the first white child born in the state, but I don't think she claimed this to be true.

Still anxious to reach a settlement, they started for the Sound country, making their own road from the Cowlitz to the Sound. While waiting at the Cowlitz, they were met by the Chief of the Nisquallys, Leschi, who had heard of the white squaws coming. He met them and welcomed them to this country, making each family a present and inviting them to join his tribe, saying, we might be annoyed by roving Indians, and if we did not belong to his tribe, he could not protect us. Some of the party joined; others did not, fearing to trust him.

Leschi took them to what is known as Bush Prairie, each family taking a claim near each other. Their claims were about twelve miles from Ft. Nisqually which consisted of a trading post of five or six men. These two trading posts were the only settlements here, hence those five women were the first white women on the Sound, and the first in the State, except three or four at Whitman mission; Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. Whitman, and another name I have forgotten; and I think Mr. and Mrs. Eels were there.

The English did not receive the Americans very cordially at first, refusing to sell them anything, or to have very much to do with them, but they afterwards became reconciled to them. The Sound Indians were always very kind to us.

When we first came we had a little difficulty with them on the Columbia River, but were victorious. Nearly all the men were absent from camp when a roving band of Indians came along, and seeing the emigrants unprotected, they began helping themselves to whatever took their fancy, but unfortunately for them, they began at the wrong camp, that being mother's. Father was gone leaving her the sole

defender of her brood, so she jerked a tent pole and laid it about her with such good effect that she had a squad of Indians going on a double-quick in a very short time. The others, seeing them going, took to their heels, leaving the camp forever.

On March 13,1844, James Burton McAllister was born on Bush Prairie, being the first white child born on Puget Sound. The Rev. Mr. Eels had a son born about the same time; whether it was before or after, I cannot tell, but beyond doubt they were the first white children born in the state.

Father, finding the soil rather light for farming on Bush Prairie, came, by Leschi's invitation, to Nisqually valley and selected his farm at the junction of the Shnonabdaub and Squaquid Creeks. We were destined to witness many a wild and horrible scene that other settlers were spared. Our first wheat was planted on Bush Prairie; father secured a half bushel through the kindness of an old English gentlemen , enabling him to get it. The other families procured the same quantity, and were obliged to plant and re-plant for three years before they dared to use any, and during those three years the five families never saw bread, let alone tasting it.

But they always had plenty to eat such as it was, and more than people would think possible. We had all kinds of game, which was more than plentiful than tame stock now, fish and clams, dried and fresh, the Indians showing us how to prepare them. We never succeeded in learning the art of drying them.

We were more successful in drying fruit, the Indian method requiring no sugar. There was no salt in the country. For vegetables; Lackamas, Speacotes, and numerous other roots. We children learned to like the Indian foods so well that we thought we could not exist without it. We kept a supply as long as we could get it, but I have not seen any for many years.

Father was the first white man ever in the Nisqually Valley, going in canoes, embarking at Tumwater and going to the mouth of the Shnonabdaub Creek; that was the only road for years, excepting Indian trails.

In 1846 mother, disliking to be alone while father was building, he laughingly told her he had seen two large stumps side by side, and if she would live in them he would take her with him. Mother said she would, so father scraped out the stump and made a roof, and mother moved in with her six children.

She found it very comfortable, the burn-out roots making such nice cubby-holes for storing away things. Mother continued to live in her stump house until father built a new house; the work being necessarily slow, for father had but a few tools. The Indian Council Ground was a natural opening in the woods, about a half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, lying southeast by northwest. Father built our house on the north part of it; our stump house was about three hundred yards southeast of our present home.

After coming into the Nisqually, we began to live in earnest. We soon had plenty of everything; father brought vegetable and fruit seeds

which he planted as soon as he could. He had driven two yoke of cows across the plains.

We were in the Indian country, indeed, there being twenty Indians in the valley to one on the prairie. We soon learned to speak their language. Mother, being a southern woman, and being used to negro servants, adopted Indian maidents Arrawannah, Hiawatha and little Slip-Slop to train to housework.

Two boys were taken, Clipwhalen and Morodes; she found them apt scholars and they remained faithful to us during the Indian trouble. One of them, Clipwhalen, gave his life to save our family.

People now began to come into the country. In 1848 Mr. Packwood and Mr. Shajer came into the valley, living on our farm until such time as they could select claims and build on them. The California gold fever broke out and Mr. Packwood taking it went to California, but was soon cured and returned, settling on the same claim he had left.

At this time the gold fever was very high about Queen Charlotte's Island. Father, with several others took it, and twenty-seven formed a company, bought a schooner, and started with high hopes. But they only got within a few hundred yards of the island when the vessel struck on the rocks, the men having to get ashore they best way they could.

They had an interpreter with them, and succeeded in making a treaty with the Indians. Tne northern Indians were much more savage than Sound Indians, who stood in great fear of them and gave them all the wreck except the tobacco, which they reserved for their own use.

They remained prisoners three months and were rescued by Captain Balch, the founder of Steilacoom. The British government furnished about one thousand dollars worth of goods, which was repaid by the United States government. They told many a joke on one another when they home, but there was one which they tried to keep from their wives, but which the bachelors told.

On every new moon the Indians had a feast of a certain dish which the men were very fond of, and which consisted of roots; vegetables being very scarce it was a great treat to them. So the married men thought they would get the recipe for their wives, and asked the Indians how it was made, but they refused to tell.

Not liking to be outwitted by an Indian, they set men to watch and this is what they saw. A rude stone furnace, with a rude crock - - and about a dozen old squaws around it as close as they could get, each with a lapfull of different roots, which they would bite off in large mouthfuls, chewing it to the proper consistency and dropping it into the crock, to be made into chow-chow, as the men called it. Strange to say, the men lost their appetites for this dainty dish.

Another story they told was about father; his teeth being very poor he could not eat the dired fish they gave him, so the chief called an old slave woman and bade her sit down and chew it for him, which she did not appear to think anything out of the way, but he failed to appreciate the kindness.

When father returned he had lost a good deal of money and did not bring back so much as a bad penny. While he was absent someone sent an order for shingles; mother would not lose the order, so she

hired a crew and filled the demand, making about five hundred dollars.

The Indians generally adopted the white people's customs very readily, but some social habits they failed to observe, and knocking at the door, for instances, was one of them. Some of them good-naturedly complied with mother's request by announcing their coming by rapping at the door, Mother explained to them that it was the custom of white people to do so. They replied, as she was in Indian country, why shluld she not adapt herself to their customs? As many of them objected to rapping, she kept the door locked.

One day a strange Indian who had never seen a white woman before, came to visit these Indians, and was very anxious to see a pale-face. They had explained our queer custom of rapping at the door. He said anybody was a fool to stop and rap. "The idea of anyone going to a door and having someone open it for him! He could open all the doors he came to." So he came to pay his respects.

The other Indians declining to accompany him, he came alone, tried the door and found it fast, so he bravely attacked it with his war club, a few blows brining it to the floor. Mother, knot knowing what to make of this grabbed her horse pistol and fired as the door fell, hitting him in the calves of both legs. She was alarmed at what she had done, not knowing how the other Indians would like it. As none of them appeared, she went to their camp and told them what she had done, and what he had done' but instead of being angry they laughed and told her of his brags. She showed them how to make a litter to carry him to the camp; she dressed his wounds, removed several buckshot, and nursed him until he was well. He was her best friend after that.

One day when mother and my oldest sister were gathering cranberries, they heard a slight noise, and looking up beheld an Indian covering them with his gun. Not knowing his intentions and not liking to ask, mother drew her rusty horse pistol, made him lay down his gun and go away backwards. She captured his gun and took it home. She soon discovered the gun belonged to a slave, who was hunting for his master.

He had heard a great deal about the white squaw being more brave than the red one, but said they were not any braver; it was their strong house that made them bold. This old Indian, Momluckion, is still living, and he tells the story himself, and still laughs heartily about it. He was always friendly to the whites, and sent rescue to several families.

One day as mother was cooking hoecakes by the fire, one old fellow squatted down as close to her Dutch oven as he could get. Mother stepped out for a moment, and when she returned she missed her cakes. She noticed the old fellow holding his arms in a suspicious manner. Suspecting the trouble, she stepped up to him, took hold of his arms, and pressed them to his sides, holding them like a vise, burning his arms to a blister. The old rascal had stolen mother's cake and hidden it under his blanket. He was known afterwards as Old Hoecake.

Another time, some Indians reclined by the fire by which mother was cooking, and one of them just to show his contempt spat in the Dutch oven. Mother stepped forward and without a word took a stick of wood from the fire and knocked him down.

The wild animals annoyed us very much. We had to keep the small stock closely confined. One evening, judging from their actions, we knew that wild animals were around. So the older members of the family went out to confine the stock, leaving us smaller children in the house. The dogs started the animals, pressing them so close that they took to the house instead of the trees. We little ones heard scrambling over the top of the house, and were so frightened we did not investigate the matter.

The door was open and we were afraid to close it, and while we were planning how to close it a huge panther thrust his head and shoulders through the door from the roof of the house. What to do was the question we asked each other. It must have been providence prompting us, for we did not know it was the best thing we could do, but my oldest sister seized a flaming pine knot and ran up and shut the door.

I presume my friends think we did nothing but fight Indians and wild beasts, and indeed, I could write a large book full of such stories. But we had amusements, as well. We had church oftener then than now in rural districts. We had no district schools, but father hired a teacher by the month, and I think we were as happy then as now. Like Nashby, I often long for those good old days.

Since arriving in the valley, father had cleared quite a farm, built a sawmill, blacksmith shop, and started a general store. He served two terms in the territorial legislature. He was a man that was first among everything.

The Indians now began to complain--and not without cause--about a

great many things. Father had built a nice house two stories high, with ten rooms on the ground floor. He had everything to insure his comfort and happiness; but poor father did not live to enjoy his well-earned comfort.

In 1855 Leschi came to our house, bringing both his wives. How well I remember it! It was the last time we ever saw Leschi. He told us that he was going to fight; father and mother both tried to persuade him to remain peaceful, and really thought they had done so. The women talked and cried together. He told father that if he would remain on the farm and not join the army, he should not be hurt or his property destroyed.

Leschi said, " I will never raise hand against you, or yours, but if you join the army, I cannot be responsible for whatever others may do, for the Indians are going to fight." And I firmly believe he would have done as he said. Shortly afterwards, he and his family withdrew to the mountains, and thus hostilities began.

The white people raised companies of volunteers, and built forts to take their families into. Father and my older brother George, who was then only seventeen years old, joined Company I, Puget Sound Volunteers. Mother begged him not to do so, and said the Indians would surely kill him then or some other time if he went. He laughed and said he would take cane and cane everyone one of them home. I think he only said that to quiet mother.

But he thought he could persuade Leschi not to fight, and told Capt. Caton so, if he could get the authorities to substantiate his claim. So they gave him a peace commission and he started to Leschi's strong-

hold in the mountains. Mr. Caton was Captain and my father first lieutenant of the Puget Sound volunteers. The company consisted of eleven men, including three from our house, father, George and Clipwhalen.

The company started from our house, going as far as Montgomery's the first day, reached Van Olge's the next day, and camped there in a small house. Father, Lieut. Connel, Clipwhalen and Stahi(the traitor) all departed from the company and went forward to make a treaty with Leschi.

Going to the White River crossing, French's Prairie, then into the woods about a quarter of a mile, they were fired upon by Indians in ambush. The Indians had hidden in three different places, five in each squads The middle squad fired upon them. Father fell forward from his horse, shot twice in the breast. The balls entered about an inch apart, killing him instantly. Stahi gave a warwhoop and joined the Indians.

Clipwhalen and Lieut. Connel turned their horses back, and Connel was shot in the arm, breaking it. He did not fall from his horse, but rode down the road, of course, right into the other squad of Indians, who killed him, cutting him to pieces and scattering the pieces of his body in every direction. Clipwhalen's horse, being young, became unmanageable, took to the woods, thereby saving Clipwhalen's life.

The Indians fired at him and grazed his body with the bullets. He started for home, arriving there about sunrise next morning. About sundown, Caton was out looking for the men to return, and stepped

up on a log to see better, when he saw a muzzle of a gun pointing from behind a stump. He jumped from the log and started for the house, the Indians shooting at him as he ran. From that, the firing became general, the Indians keeping it up all night.

Three or four men were hurt, but none killed. My brother was shot, a portion of his upper lip being carried away. They fought all night and in the morning Capt. Canton asked for a volunteer to go for reinforcements. My brother offered to go. The Indians had stolen all the horses except Caton's which was tied in a slough where the Indians could not find it, so George took the Captain's horse and started for Steilacoom.

After sending help to Capt. Caton, he came home. As he was crossing the Nisqually he was hailed by an Indian, but would not stop. But his horse, being very thirsty he could not prevent it pausing to drink. When it had done so, the Indian sprang forward, grabbing the horse by the bit, and my brother converted him into a "Good Indian." When last seen he was floating down the river.

Arriving at home, my brother found us surrounded by Indians: Clip-whalen was talking to them, coaxing and threatening them by turns. He had sent my younger brother to the field for the horses, but they were all gone. Then they started for the pasture for the oxen and secured one yoke.

Meanwhile, the Indians were making free with everything. We did not know friend from foe. They seated mother and us children on the stairs, took our dinner from the stove, wrapped themselves in our

patchwork quilts. Sister and I, childlike, became very tired of the restraint and left our seats, but we were put back again by an Indian named Ascon, who pointed out of the window. We looked, and saw a number of Indians grinding their knives and tomahawks on our grindstone.

They had moved the stone in front of the house so that we might witness their fiendish preparations. We had some friends among them; Clipwhalen and Ascon, who held the Indians at bay until the boys returned with the oxen. We took what we could carry in our wagon and started for Fort Elenma, and George returned to his company.

Clipwhalen and one of the boys accompanied the family, the others going another road. The wagon had to cross the reservation in order to reach the fort. With one boy driving the oxen, and one ahead, and one behind, we started beating the oxen into a run. The road was fearful, only the larger logs having been taken out. The logs that would admit the wagon over them were notched for the wheels to pass through. Imagine a ride of two miles over such a road, with the oxen on a run! And we were looking for the Indians to be on us any moment.

Generally when a person is looking for something to get scared at, it is very easily found. We saw an Indian on horseback and were frightened, not knowing how many more were behind him. We also saw a bear walking up hill on his hind legs, which gave us another fright, as we first thought it was an Indian.

We reached the fort safely. The building was a barn with a stockade built around it. It had stock-sheds, divided by partitions, which made quite a nice place compared to the other places that had to be endured. Mother was prostrated with grief. After lying in the woods fifteen days, father's body was brought home to her, and was buried from this place with both military and Masonic honors.

Troubles never come singly,and a few days after father's funeral, my sister, Mrs. Thomas Chambers, left her baby asleep in its cradle and went out to care for mother, requesting brother George to care for it and us little ones. While she was gone, the stove was accidently upset, overturning a kettle of boiling water into the cradle and scalding the baby to death.

We remained at this post several months, and in the meantime Fort Ragston was built on the Nisqually, about two miles from our house. In order to be nearer home, mother moved to this place, and then our hard times began. There were nine in our family and we had rations for three men. We were there for one year, and I don't remember having a substantial meal during the time.

While there, my younger brother went to the farm to get something for the family to eat. John, while trying to shoot some ducks, shot himself in the hand, crippling himself for life. We had some very bad Indian scares in that place; my blood used to run cold when the order came "All children must sleep in the block house." We were packed like sardines in the upper floor of the block house.

On account of my brother being shot, mother could not go with

us, so we had to go alone; lying on the rough puncheon floor with only a blanket over us. The lower part of the place was occupied by soldiers, and if we made any noise they would swear at us.

One day an Indian came up the river, and as he neared the fort he put a white rag on his paddle and we paddling past in his canoe. Some young men spoke to the commander about it, but he would not permit them to intercept him, and several young men started in pursuit. One of them had been very recently married and his poor bride could not bear to see him go, so she locked him in their room, locking herself outside to be away from his persuasions to be released.

