

## DOCUMENTS

*Narrative of James Longmire, A Pioneer of 1853*

*(Concluded from Vol XXIII., page 60)*

At the top of Summit Hill my wife and Mrs. E. A. Light had gone ahead of the wagons with their children, taking the circuitous trail which brought them around to the wagon train for which we were making the road as we went along. As they walked thus, my wife ahead, they were surprised to meet a white man. They had not seen one, except those of our party, since leaving Walla Walla and little expected to find one in this almost inaccessible place, but were more than pleased at his rude welcome which was "My God, women, where in the world did you come from?"—the greeting was rough but friendly in its roughness to the two women who shrank against the trees and shrubbery along the narrow trail to give him room to pass them with his pack horses, the trail being barely wide enough for one person.

This man was Andy Burge who had been sent out from Fort Steilacoom with supplies for the roadmakers, who had already given up the job for want of food which had arrived too late for them, but in time for us, as our stores were becoming alarmingly low. From these two lone women in the wilderness he learned our whereabouts and came at once to persuade us to return to where there was grass and water for our stock, telling us that it was impossible for us to make our way over the country before us; but, failing to convince us of this, he set to work to distribute his supplies among us, and returned to Fort Steilacoom blazing trees as he went and leaving notes tacked up giving what encouragement he could and preparing us in a measure for what was before us. For instance, he said "The road is a shade better"; a little farther on "A shade worse." Then again, "A shade better;" and so on until we were over the bad roads. We crossed the Greenwater sixteen times and followed it until we came to White River, which we crossed six times; then left it for a dreary pull over Wind Mountain, which was covered with heavy fir and cedar trees, but destitute of grass, with a few vine maples on whose long leaves our poor oxen and horses had to live for seven long days not having a blade of grass during that time. I must not forget to mention that in these dark days—seven of them—we and our half starved cattle worked the roads every day. We

bridged large logs which already lay on the ground by cutting others and laying along side them till we had a bridge pyramid wide enough for the oxen to draw our wagons across. There all, except John Lane, E. A. Light, and myself, left their wagons on account of their failing oxen which they drove before them to Boise Creek Prairie where there was good grass. Lane, Light and I arrived first, the rest arriving soon afterwards with their cattle and horses. Four miles farther on we reached the Porters Prairie where Allen Porter, now of Hillhurst, had taken a claim but at that time was in Olympia. We again crossed White River, which made the seventh time, and pushed on to O'Connel Prairie, thence to the Puyallup River to the present site of Van Ogle's hop farm, which Van little expected would ever be his, and one of the finest farms in the valley. We found the river low and filled with hump-back salmon, so we armed ourselves with various weapons, clubs, axes, and whatever we could get and all went fishing. Every man who could strike a blow got a fish and such a feast as we had not enjoyed since we had potatoes boiled in their jackets, only fish was far ahead of potatoes. A royal feast it was and John Meyers declared they were the best fish that he had ever eaten; some of the party stayed up all night cooking and eating fish. All relished them but my wife, who was indisposed, but she was fortunate enough in finding an Indian who had just killed a pheasant which she bought—her first purchase on Puget Sound and which caused more merriment in our party as the Indian was a perfect nude.

We moved on to Nisquallie Plains and camped on Clover Creek some three hundred yards from the home of Mrs. Mahan who, I believe, still lives there and whose kindness the ladies of our party will never forget. On the 9th of October, the day after we camped at Clover Creek, the men all went to Steilacoom Fort to see Puget Sound, leaving the women to keep camp; but during their absence Mrs. Mahan took the ladies to her house where she had prepared dinner which to these tired sisters, after their toilsome journey, was like a Royal banquet. After months of camp life, to sit once more at a table presided over by a friend in this far away land where we thought to meet only strangers, was truly an event never to be forgotten and one which my wife often refers to as a bright spot on memory's page.

Before proceeding with my narrative I will mention the fact of my arrival in this country with torn and ragged pants and coat, my cap tattered and torn, and with one boot on, the other foot cover-

ed with an improvised moccasin made from a piece of cow hide from one of the animals we had killed a few days previous. In this garb I was to meet a party of well dressed gentlemen from Olympia who had heard of us from Andy Burge and who, led by Mr. J. K. Herd, came out to welcome the first party of emigrants direct from the east over the Cascade Mountains north of Dalles. My dress was a fair sample of that of the rest of the party and when together we felt pretty well, all being in the same fashion, but when brought face to face with well-dressed men I must confess I felt somewhat embarrassed; but our new friends were equal to the emergency and our embarrassment was soon dispelled by a copious draught of good old Bourbon, to which we did full justice while answering questions amid hand shaking hearty and genial. This was the 8th of October.

