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THE STORY OF THE MERCER EXPEDITIONS

The two Mercer expeditions were without doubt important events in the history of the Puget Sound basin: First, they resulted in attracting to Washington Territory many who otherwise would not have sought homes on the Pacific Coast, and who in their turn were instrumental in bringing others to this north-northwest corner of our United States. And, second, by their means there appeared to dear old staid New England visions of a land of plenty on the shores of an American Mediterranean, a land of immense magnitude, in which vast forests stood patiently waiting for the ax of the woodsman and the saw of of the millman; a land of magnificent scenery and of delightful charm, with a salubrious climate and an atmosphere so charged with pure ozone that disease was rare and death was kept at bay; a land in whose waters at the very doorstep of the settler's cabin floundered innumerable salmon eager to swallow the bait of the fisherman, while millions of succulent clams, anxiously awaiting the coming of the digger, but slightly hid themselves in the sands along the seashore; a land teeming with wild flowers and wild berries; a land where a homestead or a donation claim might be had for the seeking by any man who cared to avail himself of Uncle Sam's generosity; in fact, to sum it all up in a few words—a land of wondrous beauty and of marvelous resources as yet scarcely touched by the hand of man.

Especially were the facts regarding this seeming Utopia so portrayed to the people of Lowell, Mass., one evening in the early spring of 1864 when Asa S. Mercer, of Seattle, addressed an assembly in Mechanics' Hall and pictured in glowing terms the wonderful financial advantage that would without doubt accrue to any and all young ladies who would leave their New England homes and migrate to Washington Territory. There, in the sparsely-settled towns along the water's edge, small fortunes might be made by those engaging in the vocations of school and music teaching, as salaries in those pursuits were large and the force of capable workers extremely limited.

Not a word was spoken concerning any matrimonial advantage; every appeal was to the pocket—and such appeal was well taken. The Civil War was in progress at this time. Business was stagnant and especially so in Lowell, with its forty thousand people depending principally upon the existence and general prosperity of the cotton mills for their own well-doing. During the war, of course, no raw cotton was forthcoming from the South, and in consequence the factories were shut down and hundreds of men and women were thrown out of employment.

As a result of Mr. Mercer's melliferous discourse ten well-educated and accomplished young ladies, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, concluded to embrace the golden opportunity presented to them. They belonged to some of the best and oldest families in the city, and made their decision only after the most careful and conscientious consideration, and with the full approval and co-operation of their parents and other relatives. Aside from the financial standpoint, adventure beckoned to them, and the appeal to their moral nature was also a strong factor in the case. What an influence for good might they not exert over the children committed to their charge in those far western wilds! And Hope whispered that after a few years of the ennobling work they would return to their loved homes laden with the fruits of their labor in the shape of real California gold. So with the conflicting emotions of joy and sorrow in their hearts, but with those selfsame hearts fired with ambition and enthusiasm, they left New York a few weeks later, bound for Washington Territory, *via* Panama and San Francisco.

After the qualms of seasickness were assuaged, the voyage proved of great interest and was a delightful revelation to the girls, born and bred in inland towns, although nothing occurred that would be particularly interesting to the readers of this narrative. Upon their arrival in San Francisco they were highly pleased with their first visit to a typical Western city; but their stay there was short, as they soon left for their destination. They came up in sailing vessels that were engaged in the coast-wise lumber trade. As there was only a monthly steamer sailing for the Sound, the barks, brigs and full-rigged ships that carried lumber from our mill ports to San Francisco were always willing to take a limited number of passengers on the return trip, and many travelers preferred to come that way. Two of the vessels that brought some of the Mercer party in 1864 were the bark *Torrent* and the brig *Tanner*.