Nothing daunted, he kicked the door down and started after the other men, overtaking them before they got to the drift, where, sure, enough there sat three Indians waiting for the fourth. The men waited too; presently he came and began to unload his ammunition, when the boys proceeded to convert him into a good Indian.

The sentinels were often firing off their alarm gun, thereby creating terrible excitement. At one time a company of soldiers were coming for reinforcements, Gen. W.W. Muller commanding. Some over-anxious sentinel fired his gun, thinking it was Indians coming to attack the fort. Someone in the fort gave a warwhoop, and those coming up answered it. This caused alarm, each party thinking the others were Indians. To make matters worse, they had let us children out on the island to gather berries, sending a guide with us. As soon as the women heard the warwhoop, they started outside for the children.

The officers ordered them to return but they did not feel obliged to obey, so kept on. The officers charged them with their horses, but several got through, mother among them. Meantime, we children were being sent across the slough in two small canoes. They put the small over first, making the rest await their return.

There we stood, while Indians(as we thought) were charging and about to cut us off from the fort. Both parties were yelling like mad. We little ones stood there until the others got over.I think I tell very nearly how the soldiers feel in battle. All across, they then started us on a run across a sand-bar, where we sank ankle deep at every step, the men riding behind crowding us on.

The nearer the(imaginary)Indians came, the harder they pushed us. Seeing that the little ones couldn't make it, they began picking them up, putting them on their horses. Being rather stout, my feet were soon pulled from under me by my two leaders, and I was being dragged along, when an old man, named Weabaux, made a grab for me, but missed me.

Wheeling his horse, he tried it again with no better success. He then thought to frighten me, and drew his sword and thrust it at me, but I could only fall down and scream. Then he would make another grab with the same result. Becoming provoked he commenced to scold me, something after the following manner: "Geet up, you leetle fool. Geet up I say. I cuts your leggs off wit' mine sword" -- making a slash at me ---"Geet up, you leetle divil---I cuts your head off next time." --Another slash---"Goin' right off and leaves her here and lets the Injuns eat her up alive! You leetle red headed divil,

geet up--geet up!"

The old man was scolding at the top of his voice, he being a little deaf and thinking everyone else was more so. Some one picked me up on their horse and carried me to the fort. I never knew who it was.

This is a fair specimen of the scares in the worst place I was ever in.

As soon as mother considered it safe to go, we moved into Olympia and remained there until it was safe to return to our home. About this time, those who had had relatives killed began to arrest the murderers, bringing them in to trial. The law cleared everyone but Leschi, whom they hung.

The Indians who killed father were killed by law, but they did not escape justice. Little pitchers have big ears, and one night when we were living in town I was awakened by the deep baying of our faithful hound. Presently I heard a tap on the window and it softly opened, and a voice from the darkness said, " I am going to kill the old dog." A voice replied, "Kill the old dog, but don't kill the young one."

Then a hand came in at the window and picked up a pistol that lay on the stand as it generally did. The window then closed. In a short time(I had not gone to sleep) the window opened, and a voice said, " I shot the dog." The hand entered and laid the pistol on the stand. I worried about the old dog, he being my favorite. The next morning, I rose early to see about my dog.

While I was in the yard one of our neighbor's boys came running down

the street. catching his hat as it fell, shouting as he ran,"Good, good, Old Quiemelth is dead and in his shell!" Quiemelth was the Indian who shot father, and he was brought to town to stand his trial, being promised his freedom if he would come. Quiemelth, Leschi, and Stahi were brothers. Owing to his guilty conscience he would not come to town in daylight, and they brought him at midnight, promising to take him out at three o'clock in the morning.So he came and stood trial.

During his trial he confessed that he and another Indian, Topitor, killed father. He gave up the pistol and knife he had taken from father, and the Judge pronounced the Indian "not guilty." The lights were extinguished and a shot was heard. When they were relighted, Quilemuth was found shot and stabbed. I regret to say they did not take him out at three o'clock.

They cleared those Indians who killed father, but they tried every way to kill those who killed father's murderers. Topitor was killed while resisting arrest, but it was no fault of the law that those Indians received their just dues.

Clipwhalen, who was a Similokomeen Indian, was captured from his tribe when a child and made a slave. His master died, and he was allotted to be starved on his master's grave. Father and Chief Wellikneke interceded and saved his life. He remained with us until his death in 1864, when he was killed on our farm by hostile Indians.

They were afraid of fire guns and brutally beat him to death with clubs. His murderers were cleared. He was killed out of revenge for

saving our family, giving his life for those who had saved him. He was known as Charlie by the whites, and was trusy, honest, kind, and brave.

In 1878, Mrs. Blanche Perkins, and her husband were killed under the following circumstances. They lived on the Columbia River; the Indians became very saucy and insolent. Mr. Perkins and wife started for a white settlement, when they met a roving band of Indians, who acted in the most friendly manner. My niece knew several of the band and could talk to them, but her husband could not.

Mrs. Perkins divided her lunch with them and treated them kindly. All getting on their horses, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins started for the settlement. The Indians began to threaten them. Mrs. Perkins begged and reasoned with them, and tried to have them let them go unharmed.

They then started off, riding a few hundred yards away, when they wheeled their horses, giving chase to Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, whose horses were jaded and weary, and were unable to outdistance their pursuers. The Indians fired on them, hitting Mr. Perkins; he fell from his horse; Mrs. Perkins sprang to the ground, to help her husband on his horse, when they fired again, killing Mr. Perkins, the bullet passing through his body, hitting his wife and wounding her. They then tied ropes to his body and tied the rope to a saddle, and drew him about, and then they buried my niece alive beneath a pile of stones. My brother-in-law, father and Mrs. Perkins, were killed about the same time.

Before closing my story, I will describe some of the habits of the

Indians. Clipwhalen married a Chehalis girl, and for the benefit of the newcomers, I will describe the wedding ceremony of that tribe.

The young Indian selects his bride-elect and goes to his people and tells them whom he has selected. His people then send an agent to her parents to learn the price and try to get it lowered if possible. Having settled the price, they return and send invitations to all their tribe. They then begin to gather at the bride's parents', each one bringing a present, large or small. As each one brings their own bed and provisions, the old folks are not put to much trouble or expense.

The groom and his bride camp a few yards away; both parties feast three or four days, winding up with a great procession, all marching in single file. Heading the procession is the bride seated on a pile of mats, carried by as many of her friends as can get hold of the mat, to the tent of the groom. The procession following, each one throws in turn a "potlatch" or present, right and left. All having a grand scramble to get their presents. A squaw will store presents from her cradle to her wedding-day and from her wedding day to her grave.

I will now describe a funeral: When a friend dies, all are summonded (they have a great respect for the dead) and all come, bringing a present for the deceased. The corpse is dressed in its best and laid in a canoe, and the canoe is piled full of their choicest things. They turn another canoe over this one, lashing them together, making a snug coffin. If they intend to go any distance, they tie each end to a horse; an Indian riding the horse.

Thus carrying the corpse very comfortably to some resting place. They then place the canoe containing the remains in the crotch of a tree, as high as they can reach. They hired mourners when they did not have enough volunteers to go ahead of the corpse and just behind, and a goodly number scattered along the road, howling and singing the praises of the departed.

Some sing their deeds of daring, and some their virtues, all at the same time. Imagine such a procession passing through the woods, where each voice will echo and re-echo.

After placing the canoe in the trees, they proceed to decorate the grave, often putting hundreds of dollars worth on it. Their favorite horse is killed, to be ridden in the Happy Hunting Ground; also their dog and slave, often starving the latter to death, as was proposed to do with Clipwhalen. The howlers still keep their positions, redoubling their cries as the Indians return. They would go out and howl, night and morning for several months afterwards. For grandees, they would have a still greater time.

The Indians has a great many queer customs. It would fill a volume to tell all of these. The one that puzzles the whites the most was the "tomanomies," which is spiritualism pure and simple.

I will now describe the Indian mode of dining: They eat a light meal morning and evening, of dried salmon, clams or meat broiled over the fire, with dried herbs or roots, and berries fresh or dried. They ate lying on mats. Their dinner was more elaborate, and was their principal meal. A good cook was quite an important person, who squatted by the fire, never leaving her seat, the slaves bringing

her everything.

She had a rude stone furnace, about twelve feet long by one wide, which was her sole convenience and was only provided in the best families. She built her fire on top of the oven, and inside, when properly heated, she removed the fire and rolled her meat up in leaves, putting it in the oven and closing it tight.

Fish cooked in this way was delicious. When done she removed the fish or meat, laying it clear from the bone with a skillful movement, breaking it in small pieces. She then gives it to a slave, who carries it around to those lying on the ground, each one having a small quantity of roots or berries on their mats. In season they have salmon berries, blackberries and raspberries, and maple sprouds with water cress and parsley for salads.

Their dishes were made of different materials, and were round or oval; while for plates they used spoons each holding about a pint. The cook filled these, the slaves carrying them to the persons on the mats.

They had a small spoon to eat with. They roasted meat before the fire, and they had a water-tight basket in which they boiled their food. They were very clean about their eatables. They have a number of medical herbs, whose virtues are unknown to the white people. I have used a number of their herbs in my family with success.

I will now say a few words about Mt. Tacoma. I have always heard it called Tacoma by the natives. It was called Rainier after an English admiral. The name Tacoma (Tahoma) means nourishing breast.

I think that Rainier should be discarded and that the Indian name should be kept, when possible. The creek called Shinonadaub by the Indians was afterwards called McAllister's creek by the whites. I have called our farm Chilocoma, meaning raspberry.

This story was written under many difficulties, and if any of the old settlers notice mistakes, regard them as the fault of memory, not intention.

Mrs. Sarah McAllister Hartman.
Sherlock, Washington.
February 20,1893.

My father, William Packwood, left Missouri in the spring of 1844 with my mother and four children in an ox wagon to cross the plains to Oregon. My mother's health was very poor when we started. She had to be helped in and out of the wagon, but the change by traveling improved her health so much that she gained a little every day, and in the course of a month or six weeks she was able to get up in the morning and cook breakfast, while my father attended his team and did other chores.

I had one sister older than myself, and I was only six years old. My little sister and baby brother, who learned to walk by rolling the water keg as we camped nights and mornings were of no help to my sick mother.

The company in which we started was Captain Gilliam's, and we traveled quite a way when we joined Captain Ford's company, making upward of sixty wagons in all. Our company was so large that the Indians did not molest us, although we, after letting our stock feed until late in the evening, had formed a large corral of the wagons, in which we drove the cattle and horses, and stood guard at nights, as the Indians had troubled small companies by driving off their stock, but they were not at all hostile to us.

We came to a river and camped. The next morning we were visited by Indians who seemed to want to see us children, so we were terribly afraid of the Indians, and as father dove in the river to cross, the oxen got frightened at the Indians and tipped the wagon over, and father jumped and held the wagon until help came. We thought the Indians would catch us, so we jumped to the lower part of the box, where there was about six inches of water. The swim and fright

I will never forget--the Indian fright of course.

I was quite small, but I do remember the beautiful scenery. We could see antelope, deer, rabbits, sage hens and coyotes, etc., and in camp we children had a general good time. All joined at night in the plays. One night, Mr. Jenkins boys told me to ask their father for his sheath knife to cut some sticks with. When using it on the first stick, I cut my left forefinger nail and all off, except a small portion of the top of my finger, and the scar is still visible.

One another evening we children were having a nice time, when a boy by the name of Stephen, who had been in the habit of hugging around the children's shoulders and biting them, hugged me and bit a piece almost out of my shoulder. This was the first time I remember of seeing my father's wrath rise on the plains, as he was a very even-tempered man. He said to the offending boy: "If you do that again, I shall surely whip you."

A few days later we came to a stream that was deep but narrow. Mr. Stephens, this boy's father, was leading a cow by a rope tied around his waist and around the cow's head, for the purpose of teaching the rest of the cattle how to swim. The current being very swift, washed the cow down stream, dragging the man. The women and children were all crying at a great rate, when one of the party went to Mrs. Stephens saying Mr. Stephens is drowning. "Well," she replied, "there is plenty or more men where he came from." Mr. Stephens and his cow all lodged safely in a drift. The company got him out safely, but he did not try to swim a stream with a cow tied to his waist again.

We could see the plains covered with buffalo as we traveled along,

just like the cattle of our plains are here.

One day a band of buffalo came running toward us, and one jumped between the wheel cattle and the wheels of the wagon, and came very near having a general stampede of the cattle; so when the teamsters got their teams quieted down, the men gathering their guns, ran and killed three of the buffalo, and all of the company were furnished with dried beef, which was fine for camping.

We came to a place where there was a boiling spring that would cook an egg and a short distance from this there was a cold, clear spring, and a short distance from that was a heap of what looked liked ashes, and when we crossed it the cattle's feet burned until they bawled.

Another great sight, I remember of seeing, was an oil spring.

Then we reached the Blue mountains. Snow fell as we traveled through them. We then came down in the Grand Ronde valley, and it seemed as if we had reached a paradise. It was a beautiful valley. Here Indians came to trade us dried salmon, lacamas cakes and dried crickette cakes. We traded for some of the salmon and the lacamas cakes but the crickette cakes we did not hanker after.

One man in the one train thouth he would fool an Indian chief, so he told the Indian he would sell his girl, 16 years old, for a couple of horses. The bargain was made and he took the horses and the Indian hung around until near night. When the captain of the company found out that the Indian was waiting for his girl to go with him, the captain told the man that we might all be killed through him, and

made him give up the horses to the chief. The Indian chief was real mad as he took his horses away.

We went on down to The Dalles, where we stopped a few days. There was a mission at The Dalles where two missionaries lived, Brewer and Walter. We emigrants traded some of our poor, tired cattle off to them for some of their fat beef, and some coarse flour chopped on a hand-mill, like what we call chop-feed nowadays.

Then we had to make a portage around the falls, and the women and children walked. I don't remember the distance, but we walked until late at night, and waded in mud knee-deep and my mother stumped her toe and fell against a log or she might have gone down into the river. We little tots fell down in the mud until you would have though we were pigs. The men drove around the falls another way and got out of provisions.

My father, seeing a boat from the high bluffs going down the river, hailed it and when he came down to the boat he found us. He said he had gotten so hungry that he killed a crow and ate it, and thought it tasted splendid. He took provisions to the cattle drivers and we came on down the river to Fort Vancouver. It rained on us for a week and our bedclothes were drenched through and through, so at night we would open our bed of wet clothes and cuddle in them as though we were in a palace car, and all kept well and were not sick a day in all of our six month's journey crossing the plains. My mother gained and grew fleshy and stout.

Next we arrived in what is now the city of Portland, which then consisted of a log cabin and a few shanties. We stayed there a few days

to dry our bedding.

Then we moved out to the Tualitin plains, where we wintered in a barn, with three other families, each family having a corner of the barn, with a fire in the center and a hole in the roof for the smoke to go out.

My father went to work for a man by the name of Baxton, as all my father was worth in money I think was 25 cents, or something near this. He arrived with a cow, calf and three oxen, and had to support his family by hauling rails in the rain to earn the wheat, peas and potatoes we ate, as that was all we could get, as bread was out of the question.

Shortly after father had gone to work my little brother had a rising on his cheek. It made him so sick that mother wanted us to go to the place where father was working. It being dark, we got out of our way, and went to a man who had an Indian woman, by the name of Williams. In the plains there are swails that fill up with water when the heavy rains come, and they are knee deep. I fell in one of these, but we got to Mr. Williams' all right. But when we found our neighbor we began crying, so Mr. Williams persuaded us to come in and he would go and get father, which he did, and father came home with us to our barn house. My little brother got better, and my father returned to his work again.

Among the settlers on the plains were Mr. Zackriss, Mr. Burton, Mr. Williams, and General McCarver, who had settled on farms before we came, and many a time did we go to their farms for greens and turnips which were something new and a great treat to us.

