DENNY EMILY INEZ

BLAZING THE WAY; OR, TRUE STORIES, SONGS AND SKETCHES OF PUGET SOUND

Emily Denny

Blazing the Way; Or, True Stories, Songs and Sketches of Puget Sound

Denny E.

Blazing the Way; Or, True Stories, Songs and Sketches of Puget Sound / E. Denny — «Public Domain»,

Содержание

Emily Inez Denny
Blazing the Way; Or, True Stories, Songs and Sketches of Puget Sound

A star stood large and white awest,
Then Time uprose and testified;
They push'd the mailed wood aside,
They toss'd the forest like a toy,
That great forgotten race of men,
The boldest band that yet has been
Together since the siege of Troy,
And followed it and found their rest.

– *Miller*

PREFACE

BLAZING THE WAY

In the early days when a hunter, explorer or settler essayed to tread the mysterious depths of the unknown forest of Puget Sound, he took care to "blaze the way." At brief intervals he stopped to cut with his sharp woodman's ax a generous chip from the rough bark of fir, hemlock or cedar tree, leaving the yellow inner bark or wood exposed, thereby providing a perfect guide by which he retraced his steps to the canoe or cabin. As the initial stroke it may well be emblematical of the beginnings of things in the great Northwest.

I do not feel moved to apologize for this book; I have gathered the fragments within my reach; such or similar works are needed to set forth the life, character and movement of the early days on Puget Sound. The importance of the service of the Pioneers is as yet dimly perceived; what the Pilgrim Fathers were to New England, the Pioneers were to the Pacific Coast, to the "nations yet to be," who, following in their footsteps, shall people the wilds with teeming cities, a "human sea," bearing on its bosom argosies of priceless worth.

It does contain some items and incidents not generally known or heretofore published. I hope others may be provoked to record their pioneer experiences.

I have had exceptional opportunities in listening to the thrice-told tales of parents and friends who had crossed the plains, as well as personal recollections of experiences and observation during a residence of over fifty years in the Northwest, acknowledging also the good fortune of having been one of the first white children born on Puget Sound.

Every old pioneer has a store of memories of adventures and narrow escapes, hardships bravely endured, fresh pleasures enjoyed, rude but genial merrymakings, of all the fascinating incidents that made up the wonder-life of long ago.

Chronology is only a row of hooks to hang the garments of the past upon, else they may fall together in a confused heap.

Not having a full line of such supports on which to hang the weaving of my thoughts – I simply overturn my Indian basket of chips picked up after "Blazing the Way," they being merely bits of beginnings in the Northwest.

E. I. DENNY.

PART I. – THE GREAT MARCH

CHAPTER I
CROSSING THE PLAINS

With Faith's clear eye we saw afar
In western sky our empire's star,
And strong of heart and brave of soul,
We marched and marched to reach the goal.
Unrolled a scroll, the great, gray plains,
And traced thereon our wagon trains;
Our blazing campfires marked the road
As night succeeding night they glowed.

– Song of the Pioneers.

The noble army of courageous, enduring, persistent, progressive pioneers who from time to time were found threading their way across the illimitable wilderness, forty or fifty years ago, in detached companies, often unknown and unknowing each other, have proved conclusively that an age of marvelous heroism is but recently past.

The knowledge, foresight, faith and force exhibited by many of these daring men and women proclaimed them endowed with the genius of conquerors.

The merely physical aspect of the undertaking is overpowering. To transport themselves and their effects in slow and toilsome ways, through hundreds of miles of weary wilderness, uninhabited except by foes, over beetling mountain ranges, across swift and dangerous rivers, through waterless deserts, in the shadow of continual dread, required a fortitude and staying power seldom equaled in the history of human effort.

But above and beyond all this, they carried the profound convictions of Christian men and women, of patriots and martyrs. They battled with the forces of Nature and implacable enemies; they found, too, that their moral battles must be openly fought year after year, often in the face of riotous disregard of the laws of God and man. Arrived at their journey's end, they planted the youngest scions of the Tree of Liberty; they founded churches and schools, carefully keeping the traditions of civilization, yet in many things finding greater and truer freedom than they had left behind.

The noblest of epics, masterpieces of painting, stupendous operas or the grandest spectacular drama could but meagerly or feebly express the characters, experiences and environment of those who crossed the plains for the Pacific slope in the midst of the nineteenth century.

"A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneers!
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-checked army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud-sounding like a hurricane."

– Joaquin Miller.

It is my intention to speak more especially of one little company who were destined to take a prominent part in the laying of foundations in the State of Washington.

Previous to 1850, glowing accounts of the fertility, mildness, beauty and general desirability of Oregon Territory, which then included Washington, reached the former friends and acquaintances of Farley Pierce, Liberty Wallace, the Rudolphs and others who wrote letters concerning this favored land. Added to the impression made thereby, the perusal of Fremont's travels, the desire for a change of climate from the rigorous one of Illinois, the possession of a pioneering spirit and the resolution was taken, "To the far Pacific Coast we will go;" acting upon it, they took their places in the great movement having for its watchword, "Westward Ho!"

John Denny, a Kentuckian by birth, a pioneer of Indiana and Illinois, whose record as a soldier of 1812, a legislator in company and fraternal relations with Lincoln, Baker, Gates and Trumbull, distinguished him for the most admirable qualities, was the leading spirit; his wife, Sarah Latimer Denny, a Tennessean, thrifty, wise, faithful and far-seeing, who had for many widowed years previous to her marriage to John Denny, wrought out success in making a home and educating her three children in Illinois, was a fit leader of pioneer women.

These, with their grown-up sons and daughters, children and grandchildren, began the great journey across the plains, starting from Cherry Grove, Knox County, Illinois, on April 10th, 1851. Four "prairie schooners," as the canvas-covered wagons were called, three of them drawn by four-horse teams, one with a single span, a few saddle horses and two faithful watchdogs, whose value is well known to those who have traveled the wilds, made up the train.

The names of these brave-hearted ones, ready to dare and endure all, are as follows:

John Denny, Sarah Latimer Denny and their little daughter, Loretta; A. A. Denny, Mary A. Denny and their two children, Catherine and Lenora; C. D. Boren, Mrs. Boren and their daughter, Gertrude; the only unmarried woman, Miss Louisa Boren, sister of Mrs. A. A. Denny and C. D. Boren; C. Crawford and family; four unmarried sons of John Denny, D. T. Denny, James, Samuel and Wiley Denny.

The wrench of parting with friends made a deep and lasting wound; no doubt every old pioneer of the Pacific Coast can recall the anguish of that parting, whose scars the healing years have never effaced.

The route followed by our pioneers was the old emigrant road along the north side of the Platte River, down the Columbia and up the Willamette to Portland, Oregon Territory, which they afterwards left for their ultimate destination, Puget Sound, where they found Nature so bountiful, a climate so moderate and their surroundings so ennobling that I have often heard them say they had no wish to return to dwell in the country from whence they came.

Past the last sign of civilization, the Mormon town of Kanesville, a mile or two east of the Missouri River, the prairie schooners were fairly out at sea. The great Missouri was crossed at Council Bluffs by ferryboat on the 5th of May. The site of the now populous city of Omaha was an untrodden waste. From thence they followed the beaten track of the many who had preceded them to California and Oregon.

Hundreds of wagons had ground their way over the long road before them, and beside this road stretched the narrower beaten track of the ox-drivers.

On the Platte, shortly after crossing the Missouri, a violent thunderstorm with sheets of rain fell upon them at night, blowing down their tents and saturating their belongings, thereby causing much discomfort and inconvenience. Of necessity the following day was spent in drying out the whole equipment.

It served as a robust initiation in roughing it; up to that time they had carefully dressed in white night robes and lay down in neatly made beds, but many a night after this storm were glad to rest in

the easiest way possible, when worn by travel and too utterly weary of the long day's heat and dust, with grinding and bumping of wheels, to think of the niceties of dainty living.

For a time spring smiled on all the land; along the Platte the prairies stretched away on either hand, delightfully green and fresh, on the horizon lay fleecy white clouds, islands of vapor in the ethereal azure sea above; but summer came on apace and the landscape became brown and parched.

The second day west of the Missouri our train fell in with a long line of eighteen wagons drawn by horses, and fraternizing with the occupants, joined in one company. This new company elected John Denny as Captain. It did not prove a harmonious combination, however; discord arose, and nowhere does it seem to arise so easily as in camp. There was disagreement about standing guard; fault was found with the Captain and another was elected, but with no better results. Our pioneers found it convenient and far pleasanter to paddle their own canoes, or rather prairie schooners, and so left the contentious ones behind.

Long days of travel followed over the monotonous expanse of prairie, each with scarcely varying incidents, toils and dangers. The stir of starting in the morning, the morning forward movement, the halt for the noonday meal, cooked over a fire of buffalo chips, and the long, weary afternoon of heat and dust whose passing brought the welcome night, marked the journey through the treeless region.

At one of the noonings, the hopes of the party in a gastronomic line were woefully disappointed. A pailful of choice home-dried peaches, cooked with much care, had been set on a wagon tongue to cool and some unlucky movement precipitated the whole luscious, juicy mass into the sand below. It was an occurrence to make the visage lengthen, so far, far distant were the like of them from the hungry travelers.

Fuel was scarce a large part of the way until west of Fort Laramie, the pitch pine in the Black Hills made such fires as delight the hearts of campers. In a stretch of two hundred miles but one tree was seen, a lone elm by the river Platte, which was finally cut down and the limbs used for firewood. When near this tree, the train camped over Sunday, and our party first saw buffaloes, a band of perhaps twenty. D. T. Denny and C. D. Boren of the party went hunting in the hills three miles from the camp but other hunters had been among them and scattered the band, killing only one or two; however they generously divided the meat with the new arrivals. Our two good hunters determined to get one if possible and tried stalking a shaggy-maned beast that was separated from the herd, a half mile from their horses left picketed on the grassy plain. Shots were fired at him without effect and he ran away unhurt, fortunately for himself as well as his pursuers. One of the hunters, D. T. Denny, said it might have been a very serious matter for them to have been charged by a wounded buffalo out on the treeless prairie where a man had nothing to dodge behind but his own shadow.

On the prairie before they reached Fort Laramie a blinding hailstorm pelted the travelers.

D. T. Denny, who was driving a four-horse team in the teeth of the storm, relates that the poor animals were quite restive, no doubt suffering much from their shelterless condition. They had been well provided for as to food; their drivers carried corn which lasted for two hundred miles. The rich grass of five hundred miles of prairie afforded luxurious living beyond this, and everywhere along the streams where camp was made there was an abundance of fresh herbage to be found.

Many lonely graves were seen, graves of pioneers, with hopes as high, mayhap, as any, but who pitched their silent tents in the wilderness to await the Judgment Day.

A deep solemnity fell upon the living as the train wound along, where on the side of a mountain was a lone grave heaped up with stones to protect it from the ravages of wolves. Tall pines stood around it and grass and flowers adorned it with nature's broidery. Several joined in singing an old song beginning

"I came to the place
Where the white pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb,

When in a low whisper I heard something say,
'How sweetly I sleep here alone.'"

Echoed only by the rustling of the boughs of scattered pines, moving gently in the wind.

As they approached the upheaved mountainous country, lively interest, a keen delight in the novelty of their surroundings, and surprise at unexpected features were aroused in the minds of the travelers.

A thoughtful one has said that the weird beauty of the Wind River Mountains impressed her deeply, their image has never left her memory and if she were an artist she could faithfully represent them on canvas.

A surprise to the former prairie dwellers was the vast extent of the mountains, their imaginations having projected the sort of mountain range that is quite rare, a single unbroken ridge traversed by climbing up one side and going down the other! But they found this process must be repeated an indefinite number of times and over such roughness as their imaginations had never even suggested.

What grinding, heaving and bumping over huge boulders! What shouting and urging of animals, what weary hours of tortured endurance dragged along! One of them remembers, too, perhaps vaguely, the suffering induced by an attack of the mysterious mountain fever.

The desert also imposed its tax of misery. Only at night could the desert be safely crossed. Starting at four o'clock in the afternoon they traveled all the following night over an arid, desolate region, the Green River desert, thirty miles, a strange journey in the dimness of a summer night with only the star-lamps overhead. In sight of the river, the animals made a rush for the water and ran in to drink, taking the wagons with them.

Often the names of the streams crossed were indicative of their character, suggestive of adventure or descriptive of their surroundings. Thus "Sweetwater" speaks eloquently of the refreshing draughts that slaked the thirst in contrast with the alkaline waters that were bitter; Burnt River flowed past the blackened remains of an ancient forest and Bear River may have been named for the ponderous game secured by a lucky hunter.

By July of 1851 the train reached Old Fort Hall, composed of a stockade and log houses, situated on the Snake River, whose flood set toward the long-sought Pacific shore.

While camped about a mile from the fort the Superintendent wrote for them directions for camping places where wood and water could be obtained, extending over the whole distance from Fort Hall to the Dalles of the Columbia River. He told James Denny, brother of D. T. Denny, that if they met Indians they must on no account stop at their call, saying that the Indians of that vicinity were renegade Shoshones and horse thieves.

On the morning of the fifth of July an old Indian visited the camp, but no significance was attached to the incident, and all were soon moving quietly along in sight of the Snake River; the road lay on the south side of the river, which is there about two hundred yards wide. An encampment of Indians was observed, on the north side of the river, as they wound along by the American Falls, but no premonition of danger was felt, on the contrary, they were absorbed in the contemplation of the falls and basin below. Dark objects were seen to be moving on the surface of the wide pool and all supposed them to be ducks disporting themselves after the manner of harmless water fowl generally. What was their astonishment to behold them swiftly and simultaneously approach the river bank, spring out of the water and reveal themselves full grown savages!

With guns and garments, but few of the latter probably, on their heads, they swam across and climbed up the bank to the level of the sage brush plain. The leader, attired in a plug hat and long, black overcoat flapping about his sinewy limbs, gun in hand, advanced toward the train calling out, "How-de-do! How-de-do! Stop! Stop!" twice repeating the words. The Captain, Grandfather John Denny, answered "Go back," emphasizing the order by vigorous gestures. Mindful of the friendly caution of the Superintendent at Fort Hall, the train moved on. The gentleman of the plains retired to

his band, who dodged back behind the sagebrush and began firing at the train. One bullet threw up the dust under the horse ridden by one of the company. The frightened women and children huddled down as low as possible in the bottoms of the wagons, expecting the shots to penetrate the canvas walls of their moving houses. In the last wagon, in the most exposed position, one of the mothers sat pale and trembling like an aspen leaf; the fate of the young sister and two little daughters in the event of capture, beside the danger of her own immediate death were too dreadful to contemplate. In their extremity one said, "O, why don't they hurry! If I were driving I would lay on the lash!"

When the Indians found that their shots took no effect, they changed their tactics and ran down along the margin of the river under shelter of the bank, to head off the train at a point where it must go down one hill and up another. There were seven men with five rifles and two rifle-pistols, but these would have been of little avail if the teams had been disabled. D. T. Denny drove the forward wagon, having one rifle and the pistols; three of the men were not armed.

All understood the maneuver of the Indians and were anxious to hurry the teams unless it was Captain John Denny, who was an old soldier and may have preferred to fight.

