

The Washington Historical Quarterly

REMINISCENCES OF JOSEPH H. BOYD

An Argonaut of 1857*

It is no wonder that I love the sea, said Mr. Boyd; I was born within a stone's throw of it, and, as I have been told, on the night of one of the worst storms known on that coast. That night of storm was January 6, 1842—a night long remembered in Devonshire, England—when the wind drove the sea raging against the Devon coast and over the breakwaters of Plymouth. Just how near Battery Street, Plymouth, is to the shore I cannot tell, or whether it was there I was born, but at one time the family lived on such a street, and again on Adelaide Street.

Of my father, John Boyd, of Scotch descent, a coast guardsmen, I remember practically nothing; he was away from the home during most of my waking hours and he died when I was a small boy but seven years old. My mother, Martha Taylor, from county Armagh, Ireland, and an Orange woman, left me only this of her tradition and her history. She died in my fourth year, but a distinct memory of her holding me on her lap after a cart had run over and broken my leg is yet, to me, a shadowy presence of loving ministrations, and her face, surrounded by white hair and a white cap, shines in my memory with tenderness and beauty. Yet another mental picture of her is clear. A gust of wind blew out the light on the supper table, my little hand darted into the sugar bowl, but a larger hand overlaid it and held it firm until the light came again and showed my mother's face, reproachful and amused.

I was the youngest of twelve children, two of whom died in infancy, but the names of the others sound like a roll of ancient worthies John, James, Henry, Simon, Benjamin and William; Martha, Ellen, Margaret. My brothers impressed me variously, but my sisters have always remained in my memory as patterns of goodness and womanliness, especially the youngest, Margaret, my youthful companion and champion. I yet recall their quantities of long, black hair and soft, pleasant voices.

*These reminiscences were recorded and arranged by William S. Lewis, of Spokane, corresponding secretary of the Eastern Washington State Historical Society.

After the death of my parents, the home seemed to break up, and we younger children went to live with the older married ones. John, the eldest, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, took one of my sisters I went to live with my brother Simon. Several of my brothers were on the sea, and I have no recollection of ever seeing them—Benjamin, and, I believe, James. Simon's wife, Matilda Hyatt, has ever remained in my memory as a woman of much charm, who sang sweetly and had refined manners and appearance. When I entered business and thought another letter in my name advisable, I took H. from her name, Hyatt, as a bit of testimony of her unfailing kindness to me. She treated me in all ways as well as she did her one and only son.

I went to what was called a National School, a sort of public school, presided over by a man whose name I have forgotten, but known among us boys as "Snuffy Dick"—a school-master of the old type. Primitive indeed, were the methods of instruction, beginning with "pot hooks and hangers" and ending with the boys of the upper forms instructing the lower classes and themselves studying with the master at night. The discipline was like that of the army, rigid and absolute, by a rule of the rod, not always just. "Joseph," said the master to me, one day, "go out and get me a new cane, one that you think will last." I did my best, bending and swishing the new cane around imaginary squirming legs before I brought it to the master. "Ha, it looks good," said Snuffy Dick, bending it tentatively, "here, let's see how it works," and my own unoffending legs gave initial proof and testimony of its effectiveness.

A love of learning was in me as a boy and I absorbed all that was to be had from my few years in that school, and I have supplemented it with reading all through my life. I possessed a good memory, and reading history has been my keenest pleasure.

I recall many quaint incidents which indicate the different conditions of life then from our present extravagant and hurried ways. Then people thought nothing of walking ten miles or so to spend a Sunday afternoon with friends, or of family excursions, (on foot) to some point of interest. All the countryside loved to walk in the grounds of the Earl of Mount Edgecomb just to admire the beauties of the park. I recall the Breton peasants, coming to peddle in the streets, selling long ropes of onions for a farthing or so, the fishwives and hot-cross bun sellers crying their wares and the carol singers in the streets on Christmas Eve.

I yet remember something of boys' pranks and plays, too, the games of cherry stones and marbles, of getting lead from roof gutters to make a crude pencil for writing, of the swimming contests in the harbor and the triumph in swimming from Pig's Nose to Pudding, two rocks projecting out of the water. The trips, in orderly procession, of the boys marching twice each Sunday to the long services at St. George's Chapel were not an unalloyed pleasure, but the stately building with the atmosphere of reverence, the vested choir, the rector and curate, the red-coated soldiery and fine ladies in attendance, made a deep impression, nevertheless. Sunday school was taught by a Waterloo veteran, a Sergeant-major Hardy.

Like childhood everywhere, these things passed all too soon. At nine years of age I began, after school and on Saturdays, to be a helper to a bookseller, working as an errand boy. Among my duties was the polishing of my employers knives and forks and the cleaning of his boots. After a short time, I went to work, as small boys can, for a confectioner named Grenville, in Union Street where I learned to make pies and cakes. About my work I remember little, but much of the wondrous two-hundred pound Christmas cake, with sugar decorations reaching to the ceiling, kept a whole year and then cut in small bits and sent to the customers, a new cake taking its place; of the way the boys went for and delivered trays with Sunday dinners baked in the great baking ovens while the housekeepers were at church, 'done to a turn, and all for a ha'penny', of the fairy jellies moulded in forms of fruits, birds and beasts that the ladies ate daintily with pound cake when they stepped in for refreshments of an afternoon; of the toothsome quartern (eight pound) loaves of bread sold for eight pence, firm and good, to bite into with the teeth, not full of holes and all fluffy crumbs, like the stuff we get from the bakers here.