On the 10th of October Mr. Tolmie, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, stationed at Fort Nisqually, paid a visit asking us numerous questions about our long journey and arrival, treated us in a very friendly manner but soon left after bidding us a polite farewell. In about three hours he returned with a man driving an ox cart which was loaded with beef, just killed and dressed, which he presented to us saying "Distribute this to suit yourselves." We, not quite able to understand the situation, offered to pay for the beef but he firmly and politely refused, saying "It is a present to you," and a most welcome one it was at that time for which we expressed heartfelt thanks to the generous giver. Leaving our families in camp, E. A. Light, John Lane and I started out to look for homes after having received due notice from the Hudson's Bay Company not to settle on any land north of the Nisqually River. We crossed the river and went to Yelm Prairie, a beautiful spot I thought, as it lay before us covered with tall waving grass, a pretty stream flowing through it bordered with shrubs and tall trees and the majestic mountain which the Indians almost worshipped and to which they gave the name Ta-ko-bed, as it seemed standing guard over all in its snowy coat. It was a scene for the artist's brush—the most beautiful I had ever seen and good enough for me; so I bought a house from Martin Shelton but no land, as it was yet unsurveyed, and returned for my family. On this prairie the grass grew tall and rank and herds of deer wandered leisurely as cattle in their pasture at home.

When I returned to camp Bill Harmon, who had a logging camp on Puget Sound, was waiting for me as he wanted my boys, John Moyer, Ivan Watt and Bill Clafin, the latter having joined us

at Fort Hall, to work for him and offered them \$85 per month; but they declined until they saw me when I assured them that I could get along without their help. Knowing that the boys were needy I told them to go along which they did, soon after getting an advance in salary to \$100 per month. We started to our new home, my wife and children in one wagon drawn by three yoke of oxen, which she drove, and I went ahead with another wagon with four yoke of oxen. Our carriage had long been left on Burnt River, also harness, which we saw afterwards on a pair of mules driven past us while on the emigrant trail.

Arriving at home we found a large number of Indians camped near by, about thirty of them came in the first night to examine things new to them, which they did expressing surprise or satisfaction by grunts and guttural sounds which were Greek to us. We found but three white families as neighbors, George Braile, a bachelor, and Mr. and Mrs. Levi Shelton and Mr. and Mrs. James Hughes, the latter at this time a resident at Steilacoom. The following winter I took a donation claim, a portion of the farm on which I have since lived.

Late in the fall of 1853, Isaac I. Stevens, the first Governor of Washington Territory, arrived from across the plains in such a sorry garb that Frank R. Jackson, a pioneer settler was loathe to believe he was the newly appointed Governor, a doubt which he openly expressed and to which the Governor alluded in later years, laughing, taking it as a better joke on himself than on Mr. Jackson. Governor Stevens also held the office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with instructions to make treaties with the Indians.

I will refer more particularly to the Nisqually tribe, whose chiefs were Leschi and Quiemuth, this being the tribe with which I was associated more than any other. Matters seemed to go smoothly till the treaty was made in the fall of 1854. A council was held at Medicine Creek, at the north of Nisqually, for the purpose of making this treaty the terms of which are familiar to every pioneer of the now State of Washington. From day to day they met till the treaty which was made by the Indians were to receive certain lands of their own choice, reserved from the public domain for them and their children so long as the tribe should exist. This seemed satisfactory for a while but emigrants coming in larger numbers caused the Indians to grow jealous and, encouraged by persons unfriendly to the settlers they began to appear less friendly to us, frequently telling us that