Sarah Denny, his wife, looked out and saw the Indians going down the river; no doubt she urged him to whip up. The order was given and after moments that seemed hours, down the long hill they rushed pell-mell, without lock or brake, the prairie schooners tossing like their namesakes on a stormy sea. What a breathless, panting, nightmare it seemed! If an axle had broken or a linchpin loosened the race would have been lost. But on, madly careening past the canyon where the Indians intended to intercept them, tearing up the opposite hill with desperate energy, expecting every moment to hear the blood-curdling warwhoop, nor did they slacken their speed to the usual pace for the remainder of the day. As night approached, the welcome light of a campfire, that of J. N. Low's company, induced them to stop. This camp was on a level near a bluff; a narrow deep stream flowed by into the Snake River not far away. The cattle were corraled, with the wagons in a circle and a fire of brushwood built in the center.

Around the Denny company's campfire, the women who prepared the evening meal were in momentary fear of receiving a shot from an ambushed foe, lit as they were against the darkness, but happily their fears were not realized. Weary as the drivers were, guards were posted and watched all night. The dogs belonging to the train were doubtless a considerable protection, as they would have given the alarm had the enemy approached.

One of the women went down to the brook the next morning to get water for the camp and saw the tracks of Indian ponies in the dust on the opposite side of the stream. Evidently they had followed the train to that point, but feared to attack the united forces of the two camps.

After this race for life the men stood guard every night; one of them, D. T. Denny, was on duty one-half of every other night and alternately slept on the ground under one of the wagons.

This was done until they reached the Cayuse country. On Burnt River they met thirty warriors, the advance guard of their tribe who were moving, women, children, drags and dogs. The Indians were friendly and cheeringly announced "Heap sleep now; we are *good* Indians."

The Denny and Low trains were well pleased to join their forces and traveled as one company until they reached their journey's end.

The day after the Indian attack, friendly visits were made and Mrs. J. N. Low recalls that she saw two women of Denny's company frying cakes and doughnuts over the campfire, while two others were well occupied with the youngest of the travelers, who were infants.

There were six men and two women in Low's company and when the two companies joined they felt quite strong and traveled unmolested the remainder of the way.

An exchange of experiences brought out the fact that Low's company had crossed the Missouri the third day of May and had traveled on the south side of the Platte at the same time the Denny company made their way along the north side of the same stream.

At a tributary called Big Blue, as Mrs. Low relates, she observed the clouds rolling up and admonished her husband to whip up or they would not be able to cross for days if they delayed; they crossed, ascended the bluffs where there was a semicircle of trees, loosed the cattle and picketed the horses. By evening the storm reached them with lightning, heavy thunder and great piles of hail. The next morning the water had risen half way up tall trees.

The Indians stole the lead horse of one of the four-horse teams and Mrs. Low rode the other on a man's saddle. Many western equestriennes have learned to be not too particular as to horse, habit or saddle and have proven also the greater safety and convenience of cross-saddle riding.

In the Black Hills while traveling along the crest of a high ridge, where to get out of the road would have been disastrous, the train was met by a band of Indians on ponies, who pressed up to the wagons in a rather embarrassing way, bent apparently upon riding between and separating the teams, but the drivers were too wise to permit this and kept close together, without stopping to parley with them, and after riding alongside for some distance, the designing but baffled redskins withdrew.

The presence of the native inhabitants sometimes proved a convenience; especially was this true of the more peaceable tribes of the far west. On the Umatilla River the travelers were glad to obtain the first fresh vegetable since leaving the cultivated gardens and fields of their old homes months before. One of the women traded a calico apron for green peas, which were regarded as a great treat and much enjoyed.

Farther on, as they neared the Columbia, Captain Low, who was riding ahead of the train, met Indians with salmon, eager to purchase so fine a fish and not wishing to stop the wagon, pulled off an overshirt over his head and exchanged it for the piscatorial prize.

The food that had sustained them on the long march was almost military in its simplicity. Corn meal, flour, rice (a little, as it was not then in common use), beans, bacon and dried fruits were the main dependence. They could spend but little time hunting and fishing. On Bear River "David" and "Louisa" each caught a trout, fine, speckled beauties. "David" and the other hunters of the company also killed sage hens, antelope and buffalo.

After leaving the Missouri River they had no opportunity to buy anything until they reached the Snake River, where they purchased some dried salmon of the Indians.

CHAPTER II
DOWN THE COLUMBIA IN ’51

After eighty days travel over one thousand seven hundred sixty-five miles of road these weary pilgrims reached the mighty river of the West, the vast Columbia.

At The Dalles, the road Across the Plains was finished, from thence the great waterways would lead them to their journey’s end.

It was there the immigrants first feasted on the delicious river salmon, fresh from the foaming waters. The Indians boiled theirs, making a savory soup, the odor of which would almost have fed a hungry man; the white people cooked goodly pieces in the trusty camp frying pan.

Not then accustomed to such finny monsters, they found a comparison for the huge cuts as like unto sides of pork, and a receptacle for the giant’s morsels in a seaworthy washingtub. However, high living will pall unto the taste; one may really tire of an uninterrupted piscatorial banquet, and one of the company, A. A. Denny, declared his intention of introducing some variety in the bill of fare. “Plague take it,” he said, “I’m tired of salmon – I’m going to have some chicken.”

But alas! the gallinaceous fowl, roaming freely at large, had also feasted frequently on fragments no longer fresh of the overplus of salmon, and its flavor was indescribable, wholly impossible, as the French say. It was “fishy” fish rather than fowl.

At The Dalles the company divided, one party composed of a majority of the men started over the mountains with the wagons and teams; the women and children prepared to descend the river in boats.

In one boat, seated on top of the “plunder” were Mrs. A. A. Denny and two children, Miss Louisa Boren, Mrs. Low and four children and Mrs. Boren and one child. The other boat was loaded in like manner with a great variety of useful and necessary articles, heaped up, on top of which sat several women and children, among whom were Mrs. Sarah Denny, grandmother of the writer, and her little daughter, Loretta.

A long summer day was spent in floating down the great canyon where the majestic Columbia cleaves the Cascade Range in twain. The succeeding night the first boat landed on an island in the river, and the voyagers went ashore to camp. During the night one of the little girls, Gertrude Boren, rolled out of her bed and narrowly escaped falling into the hurrying stream; had she done so she must have certainly been lost, but a kind Providence decreed otherwise. Re-embarking the following day, gliding swiftly on the current, they traversed a considerable distance and the second night approached the Cascades.

Swifter and more turbulent, the rushing flood began to break in more furious foam-wreaths on every jagged rock, impotently striving to stay its onward rush to the limitless ocean.

Sufficient light enabled the observing eye to perceive the writhing surface of the angry waters, but the boatmen were stupified with drink!

All day long they had passed a bottle about which contained a liquid facetiously called “Blue Ruin” and near enough their ruin it proved.

I have penned the following description which met with the approval of one of the principal actors in what so nearly proved a tragedy:

It was midnight on the mighty Columbia. A waning moon cast a glowworm light on the dark, rushing river; all but one of the weary women and tired little children were deeply sunken in sleep. The oars creaked and dipped monotonously; the river sang louder and louder every boat’s length. Drunken, bloated faces leered foolishly and idiotically; they admonished each other to “Keep ’er goin’.”

The solitary watcher stirred uneasily, looked at the long lines of foam out in midstream and saw how fiercely the white waves contended, and far swifter flew the waters than at any hour before. What was the meaning of it? Hark! that humming, buzzing, hissing, nay, bellowing roar! The blood

flew to her brain and made her senses reel; they must be nearing the last landing above the falls, the great Cascades of the Columbia.

But the crew gave no heed.

Suddenly she cried out sharply to her sleeping sister, “Mary! Mary! wake up! we are nearing the falls, I hear them roar.”

“What is it, Liza?” she said sleepily.

“O, wake up! we shall all be drowned, the men don’t know what they are doing.”

The rudely awakened sleepers seemed dazed and did not make much outcry, but a strong young figure climbed over the mass of baggage and confronting the drunken boatmen, plead, urged and besought them, if they considered their own lives, or their helpless freight of humanity, to make for the shore.

“Oh, men,” she pleaded, “don’t you hear the falls, they roar louder now. It will soon be too late, I beseech you turn the boat to shore. Look at the rapids beyond us!”

“Thar haint no danger, Miss, leastways not yet; wots all this fuss about anyhow? No danger,” answered one who was a little disturbed; the others were almost too much stupified to understand her words and stood staring at the bareheaded, black haired young woman as if she were an apparition and were no more alarmed than if the warning were given as a curious mechanical performance, having no reference to themselves.

Repeating her request with greater earnestness, if possible, a man’s voice broke in saying, “I believe she is right, put in men quick, none of us want to be drowned.”

Fortunately this penetrated their besotted minds and they put about in time to save the lives of all on board, although they landed some distance below the usual place.

A little farther and they would have been past all human help.

One of the boatmen cheerfully acknowledged the next day that if it “hadn’t been fur that purty girl they had a’ gone over them falls, shure.”

The other boat had a similar experience; it began to leak profusely before they had gone very far and would soon have sunk, had not the crew, who doubtless were sober, made all haste to land.

My grandmother has often related to me how she clapsed her little child to her heart and resigned herself to a fate which seemed inevitable; also of a Mrs. McCarthy, a passenger likewise, becoming greatly excited and alternately swearing and praying until the danger was past. An inconvenient but amusing feature was the soaked condition of the “plunder” and the way the shore and shrubbery thereon were decorated with “hiyu ictas,” as the Chinook has it, hung out to dry. Finding it impossible to proceed, this detachment returned and took the mountain road.

A tramway built by F. A. Chenoweth, around the great falls, afforded transportation for the baggage of the narrowly saved first described. There being no accommodations for passengers, the party walked the tramroad; at the terminus they unloaded and stayed all night. No “commodious and elegant” steamer awaited them, but an old brig, bound for Portland, received them and their effects.

Such variety of adventure had but recently crowded upon them that it was almost fearfully they re-embarked. A. A. Denny observed to Captain Low, “Look here, Low, they say women are scarce in Oregon and we had better be careful of ours.” Presumably they were, as both survive at the present day.

From a proud ranger of the dashing main, the old brig had come down to be a carrier of salt salmon packed in barrels, and plunder of immigrants; as for the luckless passengers, they accommodated themselves as best they could.

The small children were tied to the mast to keep them from falling overboard, as there were no bulwarks.

Beds were made below on the barrels before mentioned and the travel-worn lay down, but not to rest; the mosquitos were a bloodthirsty throng and the beds were likened unto a corduroy road.

One of the women grumbled a little and an investigation proved that it was, as her husband said, “Nothing but the tea-kettle” wedged in between the barrels.

Another lost a moccasin overboard and having worn out all her shoes on the way, went with one stockinged foot until they turned up the Willamette River, then went ashore to a farmhouse where she was so fortunate as to find the owner of a new pair of shoes which she bought, and was thus able to enter the “city” of Portland in appropriate footgear.

After such vicissitudes, dangers and anxiety, the little company were glad to tarry in the embryo metropolis for a brief season; then, having heard of fairer shores, the restless pioneers moved on.

CHAPTER III
THE SETTLEMENT AT ALKI

Midway between Port Townsend and Olympia, in full view looking west from the city of Seattle, is a long tongue of land, washed by the sparkling waves of Puget Sound, called Alki Point. It helps to make Elliott Bay a beautiful land-locked harbor and is regarded with interest as being the site of the first settlement by white people in King County in what was then the Territory of Oregon. *Alki* is an Indian word pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, which is *al* as in altitude; *ki* is spoken as *ky* in silky. Alki means "by and by."

It doth truly fret the soul of the old settler to see it printed and hear it pronounced Al-ki.

The first movement toward its occupancy was on this wise: A small detachment of the advancing column of settlers, D. T. Denny and J. N. Low, left Portland on the Willamette, on the 10th of September, 1851, with two horses carrying provisions and camp outfit.

These men walked to the Columbia River to round up a band of cattle belonging to Low. The cattle were ferried over the river at Vancouver and from thence driven over the old Hudson Bay Company's trail to the mouth of Cowlitz River, a tributary of the Columbia, up the Cowlitz to Warbass Landing and on to Ford's prairie, a wide and rich one, where the band were left to graze on the luxuriant pasturage.

On a steep, rocky trail along the Cowlitz River, Denny was following along not far behind a big, yellow ox that was scrambling up, trying vainly to get a firm foothold, when Low, foreseeing calamity, called to him to "Look out!" Denny swerved a little from the path and at that moment the animal lost its footing and came tumbling past them, rolling over several times until it landed on a lower level, breaking off one of its horns. Here was a narrow escape although not from a wild beast. They could not then stop to secure the animal although it was restored to the flock some time after.

From Ford's prairie, although footsore and weary, they kept on their way until Olympia was reached. It was a long tramp of perhaps two hundred fifty miles, the exact distance could not be ascertained as the trail was very winding.

As described by one of our earliest historians, Olympia then consisted of about a dozen one-story frame cabins, covered with split cedar siding, well ventilated and healthy, and perhaps twice as many Indian huts near the custom house, as Olympia was then the port of entry for Puget Sound.

The last mentioned structure afforded space on the ground floor for a store, with a small room partitioned off for a postoffice.

Our two pioneers found here Lee Terry, who had been engaged in loading a sailing vessel with piles. He fell in with the two persistent pedestrians and thus formed a triumvirate of conquerors of a new world. The pioneers tarried not in the embryo city but pushed on farther down the great Inland Sea.

With Captain Fay and several others they embarked in an open boat, the Captain, who owned the boat, intending to purchase salmon of the Indians for the San Francisco market. Fay was an old whaling captain. He afterwards married Mrs. Alexander, a widow of Whidby Island, and lived there until his death.

The little party spent their first night on the untrod shores of Sgwudux, the Indian name of the promontory now occupied by West Seattle, landing on the afternoon of September 25th, 1851, and sleeping that night under the protecting boughs of a giant cedar tree.

On the 26th, Low, Denny and Terry hired two young Indians of Chief Sealth's (Seattle's) tillicum (people), who were camped near by, to take them up the Duwampsh River in a canoe. Safely seated, the paddles dipped and away they sped over the dancing waves. The weather was fair, the air clear and a magnificent panorama spread around them. The whole forest-clad encircling shores of Elliott Bay, untouched by fire or ax, the tall evergreens thickly set in a dense mass to the water's edge

stood on every hand. The great white dome of Mount Rainier, 14,444 feet high, before them, toward which they traveled; behind them, stretched along the western horizon, Towiat or Olympics, a grand range of snow-capped mountains whose foothills were covered with a continuous forest.

Entering the Duwampsh River and ascending for several miles they reached the farther margin of a prairie where Low and Terry, having landed, set out over an Indian trail through the woods, to look at the country, while Denny followed on the river with the Indians. On and on they went until Denny became anxious and fired off his gun but received neither shot nor shout in answer. The day waned, it was growing dark, and as he returned the narrow deep river took on a melancholy aspect, the great forest was gloomy with unknown fears, and he was alone with strange, wild men whose language was almost unintelligible. Nevertheless, he landed and camped with them at a place known afterward as the Maple Prairie.

Morning of the 27th of September saw them paddling up the river again in search of the other two explorers, whom they met coming down in a canoe. They had kept on the trail until an Indian camp was reached at the junction of Black and Duwampsh Rivers the night before. All returned to Sgwudux, their starting point, to sleep under the cedar tree another night.