My brother Simon was a store-keeper on a ship, and when I was yet a little fellow, but eleven or twelve years old, he took me with him on the 'Linnet,' a small sailing vessel, employed in the coast trading service along the African shores. I spent five or six years on the ship as it went up and down the west coast, transferring cargoes from one point to another. Even with the adventure before me, I grieved at the thought of leaving school! My family I might, probably would, see again, but school days, I knew, would not come back, and I wept and brooded until,

somehow, I obtained some books and histories that I read absorb- edly in my spare time. Captain Need of the 'Linnet' later taught me something of navigation, and I learned the trade of the sailor.

During the years I spent in this life I returned to visit in England once or twice but the love of travel and adventure grew strong in me, and the sea life led me far.

I could tell many interesting tales of my experiences in those years; of the primitive conditions of life and trade on the African coast; the visits to the islands of Ascension, St. Helena, Cape Verde and others; the harrowing experience of being be- calmed for weeks on tropic seas—sufficient material for a book. After these years I sought new scenes, and shipped for America, California, that the golden glamor had made so alluring a few years before. The vessel was the *Thams City* of London, a barque og about 1500 tons, on which I signd as assistant steward, but the steward receiving his discharge during the voyage I was promoted to steward. After taking on cargo at London, we finally sailed from Plymouth. The voyage was long, but full of new things as we touched Rio Janeiro, passed around the stormy Horn, up the west coast with landings at several places and so to San Fran- cisco; but first I must go with my ship to Victoria, the port for which she was bound with cargo. Here my obligation was ful- filled in May, 1857, and I left the ship to return at once to San Francisco by the first available boat, a steamer sailing in July.

San Francisco was then a thriving city of about 25,000 in- habitants, and I sought employment at any work that was offered. Here in the winter of 1857-58, at the age of sixteen I determined to quit the sea. However, my stay there was short for with the news of the discovery of gold at Fraser River a rush of men of all ages and ranks started and with it the youth in search of ad- venture and fortune. From that time my life was passed in the northwest country. I was young, with no close family ties, and, naturally, of strong physique, my years at sea having given me a physical power and self reliance far beyond my years.

At barely sixteen I had touched at most of the important ports on the face of the globe and had already gained a somewhat comprehensive knowledge of the world and its people. Though but a boy in age I had mingled and associated with grown men for years, and I knew better than most present day youths of twenty-one and over, how to conduct myself with, and how to hold my own among the bold, hardy and, sometimes, lawless ad- venturers of the northwest frontier.

The Fraser River Gold Excitement

In the spring of 1858 reports of very rich placer gold discoveries along the Fraser River in British Columbia reached us at San Francisco. The news immediately became the chief subject of conversation and caused great excitement. Nearly everyone who could planned to go to the new fields. Half a dozen worn out, old time boats rotting in the bay—in fact everything at San Francisco that would carry passengers was loaded and set sail for 'Squimalt, as it was called. I left California in the first rush in May, 1857, on board the steamer *Republic*, arriving at Esquimalt, a fine harbor a few miles from Victoria harbor, early in June, 1858.

In those days Victoria, B. C., consisted only of the Hudson's Bay Company's post and a few shacks and shanties. The exodus from California soon built up the town. The rush of miners came principally from California, but included many from Oregon and Washington Territories. Within a couple of weeks fully five or six thousand miners had arrived. From Esquimalt and Victoria miners took small boats to different points along the Fraser River. Supplies were procured from the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria, and from Fort Hope and Fort Yale.

Six of us purchased a row boat and started for the mines, first crossing the Straits to Bellingham Bay; there was no settlement or hotel there then, it was just a stopping place. All foreigners were required by Governor Douglas to pay a mining tax. This was first paid, I believe, at Victoria, and later at a government office established in an old boat named the *Discovery* and owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. The boat was anchored at a point on the Fraser River below Fort Hope and near what is now New Westminster, which settlement was just starting its existence. All stopped there.

When we were going to the mines we saw a British war vessel at anchor above the mouth of the Fraser River and inquiring there concerning the required "miner's license," we were directed to the *Discovery*. We pulled up the river and stopped and procured our miner's license. The license fee was five dollars. We rowed on up the river to Fort Yale where the party separated. I didn't locate a claim but sought and secured employment as a miner. Being a greenhorn I got but \$2.50 a day; experienced California miners earned \$4.00 a day. I worked around about eight months along the Fraser River bars.

