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CHIEF SEATTLE AND ANGELINE

Seattle, whose name the Queen City so proudly bears, as a man was large of stature, dignified presence, of much natural ability and a recognized leader among the tribes on Puget Sound."

The environment of the natives of Washington, west of the Cascade Mountains, did not serve to bring out great capacity of leadership, or of nobility of character. Since their history has been known they were always a subject people. Before the coming of the whites they were hemmed in by fierce, treacherous, warlike and marauding people on the north, and by an equally warlike and dominant, though not so bloodthirsty, people east of the mountains. With the latter there was some intermarriage and usually amicable relations. Their life was one of little more than bare existence. Food they had in plenty; the waters of the Sound and of its rivers abounded with all kinds of fish and shellfish in all seasons of the year; multitudes of aquatic and land birds were everywhere; elk and deer roamed in all directions and were alike the prey of the Indian hunter and the cougar and wildcat; berries grew luxuriantly in the forests and the prized camas bulb in quantities on the prairies. In the summer time little raiment was worn, and for winter garments skins and furs, supplemented by blankets woven from feathers, hair and the inner bark of the cedar served at least to cover their nakedness.

Long after the coming of the Hudson's Bay Company there was no money in circulation; all interchange of commodities was by barter. The Indian brought beaver and other valuable furs, bear skins, elk and deer hides and many other articles and traded them for blankets, white men's cloths and clothing and all sorts of trinkets that pleased their fancy; also in the earlier days guns, powder, and ball and shot rapidly took the place of the bow and arrow. After trouble arose between the Whites and Indians this latter exchange was protested by the Americans and for years was mostly discontinued.

Nothing has come to us of Seattle's ancestors save a few traditions of his father Schweabe, which are probably true. The Indian chief, whose name might be mistaken for that of the great captain

of the steel industry, Schwab, seems to have been of an exceedingly warlike and aggressive disposition and always in war with his neighbors. The Skokomish occupied the lands on the river of that name and the adjacent lands about the head of Hood's Canal, while the Chimakums lived to the north in what is now the Port Townsend region, and who often encroached upon the territory about the Old Man House. With these he had many, and usually successful battles. He also sought to enlarge the boundaries of his domain by capturing the lands of the Duwamiah, and, either peacefully or by war, his leadership became recognized by that tribe, as he married a daughter of the chief of the Duwamish tribe. From this union sprang Seattle, who played such an important part in the local drama of nearly one hundred years ago.

Seattle had two wives and several concubines. He seems to have resembled Solomon of old in wisdom and in his marital relations. It is of small importance that nothing is known of them. The only reference we have was given by Angeline, his only child by his first wife. She claimed that her father was twenty-five years old when she was born and that her mother died when she was very young. Seattle's second wife bore him five children, two boys and three girls. Chief Seattle had a sister living here in early days of whom little information has been preserved, although she was well known to the pioneers. She was known as "Sally," was of a religious turn of mind, dignified and intelligent. She sought the company of members of the church as far as possible, and was well received by them.

Seattle was born late in the eighteenth century. A monument was erected to his memory in 1892 by pioneers, who made careful inquiries of the whites and Indians who had known him. The year 1786 was agreed upon and so engraved on the monument, and will have to stand. Seattle said he remembered that while he was quite small Vancouver and his ships were on the Sound. The Indians kept no records and the dates of early events were guesswork to them.

The acquaintance of the first settlers at Alki Point with Seattle was through his friendship for Doctor David S. Maynard.

The Doctor crossed the plains to California in 1850, but late in the fall came to Puget Sound. He was full of energy and enterprise. His first venture was cutting one hundred cords of wood at Olympia. This went to San Francisco on the brig *Franklin Adams* and there sold at a good profit, which he invested in merchandise with which to set up a small store in Olympia. Here he gained

the friendship of Seattle, who told him that he knew of a better place than Olympia for him. At that place there was a harbor unlike that of Olympia; that ships could enter it at any time; more Indians were at that place than at any other point on the Sound who would work for him and trade with him.

Maynard was fearless of the Indians; he had great influence over them, to which his profession as a doctor (medicine man) contributed largely. He always dealt fairly with them, was always honorable and truthful with them; in return they trusted him and believed in him; this was also true of nearly all of the early pioneers of Seattle, who soon gained the confidence of the Indians of this region.

Maynard took Seattle at his word, sold off as far as he could his stock of merchandise, put the remainder on a scow, and with an Indian crew and Chief Seattle as pilot, came to the promised land. This was in the last days of March, 1852. But this is not a story of Maynard.

Arthur A. Denny and Carson D. Boren saw that it would be better for them to join in their plat of the town, and they and Maynard arranged to file their plats at the same time but a disagreement arose and they filed separately but on the same day. Undoubtedly the friendship of Doctor Maynard for Chief Seattle led to the bestowment of his name upon the newly born city.

At that time, though well along in years, Seattle retained much of his strength and vigor. A journal was kept by Doctor Tolmie of occurrences at Nisqually, who was then in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's post at that place. In it we find recorded the fact of Seattle's presence there and that he was the finest physical specimen of Indian manhood that he, Tolmie, had seen. This was in the early 'thirties.

The place of his birth is somewhat in doubt; the Indians of the later years all claimed that he was born in the "Old Man House," but Catherine, the wife of Doctor Maynard, and who shared with him the kindly regard of the Indians, said that Seattle had told her he was born on Blake Island, the little island to the south of Bainbridge Island. He told her that it had been a camping place of his father's tribe. At that time he pointed out the place of his birth and the ruins of the camping ground, and of the home built by his father. Knowing Mrs. Maynard as I did I have no doubt of the correctness of her story.

There are no traditions of his childhood or boyhood; doubtless

it was the same as his companions. The earliest story told of him is that of Mr. Coombs given elsewhere.

"He was a friend of the Whites" has often been said of an Indian, particularly of Chief Seattle. To many this is a debatable compliment as it might, perhaps, render doubtful his loyalty to his own people. However, in Seattle's case, there was no doubt of his friendship to one and the utmost regard for the interests and welfare of his own people. In his association with pioneers for a period of nearly twenty years he had their confidence and friendship.

Samuel F. Coombs, of Seattle, between whom and the writer a warm friendship existed from the year 1860 down to the time of Seattle's death, among many reminiscences of early days gave this one of Chief Seattle:

"The first time I ever saw Sealth was in the summer of 1860, shortly after my arrival, at a council of chiefs in Seattle. At that time there was an unusually large number of Indians in town, over one thousand being congregated on the sandy beach. Most of the Indians were standing around or talking in groups or listening to the deliberations of the council of about twenty of the oldest Indians seated in a circle on the ground. The chief figure was a venerable looking old native, who was apparently acting as judge, as all who spoke addressed themselves to him. I learned from an intelligent looking Indian who could speak English, that the old judge was Chief Sealth.

"With this young man as interpreter I interviewed several of the oldest natives as to how Sealth became head chief of the many tribes. They said that about fifty years before that time, when Seattle was twenty or twenty-two years old, news reached the various tribes in this vicinity that a large number of mountain or Upper Green and White Rivers Indians were preparing to make a raid upon the saltwater tribes. General anxiety was felt among the latter, as the mountain tribes were redoubtable warriors, and had, on several previous occasions vanquished them and carried off many of their people to slavery.

"A council of war was held, composed of the chiefs of the leading tribes expecting to be attacked. After the old men had presented their plans, none were satisfactory, and the younger men were called upon for suggestions; then young Sealth presented a well laid plan, which was adopted, and he himself was appointed leader of the expedition."