On the evening of the 27th a scow appeared and stopped near shore where the water was quite deep. Two women on board conversed with Captain Fay in Chinook, evidently quite proud of their knowledge of the trade jargon of the Northwest. The scow moved on up Elliott Bay, entered Duwampsh River and ascended it to the claim of L. M. Collins, where another settlement sprang into existence.

On the 28th the pioneers moved their camp to Alki Point or Sma-qua-mox as it was named by the Indians.

Captain Fay returned from down the Sound on the forenoon of the 28th. That night, as they sat around the campfire, the pioneers talked of their projected building and the idea of split stuff was advanced, when Captain Fay remarked, “Well, I think a log house is better in an Indian country.”

“Why, do you think there is any danger from the Indians?” he was quickly asked.

“Well,” he replied, with a sly twinkle in his eye, “It would keep off the stray bullets when they *poo mowich*” (shoot deer).

These hints, coupled with subsequent experiences, awoke the anxiety of D. T. Denny, who soon saw that there were swarms of savages to the northward. Those near by were friendly, but what of those farther away?

One foggy morning, when the distance was veiled in obscurity, the two young white men, Lee and David, were startled to see a big canoe full of wild Indians from away down the Sound thrust right out of the dense fog; they landed and came ashore; the chief was a tall, brawny fellow with a black beard. They were very impudent, crowding on them and trying to get into the little brush tent, but Lee Terry stood in the door-way leaning, or braced rather, against the tree upon which one end of the frail habitation was fastened. The white men succeeded in avoiding trouble but they felt inwardly rather “shaky” and were much relieved when their rude visitors departed. These Indians were Skagits.

The brush shelter referred to was made of boughs laid over a pole placed in the crotch of another pole at one end, the other end being held by a crotch fastened to a tree. In it was placed their scanty outfit and supplies, and there they slept while the cabin was building.

A townsite was located and named “New York,” which no doubt killed the place, exotics do not thrive in the Northwest; however, the name was after changed to Alki.

D. T. Denny and Lee Terry were left to take care of the “townsite” while J. N. Low returned with Captain Fay to Olympia and footed it over the trail again to the Columbia. He carried with him a letter to A. A. Denny in Portland, remarkable as the first one penned by D. T. Denny on Puget Sound, also in that upon it and the account given by Low depended the decision of the rest of the party to settle on the shores of the great Inland Sea. The substance of the letter was, “Come as soon

as you can; we have found a valley that will accommodate one thousand families," referring to that of the Duwampsh River.

These two, David T. Denny and Lee Terry, proceeded to lay the foundation of the first cabin built on Elliott Bay and also the first in King County. Their only tools were an ax and a hammer. The logs were too heavy for the two white men to handle by themselves, and after they were cut, passing Indians, muscular braves, were called on to assist, which they willingly did, Mr. Denny giving them bread as a reward, the same being an unaccustomed luxury to them.

Several days after the foundation was laid, L. M. Collins and "Nesqually John," an Indian, passed by the camp and rising cabin, driving oxen along the beach, on their way to the claim selected by Collins on the fertile banks of the Duwampsh River.

When D. T. Denny and Lee Terry wrote their names on the first page of our history, they could not fully realize the import of their every act, yet no doubt they were visionary. Sleeping in their little brush tent at night, what dreams may have visited them! Dreams, perhaps, of fleets of white-winged ships with the commerce of many nations, of busy cities, of throngs of people. Probably they set about chopping down the tall fir trees in a cheerful mood, singing and whistling to the astonishment of the pine squirrels and screech owls thus rudely disturbed. Their camp equipage and arrangements were of the simplest and rudest and Mr. Denny relates that Lee Terry would not cook so he did the cooking. He made a "johnny cake" board of willow wood to bake bread upon.

Fish and game were cooked before the camp fire. The only cooking vessel was a tin pail.

One evening Old Duwampsh Curley, whose Indian name was Su-whalth, with several others, visited them and begged the privilege of camping near by. Permission given, the Indians built a fire and proceeded to roast a fine, fat duck transfixed on a sharp stick, placing a large clam shell underneath to catch the gravy. When it was cooked to their minds, Curley offered a choice cut to the white men, who thanked him but declined to partake, saying that they had eaten their supper.

Old Curley remembered it and in after years often reminded his white friend of the incident, laughing slyly, "He! He! Boston man halo tikke Siwash muck-a-muck" (white man do not like Indian's food), knowing perfectly well the reason they would not accept the proffered dainty.

J. N. Low had returned to Portland and Terry went to Olympia on the return trip of Collins' scow, leaving David T. Denny alone with "New York," the unfinished cabin and the Indians. For three weeks he was the sole occupant and was ill a part of the time.

Meanwhile, the families left behind had not been idle, but having made up their minds that the end of their rainbow rested on Puget Sound, set sail on the schooner "Exact," with others who intended to settle at various points on the Inland Sea, likewise a party of gold hunters bound for Queen Charlotte's Island.

They were one week getting around Cape Flattery and up the Sound as far as Alki Point. It was a rough introduction to the briny deep, as the route covered the most tempestuous portion of the northwest coast. Well acquainted as they were with prairie schooners, a schooner on the ocean was another kind of craft and they enjoyed (?) their first experience of seasickness crossing the bar of the Columbia. As may be easily imagined, the fittings were not of the most luxurious kind and father, mother and the children gathered socially around a washing tub to pay their respects to Neptune.

The gold miners, untouched by mal de mer, sang jolly songs and played cards to amuse themselves. Their favorite ditty was the round "Three Blind Mice" and they sang also many good old campmeeting songs. Poor fellows! they were taken captive by the Indians of Queen Charlotte's Island and kept in slavery a number of years until Victorians sent an expedition for their rescue, paid their ransom and they were released.

On a dull November day, the thirteenth of the month, this company landed on Alki Point.

There were A. A. Denny, his wife, Mary Boren Denny, and their three little children; Miss Louisa Boren, a younger sister of Mrs. Denny; C. D. Boren and his family; J. N. Low, Mrs. Low and their four children and Wm. N. Bell, Mrs. Sarah Bell and their family.

John and Sarah Denny with their little daughter, Loretta, remained in Oregon for several years and then removed to the Sound.

On that eventful morning the lonely occupant of the unfinished cabin was startled by an unusual sound, the rattling of an anchor chain, that of the "Exact." Not feeling well he had the night before made some hot tea, drank it, piled both his own and Lee Terry's blankets over him and slept long and late. Hearing the noise before mentioned he rose hastily, pushed aside the boards leaned up for a door and hurried out and down to the beach to meet his friends who left the schooner in a long boat. It was a gloomy, rainy time and the prospect for comfort was so poor that the women, except the youngest who had no family cares, sat them down on a log on the beach and wept bitter tears of discouragement. Not so with Miss Louisa Boren, whose lively curiosity and love of nature led her to examine everything she saw, the shells and pebbles of the beach, rank shrubbery and rich evergreens that covered the bank, all so new and interesting to the traveler from the far prairie country.

But little time could be spent, however, indulging in the luxury of woe as all were obliged to exert themselves to keep their effects from being carried away by the incoming tide and forgot their sorrow in busily carrying their goods upon the bank; food and shelter must be prepared, and as ever before they met the difficulties courageously.

The roof of the cabin was a little imperfect and one of the pioneer children was rendered quite uncomfortable by the more or less regular drip of the rain upon her and in after years recalled it saying that she had forever after a prejudice against camping out.

David T. Denny inadvertantly let fall the remark that he wished they had not come. A. A. Denny, his brother, came to him, pale with agitation, asking what he meant, and David attempted to allay his fears produced by anxiety for his helpless family, by saying that the cabin was not comfortable in its unfinished state.

The deeper truth was that the Sound country was swarming with Indians. Had the pioneers fully realized the risk they ran, nothing would have induced them to remain; their very unconsciousness afterward proved a safeguard.

The rainy season was fairly under way and suitable shelter was an absolute necessity.

Soon other houses were built of round fir logs and split cedar boards.

The householders brought quite a supply of provisions with them on the "Exact;" among other things a barrel of dried apples, which proved palatable and wholesome. Sea biscuit, known as hard-bread, and potato bread made of mashed potatoes and baked in the oven were oft times substitutes for or adjuncts of the customary loaf.

There was very little game in the vicinity of the settlement and at first they depended on the native hunters and fishermen who brought toothsome wild ducks and venison, fresh fish and clams in abundance.

One of the pioneers relates that some wily rascals betrayed them into eating pieces of game which he afterward was convinced were cut from a cougar. The Indians who brought it called it "mowich" (deer), but the meat was of too light a color for either venison or bear, and the conformation of the leg bones in the pieces resembled *felis* rather than *cervus*.

But the roasts were savory, it was unseemly to make too severe an examination and the food supply was not then so certain as to permit indulgence in an over-nice discrimination.

The inventive genius of the pioneer women found generous exercise in the manufacture of new dishes. The variations were rung on fish, potatoes and clams in a way to pamper epicures. Clams in fry, pie, chowder, soup, stew, boil and bake – even pickled clams were found an agreeable relish. The great variety of food fishes from the kingly salmon to the tiny smelt, with crabs, oysters, etc., and their many modes of preparation, were perpetually tempting to the pioneer appetite.

The question of food was a serious one for the first year, as the resources of this land of plenty were unknown at first, but the pushing pioneer proved a ready and adaptable learner.

Flour, butter, syrup, sugar, tea and coffee were brought at long intervals over great distances by sailing vessels. By the time these articles reached the settlement their value became considerable.

Game, fish and potatoes were staple articles of diet and judging from the stalwart frames of the Indians were safe and substantial.

Trading with the Indians brought about some acquaintance with their leading characteristics.

On one occasion, the youngest of the white women, Louisa Boren, attempted to barter some red flannel for a basket of potatoes.

The basket of "wapatoes" occupied the center of a level spot in front of the cabin, backed by a semicircle of perhaps twenty-five Indians. A tall, bronze tyee (chief) stood up to wa-wa (talk). He wanted so much cloth; stretching out his long arms to their utmost extent, fully two yards.

"No," she said, "I will give you so much," about one yard.

"Wake, cultus potlatch" (No, that is just giving them away) answered the Indian, who measured several times and insisted that he would not trade for an inch less. Out of patience at last, she disdainfully turned her back and retired inside the cabin behind a mat screen. No amount of coaxing from the savages could induce her to return, and the disappointed spectators filed off, bearing their "hyas mokoke" (very valuable) potatoes with them, no doubt marveling at the firmness of the white "slanna" (woman).

A more successful deal in potatoes was the venture of A. A. Denny and J. N. Low, who traveled from Alki to Fort Nesqually, in a big canoe manned by four Indians and obtained fifty bushels of little, round, red potatoes grown by Indians from seed obtained from the "Sking George" men. The green hides of beeves were spread in the bottom of the canoe and the potatoes piled thereon.

Returning to Alki it was a little rough and the vegetables were well moistened with salt chuck, as were the passengers also, probably, deponent saith not.

It is not difficult for those who have traveled the Sound in all kinds of weather to realize the aptness of the expression of the Chinese cook of a camping party who were moving in a large canoe; when the waves began to rise, he exclaimed in agitation, "Too littlee boat for too muchee big waters." It is well to bear in mind that the "Sound" is a great inland sea. A tenderfoot's description of the water over which he floated, the timorous occupant of a canoe, testifies that it looked to him to be "Two hundred feet deep, as clear as a kitten's eye and as cold as death."

All the different sorts of canoes of which I shall speak in another chapter look "wobbly" and uncertain, yet the Indians make long voyages of hundreds of miles by carefully observing the wind and tide.

A large canoe will easily carry ten persons and one thousand pounds of baggage. One of these commodious travelers, with a load of natives and their "ictas" (baggage) landed on a stormy day at Alki and the occupants spent several hours ashore. While engaged with their meal one of them exclaimed, "Nannitch!" (look) at the same time pointing at the smoke of the campfire curling steadily straight upward. Without another word they tumbled themselves and belongings aboard and paddled off in silent satisfaction.

The ascending column of smoke was their barometer which read "Fair weather, no wind."

The white people, unacquainted with the shores, tides and winds of the great Inland Sea, did well to listen to their Indian canoemen; sometimes their unwillingness to do so exposed them to great danger and even loss of life.

The Indians living on Elliott Bay were chiefly the indigenous tribe of D'wampsh or Duwampsh, changed by white people into "Duwamish."

They gave abundant evidence of possessing human feeling beneath their rough exterior.

One of the white women at Alki, prepared some food for a sick Indian child which finally recovered. The child's father, "Old Alki John," was a very "hard case," but his heart was tender toward his child, and to show his gratitude he brought and offered as a present to the kind white

"slanna" (woman) a bright, new tin pail, a very precious thing to the Indian mind. Of course she readily accepted his thanks but persuaded him to keep the pail.

Savages though they were, or so appeared, the Indians of Elliott Bay were correctly described in these words:

"We found a race, though rude and wild,
Still tender toward friend or child,
For dark eyes laughed or shone with tears
As joy or sorrow filled the years.
Their black-eyed babes the red men kissed
And captive brothers sorely missed;
With broken hearts brown mothers wept
When babes away by death were swept."

– Song of the Pioneers.

But there were amusing as well as pathetic experiences. The Indians were like untaught children in many things. Their curiosity over-came them and their innocent impertinence sometimes required reproof.

In a cabin at Alki one morning, a white woman was frying fish. Warming by the fire stood "Duwampsh Curley;" the odor of the fish was doubtless appetizing; Curley was moved with a wish to partake of it and reached out a dark and doubtful-looking hand to pick out a piece. The white woman had a knife in her hand to turn the pieces and raised it to strike the imprudent hand which was quickly and sheepishly withdrawn.

Had he been as haughty and ill-natured as some savages the result might have been disastrous, but he took the reproof meekly and mended his manners instead of retaliating.

Now and then the settlers were spectators in dramas of Indian romance.

"Old Alki John" had a wife whose history became interesting. For some unknown reason she ran away from Puyallup to Alki. Her husband followed her, armed with a Hudson Bay musket and a frame of mind that boded no good. While A. A. Denny, D. T. Denny and Alki John were standing together on the bank one day Old John's observing eye caught sight of a strange Indian ascending the bank, carrying his gun muzzle foremost, a suggestive position not indicative of peaceful intentions. "Nannitch" (look) he said quietly; the stranger advanced boldly, but Old John's calm manner must have had a soothing effect upon the bloodthirsty savage, as he concluded to "wa-wa" (talk) a little before fighting.

So the gutturals and polysyllables of the native tongue fairly flew about until evidently, as Mr. D. T. Denny relates, some sort of compromise was effected. Not then understanding the language, he could not determine just the nature of the arrangement, but has always thought it was amicably settled by the payment of money by "Old Alki John" to her former husband. This Indian woman was young and fair, literally so, as her skin was very white, she being the whitest squaw ever seen among them; her head was not flattened, she was slender and of good figure. Possibly she had white blood in her veins; her Indian name was "Si-a-ye."

Being left a widow, she was not left to pine alone very long; another claimed her hand and she became Mrs. Yeow-de-pump. When this one joined his brethren in the happy hunting ground, she remained a widow for some time, but is now the wife of the Indian Zacuse, mentioned in another place.

There were women cabin builders. Each married woman was given half the donation claim by patent from the government; improvement on her part of the claim was therefore necessary.