Free gold, very fine, was found in the bars along the Fraser River, and the miners took up claims on these bars and worked them during low water in the summer and fall, using rockers to separate the gold from the sand. The deposits while quite extensive were not very rich and more money was spent, as a whole, by the inflocking miners than was made from the diggings, and the stampede was a disappointment to most of those who participated in it, including myself. The rich diggings on the upper river were yet undiscovered; the Cariboo mines were not yet known.

Among the Californians who went into the Fraser River placers and subsequently acquired international fame was Frances Bret Harte of San Francisco, who came up to try his fortune as a miner. He was one of a party going from Victoria to Bellingham on their way to Fort Hope when I met him. They were camped a little way north from Point Roberts and the party I was with called in at their camp for some reason, just what I do not now recall. He was dressed in a miner's blue shirt, with belt around his waist and, like most of his companions, was armed with a bowie knife and pistol. After eight months spent along the Fraser River, I left for Puget Sound in the early spring of 1859.

The Boundary Line Survey was then being made, the line running through Point Roberts above the town of Bellingham. When I came out there were a number of British war ships in Semiachmoo Bay, this side of Point Roberts. While camped there I saw a boat's crew from a war ship place and draw a seine across the mouth of a creek and catch so many salmon that the net wouldn't hold them; great masses of fish hurled themselves against the seine and went right through it. However there were enough left to fill the boat and to supply everyone in the neighborhood.

Puget Sound in 1859

From Point Roberts I proceeded to Port Townsend where there were several saw mills. One Tibbals ran the hotel, and the place might have had a population of 200. I stopped here for a few days to inquire about work and then went on to Port Ludlow, which is, as I recall, some 20 to 25 miles up the Sound, through Hood's Canal. I found employment in a saw mill at Port Ludlow and worked there for about six months. One day a fellow workman, an Irishman named Tom Clark, asked me how I would like to take up a ranch in partnership with him. I was agreeable and

we proceeded further up Hood's Canal to a place near Seabeck where we located our ranch. This land was the finest tract of land I have ever seen, and a fine place to live, especially in those days. We soon got up a comfortable cabin and cleared three or four acres of alder and maple growth and put in a crop of potatoes and some vegetables. We had a good boat and we passed our time in improving our farm or in hunting and fishing, as we felt inclined. We had always plenty of fish and fowl. One could wade into the creek and catch a good sized salmon by the tail. I have seen a square mile of ducks and geese in the inlet at one time. We had an old flintlock musket and could get all we wanted at any time. On the flat at the mouth of the creek we had a neighbor, an Englishman named Lile or Lysle, who possessed a dog named Caesar.

I stayed on our ranch about six months. My partner, Clark, was very fond of whiskey, and, usually, when he drank he was very amusing. About this time, however, we went on a visit to one of our few neighbors, Clark became full, and we got at outs and came to blows. The next morning I said to him, "Tom, you and I have been together about long enough. I have five dollars, and I'll take the boat and you can have the ranch." The next day I took our boat and left, and after going to Seabeck and looking around some, I pulled thirty miles to Port Gamble and there sold the boat and secured employment from Miller in a logging camp at Squalwish Harbor. I worked here about six months. In the early spring of 1861 (February and March) the first news of rich gold discoveries in Idaho reached us and some acquaintances of mine at Port Ludlow wanted me to go to Idaho with them. In May, 1861, we clubbed together and hired a "plunger", as such sail boats were then called, owned by Sam Alexander, and went from Port Ludlow to Port Gamble, and then to Olympia. There were five of us in the party—Frank Delaney, and three more whose names I have forgotten.

En route we passed by the site of the City of Seattle, then composed of Yesler's mill and the shacks of a half dozen employees. Steilacoom was then the location of the Territorial prison. We passed by the site of Tacoma, there being no town there then, and stopped for a short time at Olympia, then a town of twenty-five hundred or three thousand population; here we engaged passage by Shoemaker's spring wagon stage for Montecello. Shoemaker was the mail carrier between Olympia and Portland and he

had a good team of horses. The trip consumed nearly a day during the course of which we picked up a few passengers—one a young girl. We stopped at Humphrey's Landing on the Cowlitz River for supper and took a small boat to Montecello. Montecello possessed a nice road house or hotel, and we had a good breakfast with some fine wild honey, the first I ever ate. It was just a small settlement, the hotel, a few houses and a fruit farm. We waited here for the boat to take us to Portland. After breakfast we walked past an orchard and the owner said to us, "Boys, wouldn't you like some fruit? Come in and eat all you want, but don't carry away any." We accepted the invitation, but a bee immediately stung me on the left ear and I spent some of the most painful moments of my life right there in the orchard while the others were enjoying the fruit. This was in June, 1861.