He was to take with him a large number of warriors who were to ambush themselves at a bend in the River and wait for the canoes

of the enemy as they came down. This he did. To further facilitate his plan a large tree was cut down and placed across the river just beyond the bend so as not to be visible to the oncoming canoes. Then his warriors waited. Presently several large canoes of the enemy came down with the current, unaware of the danger. They swiftly made the bend and came suddenly on the log which was to obstruct their passage. As was expected, the canoes plunged into the log and the occupants were cast into the stream and there were quickly set upon by Seattle's warriors and slain. Their companions further up stream heard their cries and made for the shore where they hastily debarked and spread the woeful intelligence of the disaster to their people, with the result that the premeditated attack was abandoned.

Seattle was victorious and after returning he was chosen head chief of the six tribes. So far as known this leadership was never afterward questioned.

Of those who were assembled at Point Elliott or Mukilteo in January, 1855, at the time of the treaty making there, about two thousand three hundred, the largest concourse of natives ever seen here by the whites. At this council the following head chiefs were present: Seattle, chief of the Suquamish, Duwamish and other tribes; Patkanim, chief of the Snoqualmie, Snohomish and other tribes; Goliah, chief of the Skagit and allied tribes; Chowitshoot, chief of the Lummi and other tribes in what is now Whatcom county.

Gravely these chiefs took seats on the ground, behind them the sub-chiefs, and the various tribes behind them in separate groups. Governor Stevens, Secretary Mason, Col. Michael T. Simmons, who became Superintendent of Indian Affairs, represented the government, while Col. B. F. Shaw served as interpreter. Doctors David S. Maynard and Henry A. Smith were also present.

As was the custom in all of the treaty making in the Oregon country, the document was prepared in advance, and, although there was always a lot of talking, about all that was expected of the Indian Chiefs was "To Sign on the Dotted Line."

Before the treaty was read to the Indians, they sang a song after the Roman Catholic form and recited a prayer. Then Governor Stevens asked, "Does any one of you object to what I have said?"

Chief Seattle is credited with the following response: "I look upon you as my father. All of the Indians have the same good feeling toward you and will send it on the paper to the Great Father

in Washington. All of them, men, women and children, are glad that he has sent you to take care of them. My mind is like yours; I don't want to say more. My heart is always good toward Doctor Maynard; I want to get medicine from him."

Governor Stevens then said, "My friend Smith has put me in mind of something which I had forgotten. You shall have a doctor to care for your bodies. Now, my friends, I want you as Doctor Smith has well said to give three cheers." This was done; also the other chiefs made short talks.

The treaty was then read and interpreted to them and the Governor asked them if it was satisfactory. No objections were offered, so the Governor then signed, followed by the chiefs and sub-chiefs.

The next day they were assembled for the purpose of receiving presents. Prior to their distribution, Seattle presented a white flag to the Governor and made a speech which has been reported as follows: "Now, by this we make friends and put away all bad feelings, if we ever had any. We are the friends of the Americans. All of the Indians are of the same mind. We look upon you as our father; we will never change our minds; as you have seen us we will always be the same. Now, now, do you send this paper of our hearts to the Great Father. That is all I have to say."

This treaty was of great importance to the whites of that period as it enabled them to peacefully settle upon the lands relinquished by the Indians, which was immediately done all over the Sound region.

As its terms were the same in general, as the treaties made in Oregon and Washington, it has a historical value worth preserving. A condensation of it follows:

Article 1. The Indians cede the land to the United States, comprising the present counties of King, part of Kitsap, Snohomish, Skagit, Whatcom, Island and San Juan.

Art. 2. Reserves the amount of two sections, or twelve hundred and eighty acres, surrounding the small bight at the head of Port Madison, called by the Indians Nooschkum; two sections on the east side by Fidalgo Island; the island called Chah-choosen, situated in the Lummi River.

Art. 3. Reserves one township of land on the northeastern shore of Port Gardner, for the purpose of establishing thereon an agricultural and industrial school.

Art. 4. Specifies that within one year after the ratification of

this treaty, the said tribes agree to remove and settle upon the reservations, or sooner if means are furnished them.

Art. 5. Gives them the right of fishing at any accustomed place, provided that they shall not take shell fish from any beds staked or cultivated by citizens.

Art. 6. In consideration of the above cession, the United States agrees to pay to the said tribes and bands the sum of one hundred fifty thousand dollars, in the following manner—that is to say: For the first year after the ratification hereof, fifteen thousand dollars; for the next two years, twelve thousand dollars each year; for the next four years, seven thousand five hundred dollars each year; for the next five years, six thousand dollars each year; and for the last five years, four thousand two hundred and fifty dollars each year.

Art. 7. The President may hereafter, when in his opinion the interests of the Territory shall require and the welfare of the said Indians be promoted, remove them from either or all of the special reservations hereinbefore made to the said general reservation, or such other suitable place within said Territory as he may deem fit, on remunerating them for their improvements and expenses of such removal, or may consolidate them with other friendly tribes or bands.

Art. 8. The annuities of the aforesaid tribes and bands shall not be taken to pay the debts of individuals.

Art. 9. The said tribes and bands acknowledge their dependence on the government of the United States, and promise to be friendly with all the citizens thereof, and they pledge themselves to commit no depredations on the property of said citizens. Nor will they make war on any other tribe except in self-defense, but will submit all of matters of difference between them and the other Indians to the government of the United States or its agent for decision and abide thereby.

Art. 10. The above tribes and bands are desirous to exclude from their reservations the use of ardent spirits, and to prevent the people from drinking the same. If any one trespasses, his or her proportion of the annuities will be withheld from him or her for such time as the President may determine.

Art. 11. The said tribes and bands agree to free all slaves now held by them and not to purchase or acquire others hereafter.

Art. 12. The said tribes and bands further agreed not to trade at Vancouver's Island or elsewhere out of the dominions of the United States nor shall foreign Indians be permitted to reside in their reservations without consent of the superintendent or agent.

Art. 13. To enable the said Indians to remove to and settle upon their aforesaid reservations, the United States agrees to pay them the sum of fifteen thousand dollars.

Art. 14. United States further agrees to establish at the general agency for the district of Puget Sound, within one year from the ratification hereof, and to support for a period of twenty years an agricultural and industrial school, providing it with suitable instructors; and also to employ a physician to reside at the said central agency.

Art. 15. This treaty shall be obligatory on the contracting parties as soon as the same shall be ratified by the President and Senate of the United States.

In later years much has been written about the injustice of these treaties to the Indians; they gave up what has become an Empire and received little in return, but, at that period the lands and the timber upon them were worth little or nothing to the Indians. About all of their subsistence came from the waters of the rivers and the Sound. In turn, the United States government gave these lands to the white settlers, who, surrounded by dangers and privations, with arduous and unremitting toil brought some worth to their lands, but usually disproportionate to what had been expended upon them.

The United States Senate did not ratify the treaty until in March, 1859, on account of the Indian war, and because of false charges of hostilities against these Indians. No appropriations were made of money with which to carry out its terms.

In May, 1858, more than three years after the treaty was signed, Superintendent Simmons visited several of the reservations, with the endeavor to disburse some of the annuities and give needed food to the Indians. The first place he visited was Fort Kitsap, where some four hundred were gathered to meet him. The use of liquor had become quite prevalent among the natives, as debased white men were ever ready to supply them with it, so Col. Simmons spoke feelingly on that subject.