On a fine, fair morning in the early spring of 1852, two women set forth from the settlement at Alki, to cross Elliott Bay in a fishing canoe, with Indians to paddle and a large dog to protect them

from possible wild animals in the forest, for in that wild time, bears, cougars and wolves roamed the shores of Puget Sound.

Landed on the opposite shore, the present site of Seattle, they made their way slowly and with difficulty through the dense undergrowth of the heavy forest, there being not so much as a trail, over a long distance. Arrived at the chosen spot, they cut with their own hands some small fir logs and laid the foundation of a cabin. While thus employed the weather underwent a change and on the return was rather threatening. The wind and waves were boisterous, the canine passenger was frightened and uneasy, thus adding to the danger. The water washed into the canoe and the human occupants suffered no little anxiety until they reached the beach at home.

One of the conditions of safe travel in a canoe is a quiet and careful demeanor, the most approved plan being to sit down in the bottom of the craft and *stay there*.

To have a large, heavy animal squirming about, getting up and lying down frequently, must have tried their nerve severely and it must have taken good management to prevent a serious catastrophe. The Bell family were camped at that time on their claim in a rude shelter of Indian boards and mats.

The handful of white men at Alki spent their time and energy in getting out piles for the San Francisco market. At first they had very few appliances for handling the timber. The first vessel to load was the brig Leonesa, which took a cargo of piles, cut, rolled and hauled by hand, as there were no cattle at the settlement.

There were also no roads and Lee Terry went to Puyallup for a yoke of oxen, which he drove down on the beach to Alki. Never were dumb brutes better appreciated than these useful creatures.

But the winter, or rather rainy season, wore away; as spring approached the settlers explored the shores of the Sound far and near and it became apparent that Alki must wait till “by and by,” as the eastern shore of Elliott Bay was found more desirable and the pioneers prepared to move again by locating donation claims on a portion of the land now covered by a widespread city, which will bring us to the next chapter, “The Founding of Seattle and Indian War.”

The following is a brief recapitulation of the first days on Puget Sound; in these later years we see the rapid and skillful construction of elegant mansions, charming cottages and stately business houses, all in sight of the spot where stood the first little cabin of the pioneer. The builders of this cabin were D. T. Denny, J. N. Low and Lee Terry, assisted by the Indians, the only tools, an ax and a hammer, the place Alki Point, the time, the fall of 1851.

They baked their bread before the fire on a willow board hewed from a piece of a tree which grew near the camp; the only cooking vessel was a tin pail; the salmon they got off the Indians was roasted before the fire on a stick.

The cabin was unfinished when the famous landing was made, November 13th, 1851, because J. N. Low returned to Portland, having been on the Sound but a few days, then Lee Terry boarded Collins’ scow on its return trip up Sound leaving D. T. Denny alone for about three weeks, during most of which time he was ill. This was Low’s cabin; after the landing of Bell, Boren and A. A. Denny and the others of the party, among whom were Low and C. C. Terry, a roof was put on the unfinished cabin and they next built A. A. Denny’s and then two cabins of split cedar for Bell and Boren and their families.

When they moved to the east side of Elliott Bay, Bell’s was the first one built. W. N. Bell and D. T. Denny built A. A. Denny’s on the east side, as he was sick. D. T. Denny had served an apprenticeship in cabin building, young as he was, nineteen years of age, before he came to Puget Sound.

The first of D. T. Denny’s cabins he built himself with the aid of three Indians. There was not a stick or piece of sawed stuff in it.

However, by the August following his marriage, which took place January 23rd, 1853, he bought of H. L. Yesler lumber from his sawmill at about $25.00 per M. to put up a little board house, sixteen by twenty feet near the salt water, between Madison and Marion streets, Seattle.

This little home was my birthplace, the first child of the first white family established at Elliott Bay. Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Denny had been threatened by Indians and their cabin robbed, so thought it best to move into the settlement.

CHAPTER IV
FOUNDING OF SEATTLE AND INDIAN WAR

The most astonishing change wrought in the aspect of nature by the building of a city on Puget Sound is not the city itself but the destruction of the primeval forest.

By the removal of the thick timber the country becomes unrecognizable; replaced by thousands of buildings of brick, wood and stone, graded streets, telephone and electric light systems, steam, electric and cable railways and all the paraphernalia of modern civilization, the contrast is very great. The same amount of energy and money expended in a treeless, level country would probably have built a city three times as large as Seattle.

In February, 1852, Bell, Boren and the Dennys located claims on the east side of Elliott Bay. Others followed, but it was not until May, 1853, that C. D. Boren and A. A. Denny filed the first plat of the town, named for the noted chief, "Seattle." The second plat was filed shortly after by D. S. Maynard. Maynard was a physician who did not at first depend on the practice of his profession; perhaps the settlers were too vigorous to require pills, powders and potions, at any rate he proposed to engage in the business of packing salmon.

The settlers at Alki moved over to their claims in the spring of 1852, some of them camping until they could build log cabins.

Finally all were well established and then began the hand to hand conflict for possession of the ground. The mighty forest must yield to fire and the ax; then from the deep bosom of the earth what bounty arose!

The Indians proved efficient helpers, guides and workers in many ways. One of the pioneers had three Indians to help him build his cabin.

To speak more particularly of the original architecture of the country, the cabins, built usually of round logs of the Douglas fir, about six inches in diameter, were picturesque, substantial and well suited to the needs of the pioneer. A great feature of the Seattle cabin was the door made of thick boards hewed out of the timber as there was no sawmill on the bay until H. L. Yesler built the first steam sawmill erected on the Sound. This substantial door was cut across in the middle with a diagonal joint; the lower half was secured by a stout wooden pin, in order that the upper half might be opened and the "wa-wa" (talk) proceed with the native visitor, who might or might not be friendly, while he stood on the outside of the door and looked in with eager curiosity, on the strange ways of the "Bostons."

The style of these log cabins was certainly admirable, adapted as they were to the situation of the settler. They were inexpensive as the material was plentiful and near at hand, and required only energy and muscle to construct them; there were no plumber's, gas or electric light bills coming in every month, no taxes for improvements and a man could build a lean-to or hay-shed without a building permit. The interiors were generally neat, tasteful and home-like, made so by the versatile pioneer women who occupied them.

These primitive habitations were necessarily scattered as it was imperative that they should be placed so as to perfect the titles of the donation claims. Sometimes two settlers were able to live near each other when they held adjoining claims, others were obliged to live several miles away from the main settlement and far from a neighbor, in lonely, unprotected places.

What thoughts of the homes and friends they had left many weary leagues behind, visited these lonely cabin dwellers!

The husband was engaged in clearing, slashing and burning log heaps, cutting timber, hunting for game to supply the larder, or away on some errand to the solitary neighbor's or distant settlement. Often, during the livelong day the wife was alone, occupied with domestic toil, all of which had to be performed by one pair of hands, with only primitive and rude appliances; but there were

no incompetent servants to annoy, social obligations were few, fashion was remote and its tyranny unknown, in short, many disagreeable things were lacking. The sense of isolation was intensified by frequently recurring incidents in which the dangers of pioneer life became manifest. The dark, mysterious forest might send forth from its depths at any moment the menace of savage beast or relentless man.

The big, grey, timber wolf still roamed the woods, although it soon disappeared before the oncoming wave of invading settlers. Generally quite shy, they required some unusual attraction to induce them to display their voices.

On a dark winter night in 1853, the lonely cabin of D. T. and Louisa Denny was visited by a pair of these voracious beasts, met to discuss the remains of a cow, belonging to W. N. Bell, which had stuck fast among some tree roots and died in the edge of the clearing. How they did snarl and howl, making the woods and waters resound with their cries as they greedily devoured the carcass. The pioneer couple who occupied the cabin entered no objection and were very glad of the protection of the solid walls of their primitive domicile. The next day, Mr. Denny, with dog and gun, went out to hunt them but they had departed to some remote region.

On another occasion the young wife lay sick and alone in the cabin above mentioned and a good neighbor, Mrs. Sarah Bell, from her home a mile away, came to see her, bringing some wild[1] pheasant's eggs the men had found while cutting spars. While the women chatted, an Indian came and stood idly looking in over the half-door and his companion lurked in the brush near by.

John Kanem, a brother of the chief, Pat Kanem, afterward told the occupants of the cabin that these Indians had divulged their intention of murdering them in order to rob their dwelling, but abandoned the project, giving as a reason that a "haluimi kloochman" (another or unknown woman) was there and the man was away.

Surely a kind Providence watched over these unprotected ones that they might in after years fulfill their destiny.

During the summer of 1855, before the Indian war, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Denny were living in a log cabin in the swale, an opening in the midst of a heavy forest, on their donation claim, to which they had moved from their first cabin on Elliott Bay.

Dr. Choush, an Indian medicine man, came along one day in a state of ill-suppressed fury. He had just returned from a Government "potlatch" at the Tulalip agency. In relating how they were cheated he said that the Indians were presented with strips of blankets which had been torn into narrow pieces about six or eight inches wide, and a little bit of thread and a needle or two. The Indians thereupon traded among themselves and pieced the strips together.

He was naturally angry and said menacingly that the white people were few, their doors were thin and the Indians could easily break them in and kill all the "Bostons."

All this could not have been very reassuring to the inmates of the cabin; however they were uniformly kind to the natives and had many friends among them.

Just before the outbreak a troop of Indians visited this cabin and their bearing was so haughty that Mrs. Denny felt very anxious. When they demanded "Klosh mika potlatch wapatoes," (Give us some potatoes) she hurried out herself to dig them as quickly as possible that they might have no excuse for displeasure, and was much relieved when they took their departure. One Indian remained behind a long time but talked very little. It is supposed that he thought of warning them of the intended attack on the white settlement but was afraid to do so because of the enmity against him that might follow among his own people.

Gov. Stevens had made treaties with the Indians to extinguish their title to the lands of the Territory. Some were dissatisfied and stirred up the others against the white usurpers. This was perfectly natural; almost any American of whatever color resents usurpation.

[1] Ruffed grouse.

Time would fail to recount the injuries and indignities heaped upon the Indians by the evil-minded among the whites, who could scarcely have been better than the same class among the natives they sought to displace.

As subsequently appeared, there was a difference of opinion among the natives as to the desirability of white settlements in their domain: Leschi, Coquilton, Owhi, Kitsap, Kamiakin and Kanasket were determined against them, while Sealth (Seattle) and Pat Kanem were peaceable and friendly.

The former, shrewd chieftains, well knew that the white people coveted their good lands.

One night before the war, a passing white man, David T. Denny, heard Indians talking together in one of their "rancherees" or large houses; they were telling how the white men knew that the lands belonging to Tseiyuse and Ohwi, two great Yakima chiefs, were very desirable.

Cupidity, race prejudice and cruelty caused numberless injuries and indignities against the Indians. In spite of all, there were those among them who proved the faithful friends of the white race.

Hu-hu-bate-sute or "Salmon Bay Curley," a tall, hawk-nosed, eagle-eyed Indian with very curly hair, was a staunch friend of the "Bostons."

Thlid Kanem or "Cut-Hand" sent Lake John Che-shi-a-hud to Shilshole to inform this "Curley," who lived there, of the intended attack on Seattle. Curley told Ira W. Utter, a white settler on Shilshole or Salmon Bay, and brought him up to Seattle in his own canoe during the night.

"Duwampsh Curley" or Su-whalth, appears in a very unfavorable light in Bancroft's history. My authority, who speaks the native tongue fluently and was a volunteer in active duty on the day of the battle of Seattle, says it was not Curley who disported himself in the manner therein described. I find this refreshing note pencilled on the margin: "Now this is all a lie about Curley."

Curley rendered valuable assistance on the day of the fight. D. T. Denny saw him go on a mission down the bay at the request of the navy officers, to ascertain the position of the hostiles in the north part of the town.

"Old Mose" or Show-halthlk brought word to Seattle of the approach of the hostile bands in January, 1856.

But I seem to anticipate and hasten to refer again to the daily life of the Founders of Seattle.

Trade here, as at Alki, consisted in cutting piles, spars and timber to load vessels for San Francisco. These ships brought food supplies and merchandise, the latter often consisting of goods, calicoes, blankets, shawls and tinware, suitable for barter with the Indians to whom the settlers still looked for a number of articles of food.

Bread being the staff of life to the white man, the supply of flour was a matter of importance. In the winter of 1852 this commodity became so scarce, from the long delay of ships carrying it, that the price became quite fancy, reaching forty dollars per barrel. Pork likewise became a costly luxury; A. A. Denny relates that he paid ninety dollars for two barrels and when by an untoward fate one of the barrels of the precious meat was lost it was regarded as a positive calamity.

Left on the beach out of reach of high tide, it was supposed to be safe, but during the night it was carried away by the waves that swept the banks under the high wind. At the next low tide which came also at night, the whole settlement turned out and searched the beach, with pitchwood torches, from the head of the Bay to Smith's Cove, but found no trace of the missing barrel of pork.

An extenuating circumstance was the fact that a large salmon might be purchased for a brass button, while red flannel, beads, knives and other "ictas" (things) were legal tender for potatoes, venison, berries and clams.

Domestic animals were few; I do not know if there was a sheep, pig or cow, and but few chickens, on Elliott Bay at the beginning of the year 1852.

As late as 1859, Charles Prosch relates that he paid one dollar and a half for a dozen eggs and the same price for a pound of butter.

There were no roads, only a few trails through the forest; a common mode of travel was to follow the beach, the traveler having to be especially mindful of the tide as the banks are so abrupt in many places that at high tide the shore is impassable. The Indian canoe was pressed into service whenever possible.

Very gradually ways through the forest were tunneled out and made passable, by cutting the trees and grubbing the larger stumps, but small obstructions were disdained and anything that would escape a wagon-bed was given peaceable possession.

Of the original settlement, J. N. Low and family remained at Alki.

D. T. and Louisa Denny, who were married at the cabin home of A. A. Denny, January 23rd, 1853, moved themselves and few effects in a canoe to their cabin on the front of their donation claim, the habitation standing on the spot for many years occupied by numerous "sweetbrier" bushes, grown from seeds planted by the first bride of Seattle.

Stern realities confronted them; a part of the time they were out of flour and had no bread for days; they bought fish of the Indians, which, together with game from the forest, brought down by the rifle of the pioneer, made existence possible.

And then, too, the pioneer housewife soon became a shrewd searcher for indigenous articles of food. Among these were nettle greens gathered in the woods.

In their season the native berries were very acceptable; the salmonberry ripening early in June; dewberries and red and black huckleberries were plentiful in July and August.

The first meal partaken of in this cabin consisted of salt meat from a ship's stores and potatoes. They afterward learned to make a whole meal of a medium sized salmon with potatoes, the fragments remaining not worth mention.

The furniture of their cabin was meager, a few chairs from a ship, a bedstead made of fir poles and a ship's stove were the principle articles. One window without glass but closed by a wooden shutter with the open upper half-door served to light it in the daytime, while the glimmer of a dog-fish-oil lamp was the illumination at night.

The stock consisted of a single pair of chickens, a wedding present from D. S. Maynard. The hen set under the door-step and brought out a fine brood of chicks. The rooster soon took charge of them, scratched, called and led them about in the most motherly manner, while the hen, apparently realizing the fact that she was literally a rara avis prepared to bring out another brood.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Denny while visiting their friends at Alki on one occasion witnessed a startling scene.