Portland, Walla Walla and Lewiston

About ten or eleven o'clock that morning we got aboard the little steamer and proceeded down the Cowlitz across the Columbia and up the Willamette River to Portland. In four or five hours and towards evening we reached Portland, which was then a city of about four thousand inhabitants. After a short stay there, for economy we engaged our passage with a man owning a river sailboat—a flat boat schooner—plying between Portland and the Cascades. En route we stopped at Vancouver, then a town of about one thousand people. With the tide and wind often against us, it took us over a week to make the Cascades. Here we got off the boat. Freight went forward by Colonel Ruggles' rail tram way and go car. My partners and I picked up our blankets and baggage and carried them the three miles. Above the Cascades we took a river steamboat to The Dalles where we stopped over night at the Dalles Hotel, run by a man named S. Sinnot. The Dalles was only a small settlement. Next morning we took a stage around the Cascades to Celilo. Here we boarded another steamer, the *Colonel Wright*, in charge of Captain Bauman. On the boat we met several men we had known on the Sound. The next day we went up the river to Wallula, which town then consisted of a store, a saloon, and two or three buildings.

In 1861 there was no boat running to Lewiston, and there was no Lewiston. We had intended to go to Walla Walla by stage, but there being no stage to meet us, the five of us had to shoulder our packs and blankets and travel on to Walla Walla on foot. There was then a sort of a road house at the mouth of the

Touchet; here we stopped and bought a pan of milk and some bread. We reached Walla Walla late at night. In a restaurant that night we met the proprietor, an Irishman named Donovan, a former acquaintance from the Sound country, a sawyer formerly employed at Port Discovery. He invited us to eat dinner with him, and gave us all the information he had concerning the gold diggings. Walla Walla was then filled with miners and men going to the Oro Fino placer mines, and had a population of from eight to ten hundred people and we met several other acquaintances from the Sound country. The next day we bought a cayuse for a pack animal and as we didn't have much money we struck out on foot for the mouth of the Clearwater River.

It took us three days to reach the mouth of the Clearwater. I remember that some early settler already had a ranch on the site of Pomeroy; our next stop was at Alpaha; then on, all of us afoot, to Jake Schultz's ferry across the Snake River above the mouth of the Clearwater. Schultz had a house near the ferry landing. We camped on the site of the town of Lewiston, Idaho, when there was nothing there but the tents of a few miners like ourselves, and two stores in tents, one owned by a man named Titus. Slater was the other early merchant there. During the first years of its existence the settlement went by the name of "Ragtown," on account of the many tents which soon acquired a very dirty and dilapidated appearance.

The next morning we bought a few supplies and started off for Sweetwater and camped on the place of Sam Berry or Sam Lilbee on Clearwater. We then went towards Craig's Mountain. We were directed to camp at a spring on Craig's Mountain but we couldn't find it and we kept on along the pack trail until late at night when we reached Cold Springs, now the site of Nez Perce City; here we camped. It was June and the weather was extremely hot but ice formed that night in the creek. We crossed Jake Shultz's ferry across the South Fork of the Clearwater twenty-five miles from Oro Fino and camped over night. The next day we got to the Tezas Ranch and camped with a pack train going into Oro Fino. The packers had plenty of grub and liquor which they hospitably shared with us and which we greatly appreciated.

The next day we got into Oro Fino. Oro Fino was the first of the mining camps in what is now the State of Idaho. It was then situated in, I believe, Spokane County, Washington Territory, and the county seat was Colville. When I arrived in June, 1861,

there was already quite a little settlement strung out along the side of the hill. The first miners in the district were from Oregon and California and they introduced the California mining laws and regulations. By June, 1861, there were over 2,000 men in the Oro Fino district, and more arriving each day. By the end of 1863 there were at least 6000 people in Oro Fino and Pierce City. The town had the usual restaurants, saloons, etc., of the early day frontier mining town and was a very lively place. A Swede, named Swanson, ran one of the first stores, and Captain Ankeny, father of the late U. S. Senator Levi Ankeny, also had one of the first stores, and then or later owned a steamboat on the Snake River. Levi Ankeny was then but a boy.

Captain E. D. Pierce, the discoverer of the mines, had been an Indian trader and was married to a Nez Perce Indian woman, who told him about the gold deposits. Pierce had been in California and after the Indian wars of 1855-1858 and the ratification of the Nez Perce treaty he returned and discovered gold in paying quantities near the site of Pierce City early in 1860. He returned to Walla Walla and reported the discovery; the news spread like wild fire through the Northwest. Pierce City and the discovery mine were about a mile and a half down the creek from Oro Fino. The richest ground was on Rhodes and Canal Creeks. Probably \$150,000,000 was taken out of Oro Fino Creek and its tributaries.

The next day after I arrived I went to work farming for Hexter and May on Rhodes Creek a quarter of a mile from town. Hexter was the father of Mrs. Sam Galland of Spokane. I shoveled tailings at \$4.00 a day. Current wages were \$4.00 a day and board on bed rock and \$3.50 a day on surface work moving non-paying dirt. This was the first work I did in the Oro Fino mines in 1861. I worked on during July and August; then went to work for Basset over in the "Big Flat" four miles up Rhodes Creek from Oro Fino and worked until winter weather stopped us. I had earned enough money to keep me during the winter. There was quite a little settlement at the Big Flat, a store, several houses, etc. Eight of us wintered there in a cabin we built about 30 by 50 feet in size. We laid in a good supply of provisions and took turns at cooking and had nothing to do but to kill time and wait for spring.