Seattle is credited with the following response: "I am not a bad man; I want you to understand what I say; I do not drink rum nor does New-e-chis, and we continually advise our people not to do so.

"I am and always have been a friend to the whites. I listen to what Mr. Page says to me, and I do not steal, nor do any of my people steal from the whites.

"Oh, Mr. Simmons, why do not our papers come back to us?"

You always say they will come back, but they do not come. I fear that we are forgotten or that we are to be cheated out of our land.

"I have been very poor and hungry all winter and am very sick now. In a little while I will die. I should like to be paid for my lands before I die. Many of my people died during this cold winter without getting their pay. When I die my people will be very poor—they will have no property, no chief and no one to talk for them. You must not forget them, Mr. Simmons, when I am gone.

"We are ashamed when we think of the Puyallups, as they have got their papers. They fought against the whites whilst we, who have never been angry with them, get nothing. When we get our pay we want it in money. The Indians are not bad. It is the mean white men that are bad to them. If any person writes that we do not want our papers they tell lies.

"Oh, Mr. Simmons, you see I am sick; I want you to write quickly to the Great Chief what I say. I am done."

Nearly all of the Indians in Western Washington made their homes on the shores of Puget Sound or the bays of the ocean, and were classified by the names of the rivers and bays where they lived.

At the time of the treaty with them in 1855, there were listed on the Sound 42 bands or lesser tribes, all of the Selish race. The total number then given was 6200. Although Seattle was not recognized as the head chief of all of these, at any large gathering of them he was the acknowledged leader.

In the *Seattle Sunday Star*, of October 29, 1877, appeared the following from the pen of Dr. Henry A. Smith:

"Old Chief Seattle was the largest Indian I ever saw, and by far the noblest looking. He stood nearly six feet in his moccasins, was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and finely proportioned. His eyes were large, intelligent, expressive, and friendly, when in repose, and faithfully mirrored the varying moods of the great soul that looked through them. He was usually solemn, silent and dignified, but on great occasions moved among assembled multitudes like a Titan among Lilliputians, and his lightest word was law.

"When rising to speak or tendering advice, all eyes were turned upon him, and deep-toned, sonorous and eloquent sentences rolled from his lips like the ceaseless thunders of cataracts flowing from exhaustless fountains, and his magnificent bearing was as noble as that of the most civilized military chieftain in command of the force of a continent. Neither his eloquence, his dignity nor his grace

was acquired. They were as native to his manhood as leaves and blossoms are to a flowering almond.

"His influence was marvelous. He might have been an emperor but all his instincts were democratic, and he ruled his subjects with kindness and paternal benignity.

"He was always flattered by marked attentions from white men, and never so much so as when seated at their tables, and on such occasions he manifested more than anywhere else his genuine instincts of a gentleman.

"When Governor Stevens first arrived in Seattle and told the natives that he had been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, they gave him a demonstrative reception in front of Doctor Maynard's office near the waterfront on Main Street. The bay swarmed with canoes and the shore was lined with a living mass of swaying, writhing, dusky humanity, until Old Chief Seattle's trumpet-toned voice rolled over the immense multitude like the reveille of a bass drum, when silence became as instantaneous and perfect as that which follows a clap of thunder from a clear sky.

"The Governor was then introduced by Doctor Maynard to the native multitude, and at once commenced in a conversational, plain and straight-forward style, an explanation of his mission among them, which is too well understood to require recapitulation.

"When he sat down, Chief Seattle arose, with all the dignity of a senator who carries the responsibilities of a great nation upon his shoulders. Placing one hand upon the Governor's head, and slowly pointing heavenward with the index finger of the other, he commenced his memorable address in solemn and impressive tones:

"Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the seasons. The White Chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and good will. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. The Great—and I presume—good White Chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our lands but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the

Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

"There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory. I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach my pale face brothers with hastening it as we too may have been somewhat to blame.

"Youth is impulsive. When our young men grow angry at some real or imaginary wrong, and disfigure their faces with black paint, it denotes that their hearts are black—and then they are often cruel and relentless, and our old men and old women are unable to restrain them. Thus it has ever been. Thus it was when the white man first began to push out forefathers westward. But let us hope that the hostilities between us may never return. We would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Revenge by young braves is considered gain, even at the cost of their own lives, but old men who stay at home in times of war, and mothers who have sons to lose, know better.

"Our good father at Washington—for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries further north—our great and good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires he will protect us. His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his wonderful ships of war will fill our harbors so that our ancient enemies far to the northward—the Hidas and Timpsons, will cease to frighten our women, children and old men. Then in reality will he be our father and we his children. But can that ever be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine. He folds his strong protecting arms lovingly about the pale face and leads him by the hand as a father leads his infant son—but He has forsaken His red children—if they are really His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax strong every day. Soon they will fill all the land. Our people are ebbing away like a rapidly receding tide that will never return. The white man's God can not love our people or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God and renew our prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness. If we have a common Heavenly Father He must be partial—for He came to His pale-face children. We never saw Him. He

gave you laws but had no word for His red children whose teeming multitudes once filled this vast continent as stars fill the firmament. No. We are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

"To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written on tables of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors—the dreams of our old men, given them in the solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

"Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander away beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant-lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender, fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the Happy Hunting Ground to visit, guide, console and comfort them.

"Day and night can not dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the White Man as the morning mist flees before the rising sun.

"However, your proposition seems fair, and I think that my folks will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the voice of Nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

"It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. The Indian's night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim Nemesis seems to be on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he goes he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare to stolidly meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

"A few more moons. A few more winters—and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people—once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely

fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant—but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, can not be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

“We will ponder your proposition and when we decide we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition—that we will not be denied the privilege without molestation, of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends and children.) Every part of this soil is sacred, in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as they swelter in the sun along the silent shore thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than to yours, because it is rich with the dust of our ancestors and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed braves, fond mothers, glad, happy-hearted maidens, and even the little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, still love these sombre solitudes and at eventide they grow shadowy of returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the white man, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children’s children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone.

“Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead—I say? There is no death. Only a change of worlds.”

This remarkable oration was credited to Chief Seattle by Doctor Smith. Doubtless Chief Seattle and the other chiefs present expressed its thoughts and sentiments in their own language forming the thread of the speech, but to Doctor Smith belongs the credit for its beautiful wording and delightful imagery. For sources consult the biography of Dr. Henry A. Smith in the *History of Seattle*,

by Frederic James Grant, page 434, where its original publication is credited to the Seattle *Sunday Star* of October 29, 1887.

Governor Stevens's reply to this eloquent oration was brief.

The most interesting landmark left by the Indians, long before the coming of American settlers, was the old potlatch house, or "Old Man House" on the Indian reservation at Suquamish, across from Point Agate on Bainbridge Island. This was the residence of Chief Seattle and the sub-chiefs. It was an enormous structure as shown by the ruins, and this has led many to speculate as to its origin and purpose. It is known that almost all the tribes and bands in this region built large structures called "potlatch houses," where the great ceremonies of gift-giving were held, but none was so large as the one near Port Madison.

In 1903 a student of the University of Washington, Frank Carlson, A.M., made extensive investigations of the old house, extracts from his thesis are here quoted:

"The history of the Old-Man-House, or as the Indians called it, Tsu-Cub, possesses peculiar interest, which distinguishes it from almost all other Indian architecture in the New World. If it were possible to unravel fully the history of the people who built and frequented this house, we would undoubtedly have a history as full of romance as the story of Troy, so beautifully described by Homer.