An Indian had come to trade, "Old Alki John," and a misunderstanding appears to have arisen about the price of a sack of flour. The women, seated chatting at one end of the cabin, were chilled with horror to see the white man, his face pale with anger and excitement, raise an ax as if to strike the Indian, who had a large knife, such as many of them wore suspended from the wrist by a cord; the latter, a tall and brawny fellow, regarded him with a threatening look.

Fortunately no blow was struck and the white man gradually lowered the ax and dropped it on the floor. The Indian quietly departed, much to their relief, as a single blow would likely have resulted in a bloody affray and the massacre of all the white people.

At that time there were neither jails, nor courthouse, no churches, but one sawmill, no steamboats, railways or street cars, not even a rod of wagon road in King County, indeed all the conveniences of modern civilization were wanting.

There were famous, historic buildings erected and occupied, other than the cabin homes; the most notable of these was Fort Decatur.

The commodious blockhouse so named after the good sloop-of-war that rescued the town of Seattle from the hostiles, stood on an eminence at the end of Cherry Street overlooking the Bay. At this time there were about three hundred white inhabitants.

The hewn timbers of this fort were cut by D. T. Denny and two others, on the front of the donation claim, and hauled out on the beach ready to load a ship for San Francisco, but ultimately served a very different purpose from the one first intended.

The mutterings of discontent among the Indians portended war and the settlers made haste to prepare a place of refuge. The timbers were dragged up the hill by oxen and many willing hands promptly put them in place; hewn to the line, the joints were close and a good shingle roof covered the building, to which were added two bastions of sawed stuff from Yesler's mill. D. T. Denny remembers the winter was a mild one, and men went about without coats, otherwise "in their shirtsleeves." While they were building the fort, the U. S. Sloop-of-war *Decatur*, sailed up the Bay with a fair breeze, came to anchor almost directly opposite, swung around and fired off the guns, sixteen thirty-two-pounders, making thunderous reverberations far and wide, a sweet sound to the settlers.

Several of the too confident ones laughed and scoffed at the need of a fort while peace seemed secure. One of these doubters was told by Mrs. Louisa Denny that the people laughed at Noah when he built the ark, and it transpired that a party was obliged to bring this objector and his family into the fort from their claim two miles away, after dark of the night before the battle.

A few nights before the attack, a false alarm sent several settlers out in fluttering nightrobes, cold, moonlight and frosty though it was. Mr. Hillory Butler and his wife, Mrs. McConaha and her children calling to the former "Wait for me." It is needless to say that Mr. Butler waited for nobody until he got inside the fort.

The excitement was caused by the shooting of Jack Drew, a deserter from the Decatur. He was instantly killed by a boy of fifteen, alone with his sister whom he thus bravely defended. This was Milton Holgate and the weapon a shotgun, the charge of which took effect in the wanderer's face. As the report rang out through the still night air it created a panic throughout the settlement.

A family living on the eastern outskirts of the village at the foot of a hill were driven in and their house burned. The men had been engaged in tanning leather and had quite a number of hides on hand that must have enriched the flames. The owners had ridiculed the idea that there was danger of an Indian attack and would not assist in building the fort, scoffed at the man-of-war in the harbor and were generally contemptuous of the whole proceeding. However, when fired on by the Indians they fled precipitately to the fort they had scorned. One of them sank down, bareheaded, breathless and panting on a block of wood inside the fort in an exceedingly subdued frame of mind to the great amusement of the soldiery, both Captain and men.

The first decided move of the hostiles was the attack on the White River settlers, burning, killing and destroying as is the wont of a savage foe.

Joe Lake, a somewhat eccentric character, had one of the hairbreadth escapes fall to his share of the terrible times. He was slightly wounded in an attack on the Cox home on White River. Joe was standing in the open door when an Indian not far away from the cabin, seeing him, held his ramrod on the ground for a rest, placed his gun across it and fired at Joe; the bullet penetrated the clothing and just grazed his shoulder. A man inside the cabin reached up for a gun which hung over the door; the Indian saw the movement and guessing its purpose made haste to depart.

The occupants of the Cox residence hurriedly gathered themselves and indispensable effects, and embarking in a canoe, with energetic paddling, aided by the current, sped swiftly down the river into the Bay and safely reached the fort.

Beside the Decatur, a solitary sailing vessel, the Bark Brontes, was anchored in the harbor.

Those to engage in the battle were the detachments of men from the Decatur, under Lieutenants Drake, Hughes, Morris and Phelps, ninety-six men and eighteen marines, leaving a small number on board.

A volunteer three months' company of settlers of whom C. C. Hewitt was Captain, Wm. Gilliam, First Lieutenant, D. T. Denny, Corporal and Robert Olliver, Sergeant, aided in the defense.

A number of the settlers had received friendly warning and were expecting the attack, some having made as many as three removals from their claims, each time approaching nearer to the fort.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Denny forsook their cabin in the wilderness and spent an anxious night at the home of W. N. Bell, which was a mile or more from the settlement, and the following day moved in to occupy a house near A. A. Denny's, where the Frye block now stands. From thence they moved again to a little frame house near the fort.

Yoke-Yakeman, an Indian who had worked for A. A. Denny and was nicknamed "Denny Jim," played an important part as a spy in a council of the hostiles and gave the warning to Captain Gansevoort of the Decatur of the impending battle.

Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, the pioneer M. E. minister, and his wife, who was the first school teacher of Seattle, went on board the man-of-war on the 22nd of January, 1856, with their infant son, from their home situated where the Boston Block now stands.

On the morning of the 26th, while not yet arisen, she was urging her husband to get a boat so that she might go ashore; he demurred, parleying, with his hand upon the doorknob. Just then they heard the following dialogue:

> Mr. H. L. Yesler (who had come aboard in some haste): "Captain, a klootchman says there are lots of Indians back of Tom Pepper's house."
>
> Captain Gansevoort (who was lying in his berth): "John bring me my boots."
>
> H. L. Yesler: "Never mind Captain, just send the lieutenant with the howitzer."
>
> Captain G.: "No sir! Where my men go, I go too John bring me my boots."

And thus the ball opened; a shell was dropped in the neighborhood of "Tom Pepper's house" with the effect to arouse the whole horde of savages, perhaps a thousand, gathered in the woods back of the town.

Unearthly yells of Indians and brisk firing of musketry followed; the battle raged until noon, when there was a lull.

A volume of personal experiences might be written, but I will give here but a few incidents. To a number of the settlers who were about breakfasting, it was a time of breathless terror; they must flee for their lives to the fort. The bullets from unseen foes whistled over their heads and the distance traversed to the fort was the longest journey of their lives. It was remembered afterward that some very amusing things took place in the midst of fright and flight. One man, rising late and not fully attired, donned his wife's red flannel petticoat instead of the bifurcated garment that usually graced his limbs. The "pants" were not handy and the petticoat was put on in a trice.

Louisa Boren Denny, my mother, was alone with her child about two years old, in the little frame house, a short distance from the fort. She was engaged in baking biscuits when hearing the shots and yells of the Indians she looked out to see the marines from the Decatur swarming up out of their boats onto Yesler's wharf and concluded it was best to retire in good order. With provident foresight she snatched the pan from the oven and turned the biscuits into her apron, picked up the child, Emily Inez Denny, with her free hand and hurried out, leaving the premises to their fate. Fortunately her husband, David T. Denny, who had been standing guard, met her in the midst of the flying bullets and assisted her, speedily, into the friendly fort.

A terrible day it was for all those who were called upon to endure the anxiety and suspense that hovered within those walls; perhaps the moment that tried them most was when the report was circulated that all would be burned alive as the Indians would shoot arrows carrying fire on the roof of cedar shingles or heap combustibles against the walls near the ground and thus set fire to the building. To prevent the latter maneuver, the walls were banked with earth all around.

But the Indians kept at a respectful distance, the rifle-balls and shells were not to their taste and it is not their way to fight in the open.

A tragic incident was the death of Milton Holgate. Francis McNatt, a tall man, stood in the door of the fort with one hand up on the frame and Jim Broad beside him; Milton Holgate stood a little back of McNatt, and the bullet from a savage's gun passed either over or under the uplifted arm of McNatt, striking the boy between the eyes.

Quite a number of women and children were taken on board the two ships in the harbor, but my mother remained in the fort.

The battle was again renewed and fiercely fought in the afternoon.

Toward evening the Indians prepared to burn the town, but a brisk dropping of shells from the big guns of the Decatur dispersed them and they departed for cooler regions, burning houses on the outskirts of the settlement as they retreated toward the Duwamish River.

Leschi, the leader, threatened to return in a month with his bands and annihilate the place. In view of other possible attacks, a second block house was built and the forest side of the town barricaded.

Fort Decatur was a two-story building, forty feet square; the upper story was partitioned off into small rooms, where a half dozen or more families lived until it was safe or convenient to return to their distant homes. Each had a stove on which to cook, and water was carried from a well inside the stockade.

There were a number of children thus shut in, who enlivened the grim walls with their shifting shadows, awakened mirth by their playfulness or touched the hearts of their elders by their pathos.

Like a ray of sunlight in a gloomy interior was little Sam Neely, a great pet, a sociable, affectionate little fellow, visiting about from corner to corner, always sure of attention and a kindly welcome. The marines from the man-of-war spoiled him without stint. One of the Sergeants gave his mother a half worn uniform, which she skilfully re-made, gold braid, buttons and all, for little Sam. How proud he was, with everybody calling him the "Little Sergeant;" whenever he approached a loquacious group, some one was sure to say, "Well, Sergeant, what's the news?"

When the day came for the Neely family to move out of the fort, his mother was very busy and meals uncertain.

He finally appealed to a friend, who had before proven herself capable of sympathy, for something to appease his gnawing hunger, and she promptly gave him a bowl of bread and milk. Down he sat and ate with much relish; as he drained the last drop he observed, "I was just so hungry, I didn't know how hungry I was."

Poor little Sam was drowned in the Duwampsh River the same year, and buried on its banks.

Laura Bell, a little girl of perhaps ten years, during her stay in the fort exhibited the courage and constancy characterizing even the children in those troublous times.

She did a great part of the work for the family, cared for her younger sisters, prepared and carried food to her sick mother who was heard to say with tender gratitude, "Your dear little hands have brought me almost everything I have had." Both have passed into the Beyond; one who remembers Laura well says she was a beautiful, bright, rosy cheeked child, pleasant to look upon.

In unconscious childhood I was carried into Fort Decatur, on the morning of the battle, yet by careful investigation it has been satisfactorily proven that one lasting impression was recorded upon the palimpsest of my immature mind.

A shot was accidentally fired from a gun inside the fort, by which a palefaced, dark haired lady narrowly escaped death. The bullet passed through a loop of her hair, below the ear, just beside the white neck. Her hair was dressed in an old fashioned way, parted in the middle on the forehead and smoothly brushed down over the ears, divided and twisted on each side and the two ropes of hair coiled together at the back of the head. Like a flashlight photograph, her face is imprinted on my memory, nothing before or after for sometime can I claim to recall.

A daughter, the second child of David T. and Louisa Denny, was born in Fort Decatur on the sixteenth of March, 1856, who lived to mature into a gifted and gracious womanhood and passed away from earth in Christian faith and hope on January seventeenth, 1889.

Other children who remained in the fort for varying periods, were those of the Jones, Kirkland, Lewis, McConaha and Boren families.

Of the number of settlers who occupied the fort on the day of the battle, the following are nearly, if not quite all, the families: Wm. N. Bell, Mrs. Bell and several young children; John Buckley and Mrs. Buckley; D. A. Neely and family, one of whom was little Sam Neely spoken of elsewhere; Mr. and Mrs. Hillory Butler, gratefully remembered as the best people in the settlement to visit and help the sick; the Holgates, Mrs. and Miss Holgate, Lemuel Holgate, and Milton Holgate who was killed; Timothy Grow, B. L. Johns and six children, whose mother died on the way to Puget Sound; Joe Lake, the Kirkland family, father and several daughters; Wm. Cox and family and D. T. Denny and family.

During the Indian war, H. L. Yesler took Yoke-Yakeman, or "Denny Jim," the friendly Indian before mentioned, with him across Lake Washington to the hiding place of the Sammumpsh Indians who were aiding the hostiles. Yesler conferred with them and succeeded in persuading the Indians to come out of their retreat and go across the Sound.

While returning, Denny Jim met with an accident which resulted fatally. Intending to shoot some ducks, he drew his shotgun toward him, muzzle first, and discharged it, the load entering his arm, making a flesh wound. Through lack of skill, perhaps, in treating it, he died from the effects, in Curley's house situated on the slope in front of Fort Decatur toward the Bay.

This Indian and the service he rendered should not be forgotten; the same may be appropriately said of the faithful Spokane of whom the following account has been given by eye witnesses:

> "At the attack of the Cascades of the Columbia, on the 26th of March, 1856, the white people took refuge in Bradford's store, a log structure near the river. Having burned a number of other buildings, the Indians, Yakimas and Klickitats, attempted to fire the store also; as fast as the shingles were ignited by burning missiles in the hands of the Indians, the first was put out by pouring brine from a pork barrel, with a tin cup, on the incipient blazes, not being able to get any water.
>
> "The occupants, some wounded, suffered for fresh water, having only some ale and whisky. They hoped to get to the river at night, but the Indians illuminated the scene by burning government property and a warehouse.
>
> "James Sinclair, who was shot and instantly killed early in the fight, had brought a Spokane Indian with him. This Indian volunteered to get water for the suffering inmates. A slide used in loading boats was the only chance and he stripped off his clothing, slid down to the river and returned with a bucket of water. This was made to last until the 28th, when, the enemy remaining quiet the Spokane repeated the daring performance of going down the slide and returning with a pailful of water, with great expedition, until he had filled two barrels, a feat deserving more than passing mention."

On Elliott Bay, the cabins of the farther away settlers had gone up in smoke, fired by the hostile Indians. Some were deserted and new ones built far away from the Sound in the depths of the forest. It required great courage to return to their abandoned homes from the security of the fort, yet doubtless the settlers were glad to be at liberty after their enforced confinement. One pioneer woman says it was easy to see *Indians* among the stumps and trees around their cabin after the war.

Many remained in the settlement, others left the country for safer regions, while a few cultivated land under volunteer military guard in order to provide the settlement with vegetables.

The Yesler mill cookhouse, a log structure, was made historical in those days. The hungry soldiers after a night watch were fed there and rushed therefrom to the battle.

While there was no church, hotel, storehouse, courthouse or jail it was all these by turns. No doubt those who were sheltered within its walls, ran the whole gamut of human emotion and experience.