Upon reaching Seattle the girls were given a most enthusiastic reception at a hall as an evidence of the extremely cordial welcome to their new home, the territory that by some of the Eastern friends had

been dubbed "the jumping-off place." Seattle housewives received them with open arms and vied with one another in entertaining the newscomers in their humble homes. And the men, well, they fain would have opened their arms also had they dared to do so. As it was there was "standing room only" at some of the windows. Strains of music from the two or three pianos in town were heard at all hours, and a general gayety prevailed. The guests of honor were happy and contented, although so many miles intervened between them and their beloved ones that a letter was six weeks by pony mail across the plains in reaching them. They remained in the hospitable little village until, by the aid of Mr. Mercer, they had all obtained schools and their labors had begun. But ever after they kept a warm spot in their hearts for the Seattle friends who had been so kind to them while yet they were "strangers in a strange land." The names of the travelers and their subsequent careers, so far as is known to the writer, are as follows:

The Misses Josie and Georgie Pearson, older sisters of the writer. The former was stricken with heart disease while on her way to school one afternoon in the following August and died immediately. She was teaching music and school near the site of the present Coupeville High School, on Whidby Island, one of the oldest settlements on the Sound.

Miss Georgie, the youngest member of the party, also taught on the island, at the Smith's Prairie School, four miles away, for one term, at the close of which time she was appointed assistant lightkeeper at Admiralty Head, where she remained until her marriage, over three years later, with Charles T. Terry, a pioneer of the early fifties. She died at her island home in 1881, leaving a family of five children.

Miss Sarah Cheney taught in Port Townsend, married Captain Charles Willoughby, and passed away a few years since.

Miss Sarah J. Gallagher became a school and music teacher in Seattle, afterwards marrying Thomas Russell, a pioneer. There was born to them a son, George, who is now one of Seattle's ex-postmasters. Mrs. Russell died several years ago.

Miss Antoinette Baker married Mr. Huntington, of Monticello, after teaching somewhere,[1] and moved with him to his home at Mnoticello.

Miss Aurelia Coffin taught for some time in Port Ludlow, and later became the bride of Mr. Hinckley, of that place.

Miss Lizzie Ordway took the school at Whidby Island which Miss Pearson's death had left vacant; later she taught for a protracted term at Port Madison. She died, unmarried, some time ago.

Miss Kate Stevens and Miss Kate Stickney, cousins, of Pepperell,

[1]Miss Baker was one of the first teachers in the Territorial University of Washington.

New Hampshire, near Lowell. The former married Henry Stevens, a customs inspector, and lived for a few years in Port Townsend. She afterwards moved to Victoria, B. C., where she resides at present. Of Miss Stickney's career the writer knows nothing.

Miss Ann Murphy was the only one who left after a short stay on the Sound. It is possible she remained in San Francisco when she arrived there.

Miss Annie Adams, of Boston, was aboard the steamer from New York, having been placed in charge of the captain, with the expectation of making San Francisco her home. Circumstances arose, however, which influenced her to continue her voyage up the coast. She subsequently married Robert Head, a printer, of Olympia.

Accompanying the party was Daniel Pearson, father of the young ladies first mentioned. He had been an overseer in the cotton mills before the war; at this time being out of employment and in poor health as well, he concluded to make the trip with his daughters. He brought with him as a business venture a small assortment of women's shoes, which he afterwards sold from house to house through the Black, White and Duwamish River valleys. After the death of his oldest daughter, Josie, he was appointed lightkeeper at Admiralty Head, on Whidby Island. Here he was so faithful that for thirteen years he was not absent for a single night from his post of duty. At the end of that time he retired from the service and bought a farm in the neighborhood. Mr. Pearson died in 1897, aged almost eighty years.

Scarcely a year had passed since the foregoing events took place when Mr. Mercer conceived a scheme for an expedition on a much larger scale than his former successful venture, and for an entirely different purpose, and in this story the writer will use the personal pronoun, as she was a little girl just past fifteen when she made the trip with her mother and older brother. With the aid of a diary, as well as a good memory, she writes the narrative.