the Klickitats were getting ready for war upon the whites but assuring us that the Nisquallys would never join them and would always be friendly to the white settlers. In the spring after the treaty, Quiemuth and Stayhi came to us and complained that the settlers did not give them enough for the work, saying in Chinook that the "Bostons" were bad people but the King George Men, as they termed the Hudson's Bay Company, were good and had been here a long time and had never stolen land; now the "Bostons" come and were fencing and stealing the land from the Indians. Stayhi who could speak English, interpreted what I failed to understand, which was nearly all of Quiemuth's Chinook. They finished their visit by giving me the worst bemeaning I ever had. I tried to reason with them telling them that the common people were not to blame; that "Tyee's" had bought their land; the officials had made the treaty and they had agreed upon it. Finding them unreasonable I quietly took their abuse and when they had finished they got on their ponies and rode off. I saw Quiemuth once afterwards, he was still growling about the "Bostons" but still called himself the "Boston Tillicum" which meant friend. Notwithstanding these assurances, friendly though they seemed, we were greatly alarmed but at loss as to what move to make as we did not want to leave our home unprotected, neither risk our own lives and those of our children by staying at home. On the 10th of October while our boys, Elcaine and David, and myself and John Mollhigh, an Indian who often helped me with my work, were putting up rye about a mile and a half from the house where Mrs. Longmire and the youngest children were alone, at least thirty Indians rode up in company with "Old Stub," an Indian who had supplied our table with wild game since we first came on the Prairie—a first rate hunter and an Indian who was honest and friendly—got off their horses, walked into the house with their guns and ranged themselves around the fireplace, crowding my wife and children to the back part of the room, the latter crying with fright while their mother sat in deadly fear not knowing what moment they would strike a fatal blow. "Stub" sat in the corner taking little part in the noisy conversation which lasted about an hour, when they made an impudent demand for food which was denied them, when they mounted their ponies and rode away after telling my wife, in Chinook, they were going to Bald Mountain to hunt. "Stub" still sat in the corner by the fire and after the others had gone my wife gave him some food in a tin plate—the best we had—which he ate in silence. Having finished his meal he arose, went to my wife, laid

his hand on her head and began talking in a sad, mournful tone, not one word of which she could understand; then he laid his hand on his own breast, then on the heads of the two frightened children—all the time talking, as my wife thought, warning her of the fate of the white settlers and of the horrible intentions of the Indians. He left silently and that was the last time that he ever came to our house. He went to the hostile Indians, was captured at Ut-sa-la-la-wah, or Chuck Nose, as the settlers called him, about two months later after the opening of the Indian War, taken to Olympia, put in prison in chains where he killed himself by tying a strip of blanket around his throat. His companion was released later on and lived till the summer of 1886 when he was laid at rest with his "Tillicums" in a little Indian burying ground about three hundred yards from where my house now stands—the spot he had begged me from year to year for his last resting place, almost ever since I had known him.

On the 11th of October, 1855, the day after the Indians came to my house I started with my family to Olympia, as we now knew there was no safety for us in our own home which had already been under guard for two weeks. Our bachelor neighbors, McLean Chambers, Frank Goodwin and Mr. Perkins, the two former now living near Roy in Pierce County, the latter long since at rest, came to our house for mutual protection and kindly stood guard taking turns—a kindness which we will never forget. Arriving at Olympia I rented a house for my wife and children, put the boys in school, and returned to the farm, intending with the help of John Mollhigh (an Indian) to finish my fall work. (making a drain ditch through the swamp).

On the 20th of October Quiemuth paid a visit to Secretary Mason, who was acting Governor in the absence of Governor Stevens, who had gone east of the Cascade Mountains to make treaties with those tribes which seemed to be in the rebellious movement which we began to fear would end in a general massacre of the white settlers. Quiemuth assured the Secretary again and again of the friendship of his tribe; whereupon Mason told him to get his half-brother Leschi, and with their families, come to Olympia where he would give them food and shelter. This Quiemuth agreed to do and returned to Yelm Prairie for that purpose; but he had forgotten both his promise and his friendship for no sooner did he meet Leschi than they took their families and moved as fast as they could for Puyallup. As the Chief did not come the following day Mason, feel-