Often the Indians used to frighten us by their war dances, as we called them, as we did not know the nature of Indians, so, as General McCarver was used to them, we often asked him if the Indians were having a war dance for the purpose of hostility. He told us that was they way they doctored their sick.

General McCarver settled in Tacoma when the townsite was first laid out, and is well known. He died in Tacoma leaving a family.

After we moved out to the Tualitin plain many a night when father was away we lay awake listening to the dogs barking, thinking the Indians were coming to kill us, and when father came home I felt safe and slept happily.

In the spring of 1845 my father took a nice place in West Yamill about two miles from the Willamette river and we had some settlers around, but our advantage for a school was poor, as we were too far from settlers to have a school, so my education, what little I have, was gotten by punching the cedar fire and studying at nights, but however, we were a happy family, hoping to accumulate a competency in our new home.

One day, myself and elder sister and brother were carrying water from our spring, which was a hundred yards or more from the house when a number of Indians came along. We were afraid of them and all hid. I hid by the trail when an old Indian, seeing me, yelled out"Adeda," when I began to laugh but my sister was terribly frightened and yelled at me to hide, so they found all of us, but they were friendly to us, only a wretched set to steal, as they stole the only cow we had brought through, leaving the calf with us without milk.

My father was quite a hunter, and deer were plenty, and once in a while he would get one. So we did get along without milk. During the first year we could not get bread, as there were no mills or places to buy flour. A Canadian put up a small chop mill and chopped wheat something like feed is chopped now.

My father, being a jack-of-all-trades, set to work and put a turning lathe up and went to making chairs, and my mother and her little tots took the straw from the sheaves and braided and made hats. We sold chairs and hats and helped ourselves along in every way we could and did pretty well.

One day, while my father's lathe was running, some one yelled "stop;" a large black bear was walking through the yard. The men gave him a grand chase, but bruin got away from them.

My father remained on this place until the spring of 1847 when he and a number of other families decided to move to Puget Sound. During that winter they dug two large canoes, lashed them together as a raft or flatboat to move on, and sold out their places, bought enough provisions to last that summer, and loading up, with their wagons, families and provisions, started for Puget Sound.

Coming up the Cowlitz river was a hard trip, as the men had to tow the raft over rapids and wade. The weather was very bad. Arriving at what was called the Cowlitz landing, we stayed a few days, and moved out to the Catholic priest's place(Mr. Langlay's) where the women and children remained while the men went back to Oregon for our stock. They had to drive up the Cowlitz river by a trail, and swim the rivers.

My father said it was a hard trip.

On arriving at Puget Sound we found a good many settlers. Among them now living that I know of was Jesse Ferguson, on the Bush prairie. We stayed near Mr. Ferguson's place until my father, McAllister and Shager, who now lives in Olympia took them to places in the Nisqually bottoms. My father's place then is now owned by Isaac Hawk.

Mr. McAllister was killed in the Indian war of 1855 and 1856 leaving a family of a number of children, of whom one is Mrs. Grace Hawk. The three families living in the bottom were often frightened by the saucy Indians telling us to leave, as the King George men told them to make us go, so on one occasion there came about 300 Indians in canoes. They were painted and had knives, and said they wanted to kill a chief that lived by us by the name of Quinasapam. When he saw the warriors coming he came into our house for protection, and all of the Indians who could do so came in after him. Mr. Shager and father gave them tobacco to smoke. So they smoked and let the chief go and took their departure. If there were ever glad faces on this earth and free hearts, ours were at that time.

My father and Mr. McAllister took a job of bursting old steamboat boilers up for Dr. Tolmie for groceries and clothing, and between their improving their farms they worked at this. While they were away the Indians' dogs were plenty, and, like wolves, they ran after everything, including our only milch cow, and she died, so there was another great loss to us, but, after father got through with the old boilers, he took another job of making butter firkins for Dr. Tolmie, and shingles also. This was a great help to the new

settlers.

The Hudsons Bay Company was very kind to settlers. In 1849 the California gold fever began to rage. So my father took the fever. I was standing by the fire listening to my mother tell about it, when my dress caught fire, and my mother and Mrs. Shager got the fire extinguished when I found my hair all off of one side of my head and my dress missing. I felt in luck to save my life.

In the spring of 1850 all arrangements were made for the California gold mines and we started by land in an ox wagon. We went back through Oregon and met our company in Yamhill, where we had lived. They joined our company of about thirty wagons. Portions of our journey were real pleasant, but the rest was terribly rough. In one canyon we crossed a stream seventy-five times in one day, and it was the most unpleasant part of our journey.

After two months' travel we arrived in Sacramento City, Cal. and found it tolerably warm for us, not being used to a warm climate.

Father stayed in California nearly two years. Our fortune was not a large one. We returned by sea to Washington and made our home in the Nisqually bottom.

On April 30,1854, I was married to a man by the name of G.W.T.Allen and lived with him, on Whidby island, seven years, during which time four children were born. We finally agreed to disagree. Only one of our children by my first husband is living. She is Mrs. L.L. Andrews of Tacoma He is in the banking business.

On July 7,1863, I was married to my present husband, McLain Chambers. We have lived in Washington ever since. We have had nine children. Our oldest, a son, I.M. Chambers, lives on a farm near Roy. He is unmarried. Mrs. M.B.Wiley, our second, lives in Roy, Wash. A.I. Chambers our next son is married and lives at Yelm Station. Mrs. L.M. McIntyre, our second girl, lives at Stampede, Wash. We have two little boys at home. Have lost three within the last three years. We live a mile and a half southeast of Roy, Was.

Now before I close I shall have to tell you I have lived here through all the hostilities of the war. Dr. Tolmie sent wagons to haul us to the fort for safety. My present husband was a volunteer and came through with a company of scouts, very hungry. They were so hungry that when they saw my mother take a pan of biscuts from the stove, one of them sayihg, "excuse me but we are almost starved," grabbed the biscuits from the pan, eating like a hungry dog.

I suppose you have heard of the murder of Colonel I.N. Ebey of Whidby's Island? He was beheaded by Northern or Fort Simpson Indians and his family and George Carliss and wife making their escape out of the windows, leaving even their clothes and bushwhacking it until morning.

I was on Whitbys island about seven miles from where he was killed that same night, alone with my little girl, now Mrs. Andrews. When one of our neighbors called at the gate and said Colonel Ebey had been beheaded last night, I said, "Captain Barrington it cannot be so, as I had been staying here so close by alone without being disturbed."

Shortly afterward the Indians came armed, and one of them came up to me, shaking a large knife in his hand, saying, "Iskum mika tahnass and matawa copa stick or we will kill you." I said to him, "I don't understand. Come into the field where my husband and an Indian boy are," but they refused to go there, and left me soon. I started for the field with my child, and the further I went the more scared I got, until, when I got to my husband, I cried like a child. He ran to the house and sent a message to the agent on the reservation, but they skipped out of his reach, and never bothered me again, but I truly suffered as though I was sick, although I stayed alone with a boy 8 or 9 years old.

And now, Mr. Editor, if you think my story worthy of printing, I hope you will pardon mistakes, as my limited education was only six months schooling.

Respectfully yours.
Esther Chambers.

Weekly Ledger, June 3,1892.

I, with my husband, William White, and family lived in Grant County, Wisconsin, where we had a pleasant home. Mr. White, being in poor health was told by the doctors that a change might benefit him, and advised him to come to the Pacific coast.

Accordingly, in March, 1850, he started on the long, tedious journey across the plains. We received one letter from him while he was on the way, and after his arrival in Oregon he wrote us, the letter reaching us the following January. In it he told us that he was much better, and said if the family was with him he would make that place is future home. He also told us, if we decided to make the trip what we should take with us and what to leave to make the trip as quickly and as comfortably as possible.

I decided to make the journey and join my husband in his new home, and in March, 1851, I, with my five children, the eldest of whom was a girl of 14 and the oldest boy 11 years of age, started on the way to our future home. There were plenty of men who wanted to drive the team, or help drive it, for their board across the plains.

I engaged E. Titus to drive for me. We went as far as Iowa, where we stopped ten days to visit my father, brother, and sisters. We were joined by my brother, A.W. Stewart; sister M. Stewart, and brother-in-law D.M. Ross, and wife, who came through with me and my family rather than see me undertake the trip alone.

We arrived at Cainesville, where we were compelled to wait two weeks to lay in supplies, as this was the last place we could get anything of the kind until we crossed the mountains. It was now the month of May, and we had heavy rain, thunder and lightning storms, which lasted until

we began to think we would have a continuous journey through that sort of weather.

But we traveled on through mud and rain, and when we reached Elk Horn river we camped, stretched our tents and piled up brush on which to make our beds to keep out of the water. I have never heard of there being as much thunder and lightning as we had in that place. The water covered a stretch of ground six miles wide, with the exception of a small island which contained about an acre of ground, which was about two miles from our camp.

The Mormons had a large ferry-boat to ferry the people of the train to the island, and we were finally landed on it. There were about forty wagons in the train. We put up our tents, and I fixed a place for the children and retired myself, and was soon asleep. The driver and my brother slept in the wagon.

I was awakened by a sharp peal of thunder, and never saw such lightning as there was that night, and which will never been seen anywhere except on the Elkhorn river in Nebraska. Every time I would move the water would find a new place to run, and the night was anything but pleasant. The loose articles lying inside the tent were floating about on top of the water. As we were tented on about the highest point on the island, there was nothing to do but for us all to tumble into the wagon which we did, and all soaking wet.

The water was now up to the bed of the wagon. The men had staked the tent down so the things inside could not float away. The Mormons, who were doing the ferrying, were hunting ox yokes and chains, and

threw the chains over the yokes to keep them from floating away, and yelling to keep their spirits up. We did not know but what we would all float off, and yet it was amusing to watch the performances that were necessary to keep things from getting away.

It was a sea of water in every direction as far as we could see. There was no chance to cook anything to eat, and things looked very seriously at the time, but ere the day passed a ferry boat came to us, and took the women and children, with something to eat, and a part of a tent, to land. At night it rained as hard as ever. Ten or twelve people piled into the tent with the provisions, and they all took turns resting. The pole of the tent had to be held all night to keep it from blowing over.

All this time the men on the island were calking and fixing the wagon-beds in which to bring the remaining things and the wagon wheels over, and finally landing them all, swimming the cattle across nearly the entire six miles, although there were places where they could wade. One of the men came very nearly being drowned in trying to make a horse swim, and finally if I remember it, it had to be towed across.

About the 15th of May, we started up the country and reached Loop fork, where we were ferried over in two canoes, one tied to the other. One of the wagons slipped over and sank, but was finally fished out, and there followed quite an interesting time drying the contents. The accident made Mrs. Smith, who owned the wagon faint, and for a time everything was excitement in trying to bring her out all right.

Everything was finally made straight and we proceeded on our way, encountering nothing worthy of note, until we reached a small stream,

across which a brush bridge had been built by emigrants preceeding us. Two Indians demanded toll, but the captain of the train put the Indians under guard, and the next morning we crossed over and went on our way rejoicing.

While traveling up the Platte river we had plenty of grass for the oxen, but we had no wood. We had quite a merry time, and our company generally was good natured. On Sundays we lay by, and generally had preaching, and the day was mostly spent in singing, attending services, etc. At times our preacher was too tired to preach for us, but we always found our Sundays pleasant.

The man who was driving my team was sick for about three weeks, and during that time I did the driving, only when some of the company volunteered to drive for me, which I did not like to have them do, for they had their own driving to do, and helping me made it very hard on them. We had five yoke of oxen, I would yoke one team, Elizabeth one, William one and the driver one, and while he put them to the wagon we yoked the remaining team, which was put to the end of the tongue.

At night we unyoked in the same manner. We all had our own work to do, and we did it without a murmer.

We had no serious trouble with the Indians. One day our company came upon some Indians who were in the act of robbing two young men. They had their guns pointed at them and were taking things from the wagon, but they left without taking anything with them. The men then traveled with us, but had previously been alone all the way.

There was a company that passed us and repassed us nearly every day. They had horses to the wagon in which the family rode. The Indians stole

their horses, killed one member of the company and wounded another and robbed their wagon. Their name was Clark. We were then traveling in Mormon country, and the Indians often attempted mischief, but never seriously bothered us, although we were in holy terror of them all the time.

During all this time I had had no word from my husband. I had written him that I was on the point of starting, but had no means of knowing whether or not the letter ever reached him.

When we reached Snake river it was high enough to swim all the teams at once, and the driver could wade. So all the beds in the wagons were secured and we drove into the river, each driver holding his lead ox. I expected to have to swim too, before we reached the other side, but we landed safely. We proceeded on with no event worthy of note until we reached the Grande Ronde valley.

There we found a family who had been left by their company. The mother was very sick and could not travel. She had a son, a young man, and a little girl, two little girls having died a few days before. The woman said to me in the morning when we were going to leave the valley, "You will not leave me, will you?" and I told her I would not, answering without thinking of the consequences.

When our company came to talk it over they decided that provisions were too scarce to think of remaining. Mr. Rice, the son of the dying woman, said for them to go on, and he would let those who would remain have horses so as to catch the train, so Dr. Spinning, Millie Stewart, Dr. Partlow, Lucretia Redding and myself stayed with Mrs. Rice. She died that day and we buried her, and started on to catch the company which we did the next day.

Coming over the Blue mountains it rained and the roads were very slippery. The men were compelled to hold the wagons to prevent their sliding around or turning over. We traveled on until dark, thinking to reach water, but found none. Our number was increased by one during the night, a bright baby boy, whom we christened Charles Ross, being born to Mrs. D.M. Ross.

At Butter creek we met my husband, and I thought my troubles were at an end. He had two horses and a wagon, which helped up out wonderfully, for the cattle were almost given out. We arrived at The Dalles on the 15th of September, having been on the road six months. We had slept as best we could; had seats on the ox yokes, eaten from the ground, etc. and we began to think we would appreciate a home, be it ever so humble.

Some of the company brought the cattle down the trail by the Columbia river, and the others came on a scow to the cascades, and there railroaded the things around the falls, and came down to Sauvie's island. Mr. White took a claim on the north side of the Columbia River, where we stayed throught the winter, cleared five acres of ground and built a cabin, but which was overflowed, and we abandoned it, moving to Portland, where we earned a living by everyone of us working as hard as we could.

I kept boarders and sewed for the stores, and Mr. White teamed. We would have done well had we kept our health, but we all got sick, and we soon found that we could not live there. Dr. Spinning, Ben Spinning, and some more of our old company had come to the Chehalis valley, and returned with glowing accounts, and they put us all in a boat and took

us down the river to the mouth of the Cowlitz, and there we lay, trying to invent some way to get up the river, which appeared to be a very serious problem, but finally it was solved. We were landed in a cabin of Mr. Dilabaugh's, six of us shaking with the ague. Oh! what a time that was. I think it was some time in the month of September when we made our landing.

Dr. Spinning, Ben Spinning, and Mr. White all took claims on the Chehalis river, and built them each a cabin. The soil was rich and very fertile, but it was late in the year and we did not have much of a variety of eatables through the winter.

The men killed a few deer, which helped us out. We boiled wheat, which was very good eating with our venison. In January the river raised and covered the whole prairie. The water was high enough to float the floor of our cabin, which stood three feet off the ground. The fire on our hearth was drowned out. We made a raft out of the puncheons, which kept us out of the water until Mr. White could go in a canoe to the home of Dr. Spinning and help them out.

They had built a sort of scaffold and put their horse on it, and gave it the straw out of their bed to eat. The men took us to the high land as fast as they could. The distance was about a mile, and it was a rather dangerous trip getting through the floating logs and brush, but we finally arrived in safety, and Mr. Davis kindly gave us room in his house until the water went down.

Mr. White was not satisfied with a place that would overflow every winter so he abandoned that claim and came to the Sound and took a claim twelve miles east of Olympia, where we lived and did well until

the Indian troubles of 1855-56 when we had to go to forts to live.

We remained in the fort until spring, and some of the families thinking the trouble was over wanted to return, two or three families going into one house for mutual protection from the Indians.