In the Puget Sound Weekly of July 30th, 1866, published in Seattle, it was thus described:

> "There was nothing about this cook house very peculiar, except the interest with which old memories had invested it. It was simply a dingy-looking hewed log building, about twenty-five feet square, a little more than one story high, with a shed addition in the rear, and to strangers and newcomers was rather an eye-sore and nuisance in the place – standing as it did in the business part of the town, among the more pretentious buildings of modern construction, like a quaint octogenarian, among a band of dandyish sprigs of young America. To old settlers, however, its weather-worn roof and smoke-blackened walls, inside and out, were vastly interesting from long familiarity, and many pleasant and perhaps a few unpleasant recollections were connected with its early history, which we might make subjects of a small volume of great interest, had we time to indite it. Suffice it to say, however, that this old cook house was one among the first buildings erected in Seattle; was built for the use of the saw mill many years since, and though designed especially for a cook house, has been used for almost every conceivable purpose for which a log cabin, in a new and wild country, may be employed.
>
> "For many years the only place for one hundred miles or more along the eastern shores of Puget Sound, where the pioneer settlers could be hospitably entertained by white men and get a square meal, was Yesler's cook house in Seattle, and whether he had money or not, no man ever found the latch string of the cook house drawn in, or went away hungry from the little cabin door; and many an old Puget Sounder remembers the happy hours, jolly nights, strange encounters and wild scenes he has enjoyed around the broad fireplace and hospitable board of Yesler's cook house.
>
> "During the Indian war this building was the general rendezvous of the volunteers engaged in defending the thinly populated country against the depredations of the savages, and was also the resort of the navy officers on the same duty on the Sound. Judge Lander's office was held in one corner of the dining room; the auditor's office, for some time, was kept under the same roof, and, indeed, it may be said to have been used for more purposes than any other building on the Pacific coast. It was the general depository from which law and justice were dispensed throughout a large scope of surrounding country. It has, at different times, served for town hall, courthouse, jail, military headquarters, storehouse, hotel and church; and in the early years of its history served all these purposes at once. It was the place of holding elections, and political parties of all sorts held their meetings in it, and quarreled and made friends again, and ate, drank, laughed, sung, wept, and slept under the same hospitable roof. If there was to be a public gathering of the settlers of any kind and for any purpose, no one ever asked where the place of meeting was to be, for all knew it was to be at the cook house.
>
> "The first sermon, by a Protestant, in King county was preached by the Rev. Mr. Close in the old cook house. The first lawsuit – which was the trial of the mate of the Franklin Adams, for selling ship's stores and appropriating the proceeds – came off, of course, in the old cook house. Justice Maynard presided at this trial, and the accused was discharged from the old cook house with the wholesome advice

that in future he should be careful to make a correct return of all his private sales of other people's property.

"Who, then, knowing the full history of this famous old relic of early times, can wonder that it has so long been suffered to stand and moulder, unused, in the midst of the more gaudy surroundings of a later civilization? And who can think it strange, when, at last, its old smoky walls were compelled to yield to the pressure of progression, and be tumbled heedlessly into the street, that the old settler looked sorrowfully upon the vandal destruction, and silently dropped a tear over its leveled ruins. Peace to the ashes of the old cook house."

While the pioneers lingered in the settlement, they enjoyed the luxury of living in houses of sawed lumber. Time has worked out his revenges until what was then disesteemed is much admired now. A substantial and picturesque lodge of logs, furnished with modern contrivances is now regarded as quite desirable, for summer occupation at least.

The struggle of the Indians to regain their domain resulted in many sanguinary conflicts. The bloody wave of war ran hither and yon until spent and the doom of the passing race was sealed.

Seattle and the whole Puget Sound region were set back ten years in development. Toilsome years they were that stretched before the pioneers. They and their families were obliged to do whatever they could to obtain a livelihood; they were neither ashamed nor afraid of honest work and doubtless enjoyed the reward of a good conscience and vigorous health.

Life held many pleasures and much freedom from modern fret besides. As one of them observed, "We were happy then, in our log cabin homes."

Long after the incidents herein related occurred, one of the survivors of the White River massacre wrote the following letter, which was published in a local paper:

"Burgh Hill, Ohio, Sept. 8. – I notice occasionally a pioneer sketch in the Post-Intelligencer relating some incident in the war of 1855-56. I have a vivid recollection of this, being a member of one of the families concerned therein. I remember distinctly the attack upon the fort at Seattle in January, 1856. Though a child, the murdering of my mother and step-father by the Indians a few weeks before made such an impression upon my mind that I was terror-stricken at the thought of another massacre, and the details are indelibly and most vividly fixed in my mind. When I read of the marvelous growth of Seattle I can hardly realize that it is possible. I add my mite to the pioneer history of Seattle and vicinity.

"I was born in Harrison township, Grant county, Wisconsin, November 13, 1848. When I was five months old my father started for the gold diggings in California, but died shortly after reaching that state. In the early part of 1851 my mother married Harvey Jones. In the spring of 1854 we started for Washington territory, overland, reaching our destination on White river in the fall, having been six months and five days in making the trip. Our route lay through Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington territory. To speak in detail of all my recollections of this journey would make this article too lengthy.

"My step-father took up land on White river some twenty miles up the stream from Seattle. At that time there were only five or six families in the settlement, the nearest neighbor to us being about one-fourth mile distant. During the summer of 1855 I went some two and a half miles to school along a path through the dense woods in danger both from wild animals and Indians. Some of the settlers became alarmed at reports of hostile intentions by the Indians upon our settlement and left some two weeks before the outbreak. Among those who thought their fears groundless and remained was our family.

"On Sunday morning, October 28, 1855, while at breakfast we were surprised, and the house surrounded by a band of hostile Indians, who came running from the grass and bushes, whooping and discharging firearms. They seemed to rise from the ground so sudden and stealthy had been the attack. Our family consisted of my step-father (sick at the time), my mother, a half-sister, not quite four years old, a half-brother, not quite two, a hired man, Cooper by name, and myself.

"As soon as the Indians began firing into the house my mother covered us children over with a feather bed in the corner of one of the rooms farthest from the side attacked. In a short time it became evident we were entirely at the mercy of the savages, and after a hurried consultation between my mother and the hired man, he concluded to attempt to escape by flight; accordingly he came into the room where I was, and with an ax pried off the casing of the window and removed the lower sash, and then jumped out, but as was afterward learned he was shot when only a few rods from the house.

"My step-father was shot about the same time inside the house while passing from his room to the one in which my mother was. In a short time there appeared to be a cessation of the firing, and upon looking out from under the bed over us I saw an Indian in the next room carrying something out. Soon we were taken out by them. I did not see my mother. We were placed in the charge of the leader of the band who directed them in their actions. They put bedclothes and other combustible articles under the house and set fire to them, and in this way burned the house. When it was well nigh burned to the ground, we were led away by one of the tribe, who in a short time allowed us to go where we pleased. I first went to the nearest neighbor's, but all was confusion, and no one was about. I then came back to the burned house.

"I found my mother a short distance from the house, or where it had stood, still alive. She warned me to leave speedily and soon. I begged to stay with her but she urged me to flee. We made a dinner of some potatoes which had been baked by the fire. I carried my little half-brother and led my half-sister along the path to where I had gone to school during the summer, but there was no one there. I went still further on, but they, too, had gone. I came back to the school house, not knowing what to do. It was getting late. I was tired, as was my sister. My little brother was fretful, and cried to see his mother. I had carried him some three and a half or four miles altogether.

"While trying to quiet them I saw an Indian coming toward us. He had not seen us. I hid the children in the bushes and moved toward him to meet him. I soon had the relief to recognize in him an acquaintance I had often seen while attending school. We knew him as Dave. He told me to bring the children to his wigwam. His squaw was very kind, but my sister and brother were afraid of her. In the night he took us in a canoe down the river to Seattle. I was taken on board the man-of-war, Decatur, and they were placed in charge of some one in the fort. An uncle, John Smale, had crossed the plains when we did, but went to California. He was written to about the massacre, and reached us in June, 1856. We went to San Francisco and then to the Isthmus, and from there we went to New York city. From there we were taken to Wisconsin, where my sister and brother remained. I was brought back to Ohio in September, 1856. They both died in October, 1864, of diphtheria, in Wisconsin."

"John I. King, M. D."

CHAPTER V.
THE MURDER OF MCCORMICK

The shores of Lake Union, in Seattle, now surrounded by electric and steam railways, saw mills and manufactories, dwellings and public buildings, were clothed with a magnificent, dense, primeval forest, when the adventurous pioneers first looked upon its mirror-like surface. The shadowy depths of the solemn woods held many a dark and tragic secret; contests between enemies in both brute and human forms were doubtless not infrequently hidden there.

Many men came to the far northwest unheralded and unknown to the few already established, and wandering about without guides, unacquainted with the dangers peculiar to the region, were incautious and met a mysterious fate.

For a long time the "Pioneer and Democrat," of Olympia, Washington, one of the earliest newspapers of the northwest, published an advertisement in its columns inquiring for James Montgomery McCormick, sent to it from Pennsylvania. It is thought to have been one and the same person with the subject of this sketch. Even if it were not, the name will do as well as any other.

One brilliant summer day in July of 1853, a medium sized man, past middle age, was pushing his way through the black raspberry jungle on the east side of Lake Union, gathering handfuls of the luscious fruit that hung in rich purple clusters above his head. A cool bubbling spring, that came from far up the divide toward Lake Washington, tempted him and stooping down he drank of the refreshing stream where it filled a little pool in the shadow of a mossy log. Glancing about him, he marked with a keen delight the loveliness of the vegetation, the plumy ferns, velvet mosses and drooping cedars; how grateful to him must have been the cool north breeze wandering through the forest! No doubt he thought it a pleasant place to rest in before returning to the far away settlement. Upon the mossy log he sat contentedly, marveling at the stillness of the mighty forest.

The thought had scarcely formed itself when he was startled by the dipping of paddles, wild laughter and vociferous imitations of animals and birds. A canoe grated on the beach and after a brief expectant interval, tramping feet along the trail betokened an arrival and a group of young Indians came in sight, one of whom carried a Hudson Bay musket.

"Kla-how-ya" (How do you do), said the leader, a flathead, with shining skin recently oiled, sinister black brows, and thick black hair cut square and even at the neck.

At first they whistled and muttered, affecting little interest in his appearance, yet all the while were keenly studying him.

The white man had with him a rifle, revolver and camp ax. The young savages examined the gun, lifting it up and sighting at a knot-hole in a distant tree; then the ax, the sharp edge of which they fingered, and the revolver, to their minds yet more fascinating.

They were slightly disdainful as though not caring to own such articles, thereby allaying any fears he may have had as to their intentions. Being able to converse but little with the natives, the stranger good-naturedly permitted them to examine his weapons and even his clothing came under their scrutiny. His garments were new, and well adapted to frontier life.

When he supposed their curiosity satisfied, he rose to go, when one of the Indians asked him, "Halo chicamum?" (Have you any money?) he incautiously slapped his hip pocket and answered "Hiyu chicamum" (plenty of money), perhaps imagining they did not know its use or value, then started on the trail.

They let him go a little way out of sight and in a few, half-whispered, eager, savage words agreed to follow him, with what purpose did not require a full explanation.

Noiselessly and swiftly they followed on his track. One shot from the musket struck him in the back of the head and he fell forward and they rushed upon him, seized the camp ax and dealt repeated blows; life extinct, they soon stripped him of coat, shirt, and pantaloons, rifled the pockets,

finding $200 and a few small trinkets, knife or keys. With the haste of guilt they threw the body still clothed in a suit of undergarments, behind a big log, among the bushes and hurried away with their booty, paddling swiftly far up the lake to their camp.

A dark, cloudy night followed and the Indians huddled around a little fire, ever and anon starting at some sound in the gloomy forest. Already very superstitious, their guilt made them doubly afraid of imaginary foes. On a piece of mat in the center of the group lay the money, revolver, etc., of which they had robbed the unfortunate white man. They intended to divide them by "slahal," the native game played with "stobsh" and "slanna" (men and women), as they called the round black and white disks with which they gambled. A bunch of shredded cedar bark was brought from the canoe and the game began. All were very skillful and continued for several hours, until at last they counted the clothes to one, all the money to another, and the revolver and trifles to the rest. One of the less fortunate in a very bad humor said "The game was not good, I don't want this little 'cultus' (worthless) thing."

"O, you are stupid and don't understand it," they answered tauntingly, thereupon he rolled himself in his blanket and sulked himself to sleep, while the others sat half dreamily planning what they would do with their booty.

Very early they made the portage between Lakes Union and Washington and returned to their homes.

But they did not escape detection.

Only a few days afterward an Indian woman, the wife of Hu-hu-bate-sute or "Salmon Bay Curley," crossed Lake Union to the black raspberry patch to gather the berries. Creeping here and there through the thick undergrowth, she came upon a gruesome sight, the disfigured body of the murdered white man. Scarcely waiting for a horrified "Achada!" she fled incontinently to her canoe and paddled quickly home to tell her husband. Hu-hu-bate-sute went back with her and arrived at the spot, where one log lay across another, hollowed out the earth slightly, rolled in and covered the body near the place where it was discovered.

Suspecting it was the work of some wild, reckless Indians he said nothing about it.

Their ill-gotten gains troubled the perpetrators of the deed, brought them no good fortune and they began to think there was "tamanuse" about them; they gave the revolver away, bestowed the small articles on some unsuspecting "tenas" (children) and gave a part of the money to "Old Steve," whose Indian name was Stemalyu.

The one who criticised the division of the spoils, whispered about among the other Indians dark hints concerning the origin of the suddenly acquired wealth and gradually a feeling arose against those who had the money. Quarreling one day over some trifle, one of them scornfully referred to the other's part of the cruel deed: "You are wicked, you killed a white man," said he. The swarthy face of the accused grew livid with rage and he plunged viciously at the speaker, but turning, eel-like, the accuser slipped away and ran out of sight into the forest. An old Indian followed him and asked "What was that you said?"

"O nothing, just idle talk."

"You had better tell me," said the old man sternly.

After some hesitation he told the story. The old man was deeply grieved and so uneasy that he went all the way to Shilshole (Salmon Bay) to see if his friend Hu-hu-bate-sute knew anything about it and that discreet person astonished him by telling him his share of the story. By degrees it became known to the Indians on both lakes and at the settlement.

Meanwhile the wife of the one accused in the contention, took the money and secretly dropped it into the lake.

One warm September day in the fall of the same year, quite a concourse of Indians were gathered out doors near the big Indian house a little north of D. T. Denny's home in the settlement (Seattle); they were having a great "wa-wa" (talk) about something; he walked over and asked them what it was all about.

"Salmon Bay Curley," who was among them, thereupon told him of the murder and the distribution of the valuables.

Shortly after, W. N. Bell, D. T. Denny, Dr. Maynard, E. A. Clark and one or two others, with Curley as a guide, went out to the lake, found the place and at first thought of removing the body, but that being impossible, Dr. Maynard placed the skull, or rather the fragments of it, in a handkerchief and took the two pairs of spectacles, one gold-rimmed, the other steel-rimmed, which were left by the Indians, and all returned to the settlement to make their report.

Investigation followed and as a result four Indians were arrested. A trial before a Justice Court was held in the old Felker house, which was built by Captain Felker and was the first large frame house of sawed lumber erected on the site of Seattle.

At this trial, Klap-ke-lachi Jim testified positively against two of them and implicated two others. The first two were summarily executed by hanging from a tall sharply leaning stump over which a rope was thrown; it stood where the New England Hotel was afterward built. A young Indian and one called Old Petawow were the others accused.

Petawow was carried into court by two young Indians, having somehow broken his leg. There was not sufficient evidence against him to convict and he was released.

C. D. Boren was sheriff and for lack of a jail, the young Indian accused was locked in a room in his own house.

Not yet satisfied with the work of execution, a mob headed by E. A. Clark determined to hang this Indian also. They therefore obtained the assistance of some sailors with block and tackle from a ship in the harbor, set up a tripod of spars, cut for shipment, over which they put the rope. In order to have the coast clear so they could break the "jail," a man was sent to Boren's house, who pretended that he wished to buy some barrels left in Boren's care by a cooper and stacked on the beach some distance away.