ing somewhat alarmed for the safety of the white settlers, appointed Charles Eaton and twelve other men, among them Connell, James McAllister and his son George, and a man by the name of Milton B. Wallace, to go to Puyallup and invite the Chief to come to Olympia. I was appointed to go with them but as I was four miles off the road they hurried along without me. Crossing the Puyallup River they went to where Van Ogle's farm now is and sent a friendly Indian who had come with them from Olympia, to learn if possible the whereabouts of the Chief. Returning he reported two hundred Indians collected farther on in company with the two Chiefs, Quiemuth and Leschi, also the Puyallup tribe. Eaton upon hearing this declared it would not do to go farther for such movements meant war; but McAllister and O'Connell ridiculed the idea saying they knew these Indians well and would go and have a friendly talk with them, which Eaton told them would be contrary to orders. However, confident of success, they laid down their guns, buckled on their revolvers and started on what they meant as a friendly errand with the two friendly Indians as an escort. This proved their death for in about twenty minutes Eaton and his little band of men heard the firing of guns, which was proof to Eaton that the men were killed and they must get ready for defense at once. This they did by taking refuge in a cabin which was near and fastened their saddle blankets over the open spaces between the logs and filled a barrel of water in case the hostile Indians should fire the building. Then they hid the horses as close as possible to the cabin and declared themselves ready for battle. This began just after dark by a large band of Indians opening fire on Eaton and his little band of men, one the friendly Indian who had returned with news of the sad fate of McAllister and Connell, the other Indian having gone with the hostiles who were now fighting, sending bullet after bullet into the little cabin. One struck Wallace, who with the exception of being stunned, received no hurt aside from the loss of the upper part of one of his ears. The Indians tried to fire the cabin but Eaton's men kept up such a constant fire they dared not approach near enough for the purpose, but set fire to a pen filled with wheat which stood near, which helped Eaton with its bright light to see the Indians and take good aim. About daylight the Indians drew off, taking their dead and wounded with them and every horse belonging to Eaton and his men, who assuring themselves that quiet reigned once more ventured forth crossed the Puyallup, left the main road and climbing a steep

bluff, made their way through the woods to the Nisqually Plains, ten miles distant, thence to Olympia, leaving the bodies of McAllister and Connell where they fell. On the same day, the 28th of October, before sunrise two Indians came to my house on horses dripping wet with sweat, and told Mollhigh of the terrible massacre on White River and the fate of McAllister and Connell, which Mollhigh told me. His wife and mother were camped near my house and came at once on hearing of the massacre, weeping, and wringing their hands, and told me in Chinook to go at once or the Indians would kill me, which I did not understand. Mollhigh's wife afterwards told Mrs. Longmire that I was the biggest fool she ever saw. During this excitement he continued his work talking to the Indians who were trying to persuade him to go and fight the whites. I noticed their excitement, which was greatly increased when the party of braves who had gone to Bald Hills a few days before arrived with their squaws who were weeping bitterly, which convinced me the news of the massacre had been sent them and I must get ready to leave as the Indians were already grinding their knives and tomahawks on their grindstones, while they talked wildly and the squaws kept on crying. I fastened on my revolver but left my gun in the house while I went for my horse. While I was looking for my horse from a high point which commanded a view of the Prairie, I heard the sound of horses hoofs on the hard ground and, stepping behind a tree where I was securely hid, I saw the two Indians who had brought the news of the massacre returning, as I supposed, to Puyallup. Not finding my horse I started home but stopped at McLean Chambers, who lived where my house now stands, and who had already heard of the massacre. He begged me not to go back to my house but I had left my gun and felt that I must have it. When he found that I was determined to go he gave me his horse which I took and even while we talked the same Indians I had seen while hunting my horse rode up and talked a few minutes, then rode on; and I believed then and to this day that I was the man they were hunting; but why they changed their minds and let me live I cannot tell. Shortly after the Indians left I took McLean's horse and rode quietly home to find it broken into, everything of value gone, every stitch of clothing, only what I wore; my gun, also which I looked for first on going into the house; things of no value to the Indians were scattered over the yard but not an Indian in sight—not even my trusted Mollhigh, who told me afterwards he went only to save my life.



He told the Indians that "Longmire was a Kloshe Tillicum" and had always been good to the Indians and not to kill him but kill the "tyees", the big men. They answered by telling him if he did not come along and fight they would kill him and Longmire too; but if he would help them fight they would not kill Longmire.

After long persuasion poor Mollhigh had yielded, thinking this was the only means of saving either of us, and went with the hostiles. He was true to me, though, for after the war he came back and lived with me for years always claiming that he had saved my life. Coming out of the house with my revolver drawn, ready to fire at the slightest notice, I looked carefully around on all sides, then mounted my horse which I put to a lively run until I was again at McLean Chambers. He took the horse and started for Olympia. The Indians had taken my last horse and I must now make my way to Olympia on foot, a distance of twenty-five miles, alone, which was not pleasant to contemplate; so I walked over to Brails' place, where Thomas M. Chambers now lives, to find his house deserted, he having left as soon as he heard of the massacre. I then went to Hughes to get him to go with me but, darkness coming on and hearing horses hoofs on the hard road, I dropped behind a pile of rails which hid me from view and while lying there I heard the peculiar hissing sound like "shee" "shee" with which Indians always drove stock, and hence knew that they were stealing the last horses from the white settlers on the prairies. When I arrived at Hughes' place he and his family had fled and I hardly knew which way to turn and finally decided to go to George Edwards, a former employe of the Hudson's Bay Company, an Englishman, who still lives at Yelm Station. I thought if he were gone that I would have to take to the woods but, fortunately for me, he and his wife, an Indian woman of the Nisqually tribe, were at home but thought it unsafe to remain in the house so we went to the barn where we spent the night. In the morning I started to Olympia, I riding a horse belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company called "Old Roosch." Half an hour before our arrival word reached Olympia from Dr. Tolmie that I had been killed the evening before by the Indians. Mollhigh's wife being the informant. Much to my relief the news had not reached my family before my arrival.