His plan was to interest the government in his undertaking in view of the fact that he would endeavor to import, if the word may be so used, to the Northwest a goodly number of the numerous widows and orphans of the soldiers of the Civil War, for the express purpose of furnishing wives to the many unmarried men of that region. He hoped to induce Uncle Sam to provide him with a vessel in which to make the trip, and, incidentally, the passengers were to be charged a certain sum for the passage, which later might be collected from their happy husbands. Accordingly, he went up and down the states of New England and into Eastern New York and New Jersey to secure converts

to his scheme. He also interviewed Governor Boutelle, of Massachusetts, with a view to gaining his influence with the authorities at Washington, D. C. After many harrassing difficulties and dire perplexities of six months' duration he rounded up his party in New York City and set sail in the latter part of January, 1866, on the steamer *Continental.* This boat had been in recent use as a transport, had been bought by Ben Holladay, and by some arrangement was to make the trip around through the Straits of Magellan to San Francisco and carry Mr. Mercer's party of supposedly lone females.

But by this time Mr. Mercer's project had reached away beyond the limit of his resources and he had borrowed money right and left in order to meet the expense requisite to carry out his plans, so, when it was whispered from one member of the party to another at the New York hotel where we were gathered together that on the next morning bright and early all were to be in readiness to board the steamer, small wonder that it was also whispered that our leader thought of slipping away leaving a few of his bills unpaid.

Whether the conjecture was true or not I do not know. When the passengers went aboard the *Continental* they found chaos rampant. Evidently nothing had been done to the steamer since it was last used for transporting soldiers, except, possibly, a partial fumigation. No meal was forthcoming till evening, when the famished crowd sat down to a very limited supply of food; the writer, waiting for a semblance of manners, which it is needless to say was entirely lacking, secured by her mother's efforts a slice of bread and a minute piece of fried liver.

We steamed to Staten Island, where we anchored for a while, and where a pilot or tugboat came out to us from the city, bringing an old man who came on board, shouting wildly: "Where is Mercer? I want to see Mercer!" But Mr. Mercer was lying low in the coal bin and was not to be found; so the half-distracted man had to go back without interviewing him. We learned afterward the cause of his distress. It seems he had sold his only possession, a small farm down in Maine, at Mr. Mercer's advice, and had gone to New York City, or just across into Jersey, with his family, where he was waiting for the expedition to get under way. He knew nothing of the *Continental's* sailing until she had left the dock, and there he was, in the dead of winter, with his family to support and all his plans destroyed; small wonder he was so nearly crazed. He afterwards came to the Sound with his wife and children; one of the latter, a daughter, Nellie, married Captain Tom Stratton, of Port Townsnd, and for some years resided at Ediz Hook Lighthouse, near Port Angeles. A son, Frank Balch, lives at Port Gamble.

We soon settled down to live on shipboard, our principal hardship being in regard to our daily menu, if the coarse provisions doled out to us could be dignified by such a term; yet we did not complain of the quantity; it was the quality that jarred; and some idea may be formed of that when the fact is stated that fried salt beef was brought to the table, also tea steeped in salt water, and for seventeen days in succession the principal dish at dinner was beans only slightly parboiled. To add to our provocation, a mast, only, separated the common dining table from the captain's, which was loaded with all sorts of delicacies for the delectability of the officers. Mr. Mercer at first took his seat at the captain's table, but afterwards, considering the righteous indignation of the passengers, concluded "discretion was the better part of valor" and took his place with them at table, and ate, as best he could, the poor fare that was provided for them. Occasionally a passenger would so humble herself as to ask and gain permission to regale herself upon the remains of the captain's dinner, in company with the waiters. But such occasions were rare, for as a rule we were prompt at the table and at what was set before us in order to sustain life. Faces were long when the food question was discussed, but threats of complaint to the captain were met with the argument: "Hush, or you will incite mutiny!" So the complainants swallowed their indignation, albeit with a great struggle. One day a good New England housewife obtained leave to go into the galley and bake a sheet of gingerbread, and each one of her fellow-sufferers was given a small portion. Another generous soul had brought on board a can of strawberry preserve which she passed around that all might have a taste. It was surely a semmingly great hardship at the time, but the writer has often wondered if our rigid diet was not a blessing in disguise; certain it is that in our voyage of over three months' duration not one of the hundred passengers aboard was sick.

The vessel was nominally in command of Captain Windsor, a man of three score years, possessed of good features and form, but stern and forbidding; never was a smile seen upon his face; evidently his heart was ill-proportioned to his fine physique. Accompanying him were a meek-looking wife and a pretty little daughter of fifteen. But there was a "power behind the throne" in the shape of two bachelor women, the Misses Birmingham, sisters of the owner of the ship, and it was a commonly accepted idea that the master acted as per their instructions.

