Marcus McMillan

Pioneer of 1852

compiled by Stephenie Flora
oregonpioneers.com

Marcus McMillan
b. Aug 1820 Waterford, Washington County, Ohio
d. 11 Feb 1903 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
buried Forest Grove Cemetery, Tenino, Thurston County, Washington
s/o Alexander McMillan and Susanna Tufts

m. 04 Jul 1849 St. Joseph County, Michigan
[Marcus McMillan m'd Elmira "Mozer" 04 Jul 1849 St. Joseph County. Michigan per Michigan Marriage Records 1820-1935]

Elmira C. L. Moyer
b. 02 Dec 1831 Pennsylvania
d. 20 Nov 1875 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
buried Forest Grove Cemetery, Tenino, Thurston County, Washington

1860: Olympia PO, Thurston County, Washington, June 29, 1860; M. McMillen, 40, farmer, $2500 $400, OH; Emeline, 27, PA; G.A., 10, m, MI; Wm M., 8, m, MI; E.W., 5, m, WT; H.M., 3, m, WT; M.E., 1, m, WT

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

1880: Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1880; Marcus McMillan, 59, farmer, OH MAME; Elnos W., 24, son, farmer, WA OH PA; Ellen, 18, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Susanna, 16, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Frank, 14, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Leonard, 10, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Charles, 7, son, WA OH PA

1883: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 62, farmer, b. OH; Frank McMillan, 16, Wash T; Leonard C. McMillan, 12, Wash T; Charles McMillan, 9, Wash T; Wilbur, 27, farmer, Wash T

1885: Thurston County, Washington, May 4, 1885, Marcus McMillan, 64, gardner, OH; Charles, 11, Wash T;

1887: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 66, farmer, OH; Wilbur, 32, logger, Wash T; Frank, 20, Wash T; Charles, 13, Wash T

1900: City of Olympia, Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1900; Elmus W. McMillen, head, Oct 1854, 45, s, WA OH PA, wood chopper; Marcus, father, Sep 1820, 79, wid, OH MA ME

Recollections, published by Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, WA 1975 p.29 during the Indian Wars 1855-56 a stockade was built on the Chambers place for protection of the community. Thirty families gathered at the stockade within 24 hours after James McAllister was killed. There were 30-40 children and 30 dogs in the fort. Among the men with families listed was Marcus McMillan.....

MARCUS McMILLAN

Pioneer of 1852

Resident of Eaton's Prairie

Olympia, Jan. 20th, 1893.

Editor, Tacoma Ledger.

Having seen an offer you made some time since to publish a sketch of the trip of the pioneers across the plains, I would cheerfully furnish you mine if it would be sufficient to state that I started from home (Nottawa St. Joseph Co., Michigan) on the 15th of April, 1852, and got into Vancouver the 11th day of December, same year, with a whole scalp and that I retain it yet accepting the hair, that I have lost, most likely from the effects of the scare the redskins gave me on the plains.

If this would be sufficient it would be most agreeable to me, for I do love brevity, especially in others, though I never was hung for the practice of it myself.

So for the narrative, I started from Nottawa Prairie, St. Joseph, County, Michigan, in the afternoon of the 15th day of April, A. D. 1852, fourteen days behind the company that we wanted to cross the plains with. Nothing of interest occurred till after we crossed the Missouri river except that the team took a stampede in the western part of Iowa and broke the wagon tongue. We did not catch up with our company, so we had to travel with such company as we chanced to pick up.

Mormons for Companions

Our plan was to travel from 18 to 22 miles per day. We crossed the Mission river, the twenty-fourth day of June in company with the first ten of the fourteenth fifty of Mormons. These were twenty-four fifties and four tens behind us and thirteen fifties ahead and as we were much more afraid of the Mormons our rule for traveling was laid aside and every exertion made to leave the Mormon crowd behind us

before we got to where the Salt Lake road branched off from ours. Two days we traveled 50 miles and one day 42 road-ometer measure. At Wood river there were six hundred wagons or twelve fifties camped just ahead of us. To get rid of this crowd required a little strategy. A good share of the day Sunday was spent by Bratton, Hugo and Sprouls of our company and Captain Dunn of the Mormons ten that was with us in laying the plan. As Dunn was running away from his fifty he was as anxious to get out of the Mormon crowd as we were.

My team was said by the Mormons to be the best ox team that ever crossed the plains. Be that as it may, the leaders, though perfectly bidable, were as ready for a stampede at any time as they would be to walk into a patch of clover when hungry. The plan was to put my team on the lead and start them on a trot as if they were running away. This could be done by an unusual motion without any whipping or noise that would lead any one to suspect that it was not a real unintentional stampede. The plan was decided upon and I was notified in the evening of Sunday.

Accordingly Monday morning as soon as we could see we put it in execution. It worked like a charm. The cry of 'stampede' was along the long line of wagons. The track was cleared in hot haste and we passed without any more serious damage than causing one stubborn Mormon, who had blocked the road by placing his team across it, to move himself and team with greater velocity than was agreeable to his mulish nature.

That day (Monday) we drove 42 miles, which gave us a sufficient start of the crowd to have enabled us to keep clear of it the rest of the way if we had used proper diligence. But we lost a day and a half on Buffalo creek hunting buffalo and only got part of one. At another place we spent one and a half days and got two buffalo to divide among eighteen wagons. Altogether we lost five days before we got to Elder clump. There the Mormons, who had been making a supply of tar for their wagons, gave us their tar pit, and we stopped three days to make tar for our own use. The second day (Saturday) the Mormons began to come up, and by nine A. M. Sunday, six hundred wagons had come into the valley. Bishop Kimble came onto the encampment and said they would hold a camp meeting there that day and that none were to leave until it was over. The speaker's platform was erected about sixty feet south of our wagon.

Now allow me to go back to the crossing of the Missouri river and make a statement or two which I purposely omitted before, in order to state them in connection with the present occurrence.

Sometime before we got to Cainsville a company of Californians

had fifteen valuable horses stolen and remained there hunting for them, till as the Mormons believed, a traitor among them informed the Californians where their horses were. They immediately took their arms and came onto the herders of the horses so unexpectedly that they only got away with four. The Californians took the remaining eleven, crossed over and pursued their journey. The day that we were at the ferry, a woman crossed at the lower ferry with three horses, the next night her best horse was taken and though she spent several days searching, she had to go on without it.

When we went into the bottom the Mormons came out to stop us and told us that that was a ferry that the Mormons had established for their own use—that they had put off crossing for a month on account of the immigration—that there were then twenty-four fifties in the bottom waiting and that no gentile would be allowed to cross until every Mormon had passed over.

This was a stunner to Captain Dunn's plans as well as ours, for though he was one of the apostles, he was running away from his fifty and to do it he was passing himself off as an Oregon emigrant. After a short consultation we decided to go to the ferry. Before turning down to the ferry we were stopped by two fifties of armed men and ordered to turn back. They said they had been there then more than a month and they would be fooled no longer, that they would shoot any gentile that attempted to cross before they did. We pacified them by stating that their claims were perfectly just and that we only wanted to go to the ferry to make arrangements to cross over when our proper time came. With the ferryman we used such arguments as with the help of an extra dollar to each wagon and to each team, procured for us the promise that as soon as the day's ferrying was done we should be set over. The hands kicked against night work so we were put off till morning. In the morning we got out the wagons and teams over except mine before the lazy Mormons came to tow the boats up. As I was towing I was left till four o'clock P. M. I stopped towing and kept my team in readiness and before the boat touched land rushed it aboard, gave the boat a back set into the stream and jumped aboard. The Mormons shouted to pitch the gentile and his team overboard. No threat of shooting was made till Bishop Kimble came running to the landing and ordered them to get their guns and shoot the gentile. Before they could do this we were safely out of reach but before that many a threat and sacred scented latter day saint malediction had reached our ears.

Now to return, as we were now in the midst of the Mormon crowd, it might have been deemed disrespectful to have pulled up and left and we expected to hear what the Apostles Dunn and Bell had to say.

We stayed and I got a seat immediately in front of the speaker's stand behind a bunch of wild currants.

As for Bell and Dunn, they failed to favor us with a specimen of their oratorical skill, but several others did. It finally came to Bishop Kimble's turn. He took for his text: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and we are the Lord's people, therefore whatsoever is in the earth is ours and we have a right to take and use it."

Though his manner of speaking was by no means agreeable, yet he clearly explained the doctrines of his text, and having enumerated the above facts, the taking of the horses to help the weak brethren to reach their appointed places in their far off mountain homes. A very praiseworthy act since they were taken from the gentiles who did not deserve to live on the face of the earth. He showed also the enormity of the sin of betraying one another and causing them to lose the booty they had gotten so securely and needed so much. He showed the audacious impudence of the gentiles in asking and the absurdity of the Mormons permitting them to cross over when the good brethren had waited already a full month. "My brethren," said he, "these things ought not so to be, they must and will be attended to when we get to Salt Lake." With feeling more easily surmised than expressed, I left the camp ground and shouldering my rifle went to look after the cattle. I found that the man who was guarding them had gone to a Mormon encampment a half mile away and was so much engaged with what was going on there that he had entirely forgot his business. From him I learned where he had left the stock. Going there I struck their track and followed it two or three miles. Strayed or stolen, I found them in a concealed valley where I would not have seen them if I had not followed the trail.