I met Charles Eaton who was organizing a company of volunteers to go in pursuit of the Indians, determined to kill all of them or subdue them. About sixty-seven men joined but when it came to the point of taking the oath many refused, so there were only eighteen or twenty remaining in the company, which was named the

Puget Sound Rangers with Charles Eaton, Captain, and James Tullis, First Lieutenant. The other officers' names I do not recall. I enlisted and we started at once to scour the northeastern part of Thurston County and all of Pierce County for hostile Indians to learn, if possible, where they were collected. For several days not an Indian could be found most of them having gone to White River to make a grandstand at Connell's Prairie, where Qualchin met them with about three hundred Klickitats from the east of the Cascade Mountains, he being the Chief of the Klickitats and the leader of these Indians in war which followed; Quiemuth leading the Nisquallys, assisted by Leschi, and Kitsap the Puyallups. They were met here by companies commanded by Captain B. L. Hennes, Gilmore Hays, Joseph White and Calvin H. Swindall; also one by Issac Hayes—all volunteer companies. The Indians fought all morning in ambush, the volunteers failing to draw them out into open battle; but in the afternoon the volunteers finding there was nothing being done this way resorted to strategy. One Company was ordered to lie down while the others were to flee in confusion. This plan was carried out and the Indians, thinking the day was theirs looking only at the fleeing men, rushed madly forward with beating drums and wild war whoops until they came within fifty yards of the prostrate troops, who arose as one man and opened fire, the fleeing men returning firing as they came. The Indians panic stricken flung down their drums, ran wildly, forgetting their dead and wounded, and rushing madly into the Puyallup River swam to the other side, the volunteers following to the river bank where they killed many who were trying to make their escape by swimming. Qualchin, who was not accustomed to fighting in the woods on foot, left for Yakima in disgust; and the rest, without a leader, scattered over the country in small bands stealing, burning houses and barns, killing the white settlers and spreading terror wherever they went. The Puget Sound Rangers in the meantime were trying to hunt down fugitive Indians; all to no purpose, however, for not an Indian was to be found. At length we became convinced that they were getting information from friends, as well as assistance, and so reported to Governor Stevens who immediately ordered the arrest of any and all persons suspected of harboring Indians. These persons were taken to Fort Steilacoom for trial but as nothing was proved against them they were released. After this the volunteers began to find Indians in small bands all over the country whom they killed or captured whenever found.

However depredations continued and several more arrests were

made when Governor Stevens proclaimed martial law to prevent persons suspected of aiding the Indians from returning to their homes and holding them as prisoners at Fort Steilacoom. Shortly after this move on the part of our worthy Governor, some of the Indians surrendered and were placed in charge of the Indian Agent on the Reservation. The Puget Sound Rangers were now discharged and I made preparation to move back to Yelm Prairie, to my farm with my family, taking with me a friendly Indian named Paelo who, with his family camped near my house. We did not feel safe in our house so Paelo and I stood guard at night, taking turns, and in the daytime worked with our guns beside us ready at a minute's notice to defend ourselves.

The war had now been going on for nearly a year and the settlers were tired and discouraged, many of them living in block houses. One night when Paelo was standing guard he came to the door and said "Mesatches Tillicum chaco." (The bad Indians coming.) I got up and went outside, taking my gun, when Paelo came to me and told me in Chinook, "If they do come, I die with you." He lay down with his ear close to the ground and listened for a few minutes but got up and said he was mistaken; but he was not. It was not spirits as he said but real Indians as examination next morning showed that horses had been passing about a half a mile from my house. When Paelo saw this he begged me to go to the block house saying that we were not safe in our house. I told him I was not afraid. Then he went to my wife and begged her to talk to me and get me to go to the block house and save her and the children from being killed by the Indians. On the second day after we moved to the block house, where we found Levi Shelton and family and Thomas Chambers, Sr., with his family, besides five men to guard the commissary store which was kept there. After this time Governor Currey of Oregon sent a company of troops to our assistance under Captain Bluford Miller, as Indians were still stealing horses and killing cattle. A band of these robbers was followed by Captain Marshall to Mason River where the last one of them was killed. Quiemuth and Leschi now separated, for what reason I never knew. The former grew tired of fighting and came to Ozha, a Frenchman, who lived on the Nisqually River, near the crossing of the Northern Pacific railroad bridge and asked him to come and see me and learn if I could take him to Governor Stevens safely as he wanted to surrender and would risk his life with the Governor. I told Ozha to bring Quiemuth to me after dark for if he were seen someone would surely kill him. I was glad that he