In a very short time after sailing an at-home feeling began to permeate the atmosphere. Our boat was like a small continent bounded on all sides by the ocean; and more, it was a mimic world, and events

of interest transpired. Two babies were born on the trip, one to a young English-Irish couple, while the mother of the other was a girlish-looking blind woman, who not only was an adept at bead work but played the piano as well. Fortunately, no deaths occurred save the drowning of one of the deck hands, and that incident was sad in the extreme. The man in some way had incurred the displeasure of the first mate, who paid his grudge by cutting almost in twain one of the ropes in a ladder in the rigging and then sending the sailor aloft for some purpose. The rope broke and the unfortunate man fell into the water. The cry of "Man overboard!" electrified every man, woman and child within hearing. Mr. Mercer, with wonderful presence of mind, snatched a life preserver at the stern and threw it as far as he could out into the sea; the engine stopped, then reversed, and a lifeboat was speedily lowered. It was manned principally by passengers, who rowed around for an hour or more in the choppy waves until darkness came on, when they reluctantly gave up the search and returned to the steamer, leaving the victim of "man's inhumanity to man" to find a grave in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. The mate was afterwards placed in confinement, and the second mate was promoted to his place. When the first port was reached a new second mate was installed. But two other accidents, and those minor ones, occurred to mar our serenity: Two ladies, one a grey-haired dame of over sixty, fell downstairs and as a result they were confined to their rooms for a few days; that the elder lady was not seriously injured may be inferred when it is stated that she married soon after arriving at her destination.

Romance figured conspicuously in those days on shipboard and served to break the monotony both to the parties of the first part as well as to the parties of the second part—the on-lookers. There was with us a rough, grizzled California miner, and around him revolved, as regularly as the planets in their orbits, five unmarried females, who were known as "The Constellation." How the much-sought man escaped entanglement in the matrimonial mesh will never be known—possibly he made haste upon landing to lose himself in the foothills of California. The four engineers flirted outrageously, all unmindful of the spouse that each had left behind, and they seemed to have no trouble in finding kindred spirits willing to accept demonstrations of affection in public. On the other hand, one couple, engaged prior to coming aboard, were so circumspect that their betrothal was only half suspected. A newspaper correspondent, "Rod of the New York Times," who accompanied the expedition, paid open court to first one and then another of the fair sex, evidently with serious intentions each time, but the ardent wooer failed to make a permanent impression; his charmers

suffered his devotions for a brief season and then gave him the cold shoulder. Our leader, Mr. Mercer, also proved not invulnerable against Dan Cupid's darts; he succumbed immediately to the fascination of one of the most accomplished of our maidens, but she would none of him. So well did the sly young archer ply his trade that shortly after the end of the voyage four marriages took place, the contracting parties having first met after embarking on the boat, besides the one that had been planned before the trip. Mr. Mercer, who had formed a second attachment and had been so fortunate as to have his passion reciprocated, married Miss Annie Stephens, of Baltimore; David Webster was wedded to Miss Robinson; Miss Kenney became the bride of Samuel Tingley, and Miss Mollie Martin married Mr. Tallman, one of the employees on the steamer.

The number of persons on board was an even hundred, exclusive of officers and crew, the two new-born babes and four passengers for Rio de Janeiro. The passenger list complete, together with some information concerning different ones, will be found at the close of this article. The party consisted of five childless couples, six couples each with one son, two couples with two or three children, seven widows with offspring numbering from one to three, three unencumbered widows, one woman with two children coming to join her husband, thirty-six unmarried women, and fourteen single men. There were eighteen children between four and fifteen, and the pet of all on board was little "Elswie" Peterson, a golden-haired cherub of four years. He it was who, while at the hotel in San Francisco, for the first time seeing a Chinaman with dangling queue, ran and grabbed it, crying "Whoa! Whoa!" The Celestial turned, angry and indignant, but when he saw the laughing face of the sunny little fellow "playing horse" with him, his resentment vanished and he went smiling on his way. A general favorite, too, was a boy of Irish parentage, whose grandmother, in Boston, had placed him in Mr. Mercer's care. Courteous and manly at all times, he endeared himself to us all. Poor Mattie! He was cut off in the prime of life, leaving many friends to regret his untimely end; he had not an enemy except the demon drink, who destroys so many bright men. A toddler of one or two was greatly petted by the mate, a big, gruff Scotchman, as thereby he was reminded of a little son of his own in his far-away home.