Monday morning, by a little extra exertion on our part and the assistance of a sham stampede which produced no serious damage to any one, while it did benefit those who took advantage of it, we had gained an advantage. On the other hand, a real stampede is productive of serious and often fatal consequences as we had an opportunity to witness a few days after when we came up with the South Platt division of the Mormon emigration.

The hindmost team of their company took fright at a horse that Hugo's dogs were pursuing and, running over the next wagon as it was going down a pitch—upset it, broke the hind axel, broke a woman's arm, and demoralized things generally, especially the equanimity of the Dumites. When I came up to the brow of the descent and looked down on the scene of confusion below it was a sight one has a strong desire never to see again. A wagon topsy-turvy, minus a wheel, others in an inextricable jam, children crying, women shrieking and men

swearing and passing out latter day saint expletives upon our devoted heads, afforded a scene too exquisitely charming to be missed or soon forgotten. However, wrath sometimes becomes so violent that it explodes. A soft answer turneth away wrath. I had an appletree which I had carried five or six hundred miles to mend my own wagon in case it became necessary. This I gave them. We fixed up their wagon. The broken arm was set. Before night quiet reigned supreme. I said that we got ahead of the Kimbleites. We determined to put as great a space between as justice to our teams would admit, so we drove about twenty-five miles that day and kept up a good rate of travel till we left the Mormon trail.

At Pacific Springs we took leave of our friend Dunn. Between these and little Sandy our company got entirely separated by a desire to avoid the Mormons. Hugo, McGraw and myself took the right hand, or Sublee's cut-off, it being the one that led the farthest from the Mormon road. We had to cross the forty-nine mile desert without water. When we got to Ham's Fork we found that the rest had all got together and were two and a half days ahead of us.

We saw no signs of Indians between Elder Clump and Bear River, above Thomas Fork. Between these and Soda Springs, Hugo took it into his head to go to the river to camp. He got to camp probably half a mile ahead of us. The Indians surrounded him and were trying to get a chance to strike him from behind, when we came up, and thwarted their designs by placing ourselves so that we could shoot the Indians without hurting our friends. The Indians took in the situation and sullenly withdrew. After they left we discovered that there had been a larger party concealed under the bank within ten feet of the wagon. In the course of an hour or more they returned in a body but they found us pretty well fortified so they beat a retreat which was turned into a stampede before they crossed the river. At Soda Springs we learned that our friends were entirely out of provisions, had not enough for dinner. We could not supply them so we loaned them eighty pounds of flour till they could get to Fort Hall. There they only gave us fifty in return, or thirty short in our supplies. At Fort Hall they could not get supplies, so they stopped there. We had now no choice, either to stop at Fort Hall, go to Salt Lake or go through alone. We chose the least evil of the three, and though our company was then four days ahead of us, we struck out. The traders had told us that if the Humbolt Indians had come in for their fall fishing we certainly would not get through with only three wagons and five men. With one wagon and two men, the chances would of course be still more against us. They told us too that if the Indians meant mischief first one would follow along with us for a day or two, then another so as not to excite our suspicions, then when their plans were matured,

they would rob or kill us as suited their inclinations. About three miles from the fort, when we were descending the bank of the Port Neuf bottom, an apparently starved specimen of the Dog-ribbed, or Digger, Indian, suddenly passed my brother and threw his buffalo robe into the back end of the wagon. This my brother jerked out and threw on the ground. The thought that impelled him to the act was to prevent the Indians live stock from taking possession of the contents of the wagon for pasture ground. The Indian immediately picked it up and tossed it in again. My brother instantly took it out, threw it off to one side and drove the Indian away. The Indian passed on, muttering in his own tongue, most likely some heart-felt resentment against us. But knowing where we would have to camp he went on and awaited us there. He made himself provokingly fresh about the camp, appropriating a portion of the fire to do his cooking. Telling us that he wanted to travel with us twenty-eight days, snatching what vituals he could lay lay hands on, though he had eaten more jerked beef of his own than two white men could have eaten, sounding his never-ending "tie up, tie up, tieup," for everything he laid eyes on that he coveted. To cap the climax he told us that he was sick and wanted to sleep in the wagon, but I shook my head and pointed to my wife and children. In reply he pressed his sides with his hands, as indicative of his sickness. Then pointing to them he turned and made an effort to climb into the wagon. My brother sprang forward and caught him by the hair and jerked him over backwards onto the tongue of the wagon, then taking after him with his cane he chased him into the brush.

The cunning of the Digger, or Tie-up, was apparent at a glance. Had he gotten into the wagon both guns, two axes, and the butcher knife would have been in his possession, while we were outside unarmed. Yet the sight of that Dog-rib wriggling off on his hands and knees with the speed of a sage swift, my brother pursuing him bareheaded at top speed, whacking him with his cane with all the vim that was in him at the rump of the poor Indian, and missing it every pop, was a sight that would excite the humor of the most sedate under any circumstances whatever. Supposing that we were now rid of the open annoyance of our beggarly Tie-up friend, we made arrangements for the night. My brother was to stand guard till midnight. I was then to stand guard the remainder of the night. I left the cattle laying in the creek bottom about twenty feet from and twelve feet lower than the wagon. When my brother called me up and crawled into his bed, I could hear no creaking of the bell so I ran down to see what was wrong. I found that the cattle were gone and no sound of the bell to be heard, so I ran back, called my brother out again, got my gun and started. I struck out on as fast a gait as I was able to keep for a long distance. After going about two miles,and hearing no sound of the

bell, I saw that the creek made almost an ox-bow bend, so I struck across, hoping to hear or come in hearing of them. When I got to the opposite point of the bend I had the dissatisfaction of hearing the bell coming on the run, so I ran down to the brush and waited till they came up.

I then called the leader by name and tried to turn them back, but they took a bee line for the wagon. I neither saw nor heard the Indian until I got within about twenty paces of the wagon, he then came up and passing on the off side of the wagon, went to the fire and sat down as composedly as if he was entirely unconscious of any wrong-doing on his part. This was a little too much. I saw plainly that he did not intend to be scared away so I resolved to come to the last resort but he was too quick for me. Before I could take a dead sure aim he was concealed in the willows. Still about sunrise when the guns were safely stowed away he had the audacity to come about the fire and even commenced his tieuping, again. He was much less persistent than he had been. However, he had the face to ask to travel with us. This time he counted thirty-eight sleeps. Getting a decided shake of the head and a motion to go back he begged no more but sat like any Indian, gazing into the hidden mysteries of the burning embers. We packed up and left him to enjoy his sullen reflections alone. But he knew the windings of the trail and the cut-offs of the road, and was up with us when we least looked for him. He again attempted to toss his robe into the wagon but was foiled and driven off.

When we made a fire at noon the Digger Hobo was on hand again. This time he stuck a horned toad on a stick and stuck it in the sand so that it leaned over the fire in close proximity to the victuals. My brother gave it a back swipe with his cane and sent it whirling off into the sagebrush. He then took after the Indian and made him take a back seat at a respectful distance.

When I returned from watering the cattle we settled the question of further annoyance by that Digger for all time to come. He passed us, however, and came into the road ahead of us some time during the afternoon. We saw his track about half past three and soon after he raised a smoke as a signal for help, which was answered on the hills ahead. Again in about an hour he raised another, which was answered in the same place. One smoke denoted one wagon, and of course gave an idea of the amount of help needed. That night we imprudently drove until after dark. A slight accident admonished us that it was best to stop. Accordingly when we had reached the level at the bank of the creek we unyoked and turned the cattle out to graze. But no sooner was this done than the Indians who were in waiting started them off on the trot. My brother took after them. For a time it seemed as if they were gone, but as I drew my rifle out of the wagon

there was a halt. My brother, who had kept the road while the cattle were in the sagebrush, had headed them. The sound of the bell indicated that they were coming back quietly at first but it soon increased to a run. With all the effort that I could make, I failed to stop or even check them at the wagon. On they went at a break neck speed, gaining on me at every step. As I was tearing through sage brush in the dark I could not make as rapid progress as was desirable under the circumstances. But although it was dark, I discovered by the still darker line of willows that the creek made a short bend into the river and believing that the creek had high rocky banks, I turned across the bend and striking a low grassy valley where I could run at top speed. I had the good fortune to come in ahead of them. This time they walked quietly back to the wagon and we tied them up and retired to rest, satisfied they were the most trustworthy guard we could have.