The Florence mines in a basin on the mountains near Salmon River—reputed to have been the richest placer ground ever found

anywhere in the United States—had been struck in the fall of 1861 and during the winter lots of people came in from Florence snow blind; numbers never got in at all. Snow blindness was cured by us by heating stones and holding one's head and eyes over the steam generated by sprinkling water or snow on the hot stones.

The winter of 1861-62 was very severe. That winter two fellows came in, bought two five-gallon kegs of whiskey and started back to Florence, camping under a tree beside the trail out a piece from our camp. The weather was bitter cold and they tried to keep warm by drinking whiskey and were later found sitting up against the tree frozen to death. Some of the men went out from our camp and buried them.

A great many miners lost their lives in the mining country that winter. It was so cold that our thermometers froze and we never knew just how cold it was. I slept under four or five heavy blankets and by morning the blankets would be frozen together from my breath. Nights we men would gather together from the different cabins and have a social time. We had a fiddler in camp and often had stag dances. One night a man named Cain who had a store, got to drinking, and then started home. The boys were afraid that he couldn't take care of himself and went out to look after him and found him stretched out in the snow, which was a good five feet deep on Nez Perce Prairie and much deeper in the drifts and in the mountains. Cain was brought in and recovered all right.

During the winter Titus, the store keeper at "Ragtown," set out with two other men to buy supplies at Portland. There was no transportation so they went on foot. They were frozen to death on Butte Creek near Wallula. Another incident of that winter was when a man sawing logs near camp broke his leg. The men carried him into Oro Fino on a stretcher; from there he was carried out to a doctor and fully recovered. Father Cataldo came into camp that winter after enduring much hardship. The winter dragged out and provisions began to be scarce, and it was impossible to get in further supplies from outside. Soon all we had left was some flour and a little bacon but by being frugal this lasted us through. Two Germans living a couple of hundred yards from us had two large sacks of beans but we couldn't persuade them to sell us any.

In the spring of 1862 some fellow drove in a couple of steers

over the snow and killed them, selling the meat regardless of cut and bone at a straight \$1.25 a pound. Flour at Oro Fino was \$24.00 a barrel; at Florence \$50.00 a sack. Bacon was \$10.00 a pound; tobacco \$10.00 a pound; whiskey \$1.00 a drink. Beans 25 cents a pound; butter, when it could be had, 75 cents to a dollar a pound. Sugar 30 to 35 cents a pound; shovels \$5.00 to \$8.00; picks the same. Gold pans were \$2.00, hand saws \$5.00, and camp kettles \$4.00. Leather boots were \$15.00 a pair; rubber boots \$25.00.

New finds were constantly being made. The Warrens' placer mines in the Salmon River country were discovered by Warrens in the summer of 1862. The Elk City placer mines at the forks of the south fork of the Clearwater River were also discovered this year by a party of miners from Oro Fino.

During that winter (1861-62) one enterprising citizen of Oro Fino kept a record of the snowfall—it totaled 47 feet. By April this had packed down to six or seven feet of nearly solid ice. Our supplies were low and our money exhausted. There was little credit given at stores in those camps and we were compelled to get to work early. We started by shoveling off four feet of snow from the claims; then stripping and shoveling the surface dirt and gravel 3 to 4 feet deep into wheelbarrows and wheeling it off to get down to pay dirt. Pay dirt commenced about four feet and bed rock was usually reached in eight or nine feet. I worked all that season with pick and shovel and saved my wages. A man going into the Florence mines wanted me to grubstake him. I gave him all I had but he was no good and dissipated the money and never located anything for me. I worked for the Basset Company until the fall of 1863. After that year I went to work for myself. I confined my interests principally to Rhodes Creek and its tributaries; locating claims and working and selling them.

Pierce City was the supply point and center for Canal Gulch and lower Oro Fino Creek, while Oro Fino was the center for Rhodes Gulch and upper Oro Fino Creek. The diggings extended down Oro Fino Creek four or five miles, and up Rhodes and Canal Gulches eight or ten miles on both sides, and up the many gulches running into them. The principal tributaries to Rhodes Gulch were Shanghai Gulch, Humbug Gulch, Bartley's Gulch and Mill Creek. I worked on all of them at one time or another. While in the camp I brought in seven ditches; the largest was dug in 1864

from Shanghai Gulch to Mill Creek on the Big Flat on Rhodes Creek, a distance of about seven miles.