William Stewart and family and Mr. White and family were at the Eatons. There was preaching appointed at the schoolhouse for Sunday, so we put a horse to a cart and went; but the report which had previously been circulated that Mr. Northcraft was missing frightened the people and minister and the meeting was given up. We then went to the home of Mr. Conner, who was sick at the time and who died in three weeks after this event, and after a short visit there started home.

On the way home the Indians came upon us when we were coming around a point of timber. One of them came so close to Mr. White before he showed his gun, that when he raised it and fired Mr. White caught the gun from the Indian's hand and fought with it. Our horse became frightened and ran away, taking us to Mr. Eaton's. Mr. White was walking by the side of the cart when he was attacked, and Mrs. Stewart and her baby and myself and baby were in the cart.

The horse being large jumped to one side to keep the Indian from catching him, which nearly turned the cart over, and my sister-in-law was thrown on the wheel and her foot caught and the shoe torn from it, and the sole was torn completely off the shoe. Her foot was seriously hurt, and she did not wear a shoe for two months.

When we reached home there were two men and the house, Mr. Eaton and Mr. Berry who had just returned from hunting for Mr. Northcraft. I

begged them to go to Mr. White, but they had heard the firing, and instead of doing as I wanted they went to cleaning, and fixing their guns, and would not, nor did not go to him, but prepared to go to the fort. I begged to be allowed to stay in doors, and Mrs. Stewart was so sick she could not sit up, but the men thought it was not safe to stay, so they fixed the cart so Mrs. Stewart could lie down and put the children in some way and I on horseback.

Mr. Eaton had a gun and revolver, and he gave the latter to me and showed me how to use it, and said if the Indians attacked us he would fight until he failed, and then I must do my best with the revolver, and to not give up alive. Mr. Berry walked and led the horse, carrying also his gun and revolver, and thus we went to the fort that night.

At the fort we found P. Northcraft with the corpse of his brother but they were so frightened that they would not venture to go to Mr. White. The next day they brought him in, and we buried him.

Although the trial was great, yet we felt comforted that we succeeded in getting his body to give it a decent burial. Mr. Biglow took Mrs. Stewart, myself and the children home with him and kept us there until her husband and my son came home from the volunteer service, when we returned to the fort and remained there until peace was declared in the fall of 1856.

M. M. Ruddell
Olympia, Washington.

The Weekly Ledger,December 9,1892.

On January 10,1852, accompanied by my eldest brother, T.S. Russel (now deceased,), I left Ashland, O. for Auburn, Ind, to join my folks, who were preparing to come to Oregon across the plains. We left that place February 15th with three yoke of oxen, four cows, three heifers and two wagons. There were nine of us in the family-- my father, S .W. Russel, mother, three brothers, three sisters and myself. John Hawk and family of Dungeness, and Elliott Cline of Thurston county came with us.

Concerning the first of the trip I cannot say much, as I was sick most of the time. I remember an old Dunkard preacher that came with us about twenty miles to cheer us up, and when he left us he sang:

I'll shout salvation as I fly
I'll shout salvation till I die.

Little our friends thought we would ever get to the Pacific Coast.

We crossed the line between Illinois and Indiana on the 1st day of March. The weather was very cold. We encountered snow, rain, hail, and sleet all through both states. We stopped and looked over the Joliet prison in Illinois, which was being built. We lay over four days at Morris to rest.

On March 17th, we reached New Boston and stopped there four weeks to rest and buy feed for the cattle. We were advised not to buy horses or mules on account of the Indians. We could not find a place to cross the river till we got to Fort Madison, and then the settlers advised us not to try the old flatboat.(The steam ferries were not many then.).

In spite of their entreaties we risked it,and arrived safely on the Iowa side. There we were joined by ten men who were going to California, and two families, Horr's and Patten's going to Oregon. They traveled a short distance with us and then we lost them till we got to Sweetwater, Wyoming.

At Farmington, Iowa, we lay over four days waiting for mother and brother Tom to return from visiting mother's brother, James Sprott of Keokuk. Then we began to feel heart-sick and also to realize what we had undertaken. All were strangers we met, but then, we were not looking for friends. We left home for a place where we wouldn't shake nine months out of every twelve with chills and fever.

We traveled zigzag across Iowa to escape high streams, and arrived at the Missouri River. The flatboat used to ferry emigrants across had sunk and drowned a man and boy and a number of cattle. Our men assisted them in raising the boat, and after laying there seven days we got across. Others, who had been there for weeks, were afraid to cross, so we waited for the steamboat, which came a few days afterward.

All that then represented the now great city of Omaha was a small cabin. There we fell in with a company of Mormons who were just from the old country. Our men folks helped them in a good many ways, such as fording streams, yoking their cattle, etc. They traveled with us till we were within forty miles of Salt Lake City, Utah, when they left us to go to that place. We were sorry to bid them good-bye, as they had proved very agreeable company.

We had no trouble with the Indians except once. Some white man had

built a pole bridge, and gave the chief an order to collect $ 1 for a wagon, 50 cents for a man and horse and 25 cents for a person. This was on the Elkhorn river. We rebelled against paying so much but settled with very little difficulty. We organized a company and a man by the name of Allen was chosen captain.

The next morning the captain did not get up till we had our breakfast most ready to eat. He wanted us to break up camp and go without eating, but we wouldn't do it, so he drove on and left us, and we didn't see him any more until we got to Olympia.

After we left the Elkhorn we saw the first grave. We met a Pawnee chief there who wore a silver medal tied around his neck with a buckskin string, which Martin Van Buren had given him during his administration. We arrived at Fort Laramie one month after we crossed the Missouri river and a few days afterward we parted with Hawks and Cline and never saw them again.

At that time the cholera was raging on the plains. Every little while we would see them burying their dead. A great many that died we thought didn't have cholera. Two cases I remember, one that of a young man from the same place we came from. He came to our camp at 7 o'clock in the morning and bade us goodbye, said his folks were afraid of the plague and were going to push right on. At 10 o'clock we found his grave.

The other was a deaf and dumb man from Fort Wayne, Ind. whom we saw there just before we left. He called on us and bade us goodbye. He intended going to California, where he had some friends. Mother gave

him some bedding and provisions. Shortly we came to his grave with a headboard, which told us that some doctor had found him dying with cholera and stayed with him till he was dead, and buried him.

We drove slowly along, most of the time with just our two wagons, sometimes with others, which was more pleasant than being by ourselves. On the north side of Laramie sister Mary and I went into the camp of a Sioux Indian, and found there a little baby about ten months old with blue eyes and white hair. We supposed it belonged to some white folks there, so didn't think much about it. We rode along for about half a day, and met and Indian with four little white-haired children, and driving a white man's team. We found out then that their parents had been murdered by a man hired to drive their team, who had given everything but their money to the Indians. He was caught finally and hanged.

At the edge of the road leading to where he was hanged a finger-board was fastened on a tree, with "Fresh beef for sale," written on it. A great many went out and found him hanging there.

There were marriages, births and deaths all along the road which carried a great deal of excitement. There were no deaths for us, for mother was very careful what we ate and drank. On Sweetwater we met the ten men we had parted with at Fort Madison, who kept in company with us until we came to the junction of the California-Oregon roads.

Here we were joined by a family named Kauffman going to Oregon. About noon the next day we came to a small stream of water where there were several families camped, and here Mrs. Judge Hays, or

Yantis, died from the effects of measles, on the 4th of June.

On the 4th of July we were at the South pass in the Rocky mountains, and thought we were nearly to our journey's end. Here we met two white men and three squaws(their wives) going to Fort Hall. They belonged to the Hudson Bay company.

When we reached Snake river we found it a dangerous place, but nevertheless there were a great many making boats of their wagon-beds to ferry their families over. It looked foolhardy to us, and I guess a great many found it so, for there were several drowned. We passed through Grand Ronde valley, and saw several Indians and their ponies, with a good many American horses.

My father traded a young cow to the chief for a good pony and that night he was peddling beef from the same cow at 20 cents per pound, but it was better meat than was sold by the white people at 50 cents per pound We had met a young man in what is now Idaho. He told us not to stop short of Puget Sound if we were looking for health, so when we reached the Columbia we met some Indians, who said they would take us to The Dalles for $25.

As we were short of provisions, two families, Gaylors and Sheltons, having joined us, we thought it was best to take them up at their offer. It was the first ride we had ever taken in canoes, and we found it pretty dangerous. We found we couldn't get to The Dalles on account of the rapids, so traveled 125 miles to the Des Chutes river. There we found four men with cattle belonging to the Olney Bros. We stayed there a week, and were well treated.

On the 15th of September I was 20 years old. That same day my two brothers, whom we left at the Columbia river, came with the wagon overland. One brother left us on the Bear river, Oregon, to drive a team for a widow lady, whose husband had died on the plains.

On September 16th we started for The Dalles, where we lay three days while my father disposed of all but one yoke of cattle. We had lost but one ox and two heifers on the plains. We chartered an old "yawl" to bring us to the Cascades, and here we took passage on the J. P. Flint for Portland. We reached there in the morning, after a long and tiresome night, there not being room to lie down on the boat. Oh, how discouraged we were for there was as much ague there, if not more than in Indiana.

We easily found work in Portland. Mother kept boarding house and I went to work for a minister's family. We had plenty to eat, but had to work hard for it. People say " you must have had good times then." Of course we did; but they do not realize what hardships we had to endure. Everything was very high. Flour $48 a barrel, sugar 25 cents per pound, bacon 50 cents per pound which was hardly fit for soap grease, potatoes $3 per bushel.Coffee was the cheapest thing we could get, it being 25 cents per pound and everything else was in proportion.

We laid in our supplies before we left, which was the 7th of April, for Puget Sound. Judge Hays, his brother-in-law, Cowan, Moxlie, Garrison, Hilory Butler(now of Seattle) and a widow lady by the name of St. Martin came down the Columbia and up the Cowlitz river with us in an old flatboat in charge of Captain Henry Winston, ex sheriff of Pierce County.

We women folks walked most of the way.We stopped at Mr. Gardner's while waiting for the boat and he treated us to hard bread. That was the name given to him by emigrants. We proceded to Cowlitz landing and stayed at Goodell's two days. I rode horse back from there to Olympia, and drove cattle while mother took care of the children who had taken the measles. While at Olympia we stopped at E. Sylvester's who kept the only hotel there was in the place. There were only three or four white women these besides us. Mrs. Shelton and Mrs. Close I remember meeting there.

We stayed there seven days, and helped with the cooking and sewing. We left there on the 26th of April and chartered a scow owned by old Captain Rogers who was killed a year or two afterwards by the Indians out of revenge for a worthless Indian that was hanged in Seattle.

We arrived in Seattle the 28th and stayed there two days when they sent for us to go to Alki point to start a boarding house, that being the principal place outside the garrison at Steilacoom. We went into a house that belonged to A. A. Denny and Captain Lowe. I think that every pioneer that crossed the plains ought to be canonized or made saints of. But then we were happy and healthy, had plenty of wild game, clams, oysters, salmon and wild fruit , and good pure spring water; had neither doctors, lawyers nor preachers; lived by the golden rule and had trouble with no one.

When the Fourth of July came we had a nice little picnic. There were sixty-three there for dinner. We set the table in Mr. Smith's store. That night over 100 came and we had a grand time dancing. But, understand we would not have had such a good time if Captain Collins had

not just come in with a big cargo of provisions from San Francisco.

After this time Captain Renton started a sawmill, which furnished employment for a great many. My eldest brother and myself worked there. My brother Robert came about the middle of August with the cattle from Steilacoom, by the beach, as there was no wagon roads then. My father being a carpenter, he found plenty to do.

We were acquainted with every one along the Sound then. It was no disgrace to work in those days. In Febraury I was married to John M. Thomas, from Indiana, who crossed the plains about the same time we did. He also worked in the mill.

We are still living on the old donation claim on which we first settled. On April 4th, Captain Barton and G. McConahan were drowned just below Vashon island. We were out walking and there came up an awful storm. Some one made the remark that it would be bad for a canoe to be out, and it was but a few moments until someone came in and told of the accident. Some time that spring an old man named Young left there with a demijohn of whisky, and not long after Dr. Cherry came up and said he had been murdered by the Indians.

Dr. Cherry, brother Tom, F.M. Tyner, and R. Phillips went to arrest the murderers and they were attacked by the Indians. Dr. Cherry was mortally wounded and died the next day; Tom was shot through the hip; Tyner was shot through the cheek and spit the bullet out of his mouth; Phillps was wounded in the top of his head. On May 26th a lady by the name of Ayers died, and on the same day there was an eclipse of the sun. The Indians asked if that happened every time one died.

I had forgotten to say that Governor Stevens had arrived through the Natchz pass with five men and pushed right on to Olympia. Nothing more of interest happened till July when my husband, Ephriam McFarland, and Bell of Pierce County came up White River. Mr. Thomas located the donation claim where we now live; the others not liking the looks of the Indians, did not stay.

In May , 1854, we built a small house and moved on our place. The notorious Whitson, who figured so in the massacre of our neighbors a year or two afterwards, moved us up the river in a canoe. I was always afraid of him. In October there were several families on the river, viz: Cox's,Kirtland's, C.C. Thompson from Louisana, Lake boys and King's from Iowa, D.A. Neely's from Missouri, Kersand and Cooper from Wisconsin, Will Brannan's from Illinois. Mrs. Neely's was the first child born on the river, and mine, Mrs. Aaron Conger of Ellensburgh the second. Mrs. Will Brannan's was the third. Everything was peaceable till June, 1855. When I was alone one day two Indians came to kill me. We had the house full of provisions. The dog scared them away.

The fall of '54 was the great fish time. The Indians came from all over the Sound for salmon. The fish weir was built at our place, and they carried off tons of dried salmon. We didn't fear them till the next summer, but they were preparing then for the outbreak. My mother was always afraid of them.

January 11th, the river overflowed the whole valley; the men who had been away came home and stayed two weeks. On the 22nd we had another overflow. Our folks and Mr. Neely when to work again. We all had to work for our bread, and butter, we couldn't get.

After this we had a very nice winter. In March we put in a garden, which the Indians had the benefit of. On July 11th an election was held in our house. Allen Porter was there and said the redskins were getting saucy; he believed there was going to be trouble. The men laughed at him, but it set me to thinking and watching and there was not a strange Indian came into camp but what I knew it.

I was teaching at the time; had taught just six weeks. There were eight miners at our place fixing to go to the mines. Amasa Miller was the only one that came back. The others were killed by Indians. There was no one afraid but Porter and I.

Some time in September he came in in the morning. The Indians had run him all night long. His clothes were torn from him, his flesh scratched as if torn with iron hooks. I wish some of these "know-alls" could have seen him, as "seeing is believing."

He was so exhausted when he came to the river he did not have the strength to get in the canoe without help. All the families left their homes for Seattle, where we stayed two weeks. Acting Governor Mason and Judge Edward Lander said there was no danger and advised us to go back. May they be tormented through eternity by the ghosts of the murdered.

We came back on Sunday and found everything safe. Tuesday night Riley (a man we knew on the plains) and Connell came and advised us to leave. We couldn't get any way to go and had to depend on the Indians. On Thursday old Whatcom, Seattle's brother, sent his son Charley, with a canoe to take us to Seattle. Oh, how the rain did pour. We stayed at Collin's that night.

They didn't give us anything to eat, nor let us make a fire. Tired out we lay down in our damp clothes, and in the morning had wind and tide to content with. We got to Seattle at 2 o'clock Friday;met Frank Clark, late of Tacoma, who said we were very foolish to be afraid . My father and husband were going on the jury in about ten days, and stayed to take care of things.

We meant to come home after court if everything was all right. After we left my husband lay by the tent one night and heard old Kanasket trying to get old Whatcom to join them in war against the whites. He offered Whatcom ponies and every other inducement to join them; even said the King George men would help them. Whatcom said, "No," and said he wouldn't talk to them.