The next morning while we were packing up, the Indians got away with them again. This time they must had had nearly half a mile the start. I started after them as soon as I could. Going to the point of the ridge where the cattle were last seen, as I could not hear the bell, I climbed up the cliff about one hundred feet. I could not hear or see anything of the cattle, so running down to the dry bed of the creek, I found the track in it and Indian tracks on each side. There was a gap in the ridge on the east of the valley and nearly in line with a big smoke to which it was evident the Indians were steering. Toward this I took a bee line, thinking to gain a full half mile by avoiding the windings of the creek. When I reached the gap, the tracks were still ahead of me and the bell was out of hearing. I climbed the first knoll or ridge.

I saw that there were still eight between me and the smoke. I struck for the smoke. I might reach it ahead of the cattle. I hastened on till there was only one ridge between me and the smoke. I ran down to the bed of the creek. There were no tracks. I had passed them. To avoid me they had been driven in a valley to the south. I determined to go over this ridge and either head them or pursue them up another valley. I turned up the slope toward the southwest. When about half way up one of the black steers came over the ridge on the run, then others one after the other. They stuck up their heads and took one good look, then bounding down the slope and surrounded me, snuffing from pure gladness that they were rescued from the knife of the starved Diggers. That meeting away back in the foot hills of Port Neuf was a joyful one all round, whether there was one or fifty Tieups maddened on account of disappointed hopes of enjoying a feast of jerked beef. However, there was no time to be lost in pleasurable reflections. The smoke at the east denoted a big band of Indians there, while the party that had driven off the cattle were to the west. These might cut off our retreat while the others came up from behind. Though being Diggers they were most likely unarmed, even with respectable bows, yet on ac-

count of numbers they were formidable, so turning the cattle into the dry bed of the creek and crossing to the north bank so as to be out of bow shot of the Indians, I escaped the danger of being headed off. I beat a hasty retreat to the plain. When out of bow shot of the bluff I looked back and saw my friend Mr. Tieup and fourteen others, on the bluff, taking a surly parting look at me and undoubtedly giving vent to evil imprecations against me because I had robbed them of a feast for which they evidently had a tooth.

That night the adventure being fresh in our minds we made an early camp in order to let the cattle graze before dark. They were then safely tied to the wagon for security for them and a reliable guard for ourselves. At Raft River or rather at the ridge we had to cross, just before we reached the river, we had a snow squall with all the indications of a severe storm. As we had seven or eight hundred miles yet to travel, it was productive of no very pleasing feelings. At the crossing of Raft River the California emigrants had had a severe battle with the Indians, who were secreted in the drift at the ford about two weeks before. By dividing their forces and a part of them going below and coming up behind the drift they drove the Indians from their hiding place and routed them. The emigrants had left an account of the fracas placed in a split stake by the road. We stopped within ten yards of the drift, read the account, turned off on the Oregon road and passed on to a pond which we named goose lake, because of the signs of geese around it. Whether there were Indians or not in the valley we were unmolested.

On Rocky Creek we found where our friend had camped. The coals were as fresh as if they had not been gone more than an hour or two, though we found after catching up with them that at that time they were two days ahead of us. The Indians had suggestively freshened the signs of our friends for some sinister motive. We watered the team, filled the cans with water and passed on. We found a patch of good grass and camped about dusk. As we were unyoking the Indians caused a blaze to shoot fifteen feet or more in the air but a short distance ahead. My wife and brother thought it was the campfire of our friends ahead and wanted to drive on. I thought it was an Indian ruse to induce us to travel in the dark because it would be easier to overpower us when traveling than when in camp, because, when we were on the move my brother was ten to fifteen rods behind with the loose stock without his gun, and I was by the team with nothing but a whip. A brief consultation resulted in a decision to remain where we were. In the morning we found signs of the ambuscade about a half a mile ahead.

That day we traveled without water. About sunset we came to the river and Steamboat Springs. Here we found a big bed of fresh coals

that looked as though they had just been left. There was, however, an entire absence of shoe tracks while there were plenty of another class. As I came back from watering the cattle, my wife an brother called my attention to the fact that the wagons were on ahead in sight. On looking in the direction that they pointed I counted seven wagons so closely resembling he back ends of the wagons of our company that I could distinguish each wagon. There was a discrepancy, however, as we saw no one on horseback. There should have been two. Again one wagon would lurch heavily to the north, while the next would lurch as heavily in the opposite direction while passing the same point, yet another seemed to lean to one side all the time and still more they were not strung out to the extent that wagons would be on the move. In short, it did not take long to decide that it was another Digger stratagem.

We accordingly piled rocks beween a large rock and the big one, to form a breast work on the west, braced the wagon against the big rock for protection on the east and piled up the yokes for south protection. Thus we found ourselves with two rifles and two axes, pretty well fixed for any emergency. Having arranged the cattle guard, our resolves were of little use when tired nature resolutely claimed her own. We awoke in the morning to find our heads and bodies in communicating distance of each other, and ourselves very much refreshed by an unbroken night's rest. In the morning we found that the bend of the valley where we had seen the wagons was a bed of volcanic ashes and that it was completely stirred up with Indian tracks, indicating a large party. However, we had the pleasure of appropriating to our own use a part of their marital equipment in the shape of a 15-inch carving knife. This my wife appropriated to herself, both as a means of defense and for culinary purposes. Here our persistent Digger friend seemed to have given up the chase, for we passed on from there to Salmon Falls without further molestation. At the falls we found Indians by the hundreds camped along both banks of the river. The fishing season had fully set in. At this encampment Indians made an attempt to get away with the cattle but I was ahead of them, so they

gave it up and gave us no further trouble. In the morning we took a trip of inspection among the huts of a deserted village to the west of our camp while the cattle were grazing. The huts were made by scraping out the sand, most likely with their paws, about six feet in circumference and sixteen inches deep and covering over with willow brush first, then a layer of sage brush on top of this a coat of grass, the whole tapped out with sand in which a few sage bushes are stuck to give it a natural mound appearance. So carefully is nature imitated in their construction that one might pass over them without being aware of their presence. In one of these huts five to nine Indians

would be accommodated for the winter, with perhaps a dozen canines, their stock of dried fish, berries and roots. Depending solely upon animal heat for warmth, they have no use for a stove or chimney, to betray their presence. Here is an attempt to adopt the habits of the ground squirrels and bears and they manage to doze away the weary days and nights until the warmth of returning spring calls them out, or the superabundant increase of livestock, both of the flea and the speckle-back species, drives them forth, to seek a livelihood by the chase of the horned toad, sage swift, cricket and grasshopper, or anything of the kind that they can procure that will enable them to eke out a miserable existance till the opening of the fishing season and the ripening of berries will enable them to procure a more bountiful supply. As soon as the warmth of the weather will permit they remove the covering from their huts or ovens and lay them open to sun and weather so that the scorching heat of summer may eradicate the insufferable pests. In this condition we found them. The deserted village consisted of fifteen huts. But time would not permit us to loiter long about the ruins of this once famous city, mistress of a whole half acre of sand and sage brush, the terror of the cricket, grasshopper and toad.

At the summit of the bluff where the emigrant road leaves Shoshone Valley we met Darrow, whom we had not seen since we parted on Dry Sandy about five hundred miles back. He said the rest were about eight miles ahead, in fact the wagons were then in sight. The whole company were together. Some of them I had not seen since we had entered the Black Hills. Darrow's horse had run away and he had followed it without taking his gun or even waiting to put on his hat. An Indian came up and claimed it. The dispute was left to me to settle. The Indian stated emphatically that the horse did not belong to him, but that it had been left at the grave of his tillicum to die, that his friend might have it to ride in the happy hunting grounds. That he wanted to kill it to send it to that friend who was then in a desert of burning sand, weeping for it to carry him to his happy home. As evidence of the truth of his statement he pointed to the manner in which the horse's mane and tail were trimmed. Darrow said that he had traded his horse for it and twelve yards of rope tobacco, at Fort Hall. In proof of the truth of his statement he produced a piece of the rope. So assuring the Indian that when the horse died it should be immediately sent to his friend, I gave the present possession and use of the horse to Darrow. Darrow took it and started to the river to water it. The disappointed Indian sullenly followed in the rear. Before Darrow had got a third of the way down the bluff he saw the whole band of Indians break and run for the point for which he was steering, waving sage brush over their heads. Turning suddenly around, he caught the Indian in the act of beckoning them on with a sage brush. Reflecting that a tussel with three hundred Indians, at

the foot of a bluff two hundred or more feet high, unarmed as he was, might not terminate as favorably as he could wish, either possession or his life, he prudently retreated, although his horse had been without water a day and a half. That day, leading his famished horse, he traveled with us. After supper we concluded to go on to the river for breakfast, so I gave what water was left to the horse and tying it to the wagon tongue we prepared for the night. Darrow said he had been on the plains and in the mountains for three years and had never stood guard once, and he would not then, even if he knew the Indians would take the horse before morning. My brother would not guard alone, so I sat in the fore-end of the wagon till it was light enough in the morning to see a man at a distance of thirty or forty rods, then supposing that all danger was over, I wrapped up for a nap. Before I fell asleep I heard Darrow say, "Where is my horse?" I said, "tied to the wagon tongue there." He replied, "No the bridle's here, but no horse." I sprang out. There was no horse, nor sign of a track to tell which way the miscreants had gone. All search for a track was futile, so we moved on to the river six miles beyond, and arrived in time to salute our friends as they were leaving camp. The following day, as we could not reach camp, we stopped where we found good grass. We had neither heard nor seen any one but when we decided to camp, Lyons, who was about sixteen feet from our wagon, asked if we would stop there for the night. He said that his cow had laid down and he would leave her with us and go on to camp, six miles away.