After my first experience in the long winter of 1861-2 with four friends I went to Portland in the late fall of 1862 to winter. We spent two or three weeks in the city and then went out to Peter Reinerston's farm on Clockmas River about eight miles from Portland. The others were Jimmie Wright, Frank Rand and Bradley, whose Christian name I have forgotten. A Mr. Parker, who had the farm under lease, treated us fine. After our hard work we enjoyed the rest, the good food and the society of the girls and always attended the dances given in the neighborhood. During the winter Jim Wright went to Portland, and before going asked me if he couldn't do something for me, as he only intended to make a brief stay. I had a lot of gold nuggets and asked him to convert them into money for me. "Sure I will," he said. I have never heard from him since. In the spring through loss of my gold I was broke. Parker loaned me the money to go back to the mines in April. Frank Rand and Bradley came back with me. At Umatilla Rapids, Frank Rand was standing on the prow of the boat when the boat struck a rock and he was thrown overboard. Dressed in his heavy clothes and gum boots he was poorly equipped to swim. The mate and I jumped into a boat, but before we got to him he sank. Three or four weeks later his body was found at Celilo. Frank was from Davenport, Iowa, about twenty-five years old and one of the best men I have ever known. Had the Captain immediately heaved the boat to, there would have been a chance to save him, but the Captain, fearful that his vessel had received serious injury and might sink kept up full speed so as to get inshore, if necessary, before the boat might sink.

Being short of funds I was unable to stop and search for the remains of my friend. Reaching Wallula Rand and I took stage to Walla Walla, and then stage to Lewiston where we had wintered our horses. Then we rode up to the forks of the Clearwater where we swam them behind the Frenchman's canoe ferry by which we crossed. When we got to Schultz's at the Texas ranch the snow was too deep for horses and we left them and walked into the camp where our friend, I. B. Cowan, soon had a warm dinner ready for us.

I located claims for myself, principally on Rhodes Creek and its tributaries, and worked and sold them. My last property was

a hill claim about two miles above Oro Fino. I had two partners, Ollie Gullingsrude and Swanson, both Norwegians and fine workers. I brought down a ditch of three miles in the fall of 1865 from Bartley's Gulch to Rhodes Creek, and built a dam to catch and divert the water. I surveyed the ditch with a triangle and plumb bob, the whole three miles being staked in a day. That winter (1865-1866) Swanson and I sawed out lumber with a whip saw for flumes, boxes, riffles and other needs—Swanson in the pit and I on top of the log. To whip-saw lumber one has to dig a pit, and build a staging over it; then cut and roll down the logs, which are first squared up by sawing off the slabs on four sides; then laid out by rule for sawing into boards. Swanson and I sawed an average of 200 feet a day, which is a good day's work. A good whip-sawer in those days could earn \$20 a day, sometimes more.

In five weeks the three of us dug three miles of ditch, carrying 100 miners inches of water. We were out before sunrise, and started work by starlight, and worked until after sunset and went home by starlight. We worked all day, every day, rain or shine, and were often wet to the skin ten minutes after we had left our camp, and kept going in wet clothing all day. One partner went ahead with a broad axe or mattock cutting the brush, kinnikinnick, and sod and turning it over down hill; the next partner followed taking a spadeful or two out, and I followed finishing up the ditch. I finished 105 rods of ditch in one day.

The next spring we got water through our ditch and began washing gold. The average working day in the mines for hired labor was eleven hours; owners however worked regardless of hours. Wages averaged \$4.00 a day with board. I paid an exceptionally good man \$6.00 a day. When Ollie Gullingsrude and I were working the Rhodes Creek claim, I would get up at 5 a.m. and while Ollie was getting breakfast I would walk three miles to the head of our ditch and turn the water into the ditch from the impounding dam which had collected it during the night, then walk back three miles for breakfast at 7 a.m. I got dinner, and Ollie again got supper while I went to the head of the ditch and turned the water off again. Every Saturday afternoon we cleaned up our sluice boxes and Sundays we sort of rested up. Our "clean ups" averaged \$400 to \$500 a week. Each Sunday I made from dried fruits six pies, one for each day in the succeeding week.

We had a comfortable cabin and plenty of grub, even butter, fresh meat, and spent the winter comfortably. In the spring of

1867 we each made \$100.00 a day every day, sluicing on our claims. My partners were fine workers and we were all young. In the winter of 1867-68 three or four of us (Doctor Colonel Crocker, George Miller, and Tom Giles, an Englishman) went out to San Francisco, had a good time and came back in the spring. Like most young men we only wanted money to spend. If I had taken my money and invested it I would have been a millionaire. The next spring I hired a man to mine for me but he had the opportunity to and mined principally for his own benefit. I thought I had all I wanted out of the ground and sold out to two Germans named Miller or Moeler. After working the ground some time they sold out to Chinamen.

In 1866 I bought into a general merchandise business at Pierce City with Stanford Capps and I also acquired a number of houses in Pierce City. For several years after this I continued to live at Pierce City. I spent one winter with Peter Dumas, a Frenchman, who kept the general store. Dumas offered to teach me during the long winter evenings how to play chess and how to speak French. The very first night I was able to beat Peter at chess and the proposed instruction in the French language was abruptly dropped by him. At this time I had some placer mines on Cow Creek, about thirty miles away, but they never amounted to much. I hired a man at \$10.00 a day to work them for me but he put most of the proceeds in his own pocket.

In 1865 I did some ditch work on a placer claim, the same property which Dr. Bowles later located a ledge on and developed up to the time of his death. The ground is now being developed by others who have built a mill to handle the ore. I cut the ledge in '65 but found nothing. Some five or six years ago I went over this ground again and found trees as thick as my body growing on the bed rock I had once cleared off.