As is always the case on a long sea voyage, the passengers became familiar with one another upon very short acquaintance, and as a matter of course the peculiarities of many soon became noticeable. Amongst others there was a grey-haired old man of about sixty-five who, in partnership with his fresh-looking, young English wife, was the possessor

of little twelve months' old "Jimmie Lincoln," of whom he was inordinately fond and proud, and whom he dandled incessantly, dancing with him from one end of the boat to the other, singing "Hi-daddy, Hi-daddy!" The wrinkled sire was soon known to all on board as "Hi-daddy;" in fact, I never heard him spoken of by any other name. Then there was the dyspeptic young lady who was given the appropriate appellation of "Spepsy." She it was who, while eating at the captain's table with the waiters, with whom she was no favorite, was mischievously handed the gravy, upon her request for the pudding sauce, and flooded the dessert with it.

There was also the dignified damsel who made the remark at the opening of the journey that she should "clothe herself in her reserve, throw herself back upon her dignity, and remain so." Events afterward transpired that caused some wonder as to whether her whilom prop had not suddenly given way. And we had, too, the exclusive maid who was convent-bred and whose mouth always had the "prunes and prisms" expression; she showed deep disdain with all her surroundings, finally chummed with the captain's daughter and ate at the table with the royal household. And two fond mammas there were who, as soon as seated at the dining table with one hand assiduously stirring their tea, while with the other thay invariably speared biscuit to be taken to their staterooms for the afternoon luncheon of their two growing boys. Last to be mentioned is the plain-spoken Miss S., who was locked in her room at the command of the ship's master; he, having become disgusted with the daily doings of his engineers, had ordered them to remain in their own quarters; the young woman aforesaid, while the captain was at dinner, drew a chalk mark across the deck by the saloon door, and wrote on it: "Officers not allowed aft." When the captain saw it, fire flashed from his eyes; the result has been foretold.

About a week before arriving in San Francisco we were passed by a liner *en route* from Panama to California; its passengers cheered us as they passed, but there were sad hearts amongst us and eyes grew moist at the thought of how much sooner than we they would step on the shores of our native land.

The last day of April our California miner pointed off to the left and said, "Yonder is the *Golden Gate!*" and to prove his statement a pilot boat soon appeared to guide us in; but our pompous captain did not need a pilot, so he came a half day up the coast before he found out his mistake and was forced to return and secure the services of a pilot after all.

The morning of May 1 we stepped on the dock at San Francisco;

and smiling and happy we were to tread on good American soil once more. We were taken to two hotels, and here the party separated. Nearly all, I suppose, started from New York with the intention of ultimately reaching Puget Sound; what inducements some of them found to remain in California I do not pretend to say. The men who came to the Sound did so with the intention of growing up with the country and amassing wealth in the course of time; perchance they did so. Some of the young women no doubt expected to secure schools, and did so. Others, I am sure now, came for the express purpose of finding homes and husbands, and did so also.

While we were at the hotel in San Francisco the two sons, Harrison and John, of the late Reverend George Whitworth, of Seattle, called upon us and we rejoiced to meet friends of our loved ones on the Sound. They were attending school at Berkeley at that time. We were also so fortunate as to gain the friendship of a certain Madame Dupres, a kind-hearted San Franciscan, who evidently took delight in showing us the sights of the city; notwithstanding her kindness, however, we were glad to be told, on the eve of the 8th instant that, in company with Mrs. Parker and Mr. Taylor, we were to start immediately on the brig *Sheet Anchor*, Captain Pike, on the last lap of our journey. We went aboard in the evening, and the old boat swung and bumped against the wharf with such monotonous regularity that we were seasick even while she was fast to the dock.