We felt there could be no danger so near company, so after supper we tied up our team and went to bed feeling safe. As it began to dawn a low buzzing sound awoke me as it sounded like Indians. I reached for my gun. The movement made a creaking in the wagon. Lyons inquired if we were all dead or if we were alive. I answered, "I am." The rest made the same answer. I asked him why, and what brought him there so early. He said he felt uneasy about us, that the Indians were anything but friendly at the river, that there was a large body of them there, that they had killed his cow right there within sixteen feet of our wagon and stripped all the meat off the bones, that their coming was a fortunate occurrence for us. He insisted on our hitching and moving into camp. I objected because moving in the dark gave the Indians the advantage. He agreed with me and consented to wait till it was light. As soon as we could see we went on to camp. Thus after being separated for five hundred miles or more we were again united. A union for the day, as the result proved, but we enjoyed it for all of that. As we had been making dry camps and long drives for a long time, we decided to lay over to rest the cattle. Plans were laid to stick together the rest of the journey. This became the more necessary as we were now entering the most dangerous part of the whole journey, the fishing grounds of the dreaded Humbolt Indians. We had not

been in camp an hour when we saw a band of thirty young warriors drawn up in line on the opposite bank, completely armed with bows, arrows and knives.

They appeared to be young, active and anxious for a fight. With their sign language they told us they would kill us and let the buzzards pick our bones. So closely did they mimic the motions of buzzards that while a large and swift river rolled between us, their pantomime performance was really amusing, but when they slid into the water like semi-aquatic animals and came direct for us, the feeling of levity vanished and each quietly drew out his gun and prepared for defense. On our side we could muster eleven guns and an old fashioned pepper box revolver, which was all the more formidable since at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet it might accidentally hit, though it was never known to do so, and if it did it was barely possible that it might produce a disagreeable sensation. Probably from fear of this deadly weapon and possibly for some other reason, the Indians unceremoniously disappeared as soon as they landed. Whether they concealed themselves in the willows or the sagebrush no one could tell. Like partridges, they were gone.

After satisfying ourselves that the Indians had abandoned their intentions, we sent our cattle out to graze. Half the men went out in the forenoon. At noon the guard was changed. The ones going out were delayed not to exceed ten minutes by those coming in, but all admit it could have been little longer from the time Lyons saw his cows until we found them, yet two had been killed and the meat stripped from their bones. I gathered up the bunch and drove it to more open pasture ground. The next morning we moved down to the ford, six miles. Here we parted until 3 o'clock. Some of the party were determined to cross and go down on the north side to avoid the Humbolt Indians. I preferred to take the south side and save the twenty-four dollars a wagon, ferry toll. Argument was exhausted on both sides, and still our teams were standing in the hot sun hitched to the wagons. I became impatient, took up my whip and drove off alone. We went about three miles and camped, supposing that we were to have another two hundred miles to ourselves, but in the morning we were agreeably surprised that three wagons were coming to join us.

From then on to Catherine Creek nothing of interest occurred. Our teams, however, were getting so worn down that our progress was slow. One day after a hard drive in sand and lava we looked back and saw the smoke that we had left in the morning.

We could then muster six guns and the old pepper box revolver. We now felt as if we were capable of making a respectable defense against any force of unarmed Diggers, Shoshones or Bannocks that were like-

ly to molest us, and accordingly we moved on with light, if not merry. hearts until noon. Finding a very pretty bottom, interspersed with willows and grass, we turned loose our cattle heedlessly, and struck out to enjoy the surroundings, unarmed.

I was but a short distance from camp when a yell from camp hastened my return. I dashed back, to find Darrow struggling with an Indian, whom he had caught in the act of stealing my rifle. He had silently sat his horse until all of us but Darrow had gone, then broke from his place of concealment, raced his horse through the campfire his horse upsetting a frying pan, leaned over the animal's neck and seized my gun. Darrow's quick wit saved my gun, and the Indian got away. He was mounted on a fine, large American horse and armed with a flint-lock brass pistol, probably the property of some unfortunate emigrant whom he had pounced upon while napping. I took my gun and with some others made a thorough search of the little valley. But the sly Indians had beaten a hasty retreat to the adjacent hills.

For a few days this occurrence caused us to be a little more cautious, but it wore off. A week or more after this we had to drive two days through lava and sand without water. When we at last came to the river we found the camp ground cut so bare that no one thought anything as large as a rabbit could find a hiding place. In front of my wagon at a short distance there was a single greasewood about two feet in height, otherwise the ground in that direction was entirely bare sand. After watering the teams, the women were busy cooking, the men laying in the shade of the wagons, and I was leaning against the fore wheel of the wagon reading when I heard an arrow whistle past me. An Indian had raised up from behind that bush and shot before anyone was aware of his presence. He had been buried in the sand with only his nose and mouth sticking out, so he could breathe, and more of the Indians were concealed under sprigs of sagebrush in such a way that they would attract no notice. At the time that his bow twanged, a body of these Indians came out of the willows along the river as the first party came toward us from the sand. Darrow picked up the arrow, asked for a bow and sent the arrow through the center of the bush. We were all armed before the Indians reached the camp, so they became less hostile. Darrow's marksmanship impressed the Indians after he had repeated it three times. He then placed his hand on his breast, pointed to where the Indian had been hidden, and then looking the Indian squarely in the eye, returned his bow and arrow. This was too much for the Indian. He was beaten at his own game. Darrow could speak the Indian language either by words or signs. This Indian slunk out of sight as soon as possible like a chicken thief caught in the very act. Not so readily did we get rid of the beggarly persistent band of traders that now presented themselves on the scene.

Trade they would. Trade they must, and they would take no "kai-wat",—refusal—and trade they did. A fine skin coat, worth fifteen dollars, for a 75 cent hickory shirt and the unfortunate purchaser of the coat got sadly bitten, for the "livestock" was thrown in to boot, and permeated the whole train before we got through. Like the frogs of Egypt, they entered the beds, the clothing, and kneading troughs. In the daytime they played hide and seek in our boots and in the seats of our pants! They had jolly sport climbing up and sliding down our backs. By night they nestled cozily by our sides, pinching and scourging to make us lay over and give them the warmest place, and so annoying was their well-meant intimacy that we often wished they had all been sunk to the bottom of Snake River long before. Likely they would have willingly given daily exhibitions of trapeze acts and also ground tumbling that would have laid Fourpaugh's circus in the shade. But we were going to Oregon and gruffly slighted their kind offers of amusement.

The next little incident it is well to pass over briefly, seeing we were the aggressors, and the only good excuse we had was our hope of repossessing one crippled old cow that had been stolen. But one man armed with a rifle against sixty Shoshones with bows and arrows was too unequal. We had a half day's travel to overtake the teams, and arrived empty-handed in camp at midnight, having missed out on our supper.

Good resolves were formed round the campfire the next morning, only to be kicked higher than a kite the first opportunity that presented. We decided that from then on no one should leave the wagons for any purpose except to rescue our own stock when it was driven away. An hour later we saw one of our men floating down the river on an Indian raft. He succeeded in returning to camp in time for supper. He was uncommunicative on the subject of Snake River boating except that if anyone wanted to enjoy it they could for all of him.