The unsuspecting victim of the ruse accompanied him to the beach where the man detained him as long as he thought necessary, talking of barrels, brine and pickling salmon, and perhaps not liking to miss the "neck-tie party," at last said, "Maybe we'd better get back, the boys are threatening mischief."

Taking the hint instantly, Boren started on a dead run up the beach in a wild anxiety to save the Indian's life. In sight of the improvised scaffold he beheld the Indian with the noose around his neck, E. A. Clark and D. Livingston near by, a sea captain, who was a mere-on-looker, and the four sailors in line with the rope in their hands, awaiting the order to pull.

The sheriff recovered himself enough to shout, "Drop that rope, you rascals!"

"O string him up, he's nothing but a Siwash," said one.

"Dry up! you have no right to hang him, he will be tried at the next term of court," said Boren. The sailors dropped the rope, Boren removed the noose from the neck of the Indian, who was silent, bravely enduring the indignity from the mob. The majesty of the law was recognized and the crowd dispersed.

The Indian was sent to Steilacoom, where he was kept in jail for six months, but when tried there was no additional evidence and he was therefore released. Returning to his people he changed his name, taking that of his father's cousin, and has lived a quiet and peaceable life throughout the years.

Sad indeed seems the fate of this unknown wanderer, but not so much so as that of others who came to the Northwest to waste their lives in riotous living and were themselves responsible for a tragic end of a wicked career, so often sorrowfully witnessed by the sober and steadfast.

Of the participants in this exciting episode, D. T. Denny, C. D. Boren and the Indian, whose life was so promptly and courageously saved by C. D. Boren from an ignominious death, are (in 1892) still living in King County, Washington.

CHAPTER VI.
KILLING COUGARS

It was springtime in an early year of pioneer times. D. T. and Louisa Denny were living in their log cabin in the swale, an opening in the midst of the great forest, about midway between Elliott Bay and Lake Union. Not very far away was their only neighbor, Thomas Mercer, with his family of several young daughters.

On a pleasant morning, balmy with the presage of coming summer, as the two pioneers, David T. Denny and Thomas Mercer, wended, their way to their task of cutting timber, they observed some of the cattle lying down in an open space, and heard the tinkling bell of one of the little band wandering about cropping fresh spring herbage in the edge of the woods. They looked with a feeling of affection at the faithful dumb creatures who were to aid in affording sustenance, as well as a sort of friendly companionship in the lonely wilds.

After a long, sunny day spent in swinging the ax, whistling, singing and chatting, they returned to their cabins as the shadows were deepening in the mighty forest.

In the first cabin there was considerable anxiety manifested by the mistress of the same, revealed in the conversation at the supper table:

> "David," said she, "there was something wrong with the cattle today; I heard a calf bawl as if something had caught it and 'Whiteface' came up all muddy and distressed looking."
>
> "Is that so? Did you look to see what it was?"
>
> "I started to go but the baby cried so that I had to come back. A little while before that I thought I heard an Indian halloo and looked out of the door expecting to see him come down to the trail, but I did not see anything at all."
>
> "What could it be? Well, it is so dark now in the woods that I can't see anything; I will have to wait until tomorrow."

Early the next morning, David went up to the place where he had seen the calves the day before, taking "Towser," a large Newfoundland dog with him, also a long western rifle he had brought across the plains.

Not so many rods away from the cabin he found the remnants of a calf upon which some wild beast had feasted the day previous.

There were large tracks all around easily followed, as the ground was soft with spring rains. Towser ran out into the thick timber hard after a wild creature, and David heard something scratch and run up a tree and thought it must be a wild cat.

No white person had ever seen any larger specimen of the feline race in this region.

He stepped up to a big fir log and walked along perhaps fifty feet and looking up a giant cedar tree saw a huge cougar glaring down at him with great, savage yellow eyes, crouching motionless, except for the incessant twitching, to and fro, of the tip of its tail, as a cat does when watching a mouse.

Right before him in so convenient a place as to attract his attention, stood a large limb which had fallen and stuck into the ground alongside the log he was standing on, so he promptly rested his gun on it, but it sank into the soft earth from the weight of the gun and he quickly drew up, aiming at the chest of the cougar.

The gun missed fire.

Fearing the animal would spring upon him, he walked back along the log about twenty feet, took a pin out of his coat and picked out the tube, poured in fresh powder from his powder horn and put on a fresh cap.

All the time the yellow eyes watched him.

Advancing again, he fired; the bullet struck through its vitals, but away it went bolting up the tree quite a distance. Another bullet was rammed home in the old muzzle loader. The cougar was dying, but still held on by its claws stuck in the bark of the tree, its head resting on a limb. Receiving one more shot in the head it let go and came hurtling down to the ground.

Towser was wild with savage delight and bit his prostrate enemy many times, chewing at the neck until it was a mass of foam, but not once did his sharp teeth penetrate the tough, thick hide.

Hurrying back, David called for Mercer, a genial man always ready to lend a hand, to help him get the beast out to the cabin. The two men found it very heavy, all they could stagger under, even the short distance it had to be carried.

As soon as the killing of the cougar was reported in the settlement, two miles away, everybody turned out to see the monster.

Mrs. Catherine Blaine, the school teacher, who had gone home with the Mercer children, saw the animal and marveled at its size.

Henry L. Yesler and all the mill hands repaired to the spot to view the dead monarch of the forest, none of whom had seen his like before. Large tracks had been seen in various places but were credited to timber wolves. This cougar's forearm measured the same as the leg of a large horse just above the knee joint.

Such an animal, if it jumped down from a considerable height, would carry a man to the ground with such force as to stun him, when he could be clawed and chewed up at the creature's will.

While the curious and admiring crowd were measuring and guessing at the weight of the cougar, Mr. Yesler called at the cabin. He kept looking about while he talked and finally said, "You are quite high-toned here, I see your house is papered," at which all laughed good-naturedly. Not all the cabins were "papered," but this one was made quite neat by means of newspapers pasted on the walls, the finishing touch being a border of nothing more expensive than blue calico.

At last they were all satisfied with their inspection of the first cougar and returned to the settlement.

A moral might be pinned here: if this cougar had not dined so gluttonously on the tender calf, which no doubt made excellent veal, possibly he would not have come to such a sudden and violent end.

Had some skillful taxidermist been at hand to mount this splendid specimen of Felis Concolor, the first killed by a white man in this region, it would now be very highly prized.

Some imagine that the danger of encounters with cougars has been purposely exaggerated by the pioneer hunters to create admiring respect for their own prowess. This is not my opinion, as I believe there is good reason to fear them, especially if they are hungry.

They are large, swift and agile, and have the advantage in the dense forest of the northwest Pacific coast, as they can station themselves in tall trees amid thick foliage and pounce upon deer, cattle and human beings.

Several years after the killing of the first specimen, a cow was caught in the jaw by a cougar, but wrenched herself away in terror and pain and ran home with the whole frightened herd at her heels, into the settlement of Seattle.

The natives have always feared them and would much rather meet a bear than a cougar, as the former will, ordinarily, run away, while the latter is hard to scare and is liable to follow and spring out of the thick undergrowth.

In one instance known to the pioneers first mentioned in this chapter, an Indian woman who was washing at the edge of a stream beat a cougar off her child with a stick, thereby saving its life.

In early days, about 1869 or '70, a Mr. T. Cherry, cradling oats in a field in Squowh Valley, was attacked by a cougar; holding his cradle between him and the hungry beast, he backed toward the fence, the animal following until the fence was reached. A gang of hogs were feeding just outside the enclosure and the cougar leaped the fence, seized one of the hogs and ran off with it.

A saloon-keeper on the Snohomish River, walking along the trail in the adjacent forest one day with his yellow dog, was startled by the sudden accession to their party of a huge and hungry cougar. The man fled precipitately, leaving the dog to his fate. The wild beast fell to and made a meal of the hapless canine, devouring all but the tip of his yellow tail, which his sorrowing master found near the trail the next day.

A lonely pioneer cabin on the Columbia River was enclosed by a high board fence. One sunny day as the two children of the family were playing in the yard, a cougar sprang from a neighboring tree and caught one of the children; the mother ran out and beat off the murderous beast, but the child was dead.

She then walked six or seven miles to a settlement carrying the dead child, while leading the other. What a task! The precious burden, the heavier load of sorrow, the care of the remaining child, the dread of a renewed attack from the cougar and the bodily fatigue incident to such a journey, forming an experience upon which it would be painful to dwell.

Many more such incidents might be given, but I am reminded at this point that they would appropriately appear in another volume.

Since the first settlement there have been killed in King County nearly thirty of these animals.

C. Brownfield, an old settler on Lake Union, killed several with the aid of “Jack,” a yellow dog which belonged to D. T. Denny for a time, then to A. A. Denny.

C. D. Boren, with his dog, killed others.

Moses Kirkland brought a dog from Louisiana, a half bloodhound, with which Henry Van Asselt hunted and killed several cougars.

D. T. Denny killed one in the region occupied by the suburb of Seattle known as Ross. It had been dining off mutton secured from Dr. H. A. Smith’s flock of sheep. It was half grown and much the color of a deer.

Toward Lake Washington another flock of sheep had been visited by a cougar, and Mr. Wetmore borrowed D. T. Denny’s little dog “Watch,” who treed the animal, remaining by it all night, but it escaped until a trap was set, when, being more hungry than cautious, it was secured.

CHAPTER VII.
PIONEER CHILD LIFE

The very thought of it makes the blood tingle and the heart leap. No element was wanting for romance or adventure. Indians, bears, panthers, far journeys, in canoes or on horseback, fording rivers, camping and tramping, and all in a virgin wilderness so full of grandeur and loveliness that even very little children were impressed by the appearance thereof. The strangeness and newness of it all was hardly understood by the native white children as they had no means of comparing this region and mode of life with other countries and customs.

Traditions did not trouble us; the Indians were generally friendly, the bears were only black ones and ran away from us as fast as their furry legs would carry them; the panthers did not care to eat us up, we felt assured, while there was plenty of venison to be had by stalking, and on a journey we rode safely, either on the pommel of father's saddle or behind mother's, clinging like small kittens or cockleburs.

Familiarity with the coquettish canoe made us perfectly at home with it, and in later years when the tenderfoot arrived, we were convulsed with inextinguishable laughter at what seemed to us an unreasoning terror of a harmless craft.

Ah! we lived close to dear nature then! Our play-grounds were the brown beaches or the hillsides covered with plumy young fir trees, the alder groves or the slashings where we hacked and chopped with our little hatchets in imitation of our elders or the Father of His Country and namesake of our state. Running on long logs, the prostrate trunks of trees several hundred feet long, and jumping from one to another was found to be an exhilarating pastime.

When the frolicsome Chinook wind came singing across the Sound, the boys flew home built kites of more or less ambitious proportions and the little girls ran down the hills, performing a peculiar skirt dance by taking the gown by the hem on either side and turning the skirt half over the head. Facing the wind it assumed a baloonlike inflation very pleasing to the small performer. It was thought the proper thing to let the hair out of net or braids at the time, as the sensation of air permeating long locks was sufficient excuse for its "weirdness" as I suppose we would have politely termed it had we ever heard the word. Instead we were more likely to be reproved for having such untidy heads and perhaps reminded that we looked as wild as Indians. "As wild as Indians," the poor Indians! How they admired the native white children! Without ceremony they claimed blood brotherhood, saying, "You were born in our 'illahee' (country) and are our 'tillicum' (people). You eat the same food, will grow up here and belong to us."

Often we were sung to sleep at night by their "tamanuse" singing, as we lived quite near the bank below which many Indians camped, on Elliott Bay.

I never met with the least rudeness or suffered the slightest injury from an Indian except on one occasion. Walking upon the beach one day three white children drew near a group of Indian camps. Almost deserted they were, probably the inhabitants had gone fishing; the only being visible was a boy about ten years of age. Snarling out some bitter words in an unknown tongue, he flung a stone which struck hard a small head, making a slight scalp wound. Such eyes! they fairly glittered with hatred. We hurried home, the victim crying with the pain inflicted, and learned afterward that the boy was none of our "tillicum" but a stranger from the Snohomish tribe. What cruel wrong had he witnessed or suffered to make him so full of bitterness?

The Indian children were usually quite amiable in disposition, and it seemed hard to refuse their friendly advances which it became necessary to do. In their primitive state they seemed perfectly healthy and happy little creatures. They never had the toothache; just think of that, ye small consumers of colored candies! Unknown to them was the creeping horror that white children feel when about to enter the terrible dentist's den. They had their favorite fear, however, the frightful "statalth," or "stick

siwash," that haunted the great forest. As near as we could ascertain, these were the ghosts of a long dead race of savages who had been of gigantic stature and whose ghosts were likewise very tall and dreadful and very fond of chasing people out of the woods on dark nights. Plenty of little white people know what the sensation is, produced by imagining that something is coming after them in the dark.

I have seen a big, brawny, tough looking Indian running as fast as he could go, holding a blazing pitchwood torch over his head while he glanced furtively over his shoulder for the approaching statalth.

Both white and Indian children were afraid of the Northern Indians, especially the Stickeens, who were head-takers.

We were seldom panic stricken; born amid dangers there seemed nothing novel about them and we took our environment as a matter of course. We were taught to be courageous but not foolhardy, which may account for our not getting oftener in trouble.

The boys learned to shoot and shoot well at an early age, first with shot guns, then rifles. Sometimes the girls proved dangerous with firearms in their hands. A sister of the writer learned to shoot off the head of a grouse at long range. A girl schoolmate, when scarcely grown, shot and killed a bear. My brothers and cousin, Wm. R. Boren, were good shots at a tender age and killed numerous bears, deer, grouse, pheasants, ducks, wild pigeon, etc., in and about the district now occupied by the city of Seattle.

The wild flowers and the birds interested us deeply and every spring we joyfully noted the returning bluebirds and robins, the migrating wren and a number of other charming feathered friends. The high banks, not then demolished by grades, were smothered in greenery and hung with banners of bloom every succeeding season.

We clambered up and down the steep places gathering armfuls of lillies (trillium), red currant (ribes sanguineum), Indian-arrow-wood (spiraea), snowy syringa (philadelphus) and blue forgetmenots and the yellow blossoms of the Oregon grape (berberis glumacea and aquifolium), which we munched with satisfaction for the *soursweet*, and the scarlet honeysuckle to bite off the honeyglands for a like purpose.

The salmonberry and blackberry seasons were quite delightful. To plunge into the thick jungle, now traversed by Pike Street, Seattle, was a great treat. There blackberries attained Brobdignagian hugeness, rich and delicious.

On a Saturday, our favorite reward for lessons and work well done, was to be allowed to go down the lovely beach with its wide strip of variegated shingle and bands of brown, ribbed sand, as far as the "three big stones," no farther, as there were bears, panthers and Indians, as hereinbefore stated, inhabiting the regions round about.

One brilliant April day we felt very brave, we were bigger than ever before, five was quite a party, and the flowers were O! so enchanting a little farther on. Two of us climbed the bank to gather the tempting blossoms.