Our trip up to the Sound, although lengthy, was an exceedingly pleasant affair; the captain did all in his power to make us comfortable, and an accommodating steward and a good, clean cook were highly appreciated after our lack of service in that respect on the first of our voyage. And the smoothness with which we sped along was a revelation after the vibrations of the engine that had so jarred us during our long voyage. So, when two weeks out, we were informed that on account of head winds we were south of San Francisco, we were not so unhappy as we might have been. In another week we had reached Cape Flattery, where the strange sight of Indians in canoes greeted us; they swarmed around us with fish to sell, and the scantiness of their attire surprised us. We stopped briefly at Port Angeles, to clear, I suppose, and all night at Port Townsend, and June 1 landed at Admiralty Lighthouse, just one week over four months after leaving New York.

In conclusion I feel that I must pay a just tribute both to my dear mother and to the island of my adoption. Before we left Lowell, Mass., we were called upon by William Gilliam, an old pioneer of Seattle, who was visiting our section of the country. In the course of conversation he said: "Mrs. Pearson, you are going to live in the

garden spot of Washington Territory, and that is Whidby Island." That my mother later agreed with him after arriving on the island may be shown by the following remark which she made: "This place is so beautiful that I have only one step to take to get to Heaven!" She took the step twenty-five years ago, aged seventy-one years.

Those who came to the Sound were: Mr. John Wilson and wife, of Lowell (or Boston). Mr. Wilson lent Mr. Mercer considerable ready cash and took in payment a farm up White River, which was considered a poor equivalent at the time. Many years after it became valuable and was traded for considerable city property. This was lost, however, when hard times came on. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are both dead. A son, John Henry, survives them and resides in Seattle.

Dr. Charles Barnard and wife, who went to Victoria.

Captain Charles Petteys and wife, and son Charlie. All three died a great while ago.

Mr. Perrigo and wife. They lived in Seattle a number of years. Mrs. Perrigo died and her husband moved to Pilchuck, marrying again. He died a short time ago.

Mr. Bogart, wife and son Charles. They lived in Seattle. Mr. Bogart died a few years ago.

Mr. Boardman, wife and new-born babe. They went to Utsalady.

Mr. Lewis Mercer and wife, who were cousins of Asa S. Mercer. They settled in or near Seattle.

Mr. A. A. Manning, wife and daughter Nina, and Mrs. Manning's son Edward and daughter Anne (Stevens), all of South Boston. Anne married Mr. Gowey, of Olympia, and went with him to Japan, where he died; she later married Rev. Johnson (or Thompson), of California, five years ago, and now resides in that state. Mr. and Mrs. Manning lived for some years in Olympia, where the former worked at his trade of shoemaking and his wife kept a private boarding house; both died many years ago. Nina Manning married Lewis Treen. Edward Stevens was a telegraph operator in and near Olympia for many years; he now lives in Seattle.

Mrs. Daniel Pearson, son D. O., and daughter Flora, all of Lowell, Mass. The latter, well known in early times as the assistant lightkeeper at Admiralty Head, ten years later married Mr. William B. Engle, a pioneer of 1852, and resided on a farm on the island till after her husband's death in 1907, when she changed her residence to rooms in the town of Coupeville, where she now lives. D. O. Pearson was a farmer on Whidby Island for several years; having married Miss Clara Stanwood, of Lowell; he afterward moved to Stanwood (so named in honor of his wife), where, in 1877, he opened a store that he has

personally conducted ever since. It is the oldest store on the Sound, and he is the oldest merchant.

Mrs. Lord, a widow, daughter Clara, and son James. She married Mr. Elder, of Olympia, where she made her home for some years. After her husband's death she moved to Tacoma, where she lived at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Littlejohn, until her death a year or two ago. Her daughter, who taught school in Olympia before her marriage, is deceased; also the son.

Mrs. Grenold, a widow, and daughters Mary and Elvada. Mrs. Grenold married a man in the White River valley, as did also her older daughter, who became the wife of Frank McLellan, who is now living. The younger daughter lived in Portland for some time. The mother and Mary are both dead.