One day as we rounded a point of rocks we saw a grave that had been robbed. It had been dug about four feet deep in a kind of gravelly cement soil and walled with flat stones, and covered with a flat stone four by six feet and four or five inches thick, and two persons had been placed on a bed in it. The top stone cover was canted up on edge, the bodies removed, the feather bed ripped open and the feathers emptied out. Many of the feathers were yet hanging to the sagebrush. Whether it had been robbed for cannibalistic purposes, or for the sake of plunder, was more then we could tell, possibly for both. Anyway, a short distance from the grave, two skulls were left facing toward the grave, having the appearance of having been cooked, the brain contracted and the flesh scraped off the bones. Such a scene

did not perceptibly raise our esteem for the nobility of the poor aborigines, nor create in our breasts a desire to be subjected to their tender mercies. From this on to Catherine Creek nothing of interest occurred. There, most probably, an ambush had been laid to catch us, but as we did not drive to the usual camping grounds, we met no Indians. The scarcity of Indians as we approached the Humbolt fishing grounds caused some uneasiness. The men that were not employed about the teams kept near the summit of the bluff and followed down to the crossing, here they sat down where they could see over the whole valley. When we were ready to sit down to dinner, they came down and reported that there was no sign of Indians in the valley, five Indians came out of the brush armed with good rifles and mounted on American horses. The one that came up first was dressed like a white man, had a white man's features, but was painted like an Indian and talked with Darrow by signs. Under pretense of trading he managed to try most of our guns. Those that had light loads in their guns, we would fire off "accidentally" and reload with a double or triple charge before handing the gun to him. Two of the guns carried up farther than his. When he came to me for a trade I gave him my gun to look at while I inspected his. Darrow told me that if mine did not have a heavy load not to let him try it. That if it did not carry as far as his there would be trouble. I replied that if we had trouble the sooner the better. He fired, and the ball struck at the foot of the hill probably fifty feet below where he aimed. Darrow explained the cause and

wanted me to reload and let him try again. I did reload and put my gun away, telling Darrow to tell him that I knew where my gun would hit, and that I could not depend on his, for that reason I would not trade. They went the rounds and found out our strength. We also found that we had one more rifle in the company than we had known of before. The Indians became more annoying, and showing their slugs ($50) offered to buy our guns, our bedding, or clothing, or any thing we had. The fact of their having money so plentiful and being so anxious to get our guns raised our suspicions, which were not lessened when their leader, on leaving, bid us goodbye in good English. We had proceeded only about four miles when we discovered an ambush laid for us. But Lyons, by a bold ruse, gave them a scare and sent them on full run back to camp. Next we were assailed by their traders, who hung around the wagons for more than a mile. That night we made a strong encampment. We were not molested except that they started to drive our cattle away but the ground being favorable, we headed them and got them back. From that on we had no more trouble with Indians. The Owihes were surly and offish but did not meddle with anything. With the Mahkas we had no trouble, although they were represented by the traders to be the worst of all. Among the Umatillas we camped by the same fire with them. They

only stole a pot of boiled corn and a few dishes. The corn we did not want after they had it, but the dishes we made them return. On the Umatilla we drove off from the road and camped where we had to leave the wagon at the top of the bluff and carry our grub down to the creek bottom. There we found a small party of Cayuse Indians encamped ahead of us, but as they were friendly and tried to be sociable we made our fire near theirs. Supposing that we were famished for vegetables, they brought us a mess of mushrooms. We ate of them and thought them fully as good as turnips. The next day it rained so we remained in camp. My brother and some of the others gathered a quantity of mushrooms. We all ate of them raw and had them cooked for supper. The consequence was we all got poisoned with them. Daniels was the first to show symptoms. As he was fixing to shave himself he went into the fire, full length. He picked himself up, however, and finished his shaving. His mishap only afforded a subject for merriment, for his feet were always in the frying pan or something else about the fire where they ought not to be, in fact, in ordinary cases it takes three feet to make a yard,but in his case two feet made a full yard about the campfire. The next one was Darrow. He had discovered that like a dizzy man, what he tried to shun he was sure to run against. Between the two logs was a perfect bed of coals, and as he had helped on with the sport with Daniels he did not want to fall into it, but in trying to shun it he lay down lengthwise between the logs, and as he was dressed in buckskin, he flopped out without injury. The next on the docket was Miller. Between the fire and the spring was a

cottonwood tree that leaned toward the path. This he was desirous of avoiding, so of course he kept his eye on it, but bumped into it and was knocked down. He repeated it three times before he succeeded in getting past it. When we were eating supper my brother dropped his knife and in the act of (as we supposed) picking it up, gathered up a handful of dry cottonwood leaves and cramming them into his mouth chewed and swallowed them. I asked him what he was doing. He gave me a correct answer, and while talking seemed to be perfectly rational. However, as soon as I quit talking to him he repeated the act. My wife now became alarmed and suspecting the cause, threw the mushrooms away. In a short time he began to have spasms. It was evident that something had to be done and that immediately. I ran to the wagon as fast as I could for some tartar emetic. By the time I got to the top of the bluff everything appeared red, and the air was full of wheels. I had a strange feeling, accompanied by a ringing in my ears. I felt sensible that all depended upon keeping calm and keeping my mind on what I was going for and where I was. I happened to take the right course to the wagon, though when I got in reach of it I could not see it, because, like everything else, it looked red. I finally felt my way into the wagon, got the vial and came out and felt my way back to the

trail, keeping near and on the side of the wagon. The trail was old and well beaten so I followed it by feeling. After starting down the bluff it changed and seemed to be in the top of my head and I got so I could see, then I felt as light as a feather. When I got down to the bottom I broke out in profuse perspiration, then the ringing sensation left me and I was all right. I gave my brother a dose of emetic, but could not remember how it should be given for mushroom poison so I gave it all at one dose instead of giving small doses at short intervals until it operated. I sat by him and watched till morning. At midnight his pulse began to be full and soft and the spasms grew lighter. In the morning he threw up the mushrooms and came out all right, except that same dizzy feeling and when he went to the spring to wash, had to try his dexterity at butting that same cottonwood tree, but unlike the rest, when he recovered from the fall he got up and placing his back to the tree got his eye fixed on the spring and went to it without molesting the tree again or having any desire to renew the unequal combat.

At Willow Creek it rained so hard that we laid over one day. In the evening it turned to snow and snowed through the night. In the morning it started to snow, but the sun came out and by nine o'clock the snow had vanished leaving the ground dry and dusty. We overtook Mr. Sprouls at the Deschutes and sold our teams to him, reserving the right to buy one yoke back in the spring at the same price that we sold them. Here I laid down the same whip, not much the worse for the wear, that I had carried for two thousand miles and played the dandy dude the rest of the way to The Dalles. Mr. Sprouls having agreed to haul our wagon in with his team, we traveled light. At The Dalles we attended a funeral, the first that we had witnessed on the plains, although we had seen many new graves, in one place thirteen that had died at one time, from one train. We and our company were blessed with health and a good appetite all the way through. But to consign one to her last resting place that had braved the dangers of the plains, endured its hardships, and reached the borders of civilization, alone, by the dim rays of the moon, with no mourners but the Father, and no one but myself to perform the last sad rites was a task so truly melancholy that no one, not even the most callous and indifferent, could restrain the tears. Though they were strangers, I left that lonely grave with the same sad feelings that I would have had if I had lost a friend. We stayed with the bereaved ones that night and left them in the morning to mourn the loss of their only child. What became of them is more than I have ever learned.

We left The Dalles about noon aboard the Sea Serpent, which was loaded with emigrant wagons. We had a fair wind for about an hour, but it died away and finally became calm and as they were afraid to

run in the night we landed and tied up for the night. In the morning we found the wind had changed and was blowing heavily up the stream. As we were in an exposed position among rocks we hoisted sail and ran back for a sheltered cove on the north bank. We succeeded in finding one about two or three miles below where we started the day before. We ran in, made fast, found a shelter under a large rock and let the wind roar and howl as it only knows how in passing through the gap made in the mountains for the channel of the Columbia river.

About an hour before sunset the wind died away and we got aboard and cast off. For a mile or two it was so calm that I thought we were making very slow progress, yet the captain said that we should be at the Cascades in an hour and a half. The captain and the owner of the boat wanted me to steer while they went forward. I objected on the ground that it was night and I knew nothing about the stream and we were carrying a very large sail. They said they wanted to go before the sail so they could see where we were, so I yielded and took the helm. When they left they said they would return and take the helm as soon as we passed Mount Hood. Minutes sped by. The wind steadily increased its momentum. Mt. Hood whirled past us. We ploughed through the water with frightful speed yet I waited patiently for an hour yet no one came to take the helm. At length the truth flashed through my mind like a thunderbolt. The broad sail broke the wind off from the bow of the boat, 'twas warm there. I yelled and screamed until my head grew dizzy, but no sound came back. I dared not leave

the helm. Somnus, the crafty God, had enfolded every living soul aboard in his soft embrace and borne them to the land of Nod, and the swift water and angry winds were hastening all to Davy Jones locker. Feeling round, I got hold of a piece of a log chain and throwing it with all my might to where my brother had laid down I succeeded in bringing him back to a state of semi-consciousness. He raised up and asked what was wanted. I told him we must be near the falls; to go forward and bring help. He went and with Herculean effort wrenched the captain and owner from the sweet embrace of their enchanter, and brought them back at a double slow snail's pace. They wanted to know what was the matter and I asked if we were not getting pretty near the falls. Their answer was ,oh, no, we have to pass Mt. Hood first. I replied, "we passed Mt. Hood more than an hour ago, and you can see at what speed we are running." This answer sent them forward again on the double quick. They quickly returned, however, shouting to me to turn in to shore and to the rest to catch the oars and work for life for we were outside of the island and on the point of going over the falls. I brought the boat around as short as I dared and in a few seconds after it was turned quartering up stream I had the satisfaction of seeing that with the impetus it had gained,

added to the help of a quartering and the oars, it was slowly but surely crawling up stream. The next call was for all hands to check up and prevent it from dashing against the rocks.

The captain and owner sprang ashore with the line and made the discovery that we were on the north bank and only a boat's length above the proper landing. With the rope we dropped down into the cove and made fast. Had we been outside of the island as they supposed, no power on earth could have saved us.