"This magnificent house was situated at Port Madison Reservation on the beach of the northwest side of the Agate Passage, just where the water separates from Admiralty Inlet to form Bainbridge Island—it is about twenty-five kilometers northwest of Seattle. It was an ideal location for an Indian village, only a distance of about one thousand feet across Agate Passage to Bainbridge Island on the south; on the north and west was land and on the east the mighty arm of the Pacific. Besides they could take advantage of the incoming tide and float southward to any destination with rapidity and return with the outgoing tide.

"The ground-plan of this house is still traceable, although there is only one post standing; all the others have rotted off where they entered the surface of the ground, and then been washed away by the tide or burned by the Indians; but that part which remained in the ground is in perfect preservation, and shows plainly the location of the house.

"In front, the outline of the house measures about nine hundred feet, in the rear a little less as the house curved somewhat to correspond with the beach. In width, it measures about sixty feet, with the exception of a short distance at each end of the house,

where it measures only fifty feet. At the north end, the rear end of a few of the rafters rested upon the bank. In height, it was twelve feet in front and between eight and nine in the rear.

"It covered an area of about an acre and a quarter, containing about forty apartments, each entirely separated from the other by a partition of boards and planks split from cedar; held together by sticks fastened at the top with withes.

"The total number of posts is given by Gibbs to have been seventy-four, which is about the correct number for the corner posts. The size of the posts differ; in front they were above fifteen feet long, two or four feet wide and ten to twelve inches thick; in the rear they were twelve feet long with the same width and thickness as those in front. All the posts were notched at the top and placed in position with the bark side facing the interior of the house and tamped solidly until they could support the great weight that rested upon them.

"The rafters consisted of round cedar logs, hewed off at the upper side so as to make it level for the roof. They were about sixty-five feet long with a diameter of twenty-four or more inches in the large end and about twelve in the small end. These rafters had also a post in the middle to support them.

"The roof was covered with cedar boards (shakes), which were laid on planks that rested on the rafters.

"The outside walls of the building, like the roof, consisted of split cedar planks which were put up similar to the partitions.

"In each apartment was one or more fireplaces, which were generally made of stone and raised a little from the ground. There was an opening in the roof through which the smoke escaped. This opening could be closed when desired.

"Each apartment contained several rooms separated from each other by mattings suspended from the ceiling, and in several of these rooms were raised bunks constructed around the walls for beds, on which were used as bedding, mats. On each end of the apartment was a door which hung on wooden hinges.

"The chief apartment, occupied by Sealth, was built very strong; the wall in front consisted of very heavy posts with several openings, and a contrivance to place in front of the door in case of an attack by unfriendly tribes. In a like manner Kitsap's apartment was fortified.

"Furthermore, on every corner post in front of the chief's and sub-chief's apartments, was carved the figure of the big 'Thunder-bird' in the proportions in which it had fixed itself in the minds of

that particular tribe; and also a grotesque figure of a man, about half size, naked, and with bow and arrow. This latter figure was supposed to represent the ancestor of the tribe. There were also smaller carvings on the other front posts.

"This massive house of the Indians of Puget Sound was over thirty times as large as the houses built by the mighty nation of the Iroquois, which were, according to Morgan's description, from fifty to one hundred feet long, and about seventeen feet wide.

"As to the time when this house was built, there are various conjectures; some claim that it was constructed about the middle of the eighteenth century by one of the tribes of the Dwamish Confederacy; others think that it was built in the beginning of the nineteenth century. The latter opinion is undoubtedly correct as Vancouver does not make any mention of the house. But the best evidence, perhaps, that can be adduced is the great mass of crushed, broken and roasted clam shells that are found to a considerable depth over every portion of the beach, even as far out as deep water.

"An Indian whose name was Sub-Qualth has given the following information: 'In the Tsu-Cub lived eight great chiefs and their people. Space in the big house was allotted each chief and his people and this was religiously consecrated to them and never encroached upon by others. To old Chief Sealth was given the position of honor; Chief Kitsap next, Sealth's aged father ranked third, and Tsu-Lu-Cub came fourth.' These four Sub-Qualth remembered as they represented one-half of the Tsu-Cub. The next four Sub-Qualth did not remember, but his father who was a cousin of Chief Sealth, had told him their names."

For many years Deshaw served Kitsap County as its sheriff, and, in time, he became unofficial agent on the Indian Reservation. Among the first duties there assigned to him was the destruction of the Old Man House. It was the domicile of several hundred Indians, and in the opinion of the authorities led to the continuance of idleness and inactivity. It was believed that their separation into separate households would bring to them more quickly civilization and habits of industry.

To Deshaw it was a heavy task and full of disappointments before the immense structure finally disappeared. To the white man Indian nature was always a puzzle. Today they would be your friends; tomorrow they might be ready to injure or even kill you. Finally he got one or two families to make separate residences and by degrees got them out of the big community home and then be-

gan destroying it. In most instances the Indians wanted pay for their work and left the work to the white men of the agency.

In August, 1864, E. M. Sammis had a small photograph gallery in the ground floor of the "Conklin House," which then stood at the south-east corner of Main Street and First Avenue South. I had known Sammis for years and, being much interested in his work, spent a good deal of time there. One day Sammis suddenly exclaimed "There's Seattle," and rushed out to the street. In a minute or two he returned with the chief. Hastily getting a photographic plate in readiness, a slow process in those days, he had Seattle take his seat in front of the camera, told him to sit very quietly, and snapped the bulb. The result was the only photograph ever taken of the Chief. It then showed his staff in his hand which later was eliminated from the picture.

Seattle made no objections whatever to having his picture taken, readily placed himself in the attitude Sammis desired, and when the sitting was over, he departed gravely with no promise to return nor with a request for a copy of his picture. Later, Ray Coombs made a sketch of him that went into common use.

My diary says that a few days later Sammis had just sent off 100 photographs of Seattle to a dealer in New York.

In the early days of the village, at high tide, there was an island of about eight acres, heavily forested, at the south end, extending from the bay to about Third Avenue South and from Washington to King Streets; the water flowed across First Avenue South at Washington Street. At first this was bridged. From this island the first logs were cut for Yesler's mill, and rolled there by hand.

The mill's production of sawdust greatly exceeded the capacity of the furnace to burn, so Yesler rigged up a big hand-cart to take it away. In the beginning a big Indian supplied the motive power of the cart, but, in my day, Ned Ohm (Dutch Ned) was the recognized operator. With this cart Ned wheeled the sawdust along First Avenue South to Washington Street, and up Yesler Way to where the Seattle Hotel now stands. The roadway was never muddy nor unclean as the supply of fresh sawdust always kept it sweet and bright.

When Dexter Horton built his store at Washington and First Avenue South it stood on piles about eight feet above the ground. Access to it was by means of two twelve-inch planks, one end resting in the doorway, the other on the ground. Gradually the saw-

dust mounted up so one could step into the store from it, but this was long in coming.

Seattle made occasional visits here and was always accompanied by from four to six younger Indians who paddled his canoe for him. Usually he wore a white shirt and a blanket draped about him from his middle downward as his picture shows, but occasionally he appeared clad in white men's array, coat, vest, pantaloons, each of a different color and texture, and considerably worse for wear. These were topped by a high black hat of the kind then known as "stovepipe."