Old Whatcom tried to get the families that stayed on their places to leave but they wouldn't. They said they might as well be killed as lose everything. They started to build a fort in an out-of-the-way place as there was none on the river. October 21st I met D.A.Neely. He said he had just brought his family from Tumwater, and was coming up home next day.

About two hours afterwards Joe Lake came in shot through the shoulder. He said he knew the neighbors were all killed, he heard shots fired and womens screaming. Still the sympathizers said, "nonsense." October 22nd, a company of volunteers was organized with H. H. Tobin as captain. I know positively that there were only four married men in the company . They were D.A.Neeley, H. H. Tobin, G. A.Cox, and John M. Thomas. They came up the river and buried the dead. Three families were murdered.

They found Will Brannan on the floor all cut to pieces; found Mrs. Brannan in the well dead with her baby in her arms; Mrs. King was found cut open with her breast cut off; Mrs. Jones was shot through the body and beat with a musket till she was a mass of bruises. Mr. Jones was sick with typhoid fever at the time. He and King were burnt up in their houses. Their bones were picked up and buried with their wives.

Enos Cooper was found and buried where he fell and his body has never been removed. King's baby was never found. Little George was taken prisoner and brought to Seattle in the spring, after he had been well taken care of by "Spoon Bill" (an Indian). Mrs. Jones' three children were saved partly by Indian Nelson. Her oldest child was her first husband's --Johnnie King, 7 years old. He said Nelson snapped his gun at them three times and it wouldn't go off. He told them to go, they were saved.

He went to all the settlers houses and found them either gone away or lying dead. He then went back to his own home and found his mother alive. She asked him where he was going; he told her to Seattle if he could get there. She told him to go and "God bless him." He started for the river and met an old Indian, Tom Clutson,(still living and now peddling fish, and well treated by all), who told him to go with him to the camp and he would give him something to eat if he could keep the baby quiet. He put them under mats and baskets, and kept them till the mooon got up, then took them in a canoe well hid to the mouth of the river, then "old David" and Indian who was feeding the hostiles from the man-of-war took them aboard the man-of-war.

Mother and I took care of them five months, then they were taken back

to Ohio by their Uncle Snrail. On October 28th, a company was organized and C.C. Hewett, was elected captain. This was a week after the massacre.

The volunteers were camped in sight of where I am now writing. Father and my three brothers were in the infantry. December 4th Lieutenant Slaughter started from Puyallup with a company of men. Lieutenant Harrison of the revenue cutter, Dr. Taylor, man-of-war Decatur.

While camped in William Brannan's house(Captain Hewett was also there) on a visit, they were ambushed by the Indians and eleven killed and wounded. Lieutenant Slaughter was killed and his body was buried at Steilacoom. Taylor, Hewitt, and Harrison were not touched.

I moved to Port Orchard January 3d, and was there till the 19th. Charley Whatcom warned me off again. Said the Indians were going to attack Seattle within ten days; he thought it would be the next Sunday(His father had moved to Port Orchard.). I came back to Seattle with my baby,(we were both sea sick), my husband staying till the day before Seattle was attacked, being out on the bay the night before with two Indians.

There was nothing brave to do but to defend themselves. The Decatur had been disabled on Restoration point by a treacherous pilot. The Indians would have caught a good many people if there hadn't been a shell thrown from the Decatur into Tom Martin's house. He was stealing produce along the river and selling it. The Indians were in his house preparing for the attack. Fifteen Indians were reported killed.

Two white men were killed by the Indians when the attack was made. First was Milton Holgate who, while standing with several others on

the steps of the fort was shot and instantly killed. Bob Wilson, a cook in the Elliott house, had just stepped to the door was shot and lived but a few moments. They threw fire all night trying to burn the fort but didn't succeed. A company of volunteers was organized in Februrary. My husband served thirty-three days in the volunteer service, then was transferred to the regular service under Captain F.T. Dent. He and William Bucey were recommended by Colonel W.H. Wallace as good scouts and interpreters.

I came up to the fort on the steamer Traveler, when she brought the supplies for the soldiers. J. B. Parker and Captain Horton owned her. When I got to the fort the soldiers had just gone out on a nine days' scout. I stayed over night and went back to Seattle, where I stayed ten days, and then came back up the river, and found them gone again. There wasn't even a commisary officer there.

On that scout they found an Indian camp on Cedar river, with the settlers grain, dried meat and tallow they had got by killing the stock and clothing they had stolen from the people when they burned all of their houses. Still people think we didn't lose anything.

In the Spring of 1856 I was living inside the stockade in a little house. Two men-of-war vessels came. The John Hancock and the Massachusetts, cammanded by McDougal and Swartout. Captain Sterrat commanded the Decatur.

The Sound Indians were very docile that summer, but we were tormented by the British Indians. In October, one morning I stepped to the door to see the British Indians fire into a sloop and kill two men; the

other man hid. The men-of-war were cruising up and down the Sound in search of hostile Indians. But we were troubled no more with outbreaks from them.

In July I moved over to where Sidney now is, and stayed there and cooked for loggers till September. From there I moved over to Chico; stayed there till March and then moved to Colby. I was truly a pioneer woman. I was the first white woman on the White river, and also in three places mentioned above. The first five years of my married life, I moved seventeen times. If it hadn't been for H. L. Yesler, we would have fared worse than we did. But no man ever went from him in need; now he gets curses rather than thanks.

I think every pioneer woman should have a word to say about the state flower. The wild honeysuckle or the la camas would be suitable, as they grow in all parts of the state.

All of my folks are now dead, but two sisters--Mrs. Tanner of Seattle, Mrs. Crowe and myself.

Nancy Thomas
Pralshiz, Washington.
The Weekly Ledger, November 18,1892.

I, Mrs. Ellen Jane Wallis, nee Mark, was born in Fleming county, Kentucky on May 19,1836, but was brought up in Mason county until 1850, when my people moved to Iowa, and there, on the 29th of December of the same year, I was married to Thomas McNatt. On May 1,1852, having previously engaged our passage with a family named Nales, we left Agency City, Ia. traveling by the conventional ox-team, and were bound for the "far west," but we had not yet decided whether our destination should be California or Oregon.

By the 8th of the month we crossed the Missouri river, and found many emigrants encamped on its banks, as it was a sort of general rendezvous for travelers, and here parties were often organ-ized. We joined one which was forming, consisting of about 100 people whose wordly goods loaded some twenty-eight ox-teams. With this party we traveled as far as Fort Laramie. Nothing more worthy of note occurred on the way than a few stampedes of cattle.

Dissatisfaction with our leader had crept in, and it kept growing stronger day by day, so, on arriving at the fort, our party agreed to disperse. We and our old friends, the Nales, agreed to travel on independently. In due time we pitched our tents by the Platte River, and here we encounted severe storms of wind, followed by hail and torrents of rain. All our efforts to keep our tents over us were unavailing, and we suffered extreme discomfort from exposure to the elements. Just after the storm passed over I was attacked with Asiatic cholera, and for twelve days was perfectly helpless; then I began to recover.

On the night of the twelfth day of my illness Mrs. Nales retired to rest, apparently in her usual health, but in the night she, too was attacked by this dreaded malady, and within two hours she expired. Her friends immediately dug a grave close by our wagons and buried her without delay; so all was over by daybreak.

Shortly after this we parted from Mr. Nales, and joined another family named Sailor. Mrs. Sailor had been stricken with cholera a few days previously and her death left four little children motherless. There children I agreed to care for as far as we travelled together. Our route for some time after this was only too plainly marked by many fresh graves, such ravages had cholera made amongst the little bands of emigrants.

On July 4th we ate our dinner at Independence rock. On its face many travellers had recorded the fact that they had passed that way. Just after leaving we were treated to an unusually heavy hail storm.

From the Platte river to the Colorado desert our journey was exceedingly trying and very wearisome. We suffered greatly from the intense heat and from the alkali dust which enveloped us continually while on the move. The herbage because so dry and scant that our poor oxen were soon hardly able to crawl along.

One after another they dropped down to die, until we had lost four yoke. In order to lighten them we had by degrees thrown away stoves, featherbeds, tents, and every other article with which we thought we could possibly dispense. Before entering the Colorado desert we

halted for two days in order to rest our remaining oxen and cut grass to carry with us for their feed. We encamped close by some other travelers who had stopped for the same purpose.

On one of these days the men had all gone to some distance for this grass leaving us women, seven in number, alone in camp. During their absence a party of mounted and armed Indians rode up to us, threatening by signs that they would murder and rob us if we would not give them provisions. This we showed them we would not consent to, so one of them pointed his musket at my head and kept it so for several minutes, while I endured the agony of expecting my brains to be blown out any moment, and I dared not move. All the while the Sailor children clung to my skirts screaming with terror. Providentially, at this critical juncture, my husband, accompanied by other men, came in sight and for some unaccountable reason the savages gave a whoop, put spurs to their horses, and soon disappeared from our view to trouble us no further.

Crossing the destert occupied about twenty-four hours. Several days after leaving it behind we were suddenly surrounded by a band of about 500 Indian warriors. They might have sprung out of the earth for anything we had seem of them before, and our alarm may be more easily imagined than described. These Indians were out on the war-path against some other tribe and were hideously decorated with an abundance of paint and sundry feathers, while they carried a great variety of weapons, including muskets, swords, spears, tomahawks and bows and arrows. They demanded a share of everything we had in the shape of food, and considering their numbers, it is need-

less to say we were delighted to get rid of the 'braves' on such easy terms.

In the month of August we crossed the Rockies without adventure worth the recounting. When on the summit we hardly had parted with the setting sun on the west before morning was ushered in on the east.

At Fort Hall Snake river was crossed by us of the first time, and in order to avoid the lava desert which stretched along the north, we pursued our way on the south side, keeping as near the river as possible, and crossing numerous creeks, which all emptied into this river.

Our second crossing was just a little way above Salmon Falls. This crossing was the most difficult and dangerous of all the crossings on account of the great swiftness of the current. On arrival at the "falls" we found a number of emigrants encamped and we were not a little glad to follow their example, as we were both fatigued and hungry. As soon as possible I had a fire of sagebrush(the only available fuel) made and I commenced preparing to cook supper. In the midst of my preparations I heard cries of, "You're afire! You're afire! and then to my horror I discovered that it was I who was afire. Presence of mind deserted me and I rushed towards the river. AS my dress was of cotton material, I was soon enveloped in flames, but before I had gone very far my husband and some other men met and captured me. They succeeded in getting the flames extinguished and the burning clothing torn off, scorching their own hands severely in their efforts to save me.

With my right sleeves(I wore double ones) came the skin from shoulder to wrist, and my right side from the shoulder to my waist was teribly burned. The arm was worse, however, as it burst open in many places when the doctor, whom we found among the travelers, tried to straighten it, so literally was it cooked. For twenty-four hours I was unconscious, but reviving I suffered excrutiating agonies. For almost two years I was obliged to support my arm in a sling. I have little doubt but that I should have burned to death had I not been wearing an underskirt heavily padded with wool, which effectually protected the lower half of my body.

In spite of my burns we felt it necessary to continue our journey westward as soon as our preparations were completed, for some preparations had to be made to enable us to cross the "Falls."

The wagon beds were carefully calked to make them watertight, and the wheels taken off and packed with the rest of the freight, and so were ready to be taken over the river. The best swimmers in the company took over a strong cable, each end of which was made secure on opposite banks of the dangerous stream. The wagon beds in their new capacity of frieght boats were launched and guided across the current by means of the cable and the hands of the men in charge.

The women and children were conveyed over in the lightest loaded of the wagons. Not the least difficult task was that of getting the oxen safe to the other shore, but it was at last accomplished. We and our friends got over safely, but on the following trip, a

heavily loaded wagon,which had not been well caulked, with two men and two boys in charge filled with water and sank in mid-river. It happened so suddenly that no assistance could be rendered to the occupants, who were all drowned. We saw one boy's body washed over the falls.

Their friends employed Indians to search for the remaining bodies and after a short time they were recovered and accorded decent burial. This sudden and melancholy termination to four strong and hearty lives cast a deep gloom over every camp and roused our sympathies for the sorrowing relations who untilthat time had been only strangers; so completely "one touch of nature makes the world kin."

Saying goodby to Salmon Falls and our passing acquaintances., we now started by a new and heretofore untraveled way to find the old emigrant trail, from which we had deviated some time previously. This occupied almost ten days, as we rested every alternate day while our guide went ahead to hunt a suitable road. Having struck the trail again we proceeded on to Fort Boise, where we crossed the Boise River and on again without accident or adventure until we entered Grand Ronde valley, Oregon.

At the entrance to this valley we came unpon a man lying by the roadside,apparently in an almost dying state. We halted to inquire into his condition and circumstances, and as well as his failing strength would permit he told us his sad tale.

He said his name was Ross, that he belonged to-I have forgotten where --and being rather delicate he thought a trip across the continent

would benefit his health. Accordingly he engaged a passage by the orthodox conveyances of the day with a family who transported him to the spot on which he was then lying. Instead of improving on the way, he gradually became weaker, until at last he was no longer able to wait on himself, and they, refusing to be further troubled with him, laid him out by the road, totally indifferent to what might be his fate.

He begged piteously to be taken with us, and as we could not endure the dying creature to be left alone, my husband and I, who like himself, had paid our fare for the journey, decided to give our place in the wagon and pursue our way on foot. He felt grateful for the sacrifice, the transfer was made and here we parted. Afterward we learned that he expired within twelve hours.

With the wagon we left all our earthly possessions except my husband's rifle, a change each of underwear, a canteen and tin cup. Before leaving Grande Ronde valley we purchased from a relief party, which was sent out to assist emigrants, six pounds of flour for the sum of $6 and it was all they would let us have. We also bought some hardtack, a little salt and a few matches.

With this generous provision we set off on our walk for The Dalles, a journey of several hundred miles. Occasionally my husband shot a squirrel, a rabbit, or a sage-hen, which proved a welcome addition to our humble fare. When night came we went to sleep under the stars without other covering than the clothes we wore and in the morning rose refreshed and invigorated for our usual walk of

twenty-five or thirty miles, for what at first seemed very difficult soon became comparatively easy and rather pleasant. In this way we cross the Blue Mountains and so on toward the end of our pedestarian tour.

The last two days were very trying as our provisions were completely gone and only one squirrel, or rabbit, I forget which, was bagged. To people whose appetites were sharpened by continued exercise, combined with the pure mountain air, and compelled by force of circumstances to tramp onward or die this was a real misfortune, and on the last day of our march we were almost fainting from want of food.

On October 3rd, we arrived at The Dalles, and after attending to the cravings of the inner man and resting for a short period, my husband engaged a passage for me on a raft going to the upper cascades; for this he paid $6. He helped drive a band of cattle to the same place, in return for which service he received his board. We got to the upper cascades on the 7th, and walked across the portage, six miles to the lower cascades, where we remained until the 9th.

On the 9th, at 5 o'clock a.m. we embarked on board the steamship Fashion, bound for Portland. The steamer was crowded and for standing room we paid $6. The passage occupied the whole day until 9 o'clock p.m. and it was one of the hardest days in all my experience. About 4:30 a.m. we had breakfasted on a tin cup of coffee and a little bread, for which luxuries we had $1 and this meal had to suffice until we reached Portland, as absolutely nothing was to be

had on board. Want of food and absence of a seat made the day seem interminable. Nine o'clock however, came at last and witnessed our arrival at Porltand.

We made our way to a hotel and soon were seated before a supper to which we did ample justice, and for which we expended the last dollar we possessed. On going out after supper my husband ran across an old schoool fellow W.W. Baker, who resident on the Willamette river six miles from Portland. He invited us to go with him to his home, which invitation, considering the state of our finances we were only too glad to accept.

Accordingly that very night we set off with him in a canoe, but we were not destined to get there as soon as we anticipated for a storm came on which compelled us to put in to shore. We took shelter in Wilder's mill, then not quite finished and there spent the hours remaining before morning dawned. At daylight, the wind having calmed down, we returned to the canoe and at 9 o'clock a.m. we reached our destination, ready to enjoy the substantial breakfast soon spread before by kind hands.