The remainder of the night we spent in a vain endeavor to roast our shins by a fire under an open shed, but the attempt was useless, for the wind blew the coals away as fast as they formed. Between feeding and watching the boat, we wore the balance of the dreary night away. The longest road has an end, so had that dismal night. Daylight and calm came at last and revealed the fact that when we made the turn we could not have been more than a hundred feet above where the water poured over the rocks and what saved us was that we struck the rim of the eddy that formed the cove. Had we proceeded a half minute longer we would have jumped over the falls onto the rocks forty feet below, dashed the boat and its lading into atoms and changed the sweet embrace of Brother Somnus into a lasting slumber. In looking over the scene of what might have been a fatal disaster, I secretly resolved never again to take the helm in a strange place above a waterfall, for the purpose of giving others a chance to indulge in a refreshing snooze.

We were detained a week at the Cascades waiting for a boat, but finally got off, our captain telling us that we would get to Vancouver before night. The first night we camped in a swamp, with an Oregon mist pouring down from above and the moist earth beneath, but we enjoyed our introduction to western Washington with all the dignified stoicism that our petulant dispositions would permit. The second night we found ourselves among snags in very swift water. Deeming it unsafe to attempt to run any further in the dark, the captain ran in to shore and camped. By feeling, we picked a camp ground on the hill side, and here we started a fire, stretched our tent and prepared to enjoy the never-ceasing patter of the falling mist. But as the night advanced, the falling drops became larger and thicker, until finally the windows of Heaven bursting open, the mist poured down in torrents that caused our tent to surge and sway under its weight. The flood came pouring down the hillside, but was checked for a time by the log we had laid for a pillow. The rushing tide finally leaped this barrier and came pouring in brooklets through our beds. Awakened and disturbed by the rushing waters, I braced my feet against a convenient sapling and courted again the forgetfulness of sleep, but before slum-

ber returned to my eyelids, the cry of, Oh! There is a spring branch running through my bed," awoke the whole camp and started such a clatter of tongues that the thought of sleep was banished from the camp for the remainder of the night.

As soon as we could see in the morning we started and succeeded in reaching Vancouver at dark, thus the trip that was to have been made in less than a day had taken three, and the falling mist had continued almost uninterruptedly during the whole time without apparently becoming fatigued or getting out of breath.

At Vancouver our journey terminated. Others have made the trip in three months or in two months and seventeen days less time, but they did not wear their teams out making forced drives on the Platte and Sweetwater before they came to heavy roads and poor grass on the Snake River, nor were they hindered by storms of rain or snow in the Blue Mountains. Some came through the Blue Mountains in one day and in one instance in nine hours. It took us ten days. In some places we had to cut steps for the cattle to get up the steep pitches, and finally we were snowed in on the summit and were on the point of building a cabin and sending ahead for help when we luckily found our cattle stowed away in a fir thicket and on coming ahead a mile and a half we got below the clouds and found dry and dusty roads. But the teams were too much worn down to hastily recover from the effects of that storm, consequently our progress from that on was slow and tedious. We were thankful, however, to get under shelter before the cold weather set in.

[Told By The Pioneers, Reminiscences of Pioneer Life In Washington Volume 1 p. 198-218]

Indian War Veterans Meet.

The Indian War Veterans' Association at its annual meeting in Olympia last Saturday, passed resolutions setting forth the hardships of the early pioneers, and their services in the Indian wars of Washington, and believing that they deserve recognition from the general government. They petition the United States government to grant pensions and land warrants to the Indian war veterans and dependent widows of those of the Pacific Northwest, and request senators and representatives from the Pacific states to urge the claims of the veterans, of whom not more than 1,000 still remain in the land of the living. Among those present were Millard Lemmon, H. G. Parsons, John P. Hays, G. W. Shaser, Marcus McMillan, F. F. Ruth, William Littlejohn, Jacob Ott, Thomas Prather, J. P. Mannen, B. W. Johns, Green McCafferty, William Lemon, John De LaCatour and James Patterson. Captain Eli Hathaway was represented by his daughter, Mrs. Josephine Brown.

[Tacoma Daily News, Tacoma, Washington, Tuesday, November 20, 1894 p.4]

ANOTHER PIONEER PASSES AWAY

The Death of Marcus McMillan Who Came to Olympia in the Year of 1852.

Marcus McMillan, a pioneer of 1852, died yesterday afternoon at his home on the eastside at the advanced age of 82 years A gradual breaking down of his system has been going on for some time and his death was not unexpected His son, E. Wilber McMillan was present when the end came. Five other sons and three daughters living in various parts of the state and in the east also survive him. His wife has been dead for a number of years and lies buried in the little cemetery at Tenino and the remains of the old pioneer will doubtless be interred by the side of her grave.

Marcus McMillan was one of the hardy pioneers who, with his young wife, came across the plains in the earliest days of the settlement in Washington, then a part of Oregon territory It was in 1852 that he finished a toilsome and perilous journey across the plains in an ox-team emigrant train Immediately after arriving here he looked about for a location for a donation claim and selected a tract on Chamber Prairie and lived on the place for many years. When the Indian wars broke out Mr. McMillan then one of the active young men of the little settlement, giving up the cultivation of his farm, he early volunteersd for service and was a member Capt. White's company. He was among those who helped to build blockhouses on the Steilacoom plains and during a threatened raid formed one of the guard at old Fort Eaton, near the Collins place on Chambers prairie when the frightened settlers gathered within its walls On account of his services during the Indian war Mr McMillan was about to receive a pension from the government under the recent act to reward the Indian fighters of Oregon and Washington.

In 1851 Mr McMillan sold his farm on Chambers prairie and moved to the Skookumchuck, where he resided until about 1880 when he removed to a place south of Tumwater, living there several years until taking up a residence in Olympia

Here the closing years of his life have been spent in the midst of the surroundings made possible by the sturdy determination of the handful of men who came to Olympia a half century ago.

Definite arrangements for the funeral of the aged pioneer have not yet been made

[Morning Olympian, Thursday, February 12, 1903 p.1]

Death of Another Washington Pioneer

Marcus McMillan Passes Away, Aged 82 Years---Funeyal Tomorrow Morning.

Marcus McMillan, one of Washington's pioneers, died at his home on the East side yesterday afternoon.

Mr. McMillan was 82 years old. His death was due to a gradual breaking down of the system.

Mr. McMillan and his late wife crossed the plains in an ox-team setting on Chambers prairie in 1852.

He was an active member of the volunteer forces during the Indian wars. He was also an active participator in building the block houses on Steilacoom plains and defending Fort Eaton. He sold his farm at Chambers prairie in 1851, moving to the Skookumchuck, where he lived until 1880, when he moved to Tumwater. He resided there until a few years ago when he moved to Olympia where he has since lived.

Mr. McMillan leaves six sons and three daughters. His wife has been dead a number of years.

The funeral services will be held at the Presbyterian church tomorrow at 9 a. m., Rev. Dr. Hayes officiating.

[Olympia Daily Recorder, Olympia, Washington, Thursday, February 12, 1903, p.4]

Children of Marcus McMillan and Elmira Moyer:
1. George A./C. McMillan
b. 1850 Michigan
d. 29 Jun 1910 Seattle, King County, Washington
[George C. McMillan, d. 29 Jun 1910 Seattle, King County, Washington, age 59yrs, father-Martin (sic) McMillan; mother-Almina Mayer (sic) per Washington Death Certificate]

> 1860: Olympia PO, Thurston County, Washington, June 29, 1860; M. McMillen, 40, farmer, $2500 $400, OH; Emeline, 27, PA; G.A., 10, m, MI; Wm M., 8, m, MI; E.W., 5, m, WT; H.M., 3, m, WT; M.E., 1, m, WT
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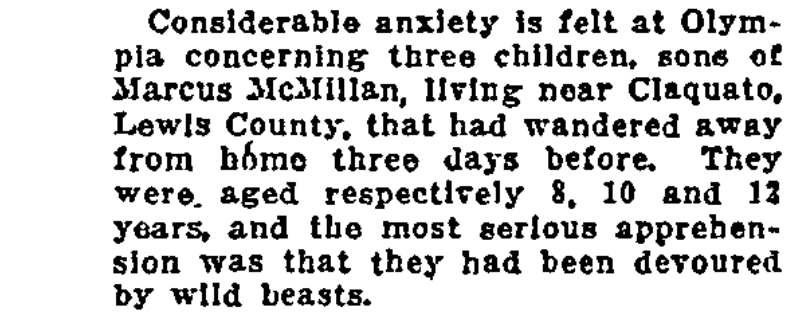
> 1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