During these years transportation into the district was by stage or horseback or foot to Lewiston, and thence by stage to Walla Walla, or later also by boat to Wallula and down to Portland. Mail and gold dust and money was carried out by the "pony express". During my residence in the Idaho gold camps Joaquin Miller, then known as Charlie Miller, was employed for a time as one of these express riders but I never met him, though I had heard of him. Massman was another express rider of those days. While I was living in Pierce City, I made trips a number of times for the express rider, ———— Fettis, carrying mail,

and large sums of money and gold dust to Lewiston and other points. In these days road agents or highway men were stationed on the routes between Oro Fino and Pierce City, Oro Fino and Lewiston, and other trails, and meeting miners and merchants coming out with money and gold dust, murdered them. Some of these tracked down by Hill Beachy, proprietor of the Luna House at Lewiston, were lynched. Their crime and their arrest by Beachy sounds like fiction. McGruder, the murdered man was a packer engaged in packing from Lewiston to the new gold fields in Montana Territory. His murderers, Billy Peoples and three others, secured employment with him and murdered him for his money on the return trip. They eventually reached San Francisco. McGruder was a personal friend of Hill Beachy who vowed that he would run them down and bring them back to suffer for their crime if it took the rest of his life. He brought them back, and a gallows was hastily built about a half mile from Lewiston and after a semblance of legal enquiry the outlaws were taken out by the miners and strung up. Some of the participants in this hanging were afterwards prominent among the vigilantees of Montana.

I remember an incident of early days of Oro Fino. Bill Miller was proprietor of one of the dance halls, customary establishments in all early day mining camps. The women were mainly Spanish and Mexican women from the Mexican border and California. One day Miller brought in a bunch of Spanish women on horseback. A hilarious crowd from Bostwick's saloon decided to have a good time with Miller and gathering up all the brass instruments and other instruments of noise went out and met Miller's caravan and "razzed" them into town, as one would now say. Miller conceived that he had been grossly insulted, and became greatly enraged. Hastening to his dance hall he came back with two revolvers and looked for his insulters. He saw one, Ridgeway, who had taken a prominent part in the fun go into a saloon and shot through the closed door at him, wounding Ridgeway in the thigh. Ridgeway secured a sawed off shot gun and when Miller got in front of the saloon fired a charge of shot at him, one of which wounded Miller slightly in the neck. Miller, however, only became more violent and stayed around flourishing his guns and making further threats until men about town lost patience and hung him on a tree at the outskirts of town. X. Beiler, one of the leaders in this was later identified with the

vigilantees of Montana. Within three months after these executions most of the outlaws had left Idaho mining camps.

My most trying trip during these years was when I set out alone on snow shoes over a most difficult route in the middle of winter to bring in a doctor to care for a very sick woman, wife of a friend in the camp. The case was very urgent and great haste was necessary, and the heavy condition of the snow made the thirty miles seem a long distance for one days journey, but I covered it without mishap only to find the Doctor (Col.) Crockett unable to start until the next morning. Colonel Crockett had been an army doctor and was used to the hardships of our life, so after the small person, whose arrival he was awaiting, came in the middle of the night he snatched a few hours sleep and before day break the Doctor and I started on the return journey. He reached the sick woman in time to save her life.

During the years 1868-69 I was a deputy sheriff of Shoshone County, I. T. under I. B. Cowan, well known in Pierce City where he died about a year ago as Judge Cowan. Cowan was a cripple and the active work of the office fell on me. One of my duties was to collect the mining tax from the local Chinamen. There were eight or nine hundred Chinamen located in the diggings in 1864 and most of them remained for more than twenty years. Two or three of this number—too old to get away—were still in the deserted pioneer mining camps a short time ago. At that time there were a good many of these yellow men in the various mining camps and a monthly tax of \$5.00 a head was levied on them by the Territory. The collector, myself, got 20 per cent of this and in annoyance the task was well worth this return. Often when the Orientals saw the collector coming they would run into the woods or other hiding places and I had to round them up and force them to pay their tax. Sometimes they would claim that they did not have the money and I marched them in pig tail file down the trail to the store where they would borrow the required sum from the store keeper. It usually took me one week of each month to collect the Chinese tax. Most of them worked claims too poor to attract white miners. I would sometimes round up a dozen on a claim and would collect from a half dozen such camps in a day. My fees were above \$100 a day or \$700 to \$800 for the week. Money was easily made, quickly spent and lightly valued in those days in the mining camps.

In these early days the present townsite of Oro Fino at the

mouth of Oro Fino creek on the south branch of the Clearwater River was known by the name of "Wiskey Flat". People camped there on the way into the gold camps; then someone put up a building there and started the present town. In going in, in the spring, we used to have to swim our horses over the North fork of the Clearwater.