One day, thus clad, Seattle stood midway of the plank walk leading into Horton's store, Alice Mercer, then about 10 years old, later for sixty years the wife of the writer, was in the store and started for her home a block away. To her request to stand aside Seattle paid no heed, so she gave him a push strong enough to plunge him to the sawdust sprawling. His top hat flew one way, his staff another. His companions laughed heartily, assisted him to rise, picked up hat and cane, brushed off the liberal coat of sawdust in short order. It is not recorded that the fallen chief greatly resented this indignity, was angry or meditated revenge, for little Alice sped away as fast as she could run. In later years she loved to tell this among many other reminiscences of her early life in the little village.

Wells Drury served as an apprentice in two or three of the printing offices in Olympia late in the 'sixties. In 1869 he worked in my office and, although much younger than I, a friendship was then formed that lasted through his lifetime.

At the time of writing what appears below he was living in Oakland, California. Leaving out much of his letter that does not pertain to the subject in hand, it was as follows:

"Rev. Alfred R. Elder, who was my foster father, had been a friend of Abraham Lincoln from boyhood. They were born on adjoining farms in Harden County, Kentucky, and their families migrated to Indiana and then to Illinois about the same time. In Sangamon County they did politics together, both having homes in Springfield. About 1846, Elder moved to Oregon Territory and tried to get Lincoln appointed governor of the Territory, invoking the aid of their mutual friend, Thomas H. Benton, but Lincoln declined.

"Before Lincoln was inaugurated he wrote to Elder, asking him if there was anything he wanted. I was almost nine years old and remember the letters that passed, as I was always taken into the confidence of the family. Elder was devoutly religious, and replied

that if appointed an Indian agent he would devote his life to helping the Indians. One of Lincoln's first appointments was that of Elder as Indian Agent with headquarters at Olympia, under the provision of the Medicine Creek treaty. I think we reached Olympia in the winter of 1861. I know the trip from Monticello was rainy and rough. The corduroy roads near Pumphrey's Landing were terrible. [I can corroborate this statement, as we drove over from Oregon the year preceding. To the people of today those roads would be deemed impassible.—C.B.B.]

"Soon after we arrived the interpreter resigned. Several aspirants appeared. Although the salary was only five hundred dollars a year the office was desirable, as it was almost a sinecure. Elder knew Chinook from early associations with the Indians, of the Willamette and Columbia Valleys.

"When he spoke of appointing me as interpreter Henry Hale and other men who sought the place, objected on the ground that I was too young. They held a meeting and agreed to leave it to Lincoln.

"Just think of a President having to settle an insignificant thing like that!

"So Elder wrote to Lincoln, placing before him the following particulars:

"1. I wish to appoint the boy, Wells Drury, who is a little more than ten years old.

"2. He is my foster son, being adopted by me when we arrived in Oregon. His parents died of the cholera when crossing the plains in 1852.

"3. This boy can speak the Chinook fairly well having learned it from the Indians, with whom he came in contact from his early childhood.

"4. Objection is made by other aspirants on account of his extreme youth.

"Elder closed by asking of Lincoln his approval of the appointment.

"Lincoln replied in a long letter, in which he expressed interest in the fate of the orphan boy, and said he would like to give unqualified approval of Elder's request, but felt that he should not do so. However, he thought it would be fair to have a competitive examination and let the winner get the place. [Perhaps this is the first instance where a political appointment was decided by means of an examination. In those days the man, and not his fitness, was the important matter.]

"Three young men entered their names, and the judges were appointed. Seattle, Toke and another Indian whose name I do not remember, represented the Indians. Former Indian Superintendent Hale and a former Hudson's Bay employee were the other members of the jury.

"It was a hard trial for men, and I remember with what trembling I faced the ordeal. But from my earliest recollection the frontier life had schooled me to self-reliance, and I soon became cool under the rapid fire of the questioners.

"The judges stood four to one in my favor, Seattle grunting out that I was entirely too young, but old Toke strongly championed my cause. Seattle didn't like to speak Chinook and took little part in the examination, but Toke was exceedingly talkative, and laughed heartily at his own jokes.

"After a year's practice I placated Seattle by talking to him in his own dialect. Then I pleased him greatly by interpreting to him Winthrop's Canoe and Saddle. (Canim pe laselle.)

"My reservations were Chehalis, Squaxon, Nisqually, Puyallup and Tulalip. I also went to Skagit Head for conferences on several occasions. I held the office for five years. When Lincoln was assassinated Johnson appointed C. S. King as Indian Agent, and he discharged me."

In all of the biographies of Chief Seattle, including my own, it has been represented that he did not understand the Chinook Jargon. The foregoing shows that this is not correct. He and all of the older Indians did not like the Jargon, nor did they use it among themselves. Colonel Shaw interpreted to the Indians in the Jargon; Colonel Simmons addressed them in it, and I remember that when Sammis spoke to Seattle about his photograph he also used it.

Life at Puget Sound is the title of a little book of sketches of travel in Washington Territory, by Caroline C. Leighton, who came here in the year 1865, and resided mostly at Ports Townsend and Angeles for several years.

The book was apparently composed of letters written to her eastern friends. The first one bears date at Port Angeles on July 20, 1865.

In one dated at Seattle, Washington Territory, November 5, 1865, she wrote:

"We saw here a very dignified Indian, old and poor, but with something about him that led us to expect that he was a chief. We found, upon inquiry, that it was Seattle, the old chief for whom the town was named, and the head of all the tribes on Puget Sound.

He had with him a little brown sprite, that seemed an embodiment of the wind—such a swift, elastic creature—his great-grandson, with no clothes about him, though it was a cold November day. To him, motion seemed as natural as rest.”

In another, dated August 25, 1866, after a considerable absence in Eastern Washington, she remarks :

“As we approached Seattle, we began to gather up the news. It is very much more of an event to get back, when you have had no newspapers, and only the rarest communication of any kind, while you have been gone.

“Seattle, the old chief, had died. When he was near his end, he sent word over to the nearest settlement, that he wished Captain George A. Meigs, the owner of the great sawmill at Port Madison, to come when he was dead, and take him by the hand, and bid him farewell.”

Several reminiscences regarding Chief Seattle appear in Inez Denny's book, *Blazing the Way*.

Rated by the number of his slaves his wealth was considerable as he had eight. Six of these were inherited and two acquired by purchase, actuated by a kindly spirit, as they were ill-treated by their owner. Of the former, “Yutestid” was living in 1899, and when reminded of him she laughed and repeated his name several times “Yutestid! Yutestid! How was it possible for me to forget him? Why we grew up together!” They may have lived together, but not as children as she would have then been more than one hundred years old.

About the year 1841, Seattle set himself to avenge the death of his nephew, Almos, who was killed by Ow-hi. With five canoe-loads of his warriors, among whom was sub-chief Curley, he ascended White River and attacked a large camp, killed ten men, and carried the women and children away into captivity.

One time in Olympia some enemy fired into his tent but failed to hit him.

With regard to Seattle's oratory, it is related that when the chief and his “tillicums” camped on “The Point” near the site of the New England Hotel (corner of Main Street and First Avenue South), often in the evening he would stand up and address his people. David T. Denny's home was then near the present corner of First Avenue and Marion Street, and many Indians were camped near by. When these heard Chief Seattle's voice, they would turn their heads in a listening attitude and evidently understood what he

was saying, although he was nearly half a mile away, such was the resonance and carrying power of his voice.