had surrendered as he was the only Chief left on our side of the river whom we feared; but I hardly knew why he came to me unless he thought as a friend of Governor Stevens it would make his sentence lighter. It was early in the summer of 1856 when he came one night with Ozha into my house, unarmed, shook hands with me and my wife, as friendly as if he had not been fighting us and our friends for months and months rendering life a burden to us. I got my horse and taking Van Ogle, George Braile, Ozha and Betsy Edgar, a squaw, and friend of Ozha, we started to Olympia, Quiemuth riding close to me talking freely all the way telling me if the Governor did not kill him he would show me where there was lots of gold as he knew where it was. It was a gloomy ride that night through the rain and when we reached Olympia between two and three o'clock in the morning we were wet, muddy and tired. I awakened the Governor and told him I had Quiemuth who wanted to see him. He got up and invited us in, then ordered luncheon of which we partook freely as we were hungry as well as tired. Ozha, Van Ogle and George Braile went to the stable with our horses while I stayed with Quiemuth. The Governor handed our prisoner a pipe of tobacco which he smoked a few minutes telling me between puffs that he thought the Governor was a good man and would not hurt him—that he was a good "Tillicum." The Governor offered me a bed which I declined as I was wet and muddy and told him to give me some blankets and I would lie down by the fire in the office. Blankets were brought for me and Quiemuth and we lay down one on either side of the fireplace, I being next to the door. In the meantime news of the Chief's surrender must have been circulated though I had intended to keep it a secret. The Governor left a light burning in the office, bade us good night and again retired and I was soon in deep sleep from which I was aroused by a great noise, I hardly realizing what it was or what caused it. I sprang to my feet and as I did so I heard the sound of a person running out of the house and the lights were out. I saw by the dim light of the fire a man fall and heard a groan and rushing to the falling man I found it was Quiemuth, speechless and dying. At that moment Governor Stevens rushed in saying, as he saw the dead Chief, "Who in H——has done this?" I replied, "I do not know." "In my office too;" he added; "This is a club for General Wool." General Wool had disapproved the policy of Governor Stevens as well as that of Governor Currey of Oregon in the prosecution of the Indian War. Before the Governor reached the office I ran to the door and by the dim morning light I saw eighteen or twenty

men outside the door. Never in my long and intimate acquaintance with the Governor did I ever see him so enraged as he was that night; and justly, too, it seems to me, for even after all these years it kindles my wrath when I think of the cowardly deed. It being nearly daylight the body of Quiemuth was left on the carpeted floor of the office until a coroner's inquest was held, which brought out the fact that Quiemuth had been shot with a pistol the ball taking effect in the right arm and right side which Dr. Willard, Sr., declared never could have killed any man; but a closer examination showed the chief had been stabbed with a very fine blade which had penetrated his heart causing instant death. One Joe Buntin was arrested during the inquest on suspicion. Elwood Evans of Tacoma, then a young lawyer of Olympia, conducted the prosecution; B. F. Kendall the defense; the result being the acquittal of Buntin though many believed him the guilty party.

Quiemuth now being dead, Leschi was soon captured and sentenced to hang, but the execution was stayed and Leschi returned to prison. Court again convened and he was given a new trial, when he was again sentenced and was executed near Fort Steilacoom.

This ended the Indian War.

I must here mention that many very prominent men condemned Governor Stevens bitterly for proclaiming martial law but his course was ably defended in the legislature; where the debates were long and stormy. I represented Thurston County at that time and approved our Governor's policy. Peace being again restored, the settlers returned to their homes to begin life anew as they had been robbed of everything they possessed. My last horse was gone but I had a few cattle left and with willing hands and bright hopes and the blessings of health and strength in our home, my wife and I took up the burden and prosperity met us so that when old age comes on we may rest in peace waiting for the summons which calls us to a better land.