In these days I knew Benjamin Franklin Yantis. He had a store at Pierce City and his son, Bob, then twenty-five of six years old, was associated with him in the enterprise. They were still there when I left. I knew the late Judge Brents (of Walla Walla) in and about Pierce City. My old friend, Judge Cowan, about the last of my contemporaries, died last year at Oro Fino at the age of 93 years. At one time he also rode for the "pony express". If I had taken the money I made in the Idaho mines and conservatively invested it I would have been a millionaire. In the spring of 1871 I sold out my houses, my interest in the merchantile business and all other holdings to "Judge" Cowan and left for Portland, Oregon. When I came out from the mines in 1871 Lewiston, Idaho, had grown to a town of from two to three thousand people.

Portland, Oregon, when I returned and settled there in 1871 had grown from a population of four thousand to a city of from twenty to twenty-five thousand people. I lived there until 1883, engaging in the real estate and loan business, and investing in real estate, and I was for some time interested in the Vulcan Iron Works there. The land on which the Portland Union Depot stands was purchased by me for \$6,000 and I later sold it to the railway company for \$45,000.

Soon after settling in Portland, on August 9, 1871 I married Mina Epperly, daughter of John and Louisa C. (Graham) Epperly, and a native of Butteville, Oregon. My three children; Edith L., Edna M. (deceased) and Graham, were all born in Portland.

In 1881 I was induced to loan some money, \$6,000, on a piece of property in Couch's Addition on the Big Havermale Island in Spokane Falls and the property came to me through default of the mortgagor. This was part of the property on which the Great Northern depot now stands, I later sold it for \$45,000. Coming up to the Falls in 1883 to look over this bad debt I met the late A. M. Cannon and the late Judge L. B. Nash. they stated was badly needed. I was unacquainted with that business and took in as an equal partner a man whose only capital was

his knowledge of the hardware business, and started a store at the southeast corner of Howard and Riverside. I then returned to Portland where I soon had to take over the National Iron Works of that city in settlement of another bad debt. Reports from Spokane indicating that all the money from the hardware business was not going into the till caused me to return there and dissolve the partnership, but the peculiar nature of the alliance made it necessary for me to pay my "partner" nearly \$9000 for what was his half of the business in which I was the sole investor. This brought me permanently to Spokane.

Some years later I brought the National Iron Works equipment to the Falls on three flat cars and organized a local company of that name which set up a factory on Havermale Island in 1887, and in this business I had associated with me Charles Stratton; Judge George Turner, later U. S. Senator; George Foster and Don Carson. In the great fire of 1889 the iron works was untouched but the hardware store was razed to the ground.

The hardware business was conducted under the name of J. H. BOYD HARDWARE CO., and at the time of the fire my store was in the old Hyde Block; after the fire I reopened the store on the south side of Sprague avenue, just west of Lincoln Street, adjoining what is now the Clemmer Theatre. In the fire of 1889 I lost all my investment in the store above \$25,000 insurance. In the spring of 1890 I consolidated my store with the Weaver & Goss Hardware Co., of Rochester, N. Y., and a short time later we consolidated the business with the Holley, Mason, Marks & Co., of which I was a director and member until 1897. The firm is still in business at the Holley Mason Hardware Co.

After 1890 I centered my attention on the National Iron Works in which I later acquired sole ownership. In 1896 the plant was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt at Cataldo and Division on land purchased from the late J. J. Browne. I continued to operate it until the late war when an advantageous offer being received, I decided to let it go as I was growing old and was willing to be relieved from the cares of active business.

I went into the Coeur d'Alene mines with the "first bunch" when the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine was struck. I soon got acquainted with a Mr. Esler, a mining man from Butte and we built the first concentrator in the district. I was agent for the Hercules Powder Company and put in a store at Wardner. I had a man named Gus Reith working for me, he had only

\$500 but to secure his attention to the business while I looked after my other affairs I gave him a half interest in the store for that amount. I supplied materials for construction of the lake boat connecting with D. C. Corbin's narrow gage railway into Coeur d'Alene mines. The sale of this to the Northern Pacific Railroad Co., led to a quarter of a century's litigation in the courts until I finally received my money.

For sixty years I have kept up my interest in the mining development of the Northwest and I have at different times invested in the development of most of the principal mining districts of the Northwest. I still retain an interest in some mining properties in the Coeur d'Alene. For many years I have been a Mason, belonging to Spokane Lodge No. 34, F. & A.M. For two years I was a City Councilman of Spokane, and during the last year of the term I was President of the Council. During my term I was largely instrumental in securing the erection of the beautiful \$500,000 concrete arch bridge over which the Sunset highway leading west from Spokane, crosses the Hangman's Creek gulch. I am now nearing the age of 83 years. Looking back over my life I can see that I was handicapped to some extent and lacked many advantages that most boys enjoy. But this probably had its compensations. I early learned that I had to depend on myself, and to make the most of my time and opportunities. This early developed reliance and dependence on my judgment. I have had an active part in the development of our present economic wealth out of the raw natural resources of sixty-five years ago, and I have seen most of our present cities in their infancy. Looking back over forty years it is my candid opinion that I made a mistake in closing out my investments and in moving from Portland in 1883. As conditions have developed, my holdings and investments there in 40 years would have produced for me more wealth than I secured elsewhere.

JOSEPH H. BOYD.