At this place we remained all winter. It was one of the winters which are still remembered for their severity, but through it my husband managed to make shingles enough to provide us with food. His health not being good here, we left in the spring of 1853 for Milwaukee, where we stayed for three months. From Milwaukee we went to Clatsop Plains where we took up a claim on which we lived for nearly a year.

In the summer of 1854 we moved to the lower cascades. Here, in the

fall of 1855, in spite of the fact that we lived in constant dread of Indian massacres, we opened an hotel. Many times we were alarmed, and on one occasion we spent two nights in the block house. A neighbor of ours, one Captain Baughman, employed quite a number of Indians to row freight bateaux across the rapids to the middle cascades. These Indians always came to work early, but one morning, that of March 26, 1856, a day long to be remembered, contrary to their usual custom, not one put in an appearance; so the captain set off to the Indian village, about a mile distant to investigate matters.

On arriving in the village he found all the young "bucks" gone. The squaws said they had gone to upper cascades, but Captain B.'s suspicions were fully aroused, as before leaving home he had heard a report of a cannon at middle cascade, but had tried to make himself believe it was blasting of rock, as work of that kind had been going on. There was not doubt of it now. The Indians were bent on mischief. Before his return from the village, we at the hotel had heard of their rising from a man who, while driving his wagon across the portage, saw a band of them attack the block-house. He at once cut his horses loose from the wagon, mounted one of them and sped back to give the alarm.

My husband at once insisted on my immediate departure to a place of safety, if such could be found, so I took my baby, now Mrs. Poole of Ludlow, in my arms and ran as fast as I could about a mile down the river to a place where several families resided, hoping to escape with them. They had already been warned, and were just about going on board a bateau as I joined them. Some of the women were in a most excited state. One in particular was helpless, yet none of them had

heard the yells of the blood thirsty savages behind them as I had.

When just ready to depart the same man that had warned us at the hotel, and who had carried to alarm down the river, dashed up on horseback and ordered all our men on shore, except six to row our bateau, and threatened to shoot anyone who refused, as his family and friends were, as he believed, at the mercy of the redskins. The men left with him, but as we learned afterward, they could not go immediately to the rescue of those in danger. With our lightned load we set off rowing down the river, but a good breeze springing up we were enabled to hoist sail, and so made fine speed to Cape Horn.

It was steamer day and at this point we met the Belle and the Fashion on their way to the cascades. We signaled them to stop, and having informed them of the Indian rising, we were all taken on board the Fashion and our bateau in tow. Both vessels turned and steamed as rapidly as possible to Vancouver.

We landed before dark and with the least possible delay the Belle started back the same night with a company of soldiers for the scene of the massacre, for such it proved to be, while the Fashion conveyed us to Portland. Once in Portland the services of a company of volunteers were secured and the Fashion transported them to lower cascades to aid in subduing the Indians.

They landed between 6 and 9 o'clock on the Morning of the 27th of March. On the way up, at Cape Horn, the Fashion picked up my husband the men who had been taken from our bateau, and some others, about twenty in all.

Just after I left my husband on the 26th, a Red river Indian, who was friendly to all the whites, came to warn him to flee, and told him the Indians plans were to attack the upper and middle cascades first, murder the whites and burn everything they came across, then to treat the pale faces at the lower cascades to a similar fate, burn the buildings and finish up by killing our cattle and having a big feast.

Their plans, except in the matter of killing all the pale faces were really carried out almost to the very letter. My husband was rather slow about acting on the friendly Indian's warning, so he came a second time to tell him that he was almost surrounded. This time, my husband, with the men who had left us, and who were now in the hotel with him, thinking discretion was the better part of valor, took to the river to try to make their escape in a schooner, on board of which a good many of our effects were stowed away.

Attached to the schooner was a bateau, and both were in a strong eddy. Finding it too lengthy a task to get the schooner out, she was abandoned, and all hurried into the bateau which they now cut loose. By this time a large band of Indians was within rifle range, and before getting clear of the eddy, the bullets came whizzing tick and fast. One grazed my husband's head, cutting off a lock of his hair, which, like many pioneers, he wore long. Another grazed his wrist and the man who sat rowing beside him had one pass through his hip which crippled him for life. My husband sat on a keg of butter to row, and out of this keg were afterward taken no fewer than five bullets. Without further injury they succeeded in evading the savages and getting safe

to the point, where they were picked up by the steamer.

After arrival of the steamers a battle was fought by the soldiers, volunteers, and residents against the Indians. The latter were worsted, and fled from the field, carrying their dead and wounded with them. Only one soldier was killed.

The soldiers pursued them for some distance. During the heat of the action some Indians were observed running horse races on the outskirts of the battle field. Amongst these the soldiers sent some grape shot from a small field piece which seemed to be effectual in bringing them to their senses. Soon after their return from the pursuit the soldiers, believing their presence no longer required left en route for Vancouver , while the residents reinforced by the residents, some of whom, including my husband, enlisted for a month, remained in the neighborhood to hunt up some Indians who had pretended to be friendly, but who were seen in the engagement of the 27th.

Sixteen of these were captured and hung immediately. The old chief himself, did not hang until he was dead, but was cut down, put into his grave alive and then shot, as Indian allies were momentarily expected. He died as became a "brave" giving the war whoop with his latest breath.

In the massacre sixteen whites, including one woman, were killed. One of the saddest cases of all was that of a boy who was riding to seek refuge at the block-house, middle cascades. The savages saw him and fired. The ball wounded him so that he dropped from his horse, but after rearching the ground he partially raised himself to beckon for assis-

tance, as he was just a little distance from the house. This he did five times and each time received an arrow in his body, sent with only true an aim, for on the last striking him, his spirit took its flight. The arrows were forwarded to a museum in the east to be preserved as a memento of the massacre of 1856.

The blockhouse just spoken of was well situated to withstand a seige, as it surmounted a steep bank rising high above the Columbia and was open to attack on one side only. At the time of the massacre six or seven families had found shelter within its friendly walls and they, with the lieutenant and seven soldiers in charge, held it successfuly against a large band of Indians.

A few years later it with the steep bank on which it stood, slipped into the river and was carried away by the current; so was an end put to its days of utility.

As our home was now completely destroyed and our dread of Indians not much lessened, we went to reside at The Dalles. Here we staid until 1858, when we again returned to the Cascades and again opened a hotel, which we built ourselves and in which we resided until my husband's death. This took place after a lingering illness, on the 9th day of May, 1861, and he was buried close to the garrison. During this period Indian scares were of frequent occurrence and many a night we sought and found shelter, and protection in the blockhouse, but we never had a repetition of the terrible scenes of 1856.

I remained at the lower cascades until 1867 when I moved to Seattle, arriving there on the 12th of March. From there I moved in April,1871, to Port Ludlow, Jefferson county, where I at present reside, and where

I met my present husband, William M. Wallis, to whom I was married on the 22nd of January, 1881.

The facts I have given form but a slight sketch of my experience on the plains and western coast, and I can certainly vouch for their veracity.

Mrs. Ellen J. Wallis
Port Ludlow, Washington.

The Weekly Ledger.
Tacoma,Washington
20 May 1892.

How many times I have longed to put my story of the hardships, privations and troubles of pioneer life in print, but I have never before attempted it. I came here when I was a little girl, but 9 years old. In the month of April,1854, my father, Walter G. Perry, started with his family, consisting of wife and four children, from Garden Grove, Apanoose county, Iowa, where he had a good farm and was considered a well-to-do farmer in those days for this far western country, but he was destined never to reach here.

After having traveled three or four months, we came to where the Indians had burned the grass along the emigrant road in order to starve the stock belonging to the emigrants. We were with a large train, under the command of Captain J.P. Coates, and when confronted by this situation, he thought it best to divide up into smaller squads, which, of course, was adopted.

The first train to start was called the Ward train, as it was composed of several families of Wards, all related, and it included all of the relatives, except one woman, who was with the middle train.

The captain gave orders for none to go beyond the burned district or a place known in the guide books as Jeffries' cutoff. I will state here that we had guide books that had been published by some pathfinder, or trapper, describing every camping place, the distance between the watering places and all cutoffs and the names of the creeks, etc. Each train has some of these books.

In cutting up the large train we brought up the rear with four

wagons, consisting of four men with families and two young men aged 19 and 23 years. The men were Mr. Kirkland and family including one young man, William Kirkland, and his son-in-law Mr. Cox and family; my uncle George Lake, wife and two sons, young men, my father, Walter G. Perry , and his family; C.C. Thompson, a young man, then about 20 years of age, and my father's teamster, Empson Cantrell, a young man aged 19 years or thereabouts.

Our last camping place where we were to all meet alive was at a creek, designated in the guide book as White Horse creek. I think it is in Idaho, and think it was then about the last of August, perhaps later.

Starting on our journey the next morning we had traveled perhaps an hour when we discerned in the distance to our left, Indians coming up out of a canyon in great numbers, and the foremost ones being on foot, and who looked to be unarmed. They were followed by mounted Indians, armed with guns in sheats made of deer skins.

At this time a young lady, daughter or Mr. Kirkland of our party, was riding on horseback ahead and apart from the rest of the train. Her horse took fright at sight of the Indians, and becoming unmanageable she dismounted and tried to hold the horse by the reins, but it jerked away from her.

The Indians then surrounded and captured the horse, but Miss Kirkland made her way on foot to the train unharmed. After capturing the horse, the Indians advanced on the train, and coming up squarely in front of the ox teams, held out their arms and stopped them, but appeared friendly and shook hands with the members of our party and asked for

whisky, but were told that we had none.

There-upon they began to talk of trading with some of our party, and while my father was talking of trading a pistol for a pony they opened fire on us, shooting my father, my uncle, Mr. Lake and the young man Empson Cantrell, my father's teamster. Mr. Kirkland then called to his son to get their guns, which he did, and they then fired on the Indians, who retreated until out of range of the guns, but remained near, trying to stampede our stock, for several hours.

It was finally thought that they wanted our horses, and it was arranged to surrender them to the Indians if they would let us pass without further trouble, and when this was proposed by Mr. Kirkland the Indians readily assented. The horses were then turned loose, and the Indians were compelled to follow us several miles before they could catch them all.

When the Indians fired on us Mr. Lake fell dead, with the words, "I am a dead man." Empson Cantrell was shot through the abdomen, and after being shot asked my mother for father's gun,which he snapped several times at the Indians but it would not go off. He lingered in great agony until the following morning when he died. My father was shot through the right lung, and lived until the evening of the fourth day,when death relieved him of his terrible sufferings.

The wagon that carried the shovels and other implements, known as the "tool wagon" was with the big train and we had nothing with which to dig graves for the dead, nor did we care to stop to bury them right away, as we were afraid of another attack from the Indians.

Hence we carried the bodies until the third day after the attack, when there was such a stench that we had to keep fires around the "dead wagon" to keep the wolves off. As the bodies had to be disposed of in some way, wooden spades were improvised with which a hole was dug and both bodies(Mr. Lake and Empson Cantrell) were buried in it. We overtook the big train on the afternoon of the following day, and my father died about 10 o'clock that night, after suffering untold agonies for four days, and begging many times to be killed and put out of misery, We dare not stop, and the jolting of the wagon was almost unendurable to him. He was buried on the following morning near the emigrant road.

On the day following our attack by the Indians, two Spaniards passed us and in conversation stated that our men had shot two of the Indians, who were sure to die. I might say here that we never entertained a doubt but that the two men who led the Indians in the attack, were white men, as their manner, dress and talk indicated it. They wore good clothes, and had their hands and feet painted, which the Indians did not.

In about two or three hours after burying father we came upon the dreadful sight of the massacred Ward train, of which I spoke heretofore, they having gone ahead of the big train. Word of this massacre had been brought to the big train in the following manner: The night previous to the terrible affair there were some horses stolen from the big train, and Alex Yantis, well known in Thurston county, this state who died a few years ago on his farm near Tenino, was detailed to go with six others in search of them, and Edward Neely, now living on White river in King county, was one of the party.

While tracking the horses they came upon the bodies of the men of the Ward train, who had just been slain by Indians, and could then hear the cries of the women and children. The Indians had stealthily crept up to within easy gunshot of the party while they were eating dinner and had shot the men, after which they took the women and the children to the brush to burn them; and it was at this crisis that the Yantis party came upon them.

As soon as they realized the stateof affairs Yantis and his men charged upon the Indians and drove them from the Wagons and undertook to rescue the women and children,but as soon as the savages discovered Yantis' meagre force they closed in upon them and they were obliged to retreat, after losing one of their number by a shot from the rifle of an Indian, with the despairing cries of the poor suffering captaives ringing in their ears,imploring them not to leave them. But their numbers were so few they could do nothing but resort to save their own lives.

However, Captain Yantis, was much dissatisfied with the cowardly conduct exhibited by two of his men, and as they approached the spot where the Indians had attacked the Ward train he was upbraiding them for not giving their support, when a nine-year old boy, Neuty Ward, who had been left for dead by the Indians, heard him and recognized his voice, and asked if that was Mr. Yantis, whereupon they went to the little fellow, and, taking him in their arms, carried him away with them, this task falling wholly on Mr. Yantis and Edward Neeley, as the other men wanted to leave him, stating that he could not live, and that they would all be killed if they stopped to attend to the boy, and even undertook to leave them

Whereupon, Captain Yantis threatened to shoot them if they attempted desertion, which had the effect of keeping them together, but they would not help to get him away. However, by perseverance in this determination, they arrived safely at the large train with the boy, who recovered, and I have been lately informed that he is now living in Oregon.

Another of the Ward boys, William,a lad 14 or 15 years old, was shot with an arrow through his right lung, the point of the arrow going so nearly through as to cause the skin to protrude on the back, but he hid himself away in the brush until the savages had left, when he made his escape, walking to Fort Boise in this condition, which journey took him five days(during which time he lived on wild herbs and berries gathered on his route), where the arrow as abstracted by cutting to it from the back and pulling it through. He also recovered. These two make the only survivors of the entire Ward train.

I will here say that Empson Cantrell, the young man who was shot in our train, was a very nice young man, and had parted with a sister and two brothers at the California Road, who were bound for California and I do not know that they have ever learned that sad fate that befell him.

From appearances the Indians had attacked the Ward train on the same day that we were attacked, as the stench from the dead and mutilated bodies was terrible, but we stopped long enough to dig trenches and rude graves for the burial of our murdered companions

The women and children presented a most terrible spectable, having been burned by savages. After having performed this sad and sickening task we pursued our journey to its end without fur-

ther incident of note, many going to what is now the state of Oregon, while we, with several other families, including Mr. Meeker, the father of John and Ezra Meeker of Puyallup, and the Whitesels of Orting, made our way onto Puget Sound by way of the Natchez Pass over the Cascade Mountains, which was a perilous trip. Very few undertook this route with wagons.

In coming down the mountain sides, the wagons had to be "snubbed down," as it was called, with ropes, which was done by making strong ropes fast to each wagon and taking half-hitches to trees, by which means they could be kept under control while going over the steepest places. This road was little better than nature left it, and was simply a route picked through the mountain wilds. Our course was down the Natchez river, which we had to cross sixty-two times in one day.

Here I had another bit of perilous experience. I, in company, with my brother next older than myself, lingered behind the wagons to gather gum from the pine trees. After having crossed the river twice in succession and thinking that we would not cross again soon we allowed the wagons to get some distance ahead of us, and when we started to catch them, to our surprise the river was between us and the wagons.

As we could see no other way we set out to wade through the stream, which although not very deep, had a strong current. My clothing soon became so heavy that I was unable to keep up, the strong force of the current throwing me down and carrying me from one boulder to another, to which I would cling as long as I could, but my strength was fast failing and I would have succumbed very soon, had it not

been that we were missed and my cousin, Arnold Lake, was sent to find us, which he did, in the condition described from which he rescued me not five minutes too soon. My brother was slowly getting across, as he was older and somewhat stronger, as well as being clothed in a manner which did not incumber him so much in the water.