In pioneer days William Deshaw became a notable character in Kitsap County. He held the position of its sheriff for many years. His home was at the extreme northerly end of Bainbridge Island, directly opposite the Old Man House on the Indian Reservation across the narrow passage.

He married a grand-daughter of Chief Seattle and acquired much influence among the Indians. He established a trading post on the point and acquired considerable property. Several of his descendants now live at Indianola and its vicinity.

Some forty years ago Deshaw related to John A. Costello an incident that illustrates the influence that Chief Seattle held among the Indians and the remarkable carrying power of his voice.

The practice of burying the slaves of a dead chief on his grave continued long after Deshaw settled on the island, if it could be done safely without punishment from the whites. At the time of the death of Chief Ska-ga-ti-quist one of his slaves, Hutson by name, who later became quite prominent on the reservation, was thus condemned to death.

Hutson got word of what the Indians were contemplating and with his klootchman and little girl hastily crossed the passage in his canoe and took refuge in Deshaw's store. Seventeen big and brawny Indians, armed with long Hudson's Bay Company's muskets, followed the refugee over the water and stormed the trading post; they rushed in with much gesticulation and loud threatening and demanded the delivery to them of the Indian. Deshaw began parleying with them and secured enough delay for Chief Seattle to arrive upon the scene of action, as he had been warned of the trouble by one of Deshaw's little daughters.

"Whoo, whoo, what do I hear?" he cried out several times upon his entry upon the scene and the Indians began falling back in silence. They knew the chief's temper and great strength and shot out of the doorway in a hurry, quickly followed by the chief. He carried a big musket but dropped it and picked up a big rail and tried to reach them but they got into their canoes before he could reach them and so escaped punishment. The old chief kept right after them and when he reached the village he called all of the people together and made them a speech. He could be heard distinctly on the other side, declaiming to them upon the evil of killing their slaves.

"Mr. Deshaw, the big white chief, did not want it done, Col-

onel Simmons did not want it done; Governor Stevens did not want it done; the Great Chief at Washington did not want it done, and it must stop."

Guards were placed over Hutson and he remained out of sight for a week or more but no further attempt was made to kill slaves.

In November, 1902, the magazine, *United Service*, republished an article written by Rear-Admiral Thomas S. Phelps, who was serving as lieutenant on the Sloop of war *Decatur*, at the time of the attack by the Indians upon the village on January 26, 1856,

The article is a valuable contribution to the early history of Seattle and vicinity, though marred by numerous minor errors. The following paragraphs appear in the article:--

Seattle was an intelligent Flathead Indian of medium height and prominent features, chief of the nation occupying the western shore of Admiralty Inlet contiguous to Port Madison, and, coveting the rich and excellent fishing grounds of the opposite bay, waged war incessantly against the Duwamish tribe, who occupied this land of promise, until, exhausted in resources and warriors, the latter finally succumbed and acknowledged him as their master.

"Su-quardle, better known as Curley, the hereditary chief, accepted the fortune of war and quietly submitted to his rule, and both chiefs appeared to live on friendly terms with the 'Bostons' as Americans were called in contradistinction to King George's men, which included all of English origin."

Judge Cornelius H. Hanford, in his *Seattle and Environs* pays this tribute to the aforesaid Curley:--

"The most important sub-chief subordinate to Seattle was Curley, head chief of the Duwamish tribe. He was tall and straight, not bow-legged, as were most of those whose occupation was fishing in canoes. Curley was a hunter. He remained on friendly terms with the Klikitats during the Indian war, but he kept in constant communication with Mr. Yesler, giving him news of the plans and movements of the hostile Indians. Mr. Yesler kept him supplied with ammunition for his use in hunting, giving him only a little at a time. Powder and lead were the most precious commodities that the enemy Indians had to obtain, and the few ounces that Curley could give them, from time to time, gained for him free entrance to their camps. He carried news both ways; the Indians were glad to have him tell what they were doing to scare the white people, and he gave Mr. Yesler valuable information of the impending attack upon Seattle. When the attacking force was in striking distance,

at the very beginning of the war, or immediately preceding it, Curley visited the homes of settlers that were scattered around the village and around Lake Washington, and warned them that they were to be murdered if they remained so isolated. The author has personal knowledge of the fact; I remember well his coming to my father's log cabin and strongly urging hasty removal of the family to the village."

An account of his last days and death and his funeral service was recorded in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for January 1, 1884 as follows:

"In 1866 Seattle's (Sealth's) health began to fail. Month after month he grew weaker and weaker till at last he became helpless, but his mind was clear, and he fully realized his condition. Just before he breathed his last the native priest and principal men of the tribe gathered about him and he was told that he was dying. 'It's well,' said he, 'my heart is good. I have only one thing to ask and that is for my good friend—always my friend—to come to my funeral and shake hands with me before I am laid in the ground.' These were the venerable old man's last words; he closed his eyes and his spirit departed. The event cast a gloom over the whole village. Every member of his tribes seemed to be deeply afflicted. But there was none of the vociferous howling and humdrum of the medicine man so common among all tribes of the coast on such occasions. A messenger was dispatched to Port Madison to announce the death of Seattle, the day the funeral ceremony would take place, and his last request. At the appointed time Mr. Meigs embarked on board his steamer for the Old Man House to pay the last mark of his respect to his deceased friend.

"A stalwart native priest arose, and conducted the funeral services of the Roman Catholic Church with touching solemnity. Then one of the sub-chiefs stood forth, who repeated in measured Indian cadence used when discoursing on great events the name of 'Seattle—Seattle.' The speaker continued: 'The spirit of our great chief has gone, gone to the good land a great way off. His heart was always good, was like the sun, not like the moon, for that is changing. Seattle was a great chief, he knew better what was good for us than we knew ourselves. But why do I speak? For his son is here, he knows best about our good chief, he is his own flesh and blood, let him talk.'

"A son of Seattle delivered a worthy oration, a translation of

which was printed in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, January 1, 1884; according to that report the young man said:

"My father's remains lie before us; they are going to yonder hill to be buried deep in the earth. Ages ago this mode of burial would have appalled us, for the dead bodies of our ancestors were elevated on trees, or laid in canoes above the ground. But the priest came among us and taught us the prayer. We are Christians now. Before he came the Seattles were the first in chase and the first to draw the bow and the knife in time of war; but the Godly man learned us to build good houses; how to cultivate the soil; and how to get money, like white men. He has told us, too, that when the Son of God was buried in the earth a great stone was rolled over his grave; but when God called him to heaven, the stone rolled back, and His Son came forth. We knew that my father was the last great chief of the Seattles. They were his friends—so were the Indians of other tribes—because he was just to all. In the last strife with the whites, my father was threatened because he would not fight; but he feared no one but God. Some of the Indians made threats. The chief of the Seattles told them that when there was cause for shedding blood they would find him on the warpath night and day. We are all glad that the great chief's hands were never stained with a white man's blood. He is now dead, but his name will live in the memory of all good Indians, as a wise, brave and Christian chief." The young man then drew from his breast the photograph of Seattle and exclaimed: "The white man will not forget him, for here is his picture, made by the lights of the heavens—the older it grows, the more it will be prized. When the Seattles are no more, their chief will be remembered and revered by the generations to come."

Through the efforts of the French missionaries Seattle became a Catholic and inaugurated regular morning and evening prayers in his tribe, which were continued by his people after his death. He died June 7, 1866, at the Old Man House from a fever or ague. His funeral was attended by hundreds of the whites from all parts of the Sound, and G. A. Meigs, of the Port Madison mill, closed down the establishment in his honor. He was buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church with Indian customs added.