Mrs. Wakeman, a widow, her widowed mother, Mrs. Horton, and three sons, Melnor, Alfred and Tudor. Mrs. Wakeman married Mr. Washburn, of White River; her mother and three sons all married in that section of King County.

Mrs. Chase, a widow, son Eugene, and daughter Martha, all of Lowell. She came to Seattle, but afterward moved to California, where she became a Spiritualist lecturer. She spoke at different places on the Sound some years ago.

Mrs. Osborne, a widow, and son Eben. She married Frank Atkins, a well-known pioneer of Seattle, and lived there until her death very many years since. Eben S., who married a daughter of Ezra Meeker, is widely and favorably known amongst Seattle's citizens.

Mrs. Parker, a widow, and a sister of Hiram Burnett, one of Seattle's pioneers, married Mr. Burnell, survived him, and died some time ago at the residence of her brother.

Miss Robinson, who married Dave Webster, of Seattle.

Miss Anna Stephens and sister, of Baltimore. The former married Mr. Mercer. The younger sister, Mamie, was in Portland at last accounts.

Miss Harriet Stevens, called "Little Miss Stevens." She wrote an interesting account of the trip and sent it to the Portland (Maine) Transcript. She made a very short stay on the Sound, and went to Portland, Ore.

Miss Anna Peebles and sister Libbie, both of New York or New Jersey. The former married Amos Brown, of Seattle, and the latter, Angus Mackintosh, of the same place, where they are residing, both widows, at present writing.

Miss Sarah J. Davidson, of Lowell, who married D. K. Baxter, a Seattle tanner of early times. She is still living in Seattle.

Miss Berry, who married a Mr. Melson in Seattle.

Miss Stewart, who married Charlie Gassett, of Seattle.

Miss Kenney, who married Sam Tingley, a Skagit River farmer. She is deceased.

Miss Mary Jane Smith, who married, and is living in Portland.

Miss Mary Anne Griffin, who married Mr. Hartley, a farmer, now deceased, of Olympia. His wife traded the farm, after his death, for city real estate. She died recently, leaving considerable property.

Miss Annie Conner, who taught school in Olympia, where she married Mr. Hartsuck, of that place. After her husband's death she moved to Elma, where she now resides.

Miss Ida Barlow, who married Alf. Pinkham, of Seattle. She is now living in one of Seattle's suburbs.

Mr. Asa S. Mercer, whose address is unknown to the writer.

Mr. Hills, father-in-law of J. J. McGilvra, one of Seattle's most noted pioneer lawyers.

Mr. Lewis Treen, well known in business circles as a shoe dealer in Olympia in the late sixties, and later in Seattle, where he now lives. He married Miss Nina Manning, who died many years ago.

Mr. Dave Webster, who married Miss Robinson and lived in Seattle.

Matthew A. Kelly, who was an orphan boy from Boston. He studied pharmacy with Dr. Willard, a pioneer druggist of Olympia, and afterwards conducted a drug store of his own in Seattle. He married an Olympia girl. He died young.

Mr. Frank Reed, who for some years worked as gardener for H. L. Yesler when the latter lived at what is now known as Pioneer Place, in Seattle.

Mr. William Taylor, whose address is unknown to the writer.

Mr. Sam Tingley, who married Miss Kenney. He became a farmer on the Skagit River.

Those who remained in California were: Mr. Weeks, wife and babe; Mr. Rhodes, wife and babe; Mr. Stevenson, wife and new-born babe; Mr. Spalding and wife; Mr. Peterson, wife and three children; Mrs. Warren, a widow, and two sons; Mrs. Buckminster, a widow; Miss Julia Atkinson, Miss Bina Lawrence, Miss Florence Collins, Miss Mollie Martin, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Clara Huntoon, Miss Sarah Staples, Miss Julia Guthrie, the Misses Birmingham, Miss Agnes Weir, Mr. Roger Conant, a New York Times Reporter; Mr. Leonard Gifford, Mr. Wm. Watkins, a California miner; Messrs. Tom and Dick Lewis, brothers.

Coupeville, Washington. FLORA A. P. ENGLE.