Pursuing our journey we came to what was then known as Bushelier lake(now Spanaway) and moved into the Bushelier cabin which was small and had no floor, door nor windows, and only half roofed over.

This was sometime in October, 1854, our first rest after six months of weary travel, beset with hardships, grief, and suffering of which I have stated, besides many minor trials, not mentioned.

In this place, which we will call a house , we passed three weeks during which time it rained almost all of the time, building fire and doing our cooking in the uncovered part of the house and sleeping and eating in the covered portion.

From here we moved to the donation claim, which my mother took at the time, on the south side of American Lake, now owned by John and I. G. Murray, where we took up our permanent residence in quite a comfortable cabin.

Soon after this my oldest brother and myself were compelled to herd sheep for the Hudson Bay Company to obtain provisions to sustain life, these being principally salt salmon and potatoes, with an occasional pan of flour. During the period of Indian war here we were thus engaged, and our shield from harm was the statement, that we were "King George tilecums" when questioned by the Indians,

to which they would reply and pat us on the heads, saying that we were "Hias closh tenas tilecums," which means very good little friends.

The agents of the Hudson Bay Company were very kind in some instances if we could believe what the Indians told us,they were to a great extent the cause of the war. They said "King George tilacums," told them that the "Bostons" meaning Americans, were very bad people, and that if allowed to come here would take their country from them and take them away in a large black ship to an island from which they could never escape.

The history of the Hudson Bay Company is that of apparent kindness to the natives, which, of course, was policy, their mission being trade and traffic with them. It is also very feasible that it was to their advantage to delay settlement in this section of the country as long as possible.

From being so much in the company of the Indians, seeing dozens every day, and herding sheep with or near them, my brother and I soon learned to talk the Chinook jargon(the common language between the whites and Indians) as well as our own language.

I told them my father was a King George man, and the bad Indians killed him while trying to get here, and how we had bought our liberty with our horses. It was a great wonderment to them how we got here, and not until the close of the war did I them them that mother was a "Boston." She was always very kind to them, nothwithstanding her loss at their hands, always gave them plenty of milk

and traded butter for clams and oysters.

Throughout all our hardships we had plenty of milk, as we brought our cows through with us, but how we longed for bread!

During the most exciting times we would fly to a fort for refuge. We spent about two months in Fort Nisqually. On other occasions we went to Fort Steilacoom. It is a well-known fact by the old settlers that those Hudson Bay Company employes who had Indian women for wives lived on their farms unmolested so long as they furnished the Indians supplies and ammunition and kept them informed as to the whereabouts of the soldiers and volunteers.

Dr. Spinning and myself were talking only last week of the condition of affairs at the time when Governor Isaac I. Stevens found it necessary to declare martial law throughout the territory, and a great number of this class of suspects were arrested and imprisoned at Olympia until the close of the war, which soon came after this step was taken.

After the war's close we passed throught nothing more eventful than the hardships incident to pioneer life in such a far away and sparsely settled country. I married Andrew J. Frost May 8,1859, who came to the country ten years prior to my arrival. We have lived in this territory and state all of the time since, except four years during which we resided in Mendocino County, California.

We have now living six children, three boys and as many girls. We have buried two girls, one at 2 years of age, the other at 14. Our oldest daughter is the wife of Forest J. Hunt, who keeps a general

store at this place. The oldest son and next younger living daughter are married and living in Cowlitz county, Washington.

I have had my share of pioneer life, and although I shudder to think of the experiences and many perils we passed through, I have no desire to change my residence in the State of Washington to that of any other place on this earth, but I do have a yearning desire to go to the World's Columbia Exposition next year.

Mrs. Mary Perry Frost.
Hillhurst, Washington.

Tacoma Sunday Ledger, Sunday, June 26,1892.

Several of my young friends have insisted that I should contribute to the folio of "old settlers stories" now being published in the LEDGER for Sunday reading. I yielded when threatened with an interviewer to take notes of my narrative of disjointed incident, and now recall some reminiscences of early life upon Puget Sound, illustrating how we got here a generation ago, who were the people and who were "old settlers," and some of their characteristics.

Myself a native of North Carolina, a resident of Illinois during much of my youth, an immigrant of Iowa, where I became wife and mother, an old settler of Washington territory, and one of the very earliest women who contributed by their presence to make American homes in the territory(now state)of Idaho. In all these changes no claim of heroism can be urged, nor can I ask regard "for the dangers I have passed." It is somewhat amusing to have noticed "old settlers" who must have been very young at the time they were making trips and observing incidents which now at an advanced age they recount with apparent pride and in great detail, as they recall incidents of "pioneer life," claiming consideration for "hair-breadth escapes," and hardships endured, many of which at the time disturbed not the tenor of life and by the parties themselves were treated as picnic pleasures.

But as I did not come the "plains across"those sisters will say I know nothing about what they endured, and I had an easy time getting here compared with their journey. I can answer, with the advantage on my side, I had rather ride in a dead-ox wagon, as I often did travel in early days in Washington Territory, than to be sea sick an hour, either in

steamer or sailing vessel, much less for a voyage of several days or weeks. But, enough of this.

I followed my husband here at an early day, to the home he had prepared when the country was a wilderness and but sparsely populated, whilst I was yet a young women. And on my voyage hither I was accompanied by my only son, then 10 years of age. We came from New York by the Panama route, and from San Francisco in the good old brig, Franklin Adams, Captain Collins, bound for Steilacoom, where my husband then resided. I have since lived in Washington city and Idaho, have made long visits to my early homes in Illinois and Iowa, yet I love no spot on earth like my little home on Puget Sound.

Pardon will be extended for referring with pride to the face that I was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, on the identical spot where in revolutionary days the hard contested struggle occurred known in history as the battle of "Guilford Courthouse" From the old "North State" our family went to Illinois, I being in my ninth year. After a few years we took our march farther west to Iowa, making our residence at Mount Pleasant. At that place, upon the 3d day of February, 1839, I was married to William H. Wallace, who will be remembered by the old settlers as governor of Washington and first governor of Idaho, and as representing each of those territories in Congress.

For many years, in fact in the early forties, when Oregon was attracting great attention in the northwestern states, it was the constant desire of my husband to go to Oregon. Again in 1849 when the discovery of gold in California invited so many to the Pacific slope, he resolved on going to Puget Sound, a desire increased by the belief that in my then

poor health I would be benefited

About that time he was appointed receiver of the United States land office at Fairfield, Ia. by President Zachary Taylor. During his term of office which expired in 1853 on the election of President Franklin Pierce, he abandoned those notions for the time being, but after his term had expired, again he wished to "go west," and desired me to accompany him.

I was extremely loth to take so long a journey, and all my family were unwilling, but I consented that he should come, and if he was satisfied, agreed that I would accompany him, if he would return for me. On the 1st of July, 1853, he started for Olympia, and upon his arrival there he thought it was the very place. When the tide came in during the evening, overflowing the lower part of the little town rendering it necessary for people to cross the street in canoes or boats, he concluded it was not place for him and went on to Steilacoom where he found an interest in the townsite and determined to remain.

He wrote requesting me to come, suggesting that my brother should go with me to New York, see me aboard the steamer for San Francisco, at which place he would see me on my arrival. Colonel Wallace urged my coming on the ground that the change of climate would probably restore my then declining health.

Both father and mother strenuously objected to my undertaking the long journey, and at the prospect of a final separation from them, I concluded, however, to act upon my husband's advise and promised my parents that if the change did not prove beneficial my husband would return to Iowa with me.

Father and mother, my sisters and only brother affectionately accompanied me and my son Willie, then 10 years of age, to New York city to take the steamer for San Francisco. On our way eastward we spent two days at Niagara Falls. We arried at New York on Christmas day of 1854. Most of holiday week we spent in that great city sightseeing, visiting objects of interest, among which were the Crystal Palace, Central park, the city and state buildings, Barnum's museum and theaters.

On the 31st of December I sailed for Aspinwall on the steamship Northerner. She is the same vessel which on a voyage from San Francisco to Victoria on the 5th day of January, 1860, struck a sharp pointed rock between Blunt's reef and Cape Mendocino, some twenty-five miles from Humboldt bay. In a few minutes she became a total wreck. Thirty-six lives were lost, among whom was Oliver P. Meeker, of Steilacoom, brother of Ezra and father of Frank O. Meeker.

On New Year's day 1855, we were out to sea, and I was the sickest of women; sicker than ever I was in my life, and from the dread sea sickness I suffered the entire voyage till I reached my home on Puget Sound. No hardship on the plains, no discomfort of land travel, except alone the dread of Indians and their malicious attacks can compare with the actual suffering of the sea-sick voyager, for days and weeks without any possible relief or retreat from persistent, protracted sickness, and the constant wish that the ship may go down and end your misery.

I arrived at San Francisco in the latter part of January, 1855, and remained in that city till the 7th of March following, daily expecting my husband, who had agreed to meet me there, He, however, had failed to learn of my arrival, so uncertain and dilatory were the mails at that

period; besides at that season of the year he was much absent from home, attending the terms of court. Having been informed on the Sound that court was being held in Seattle, Captain Collins landed me and my son at that place where I found my husband. While there we stopped at the hospitable residence of Hillory Butler.

It was Saturday, the Seattle term of court had just closed, and that house was the headquarters of the bench and bar of Puget Sound, who were about to start that night for Port Townsend, when the next term of the court commenced on the following Monday. On that evening we started for Port Townsend on the sloop Sarah Stone, Captain Tom Slater, then the passenger packet between Olympia and Port Townsend, by way of the Sound ports.

The cabin of our packet was hardly larger than a stateroom; we had as passengers besides myself and son, Colonel J. Patton Anderson, the first United States marshal of the territory, and his brother Butler P. Anderson, Major J.S. Clendenin , the United States attorney, Colonel Wallace, Judge Victor Munroe, Frank Clark, B.F. Kendall and Elwood Evans. It was a treat to hear those gentlemen telling legal anecdotes and cracking jokes at each other's expense.

Of those attorneys, Elwood Evans, then but a boy in appearance, alone survives. The others have joined the great, silent majority, and the sloop herself, and her jolly master, Tom Slater, are no more. Myself and my son still live, and that first voyage on Puget Sound, attending court with my husband, will never be effaced from my memory.

When we reached Port Townsend my husband directed us to the hotel, but Evans said:"You're just from the east, and want more comfortable quarters

than the hotel at Port Townsend will afford; come with me." On that he took me by the arm and escorted me up the hill to the lovely home of Mrs. Webster, now Mrs. E.R. Rogers of Steilacoom, who welcomed me cordially, made my visit most agreeable and during the week she gave myself and the lawyers a party which we all enjoyed.

On the following Monday, we cross the Sound to Whidby's island where, while Colonel Wallace and our party of lawyers attended court at Penn's Cover, I made a please visit at the home of Isaac Ebey always called Colonel Ebey,then collector of customs at Port Townsend, whose tragic death I shall notice later. I made several acquaintances on Whidby's island. But two or three years had elapsed since its first settlement, yet there were several fine farms and most comfortable homes. All those old settlers were extremely kind and hospitable.

That spring term of the court was a time when there was no steamboat travel upon the Sound so when court adjourned we left Penn's cove in an open boat for Steilacoom. The other lawyers ahd found other conveyances up the sound, but in our party was Mr. Clendenin and his wife, a late bride from Philadelphia. He was the attorney for the United States for the territory, a Pennsylvanian by birth but appointed from Mississippi, through the influence of Jeff Davis, secretary of war in whose regiment he had served in the Mexican War.

The trip was very rough , and the first night we camped on Skagit Head. At that point there was a store and stopping place kept by C.C. Phillips and a partner. Upon the next evening we reached our home at Steilacoom. This was about the middle of April. I had been on the go from the time of leaving MountPleasant in December and was really glad to get home at last.

To illustrate the condition of things at the time of my arrival, as also one of the greatest annoyances, or discomforts to which the old settler was subjected, I wish to refer to the vexations disappointment of both my husband and myself in failing to meet in San Francisco, as had been our arrangement, if I consented to leave home.

When we were about to take passage in the Sloop Sarah Stone for Port Townsend, and as I was going aboard with my husband, Captain John H. Scranton,owner of the Major Tompkins, which had been lost off Esquimalt harbor on the 10th of February, previous, shook hands with me and was profuse in compliments upon my safe arrival. He told me how anxiously I had been looked for by the colonel and his friends.Said he, "More so than if you had been the President of the United States." He said that on a business trip to Victoria, he and Colonel Wallace had stopped at Colonel Ebey's on Whidby's Island, and there, by accident, picked up a San Francisco newspaper in which was announced the arrival of myself and son in that city.

Said Mr. Scranton, "There was no sleep for either of us that night; both Colonel Wallace and myself walked the porch the live-long night, and the colonel was most uneasy and anxious man to imagine." The fact was that both the colonel and myself had written letters regarding our meeting in San Francisco. Two letters had been adressed to him by express. One never reached him, the ohter was handed him a year later at Olympia, when he was serving in the territorial legislature.

Late in the summer of 1855 rumors of an Indian outbreak east of the Cascade mountains became quite frequent, and commenced to excite alarm. The murder by Yakima Indians of miners on the way to the Colville gold

diggings became known upon the Sound in the early fall.In October and November the massacres on White River followed.

Acting Governor Mason called for volunteers. My husband raised a company, first designed for home protection, only two companies having been called to cooperate with the United States troops at Fort Steilacoom. The murder of A. Benton Moses and of James McAllister and Thomas Connell by hostiles of the White River and Puyallup bands, in the last days of Ocotber, led, however, to a different order of things.

Regiments, instead of companies were found necessary in the emergency. My husband's company(Company D, First regiment) was called into service in the field, and was ordered to march to the hostile country, to recover and bring back the bodies of the murdered Moses and Miles.

Colonel Wallace had just returned from the fall terms of court at Port Townsend, and the other places for holding court, when he commenced raising the company. As he had to travel in a canoe, I had not accompanied him. On his leaving home for the service, by invitation of Colonel M.T. Simmons, Indian agent, I made a visit to the home of the latter on Skoo-kum Bay to remain until my husband's return.

I had been but a few days at the home of Colonel Simmons when he was compelled to return to the Snohomish Indian reservation. The neighbors of Colonel Simmons, soon after his absence, became alarmed at the conduct of the Indians, and came to his house and advised our going to Olympia for safety. His family, accompanied by myself and son, started about sundown in little boats, rowing until midnight, when we landed at a point where the men made a big fire of logs and when the women and children had thoroughly warmed, started on again, reaching Olympia at

4 o'clock in the morning, and stopped at the Pacific Hotel kept by Colonel William Cock.

The bodies of Moses and Miles had been forwarded to Olympia for burial. Mrs. Moses was there at the time with her father(Judge B.F. Yantis) and her sisters. The bodies were at the warehouse of the Kendall company, to which place I accompanied her to see the corpse of her late husband. A few days later I returned with her to Steilacoom and assisted her to pack her household effects to be removed to Olympia. She went there, but as a blockhouse had been built in the meanwhile at Steilacoom, I remained there until my husband should return from a hostile section where his company was on duty.

At the hotel in Steilacoom, I met Allen S. Porter, from Porter's prairie, one of the most outer white settlements. He had fled from his isolated home followed by hostile Indians. After untold hardships he had reached Steilacoom, where he was then recruiting his health. He had been chased through woods and swamps by the Indians until nearer dead then alive. After resting a day or two and getting well he again returned to the front, carrying the message from me to my husband, that if he did not return and go up to the legislature, of which he was a member, I would take the first steamer and return to Mount Pleasant.

At the blockhouse at Steilacoom it was the opinion of many that there was but little danger on the land side, as that approach was protected by the garrison and Fort Nesqually. Many, however, were of the opinion that an attack might be made from the water. One night there was considerable alarm caused by a great noise sounding like boats rushing up on the beach. We thought for sure the Indians were about to attack. While the

men folks went out to reconnoiter, I went into my little room and watched my son as he laid there asleep, then I looked at my gun hanging over the port hole, when I remembered that I had never fired a gun in my life; still I felt brave then, and if need be, I could shoot Indians as fast as anybody, if someone would only load the gun for me, for I knew nothing as to loading guns.