The memory of Chief Seattle always remained tender in the minds of the citizens of Seattle and about 1890 some of the public spirited citizens led by Arthur A. Denny, Hillory Butler, and Samuel L. Crawford erected a monument to his honor which they placed over his grave with the following inscription:

SEATTLE

Chief of the Suquamis and Allied Tribes,

Died, June 7, 1866.

Firm Friend of the Whites, and for Him the
City of Seattle Was Named by
Its Founders.

(On the reverse side):

Baptismal name, Noah Sealth,
Age probably 80 years.

The official recognition and tribute to the memory of him whose name it bears was long deferred by the Queen City. It was then appropriately accomplished by the erection at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Denny Way of a statue in bronze of Chief Seattle, heroic in size.

The commission for its execution was given to our talented artist and sculptor, James A. Wehn.

The enthusiastic work of Dr. James Crichton and Arnold Zbinden, then members of the City Council and Clarence B. Bagley, Secretary of the Board of Public Works, was rewarded by the City Council with an appropriation to cover the cost of the statue and base and of its erection.

Several artists competed for the award of the commission for the statue, and the model submitted by Mr. Wehn was chosen without dissent.

This was in September, 1907, but five years elapsed before the statue was unveiled. A local firm undertook to make the bronze casting, only to be met with failure, and, worst of all, the plaster cast was destroyed, necessitating the molding of another. The Gorham Company, of New York, then undertook the work with complete success.

It was placed in position, and the unveiling exercises were held on November 13, 1912, the anniversary of the landing of the pioneers at Alki.

Among the notables present was Sir Thomas Lipton.

This was the first statue to be erected by the municipality and may well be accepted as portraying the struggles of its pioneers.

On its base are the following inscriptions:--

Panel on the North.
SEATTLE CHIEF OF THE SUQUAMISH
A FIRM FRIEND OF THE WHITES
FOR HIM THE CITY OF SEATTLE WAS
NAMED BY ITS FOUNDERS

Panel on the South.
KITSAP SIGHTS VANCOUVER'S VESSEL
FIRST VESEL ON PUGET SOUND, 1792.

Angeline

Angeline, daughter of Chief Seattle, was probably born about 1820, though she said her father was only twenty-five years old at the time of her birth. Mrs. Maynard spoke of her as "A dashing young widow" in 1852, and she was still a strong, comely woman at the time of our arrival in 1860, though never a beauty. Her husband was Dokub Cub, half Skagit and half Cowichan, and by him she had two daughters, Mary and Lizzie. Mary married William DeShaw, a white man who was a man of influence in his day, and was well liked in Kitsap and King counties. For many years his store at Point Agate did a large business. He was among the first on the Sound to make a specialty of curing herring and salmon by smoking and putting them up in attractive form so they found ready sale. At one time he was in possession of a goodly fortune acquired through his numerous activities.

Their children were Ina Mary, who married C. J. Thompson, long resident of Port Madison; Lulu, Gladys, Ina, Chester, Charles and Blanche. Lulu was married to J. Sikeman, and their children were Lea and Will Allen.

By Seattle's second wife there were two sons who married early and died many years ago.

When Angeline was a very small child her parents christened her Kick-is-om-lo Sealth, and she managed to worry along with this name until she was twenty years of age, when she married. Three children were born to her while she bore the name of Cud. One of them died very young, one married a clerk in Plummer's store, and the other married Foster, the father of Joe. Early in the '50s Mrs. Maynard came to Seattle, and meeting the dashing widow Cud, asked her name. The daughter of Seattle replied, in the best Chinook at her command, that her friends and acquaintances all knew her as

Kick-is-om-lo Cud, widow of the late Dokub Cud. Mrs. Maynard laughed and replied: "You are too good looking a woman to carry around such a name as that, and I now christen you Angeline." Mrs. Cud took kindly to the change, and from that time to the day of her death she was known by all as Angeline.

In 1891 a *Post-Intelligencer* reporter, in company with S. L. Crawford, visited Angeline at her shack and interviewed her. Crawford acted as interpreter. Under the cross-examination she gave the following account of her life. In considering it, it is well to remember that few of the older Indians have very much idea of time. The following are her recollections, as given in that interview:

She said that when Doctor Maynard came (1853), she was a goodlooking widow. Her husband was a half Skagit, half Cowichan Indian chief, his name being Dokub Cud. Kickisomlo was her name before Mrs. Maynard rechristened her. Angeline had three brothers and two sisters, and she also had two daughters, one being the mother of Joe Foster. All of these relatives are long since dead. When Angeline was born she said her father, Chief Seattle, was about twenty-five years old. He was a great chief and the Boston men liked him very much. When her mother died, Mr. Denny and Mr. Bell built a coffin for her. There were no white men here when she was a girl. Doctor Maynard came first, Mr. Bell and Mr. Denny next. She remembered the first Boston house that was built and she remembered the Indian war very well. She spoke of many of the settlers—Mr. Denny, Mr. Bell, Charles Terry, Mr. Yesler and Bob and Tom Russell. Bob Russell, she said, was a "Kloshe tillicum"—good friend of hers—and since he died she had been very poor. The old settlers had always been very good to her and had given her food when she asked for it.

When Mr. Crawford asked Angeline how long she had lived in her present house, she held up her two hands, spreading out the fingers to represent ten years. As she did so she exposed a broken wrist, the result of a fall several years ago.

Previous to that time she had lived further up the hill. Never in her life had she been further away from Seattle than Olympia. The trip that she did make was a novel one. The Indians have a superstition that if the name of a dead Indian is pronounced aloud he will turn over in his grave. Angeline was authority for the statement that when Chief Seattle learned that this city was to be named for him he was very much displeased and remonstrated with the whites. He said that when he died he would have no rest, for he

would be turning over all the time. His pleadings to have the name changed were all in vain. As a last resort he picked up his family and went to Olympia to interceded with Governor Stevens to have the name changed. That trip Angeline remembered distinctly and related in Chinook to Mr. Crawford, who immediately translated the story into English. Personally, I doubt the story.

Angeline also said that she knew Chief Leschi, the leader of the hostile Indians who came across Lake Washington to attack the city, and she saw him when he was afterward arrested and shot.

In answer to an inquiry as to where she wanted to be buried when she died, Angeline expressed a decided preference for Seattle. She said, she had always lived here, and she wanted to be buried among her "Tillicums" whom she had known nearly all her life.

While the interview had been going on, Joe Foster, Angeline's grandson, had come in and thrown himself upon one of the rude couches. He could talk English very well and Indian and Chinook excellently. His father, Joe Foster, was a white man, and he married Angeline's daughter, afterwards treating her unmercifully and making her life so miserable that she committed suicide by hanging herself. The son was a worthless sort of a fellow, but appeared to be good to Angeline, his grandmother.

"After my mother hung herself," he said, unconcernedly, "my father wanted me to go with him, but I wouldn't do it. He was a bad man, so I told him he must give my grandmother \$1,000 before I would go with him. He is dead and buried now."

Though the few remaining members of Angeline's tribes, the Squamish and the Duwamish, did not look upon her with particular reverence, the people of Seattle regarded her with very charitable feelings, and Angeline never went hungry when she was able to be about the streets.