Our little dog, "Watch," a very intelligent animal, took the lead; scarcely had we gained the top and essayed to break the branch of a wild currant, gay with rose colored blossoms, when Watch showed unusual excitement about something, a mysterious something occupying the cavernous depths of an immense hollow log. With his bristles up, rage and terror in every quivering muscle, he was slowly, very slowly, backing toward us.

Although in the woods often, we had never seen him act so before. We took the hint and to our heels, tumbled down the yielding, yellow bank in an exceedingly hasty and unceremonious manner, gathered up our party of thoroughly frightened youngsters and hurried along the sand homeward, at a double quick pace.

Hardly stopping for a backward glance to see if the "something" was coming after us, we reached home, safe but subdued.

Not many days after the young truants were invited down to an Indian camp to see the carcass of a cougar about nine feet long. There it lay, stretched out full length, its hard, white teeth visible beyond the shrunken lips, its huge paws quite helpless and harmless.

It is more than probable that this was the "something" in the great hollow log, as it was killed in the vicinity of the place where our stampede occurred.

Evidently Watch felt his responsibility and did the best he could to divert the enemy while we escaped.

The dense forest hid many an unseen danger in early days and it transpired that I never saw a live cougar in the woods, but even a dead one may produce real old fashioned fright in a spectator.

Having occasion, when attending the University, at the age of twelve, to visit the library of that institution, a strange adventure befell me; the selection of a book absorbed my mind very fully and I was unprepared for a sudden change of thought. Turning from the shelves, a terrible sight met my eyes, a ferocious wild beast, all its fangs exhibited, in the opposite corner of the room. How did each particular hair stand upright and perspiration ooze from every pore! A moment passed and a complete collapse of the illusion left the victim weak and disgusted; it was only the stuffed cougar given to the Faculty to be the nucleus of a great collection.

The young Washingtonians, called "clam-diggers," were usually well fed, what with venison, fish, grouse and berries, game of many kinds, and creatures of the sea, they were really pampered, in the memory of the writer. But it is related by those who experienced the privations incident to the first year or two of white settlement, that the children were sometimes hungry for bread, especially during the first winter at Alki. Fish and potatoes were plentiful, obtained from the Indians, syrup from a vessel in the harbor, but bread was scarce. On one occasion, a little girl of one of the four white families on Elliott Bay, was observed to pick up an old crust and carry it around in her pocket. When asked what she intended to do with that crust, with childish simplicity she replied, "Save it to eat with syrup at dinner." Not able to resist its delicious flavor she kept nibbling away at the crust until scarcely a crumb remained; its dessicated surface had no opportunity to be masked with treacle.

To look back upon our pioneer menu is quite tantalizing.

The fish, of many excellent kinds, from the "salt-chuck," brought fresh and flapping to our doors, in native baskets by Indian fishermen, cooked in many appetizing ways; clams of all sizes from the huge bivalves weighing three-quarters of a pound a piece to the tiny white soup clam; sustain me, O my muse, if I attempt to describe their excellence. Every conceivable preparation, soup, stew, baked, pie, fry or chowder was tried with the happiest results. The Puget Sound oyster, not the stale, globe-trotting oyster of however aristocratic antecedents, the enjoyment in eating of which is chiefly as a reminiscence, but the fresh western oyster, was much esteemed.

The crab, too, figured prominently on the bill of fare, dropped alive in boiling water and served in scarlet, *a la naturel*.

A pioneer family gathered about the table enjoying a feast of the stalk-eyed crustaceans, were treated to a little diversion in this wise. The room was small, used for both kitchen and diningroom, as the house boasted of but two or three rooms, consequently space was economized.

A fine basket of crabs traded from an Indian were put in a tin pan and set under the table; several were cooked, the rest left alive. As one of the children was proceeding with the dismemberment necessary to extract the delicate meat, as if to seek its fellows, the crab slipped from her grasp and slid beneath the table. Stooping down she hastily seized her crab, as she supposed, but to her utter astonishment it seemed to have come to life, it *was* alive, kicking and snapping. In a moment the table was in an uproar of crab catching and wild laughter. The mother of the astonished child declares that to this day she cannot help laughing whenever she thinks of the crab that came to life.

It was to this home that John and Sarah Denny, and their little daughter, Loretta, came to visit their son, daughter and the grandchildren, in the winter of 1857-8.

Grandmother was tall and straight, dressed in a plain, dark gown, black silk apron and lace cap; her hair, coal black, slightly gray on the temples; her eyes dark, soft and gentle. She brought a little treat of Oregon apples from their farm in the Waldo Hills, to the children, who thought them the most wonderful fruit they had ever seen, more desirable than the golden apples of Hesperides.

We were to return with them, joyful news! What visions of bliss arose before us! new places to see and all the nice things and good times we children could have at grandfather's farm.

When the day came, in the long, dark canoe, manned by a crew of Indians, we embarked for Olympia, the head of navigation, bidding "good-bye" to our friends, few but precious, who watched us from the bank, among whom were an old man and his little daughter.

A few days before he had been sick and one of the party sent him a steaming cup of ginger and milk which, although simple, had proved efficacious; ere we reached our home again he showed his gratitude in a substantial manner, as will be seen farther on.

At one beautiful resting place, the canoe slid up against a strip of shingle covered with delicate shells; we were delighted to be allowed to walk about, after sitting curled up in the bottom of the canoe for a long time, to gather crab, pecten and periwinkle shells, even extending our ramble to a lovely grove of dark young evergreens, standing in a grassy meadow.

The first night of the journey was spent in Steilacoom. It was March of 1858 and it was chilly traveling on the big salt water. We were cold and hungry but the keeper of the one hotel in the place had retired and refused to be aroused, so we turned to the only store, where the proprietor received us kindly, brought out new blankets to cover us while we camped on the floor, gave us bread and a hot oyster stew, the best his place afforded. His generous hospitality was never forgotten by the grateful recipients who often spoke of it in after years.

I saw there a "witches' scene" of an old Indian woman boiling devilfish or octopus in a kettle over a campfire, splendidly lit against the gloom of night, and all reflected in the water.

At the break of day we paddled away over the remainder of the salt-chuck, as the Indians call the sea, until Stetchas was reached. Stetchas is "bear's place," the Indian name for the site of Olympia.

From thence the mail stage awaited us to Cowlitz Landing. The trip over this stretch of country was not exactly like a triumphal progress. The six-horse team plunged and floundered, while the wagon sank up to the hub in black mud; the language of the driver has not been recorded.

At the first stop out from Olympia, the Tilley's, famous in the first annals, entertained us. At a bountiful and appetizing meal, one of the articles, boiled eggs, were not cooked to suit Grandfather John Denny. With amusing bluntness he sent the chicken out to be killed before he ate it, complaining that the eggs were not hard enough. Mrs. Tilly made two or three efforts and finally set the dish down beside him saying, "There, if that isn't hard enough you don't deserve to have any."

The long rough ride ended at Warbass' Landing on the Cowlitz River, a tributary of the Columbia, and another canoe trip, this time on a swift and treacherous stream, was safely made to Monticello, a mere little settlement. A tiny steamboat, almost microscopic on the wide water, carried us across the great Columbia with its sparkling waves, and up the winding Willamette to Portland, Oregon.

From thence the journey progressed to the falls below Oregon City.

At the portage, we walked along a narrow plank walk built up on the side of the river bank which rose in a high rounded hill. Its noble outline stood dark with giant firs against a blue spring sky; the rushing, silvery flood of the Willamette swept below us past a bank fringed with wild currants just coming into bloom.

At the end of the walk there stood a house which represented itself as a resting place for weary travelers. We spent the night there but Alas! for rest; the occupants were convivial and "drowned the shamrock" all night long; as no doubt they felt obliged to do for wasn't it "St. Patrick's Day in the mornin'?"

Most likely we three, the juveniles, slumbered peacefully until aroused to learn that we were about to start "sure enough" for grandfather's farm in the Waldo Hills.

At length the log cabin home was reached and our interest deepened in everything about. So many flowers to gather as they came in lively processional, blue violets under the oaks, blue-flags all along the valley; such great, golden buttercups, larkspurs, and many a wildling we scarcely called by any name.

All the affairs of the house and garden, field and pasture seemed by us especially gotten up, for our amusement and we found endless entertainment therein.

If a cheese was made or churning done we were sure to be "hanging around" for a green curd or paring, a taste of sweet butter or a chance to lift the dasher of the old fashioned churn. The milking time was enticing, too, and we trotted down to the milking pen with our little tin cups for a drink of fresh, warm milk from the fat, lowing kine, which fed all day on rich grasses and waited at the edge of the flower decked valley for the milkers with their pails.

As summer advanced our joys increased, for there were wild strawberries and such luscious ones! no berries in after years tasted half so good.

Some artist has portrayed a group of children on a sunny slope among the hills, busy with the scarlet fruit and called it "The Strawberry of Memory;" such was the strawberry of that summer.

One brilliant June day when all the landscape was steeped in sunshine we went some distance from home to gather a large supply. It is needless to say that we, the juvenile contingent, improved the opportunity well; and when we sat at table the following day and grandfather helped us to generous pieces of strawberry "cobbler" and grandmother poured over them rich, sweet cream, our satisfaction was complete. It is likely that if we had heard of the boy who wished for a neck as long as a giraffe so that he could taste the good things all the way down, we would have echoed the sentiment.

Mentioning the giraffe, of the animal also we probably had no knowledge as books were few and menageries, none at all.

No lack was felt, however, as the wild animals were numerous and interesting. The birds, rabbits and squirrels were friendly and fearless then; the birds were especially loved and it was pleasing to translate their notes into endearments for ourselves.

But the rolling suns brought round the day when we must return to our native heath on Puget Sound. Right sorry were the two little "clam-diggers" to leave the little companion of delightful days, and grandparents. With a rush of tears and calling "good-bye! good-bye!" as long as we could see or hear we rode away in a wagon, beginning the long journey, full of variety, back to the settlement on Elliott Bay.

Ourselves, and wagon and team purchased in the "web-foot" country, were carried down the Willamette and across the sweeping Columbia on a steamer to Monticello. There the wagon was loaded into a canoe to ascend the Cowlitz River, and we mounted the horses for a long day's ride, one of the children on the pommel of father's saddle, the other perched behind on mother's steed.

The forest was so dense through which we rode for a long distance that the light of noonday became a feeble twilight, the way was a mere trail, the salal bushes on either side so tall that they brushed the feet of the little riders. The tedium of succeeding miles of this weird wilderness was beguiled by the stories, gentle warnings and encouragement from my mother.

The cicadas sang as if it were evening, the dark woods looked a little fearful and I was advised to "Hold on tight and keep awake, there are bears in these woods."

The trail led us to the first crossing of the Cowlitz River, where father hallooed long and loud for help to ferry us over, from a lonely house on the opposite shore, but only echo and silence returned. The deep, dark stream, sombre forest and deserted house made an eerie impression on the children.

The little party boarded the ferryboat and swimming the horses, alongside crossed without delay.

The next afternoon saw us nearing the crossing of the Cowlitz again at Warbass Landing.

The path crossed a pretty open space covered with ripe yellow grass and set around with giant trees, just before it vanished in the hurrying stream.

Father rode on and crossed, quite easily, the uneven bed of the swift river, with its gravelly islands and deep pools.

When it came our turn, our patient beast plunged in and courageously advanced to near the middle of the stream, wavered and stood still and seemed about to go down with the current. How distinctly the green, rapid water, gravelly shoals and distant bank with its anxious onlookers is photographed on my memory's page!

Only for a moment did the brave animal falter and then sturdily worked her way to the shore. Mr. Warbass, with white face and trembling voice, said "I thought you were gone, sure." His coat was off and he had been on the point of plunging in to save us from drowning, if possible. Willing hands helped us down and into the hospitable home, where we were glad to rest after such a severe trial. A sleepless night followed for my mother, who suffered from the reaction common to such experience, although not panic stricken at the time of danger.

It was here I received my first remembered lesson in "meum et tuum." While playing under the fruit trees around the house I spied a peach lying on the ground, round, red and fair to see. I took it in to my mother who asked where I got it, if I had asked for it, etc. I replied I had found it outdoors.

"Well, it isn't yours, go and give it to the lady and never pick up anything without asking for it."

A lesson that was heeded, and one much needed by children in these days when individual rights are so little regarded.

The muddy wagon road between this point and Olympia over which the teams had struggled in the springtime was now dry and the wagon was put together with hope of a fairly comfortable trip. It was discovered in so doing that the tongue of the vehicle had been left at Monticello. Not to be delayed, father repaired to the woods and cut a forked ash stick and made it do duty for the missing portion.

At Olympia we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson with whom we tarried as we went to Oregon.

My mother preferred her steed to the steamer plying on the Sound; that same trip the selfsame craft blew up.

On horseback again, we followed the trail from Olympia to the Duwampsh River, over hills and hollows, out on the prairie or in the dark forest, at night putting up at the house of a hospitable settler. From thence we were told that it was only one day's travel but the trail stretched out amazingly. Night, and a stormy one, overtook the hapless travelers.

The thunder crashed, the lightning flamed, sheets of rain came down, but there was no escape.

A halt was called at an open space in a grove of tall cedar trees, a fire made and the horses hitched under the trees.

The two children slept snugly under a fir bark shed made of slabs of bark leaned up against a large log. Father and mother sat by the fire under a cedar whose branches gave a partial shelter. Some time in the night I was awakened by my mother lying down beside me, then slept calmly on.

The next morning everything was dripping wet and we hastened on to the Duwampsh crossing where lived the old man who stood on the bank at Seattle when we started.

What a comfort it was to the cold, wet, hungry, weary quartette to be invited into a dry warm place! and then the dinner, just prepared for company he had been expecting; a bountiful supply of garden vegetables, beets, cabbage, potatoes, a great dish of beans and hot coffee. These seemed veritable luxuries and we partook of them with a hearty relish.

A messenger was sent to Seattle to apprise our friends of our return, two of them came to meet us at the mouth of the Duwampsh River and brought us down the bay in a canoe to the landing near the old laurel (Madrona) tree that leaned over the bank in front of our home.

The first Fourth of July celebration in which I participated took place in the old M. E. Church on Second Street, Seattle, in 1861.

Early in the morning of that eventful day there was hurrying to and fro in the Dennys' cottage, on Seneca Street, embowered in flowers which even luxuriant as they were we did not deem sufficient. The nimble eldest of the children was sent to a flower-loving neighbor's for blossoms of patriotic hues, for each of the small Americans was to carry a banner inscribed with a strong motto and wreathed with red, white and blue flowers. Large letters, cut from the titles of newspapers spelled out the legends on squares of white cotton, "Freedom for All," "Slavery for none," "United we stand, divided we fall," each surrounded with a heavy wreath of beautiful flowers.

Arrived at the church, we found ourselves a little late, the orator was just rounding the first of his eloquent periods; the audience, principally men, turned to view the disturbers as they sturdily marched up the aisle to a front seat, and seeing the patriotic family with their expressive emblems, broke out in a hearty round of applause. Although very young we felt the spirit of the occasion.

The first commencement exercises at the University took place in 1863. It was a great event, an audience of about nine hundred or more, including many visitors from all parts of the Sound, Victoria, B. C., and Portland, Oregon, gathered in the hall of the old University, then quite new.

I was then nine years of age and had been trained to recite "Barbara Frietchie," it "goes without the saying" that it was received with acclaim, as feeling ran high and the hearts of the people burned within them for the things that were transpiring in the South.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.