I heard loud talk and running back and forth as though upon the deck of a ship. I looked out the port hole. I saw the masts of a ship right over my room. By that time our men were returning. On entering the block-house they said, "Ladies don't be alarmed. It is a ship which has run upon the beach." It proved to have been a vessel of war coming up to Fort Steilacoom for the protection of the Sound country, and to overawe or punish the hostiles. Captain William Webster acted as pilot and he had run her on shore.

By the latter part of the summer of 1856 Indian hostilities in western Washington had sufficiently ceased to render travel upon the Sound comparatively safe. I therefore again accompanied Colonel Wallace on his trip to the fall terms of court. It was arranged for the steamer Traveller to make an excursion trip to Whidby's island. That boat was owned by Captain William N. Horton of Olympia, the well-known steamboatman and engineer, now deceased.

Quite a party of Olympians came,including Captain Horton's eldest daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Giddings, jr., Mrs. Wilson Osborne, and several other Olympia ladies together with Lawyers Evans and Kendall of that city. The part of the voyage from Port Townsend to Captain Robertson's, Whidby island, will never be forgotten. It was upon Sun-

day afternoon, the weather was rough and a high sea was on. The stern of the old Traveler, and perhaps a third part of her length, was entirely under water, and a number of times we had occasion to think that it would prove her last voyage.

After much anxiety and many fears we finally reached our destination. Our trials and discomforts were more than compensated by the truly hospitable reception at the hands of Mrs. Captain Robertson that kindest of hostesses, and her equally kind family. An excellent supper was quickly furnished, comfortable quarters were supplied for all. We received a most hearty welcome, and made a most agreeable visit.

That old historic steamer, the Traveller, a year or two later(March 3d, 1858) commanded by Captain Tom Slater, he who was master of the sloop Sarah Stone on my first voyage on Puget Sound, sunk while at anchor near Foulweather Bluff, at midnight, five of those on board meeting a watery grave. Among those lost were Captain Slater and Truman B. Fuller, who had come to the Sound as purser of the Major Tompkins, and who was mail agent on the Traveller. She was a small iron propeller built at Philadelphia and brought around Cape Horn in sections.

Captain John G. Parker, now of Tacoma, purchased her in 1855 and shipped her from San Francisco to Olympia on the brig J.B. Brown,. She ran for many months after the wreck of the Major Tompkins, between Olympia and Victoria carrying the United States mail. Captain Horton purchased her from Captain Parker, and employed her as a transport carrying supplies to the Indian reservations, forts, and block houses, and occasionally to carry passengers between the Sound ports. While so employed as a transport she was the first steamer to ascend the Puyallup, Duwamish, White, Snohomish and Nooksack rivers.

In August of 1857 it was arranged for me to accompany my husband to court at Penn's Cove, on Whidby's island. He had business to attend to for Colonel Simmons, Indian agent, at the agency at Oak harbor, on that island, so he went ahead by canoe, leaving me to come down by the next steamer.

At that term of court one of the sailors of the United States revenue cutter Jeff Davis, was tried and convicted for murdering a man at Port Townsend. The revenue cutter being there, Captain C. Pease of that vessel invited several ladies including myself, and also our husbands who were in attendance on court, Mrs. Captain Robinson, and Mrs. Captain Coupe, residents of the island, to take the trip in the cutter on Saturday to Port Townsend, spend Sunday at that place and return Monday.

On Monday, the cutter's boat returned, bringing also the lawyers, sheriff, and prisoner. We landed at Kellogg's Point and walked from there to the residence of Colonel Ebey. While some of the gentlemen assisted the officers in securing the Boat, Judge Henry R. Crosbie said to me: "Mrs. Wallace we will walk up the hill slowly, Colonel Wallace and the rest can soon overtake us." I accepted his escort.

As we leisurely walked along we passed a camp of Northern Indians. A puff of wind caused their tent-cloth to flap, and I saw two or three big Indians sitting around with their faces painted. I at once exclaimed, "Oh Judge, I saw Indians in there with their faces painted, and when the Indians paint their faces, they mean fight."

He laughed at me, and when the party came up he told the circumstance to them as a good joke at my expense. The crowd joined in the laugh and repeated my words, "When the Indians painted their faces, they meant

fight." How sadly I recall the truth of my observation.

On the third night after that perhaps thoughtless remark of mine, those northern Indians came to Colonel Ebey's house, shot him and then cut off his head and carried it to their northern home. On that fatal night, the United States marshal, George W. Corliss, and wife were guests of Colonel Ebey. They were sleeping at his house when the Indians made the attack. Mrs. Corliss and Mrs. Ebey had been washing clothes that day; several Northern Indians had visited the house and insolently demanded provisions. Mrs.Ebey treated them kindly and suspected no harm. The family and guests had retired for the night(August 11,1857).

The watch dog soon after alarmed the household by continuous barking. Mrs. Ebey remarked to her husband that the Indians must be around the house, and that they would steal the washed clothes still hanging out. Colonel Ebey arose and went to the door. Mrs. Ebey slipped on her shoes,threw a shawl over her shoulders and as she stepped out of her bedroom on the porch, the colonel was descending the steps off the porch.

The Indians fired two shots at him; he fell dead. The Indians then cut off his head, and having robbed the house they made their retreat carrying off the head of the deceased colonel as a trophy of their fiendish malice. The sound of the firing woke George W. Corliss and his wife and after learning the condition of affairs climbed out the window on to the porch and while the Indians were engaged over the dead Colonel Ebey ran to the woods.

Mrs. Corliss, in her bare feet, made her way through gooseberry bushes and brush to the house of Robert C. Hill, distant three-quarters of a mile, where was staying Judge Crosbie, whom I have referred to in what he

deemed a good joke about painted Indians. My husband and I stopped that night at the house of Hill Harmon, now of Steilacoom. He then lived on the island about one-half a mile from Colonel Ebey.

In the meantime a friendly Indian had been sent to Harmon's to give the alarm. Mr. Harmon and Colonel Wallace immediately went to Colonel Ebey's. They were the first to find the headless body of the colonel in his door yard. Upon the next afternoon the rest of the Ebey family came from their hiding-places in the woods to Harmon's almost exhausted from grief and exposure where they were well-cared for.

As for myself, I had become almost wild as my little son had not stopped at Harmon's and I feared he might have been at Colonel Ebey's on that fatal night. Old Father Ebey's house was but a short distance from the house of his murdered son. Colonel Ebey. The afternoon after the murder he and his family were sent for to come to Harmon's for safety. My son came along to my intense relief.

All remained at Harmon's until the fate of Marshall Corliss and wife, and Mrs. Ebey and their family was ascertained, and their safety assured. I shall never forget the funeral. I went with Colonel Ebey's aged mother and the grief stricken sisters to the colonel's late house. I led the old lady by the hand to the coffin of her beloved son, for she was nearly blind. She said to me, "I cannot see him, I can only feel him." She then grasped his hand, and for some time talked and prayed.

The funeral sermon was preached by one of the neighbors, then a Methodist minister, Joseph S. Smith, whom the island Indians called Sok-al-ee Smith on account of his tallness. He was a prominent lawyer, practicing

in the territory. He moved to Oregon, was elected to Congress from that state, and filled several other prominent offices. Corliss and wife escaped that memorable morning, August 12,1857 to meet a similar fate in Lower California. On account of her health they removed to Las Cruces, Cal. and on the 16th of January,1864, both husband and wife were murdered at their residence, and their house burned over their lifeless bodies. Who were the perpetrators of that awful crime has never been ascertained.

The scalp of Colonel Ebey was recovered in the fall of 1859 by Captain Dodd of the Hudson Bay Company's steamer Labouchere. He presented it to Alonzo M. Poe, Esq. for a long time editor of the Overland Press,published in Olympia for the relatives of the deceased . Poe gave it to Mrs. Enos, of San Francisco, a niece of Colonel Ebey.

In the fall of 1858 the old Hudson Bay Company's steamer Beaver, on her annual traiding voyage north, had stopped at a village of the Kake tribe of Russian American Indians(58 deg 30 min. north latitude). There they heard that the band possessed the scalp of Ebey. Captain Swanston of the Beaver, and Chief Trader Dodd then tried to buy it. They sent such word to the chief of the village. In a short time four large canoes filled with armed Indians came alongside the Beaver,and a dozen or more of their number boarded her before their hostility was suspected.

The decks of the steamer were then cleared for action, the guns run out, the armed canoes warned off under threats of being fired upon. An explanation of this hostile demonstration was demanded by the Hudson's Bay Company officers. The Indians replied that a demand for the scalp was nothing but a warning that the village would be attacked. The Indians

although disabused of the idea would not listen to any terms as to the surrender of the scalp. In the fall of 1859, that sad memento of Indian perfidy was secured by the Hudson Bay Company for a large ransom in blankets and goods.

The murder of Colonel Ebey created an intense sensation throughout the country. The cause which prompted the dreadful deed was discussed, and the opinion reached at the time was that the Northern Indians(afterward ascertained to be of the Kake tribe) were part of a formidable war party then revisitng the Sound to avenge the killing of twenty-seven of their tribe, one of whom was a head chief, which had occurred November 21,1856 at Port Gamble.

Early in 1854 a northern Indian of the Kake or Sticene tribe had been wantonly murdered at Butler's cove, just below Olympia for demanding of his white employer the wages due to him for labor. From that time the Northern Indians who came to Puget Sound to secure employment on their return, to avenge that wrong would commit depredations on isolated settlements and murder solitary settlers & attack and kill small parties of whites traveling upon the Sound.

The annual visits of those parties increased in numbers and boldness, became alarming to the settlements. To drive them out, as also to punish those constant depredations, Commander Swartout, United States Navy, commanding the steamship Massachusetts, then on duty in these waters, pursued a number of small parties of Northern Indians from the vicinity of Steilacoom, overtaking them at Port Gamble, on the 20th of November, 1856. At that place a large number of them were encamped. Commander Swartout used every effort to secure their peaceable withdrawal from

American waters, before proceeding to extremities.

They insolently defied his peaceable messages, and all efforts having failed to secure their return to their homes, Swartout attacked their camp on the 21st, keeping up a fire on the village and woods adjacent, the whole of that day. The surviving Indians reported to him the death of twenty-seven, including one head-chief and twenty-one wounded.

Their huts and all the property of the Indians were destroyed. Their canoes all having been destroyed the survivors were received on the Massachusetts, fed and carried to Victoria, from which place a passage to their country was secured. Swartwout flattered himself that the severe punishment by him inflicted would deter any further visitation to Puget Sound by those northern pirates. In that he was mistaken. The lamented Ebey forfeited his life according to Indian law, for that of the Kake chief killed in Swartwout's battle with them at Port Gamble.

To return to my story.

The night after Colonel Ebey's funeral Marshal Corliss and wife, Colonel Wallace, myself and our son went over to Port Townsend in the cutter's boat, in company with Lieutenant James M. Selden, United States revenue service, and the other officers.

On the next day, Mrs. Corliss and myself were put on board a Chilian ship, on which we were carried to Steilacoom. I spent next winter at Olympia during the session of the legislature of which my husband was a member. I met there with Mrs. Corliss. She was just becoming able to get about comfortably. She had never recovered from the effect of her trip that sad night through the woods when she made her flight to the house of Robert C. Hill, one of Ebey's neighbors on Whidby's island, now well

known as president of a national bank at Port Townsend.

By this time population had increased, the white settlements were fast settling down to the routine of social life, and incidents or adventurous acts of life ceased to be worthy of mention. My husband was appointed governor of Washington in 1861, the same year elected delegate to congress. I accompanied him to the national capital. In 1863 Idaho territory was established, and he was appointed its first governor, and at the first election elected delegate to congress from that territory.

I may refer with pride to my connection with the establishment of the territory of Idaho, at the expiring days of the session of congress, 1862-63. Quite a delegation was present at Washington city who favored the division of Washington territory, which then included all of Idaho and Montana west of the Rocky mountains, extending as far south as the northern line of California and Nevada. It was an immense region and contained the South pass, the great entrance of Oregon, Washington, and California by the great immigrant route.

The colonel was overjoyed at the assured passage of the bill, which he had in charge, and his friends who were assembled at his rooms joined with him in conferring upon me the high privilege of nominating the new territory.

I answered:" Well, if I am to name it, the territory shall be called Idaho, for my little niece who was born near Colorado Springs, whose name is Idaho, from an Indian chief's daughter of that name, so called for her beauty, meaning the "Gem of the Mountain."

Dr. Anson G. Henry, the surveyor general of Washington territory, then

on a visit to Washington city, was in the room. He clapped his hands upon his knees and said to me, "Mrs. Wallace, Idaho it shall be." The evening of the day upon which the bill passed, my husband came home and said: "Well Lue. you've got your territory, and I'm to be the governor of it." A short time after the bill was signed, my husband was appointed its first governor, and at the first election held in the newly organized territory, he was selected delegate to congress, as I have above stated.

At the close of the session of congress March 4,1865, we returned to Steilacoom, our old residence.My husband resumed the practices of his profession, I continuing to accompany him to court. He also served for several years as judge of the probate court for Pierce County. Our son, who had grown to manhood, married, and made his residence at Washington City.

Without any unusual occurences to make a note of, husband and I lived happily and to ourselves until February 7,1879, at which date he died, in the 68th year of his age, honored and respected by all his fellow citizens. The story of his eventful life, the story of an old settler, might be dwelth upon with great interest, but he was so well known that eulogy at my hands is unnecessary. One of his valued friends, a distinguished contemporary the venerable Beriah Brown, referred to him and his death in this eloquent and appropriate language:

> We gather around his grave. We miss him now; we shall miss him greatly in the time to come. He walked among us well. All who knew him well loved him; all who met him trusted him. He did our common manhood honor, and

we shall miss him sore for that there are so many who do not honor.

Let all the noise and turmoil of the vain strife of life in which for long he took boldly and bravely and truly his part, and did it well, be hushed about his marble form. A man has fallen at his post, we will; a right, noble and true man. He has fallen honorably.

His memory can but do us good. Let us cherish it. A death like this can long bear no bitter memories. The end was well as was the journey. Blessings and good will, from all good men, are garlands for his grave. It is a happy thing to die so.

To go to one's grave with no man bearing a wrong of our infliction; with no lie, which we have fathered, living here behind us; to go in love, to go in truth. Oh! It is a thing to ask God for every day a man lives. May the example of the dead so preach to us. May we so live, true to the polar star of duty, that the living may say such words over us in truth, as we speak over our honored dead today. Take him to his rest; bear our true brother home.

And if the ear
Of the freed spirit heedeth aught beneath
The brightness of its new inheritance,
It may be joyful to the parted one.
To feel that earth remembers him in love.

Governor Elisha P. Ferry, one of Governor Wallace's sucessors as governor of Washington territory, the first governor of Washington State, as grand master of Masons officiated at the grave and performed the beautiful Masonic funeral service in the presence of a large number of citizens of the territory, attending from Olympia, Seattle, and various other towns of western Washington.

Since his death my life has not been so much the life of an "old settler" Its story would be but the story of every housekeeper and matron in the state, surrounded by the elements of home attendant upon an improved and advanced civilization. My parents and brother and sisters each and all have affectionately invited me to rejoin the home of my early days. My dear son with filial love and affection, has insisted I should make his home my home and end my days under his roof, that he and his household may make my latter days more happy.

Gratefully acknowledging these evidences of love, I have declined them, for here is my home. I have regained my health; I have passed the alloted three score years and ten, and thanks to Infinite goodness and to our salubrious climate, I am now in the enjoyment of perfect health, in the vigor of a green old age, happy and contented and entirely satisfied to live in the state of Washington until my summons comes to join my husband and other dear ones, who have departed.

Mrs. William H. Wallace.