Mrs. Maynard gave the name of Angeline to her as her Indian name was difficult of pronuciation, and remembrance. She was very proud of her father, always speaking of him as the "Hy-as Ty-ee," the Great Father, but she was not too proud to work. In pioneer days household servants were unknown, and but for Indian women, the mother of the family would of necessity have done the weekly washing. In our household for a time, and in others, Angeline performed this service. In this she tolerated no criticism or interference. She did her work well and quickly. Small as were her wages she laid up considerable sums, from time to time, only to have them dissipated by paying fines for her grandson, Joe, who was

even more worthless than his white father. As long as Angeline had the money Joe was kept out of limbo as she loved the boy, but at times he had to serve justly earned sentences. The boy's mother had committed suicide to escape the abuse of her drunken husband.

This man, Joe Foster, was not related to one of Seattle's most respected pioneer citizens who had a claim at the junction of White and Black Rivers. The little town near there bears his name, "Foster." Many times this "Joe" served King County in the legislature.

The romantic stories current about Angeline's valuable services prior to the Indian war, in giving the settlers notice of the approaching attack upon the village by the Indians have no foundation in fact. She did not come over in the night by canoe to bring timely warning. The settlers here were in no danger of surprise. Friendly Indians, male and female, gave hourly information, particularly the women who lived with white men, mostly married. These were loyal to their husbands and kept them correctly informed regarding the hostiles. Although Mrs. Maynard had christened her Angeline, her disposition was anything but angelic, even in her younger days.

In pioneer days Indian women helped housewives in many ways, especially in doing the family washing and in this service Angeline became expert, which she fully realized and therefore quickly resented any interference, or criticism of her work.

More than once the mistress of the household had to finish the clotheswashing as Angeline had wiped the soapsuds off her hands, donned her shawl headgear and departed in high dudgeon without asking any pay for the work she had done because of some fault-finding with her work.

As she grew older, the boys about the village loved to annoy and tease her unmercifully, as they greatly enjoyed her scoldings in English and Chinook, often mixed with generous and forceful profanity.

Ross J. Ferguson, in the later 'seventies and early 'eighties, with his companions, Van Wyckoff, the Plummer boys, the Bryant boys and other boys of the village, were among these offenders. Recently Ross related where Van was the chief offender and bore the brunt of Angeline's justifiable wrath.

Louis V. Wyckoff, in the early 'eighties, built for those days a pretentious family residence on the present site of the Alaska Building, and agreed to pay his son, Van, and Ross Ferguson two dollars

and fifty cents per day, good wages for that period, for painting the outside of the building.

One day, while they were on the scaffolding, working on the second story, Angeline came along with a big bucket of clams for Mrs. Wyckoff. As she passed under the scaffolding, Van flicked some paint from his brush on her head and shoulders. Angeline at once set down her basket and began pelting the boys with the clams but doing more damage to the windows than to the boys as the glass was mostly broken from several of the windows.

Of course Van got his usual licking from his father, and had the cost of the broken glass deducted from his pay: from this escape Ross was justly exonerated, though not always so fortunate.

On the 6th of May, 1891, President Benjamin Harrison, with a large party arrived in Seattle by Steamer from Tacoma. Seattle did its utmost to make a successful recognition of the presidential visit, but a continuous and drenching rain caused an almost dismal failure.

President Harrison, at least in public, was usually coldly dignified. Angeline, the daughter of Chief Seattle, was presented to the head of the nation; she clasped his hand and earnestly saluted him in the Chinook Jargon, *Kla-how-ya*, (in English, "Good day, or "How are you.") To this the president cordially responded.

"Princess Angeline" was attired as usual, but some friend had presented to her what she deemed quite beautiful a checkered shawl, mostly flaming scarlet; this was draped over her shoulders, and on her head was an even more brilliant bandana kerchief. As usual she was barefoot.

The incident attracted much interest and comment by the members of the presidential party, among whom were Mrs. Harrison and the wives of other distinguished visitors.

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg gave some incidents regarding Angeline replete with human interest:

"Angeline lived up to the light she had; she was honest and would never take anything that was offered her unless she needed it. I always made her some little present, saying 'Well, Angeline, what do you want? Some sugar?' No, I have plenty of sugar, I would like a little tea. So it was with anything else mentioned, if she was supplied she said so. I had not seen her for quite a while one time, and hearing she was sick sent my husband to the door of her shack to inquire after her. Sure enough she lay in her bunk unable to arise. When asked if she wanted anything to eat she replied, 'No I

have plenty of muckamuck; Arthur Denny sent me a box full, but I want some candles and matches.'

"She told me that she was getting old and might die at any time and that she never went to bed without saying her prayers. During my long illness she came to my house quite often, but was sent away by those in charge; when I was able at last to sit up, I saw her approaching the house and went down to the kitchen to be ready to receive her. As usual I inquired after her wants, when she somewhat indignantly asked, "Don't you suppose I can come to see you without wanting something."

"One day as she sat in my kitchen, a young white girl asked before her, in English, of course, "Does Angeline know anything about God?" She said quickly in Chinook, "You tell that girl that I know that God sees me all the time; I might lie or steal and you would never find it out, but God would see me do it."

"In her old age she exerted herself, even when feeble from sickness, to walk long distances in search of food and other necessities, stumbling along with her cane, and sitting down now and then on a doorstep to rest."

She possessed all the stoicism of her race and disregard of pain. Once she fell and broke her arm and her friends had much difficulty in persuading her to let a surgeon set the fracture. She seemed to think that she could best care for the injury by herself.

Friends cared for her as best they could after she became too old and infirm to earn her own living. Once, when she was seriously ill, they took her to a hospital, but in her semi-delirium, she thought she had been taken to a jail, and begged piteously to be taken to her own home.

Her wants were few. To her requests for a "Ikt Quata", twenty-five cents, Henry L. Yesler, Dexter Horton, Arthur A. Denny, Samuel Crawford and others never turned a deaf ear. Her "bank account" was never large but it was never all checked out. "Mercie," thank you, she never forgot to say.

About thirty years ago Bertha Piper Venen, sister of Oscar Piper, Assistant Engineer of the City, published "*The Annals of Angeline*" in verse, and here is one of them:—

“And in her quaint and labored speech,
She said tribute to all and each
Who read beneath her swarthy skin
Conception of all human kin!
These things I learned long days between,
For I was a friend of Angeline.”

As her last illness neared its end she often said “I shall die; I shall soon cross the water.” Bonney, ever generous, promised her that she should be given a Christian burial, but he was away at the time of her death, so George Stewart and others made the promise good.

“They built a casket shaped like canoe,
To send her hence, with heart so true!
With 'kerchief on, in shroud of brown,
To her long rest they laid her down;
All wrinkles from her face had fled,—
Placid and proud, though old and dead.”

Her death came in Seattle on May 10, 1896. Her funeral services were conducted in the Catholic church by Rev. Father F. X. Prefontaine, “A Friend and Priest of Angeline.”

Her friends also furnished a plot for her in Lakeview Cemetery. A beautiful headstone was the offering of the school children of the city, gathered in dimes and pennies. Her earnest request that her body should be laid near that of her longtime friend, Henry L. Yesler, was carried out.

“And there she lies, this Indian Queen,
Queer, wrinkled, wise Old Angeline.”

And standing here beside her grave,
Where grasses green above her wave,
Beneath the tree which guards her rest,
And by the stone above her breast
Where she sleeps lonely all between
Her friends, I think of them and Angeline.”

CLARENCE B. BAGLEY