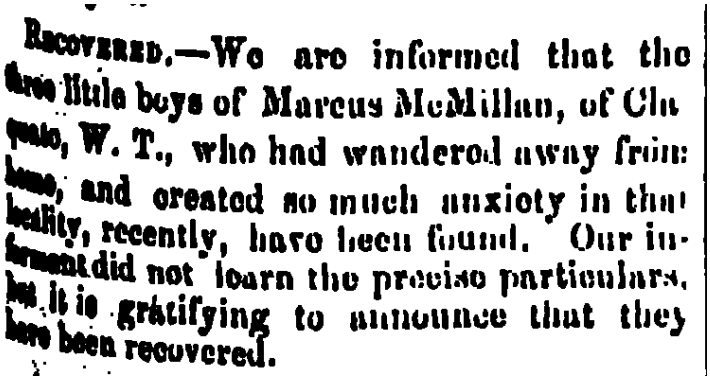
2. William M. McMillan
b. Apr 1853 Michigan
d. 18/19 Mar 1911 Thurston County, Washington
buried Forest Grove Cemetery, Tenino, Thurston County, Washington
[W.M. McMillan, d. 18 Mar 1911 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington, age 58ys11mo12dys, b. 1853, father-Marcus McMillan; mother-E.L. Mayer per Washington Death Certificate]

> 1860: Olympia PO, Thurston County, Washington, June 29, 1860; M. McMillen, 40, farmer, $2500 $400, OH; Emeline, 27, PA; G.A., 10, m, MI; Wm M., 8, m, MI; E.W., 5, m, WT; H.M., 3, m, WT; M.E., 1, m, WT
>
> 1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT



Considerable anxiety is felt at Olympia concerning three children, sons of Marcus McMillan, living near Claquato, Lewis County, that had wandered away from home three days before. They were aged respectively 8, 10 and 12 years, and the most serious apprehension was that they had been devoured by wild beasts.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, May 5, 1864]



Recovered.—We are informed that the three little boys of Marcus McMillan, of Claquato, W. T., who had wandered away from home, and created so much anxiety in that locality, recently, have been found. Our informant did not learn the precise particulars, but it is gratifying to announce that they have been recovered.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Friday, May 13, 1864 p.3]

1880: East Kittitas, Yakima County, Washington, June 9, 1880; William McMillan, 28, boarder, farmer, MI NY PA

1900: Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington, June 1, 1900; Wm McMillan, head, m1, no other information; Mrs. Wm. McMillan, wife, m1, no other information

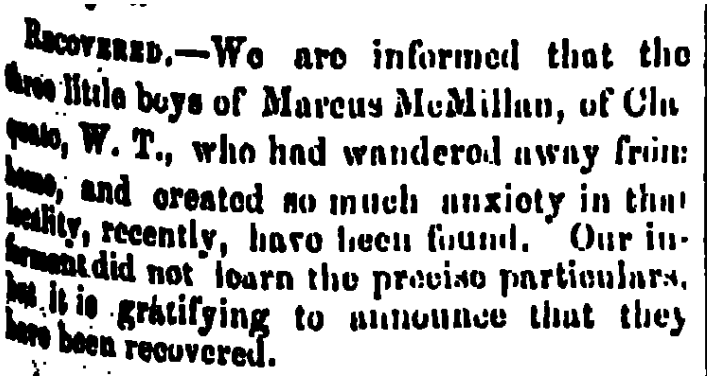
1910: Winthrop, Okanogan County, Washington, May 11, 1910; William M. McMillan, 58, s, MI NY PA, prospector-in mountains

3. Elmus Wilbur McMillan
b. 05 Oct 1854 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
d. 18 Oct 1941 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
buried Masonic Memorial Park, Tumwater, Thurston County, Washington
[Elmus Wilbur McMillan, d. 18 Oct 1941Olympia, Thurston County, Washington; b. 1854, age 87yrs12dys; father-Marcus McMillan; mother-Elmina C. L. Moyer per Washington Death Certificate]
m. c1890 Laura Jane Shepard (1860-1925)

1860: Olympia PO, Thurston County, Washington, June 29, 1860; M. McMillen, 40, farmer, $2500 $400, OH; Emeline, 27, PA; G.A., 10, m, MI; Wm M., 8, m, MI; E.W., 5, m, WT; H.M., 3, m, WT; M.E., 1, m, WT

Considerable anxiety is felt at Olympia concerning three children, sons of Marcus McMillan, living near Claquato, Lewis County, that had wandered away from home three days before. They were aged respectively 8, 10 and 12 years, and the most serious apprehension was that they had been devoured by wild beasts.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, May 5, 1864]



Recovered.—We are informed that the three little boys of Marcus McMillan, of Chehalis, W. T., who had wandered away from home, and created so much anxiety in that locality, recently, have been found. Our informant did not learn the precise particulars, but it is gratifying to announce that they have been recovered.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Friday, May 13, 1864 p.3]

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

1880: Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1880; Marcus McMillan, 59, farmer, OH MAME; Elnos W., 24, son, farmer, WA OH PA; Ellen, 18, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Susanna, 16, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Frank, 14, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Leonard, 10, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Charles, 7, son, WA OH PA

1883: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 62, farmer, b. OH; Frank McMillan, 16, Wash T; Leonard C. McMillan, 12, Wash T; Charles McMillan, 9, Wash T; Wilbur, 27, farmer, Wash T

1887: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 66, farmer, OH; Wilbur, 32, logger, Wash T; Frank, 20, Wash T; Charles, 13, Wash T

1900: City of Olympia, Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1900; Elmus W. McMillen, head, Oct 1854, 45, s, WA OH PA, wood chopper; Marcus, father, Sep 1820, 79, wid, OH MA ME

1910: Olympia, Thurston County, Washington, April 20, 1910; Wilbur E. McMillan, head, 50, m1-4yrs, WA IA MI, keeper-lodging house; Lama J., wife, 45, m2-4yrs, 0-0, IL NY PA; Mary Shepard, sister in law, 60, wid, IL NY PA; Sarah A. Savidge, lodger, 65, wid, 5-5, NJ NJ NJ, own income

Vetern Logger Taken By Death

E. Wilbur McMillan, 87, died in an Olympia nursing home Saturday morning. His parents came from Ohio by prairie schooner to Portland in 1852 and the next year traveled to Olympia where Mr. McMillan was born October 5, 1854.

He was one of Olympia's oldest native-born residents and was for many years a timber-cruiser and logger in this district. The old McMillan home was on the corner of Tenth Avenue and Columbia Street where Columbia Manor Apartments now stand.

After the death of his wife in 1925, Mr. McMillan retired to a small farm near Black Lake, living there until shortly before his death.

Funeral Services will be held in Mills and Mills' this Monday at 3 p. m. Burial will take place in Masonic Cemetery.

A brother, Charles E. McMillan of Tacoma, is the only surviving relative.

[The Sunday Olympian, Olympia Washington, Sunday, October 19, 1941 p.1]

4. Henry Miller McMillan
b. 02 Oct 1856 Washington
d. 11 Aug 1937 Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington
buried Oakwood Hill Cemetey, Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington
[Henry Miller McMillan d. 11 Aug 1937 Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington; b. 1857; age 80yrs 9mos, 27dys; father-Marcus McMillan; mother-Almina Moyer;per Washington Death Certificate]

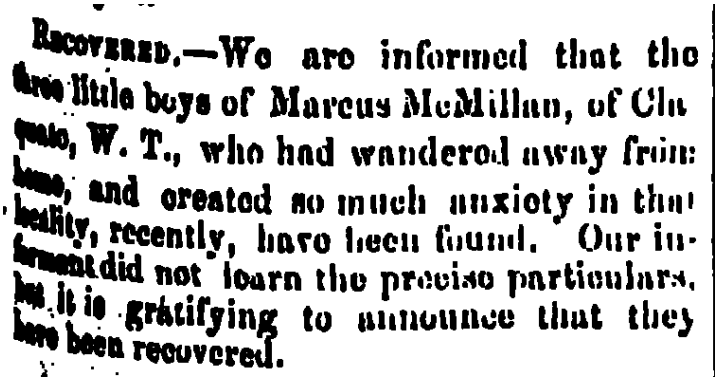
1860: Olympia PO, Thurston County, Washington, June 29, 1860; M. McMillen, 40, farmer, $2500 $400, OH; Emeline, 27, PA; G.A., 10, m, MI; Wm M., 8, m, MI; E.W., 5, m, WT; H.M., 3, m, WT; M.E., 1, m, WT

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT;

Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

Considerable anxiety is felt at Olympia concerning three children, sons of Marcus McMillan, living near Claquato, Lewis County, that had wandered away from home three days before. They were aged respectively 8, 10 and 12 years, and the most serious apprehension was that they had been devoured by wild beasts.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, May 5, 1864]



Recovered.—We are informed that the three little boys of Marcus McMillan, of Claquato, W. T., who had wandered away from home, and created so much anxiety in that locality, recently, have been found. Our informant did not learn the precise particulars, but it is gratifying to announce that they have been recovered.

[Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, Friday, May 13, 1864 p.3]

5. Mary Elvira McMillan
b. 1859 Washington
d. California
m. Daniel Graham

1860: Olympia PO, Thurston County, Washington, June 29, 1860; M. McMillen, 40, farmer, $2500 $400, OH; Emeline, 27, PA; G.A., 10, m, MI; Wm M., 8, m, MI; E.W., 5, m, WT; H.M., 3, m, WT; M.E., 1, m, WT

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

1910: San Francisco, San Francisco County, California, April 15, 1910; Mary E. Graham, 51, wid, 3-3, WA IA MI, caterer-private family; Howard A., son, 24, s, WA Can WA, oiler-steamship; 3 lodgers

1920: San Francisco, San Francisco County, California, Mary E. Graham, head, 60, wid, WA IA MI; 2 lodgers

1930: San Francisco, San Francisco County, California, Mary E. Graham, head, 71, WA; 3 lodgers

6. Ellen McMillan
b. c1862
d. aft 1880

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

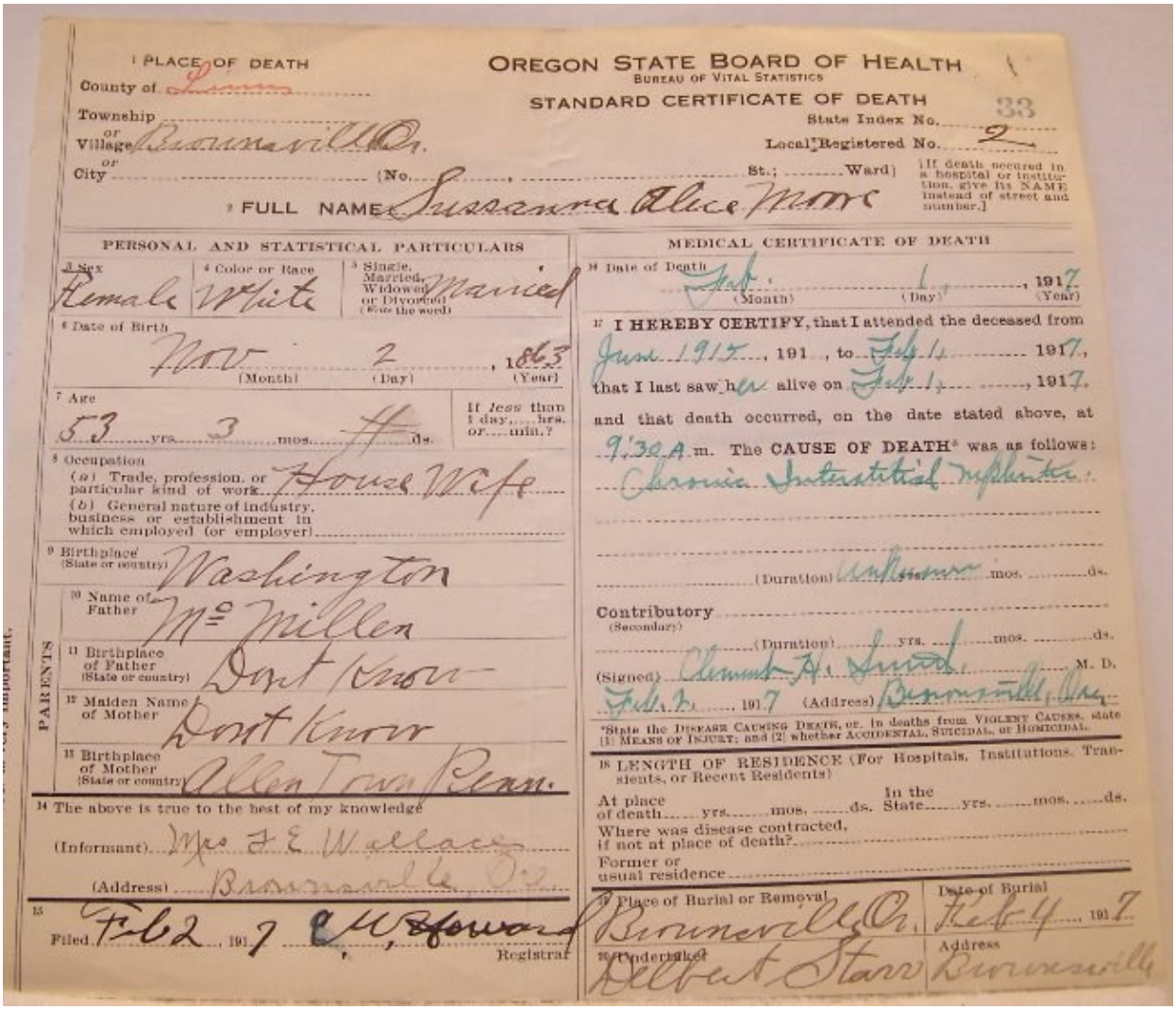
1880: Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1880; Marcus McMillan, 59, farmer, OH MAME; Elnos W., 24, son, farmer, WA OH PA; Ellen, 18, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Susanna, 16, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Frank, 14, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Leonard, 10, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Charles, 7, son, WA OH PA

7. Susanna Alice McMillan
b. 02 Nov 1863 Washington
d. 01 Feb 1917 Brownsville, Linn County, Oregon
buried Brownsville Pioneer Cemetery, Brownsville, Linn County, Oregon
m1. John W. Hanley
m2. c1902 Jonah Wiseman Moore (1839-1927)

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

1880: Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1880; Marcus McMillan, 59, farmer, OH MAME; Elnos W., 24, son, farmer, WA OH PA; Ellen, 18, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Susanna, 16, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Frank, 14, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Leonard, 10, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Charles, 7, son, WA OH PA

1910: Brownsville, Linn County, Oregon, Jonah W. Moore, 71, m2-8yrs, MO MO MO, own income; Susanna A., wife, 46, m2-8yrs, 4-2, WA OH PA;



1 PLACE OF DEATH
County of [illegible]
Township
or Village Brownsville Or.
or City (No. , St.; Ward)
[If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number.]

OREGON STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS
STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
State Index No. 33
Local Registered No. 2

2 FULL NAME Susanna Alice Moore

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

3 Sex: Female
4 Color or Race: White
5 Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced (Write the word): Married
6 Date of Birth: Nov. (Month) 2 (Day) 1863 (Year)
7 Age: 53 yrs. 3 mos. 4 ds. If less than 1 day, hrs. or min.?
8 Occupation: (a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work: House Wife; (b) General nature of industry, business or establishment in which employed (or employer):
9 Birthplace (State or country): Washington

PARENTS
10 Name of Father: Mc Millen
11 Birthplace of Father (State or country): Dont Know
12 Maiden Name of Mother: Dont Know
13 Birthplace of Mother (State or country): Allen Town Penn.

14 The above is true to the best of my knowledge
(Informant) Mrs J E Wallace
(Address) Brownsville Ore.

15 Filed Feb 2 1917 C H Howard Registrar

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

16 Date of Death: Feb. (Month) 1 (Day) 1917 (Year)
17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, that I attended the deceased from June 1915, 191 , to Feb 1 1917, that I last saw her alive on Feb 1 1917, and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at 9.30 A m. The CAUSE OF DEATH* was as follows:
Chronic Interstitial Nephritis
(Duration) Unknown mos. ds.
Contributory (Secondary)
(Duration) 1 yrs. mos. ds.
(Signed) Clemens H. Smith M. D.
Feb 2 1917 (Address) Brownsville Ore.

*State the DISEASE CAUSING DEATH, or, in deaths from VIOLENT CAUSES, state (1) MEANS OF INJURY; and (2) whether ACCIDENTAL, SUICIDAL, or HOMICIDAL.

18 LENGTH OF RESIDENCE (For Hospitals, Institutions, Transients, or Recent Residents)
At place of death yrs. mos. ds. In the State yrs. mos. ds.
Where was disease contracted, if not at place of death?
Former or usual residence

19 Place of Burial or Removal: Brownsville Or. Date of Burial: Feb 4 1917
20 Undertaker: Gilbert Starr Address: Brownsville

8. Frank S. McMillan
b. c1866 Thurston County, Washington
d. aft 1910

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

1880: Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1880; Marcus McMillan, 59, farmer, OH MAME; Elnos W., 24, son, farmer, WA OH PA; Ellen, 18, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Susanna, 16, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Frank, 14, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Leonard, 10, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Charles, 7, son, WA OH PA

1883: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 62, farmer, b. OH; Frank McMillan, 16, Wash T; Leonard C. McMillan, 12, Wash T; Charles McMillan, 9, Wash T; Wilbur, 27, farmer, Wash T

1887: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 66, farmer, OH; Wilbur, 32, logger, Wash T; Frank, 20, Wash T; Charles, 13, Wash T

1910: Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington, April 22, 1910; Frank McMillan, chauffeur-private family, no additional information

9. Edward McMillan
b. 1869 Thurston County, Washington
d. bet 1869-1879 Thurston County, Washington

1870: Coal Bank Pct, Thurston County, Washington, July 9, 1870; Marcus McMillan, 49, farmer, $1200 $400, OH; Elmina, 38, keeping house, PA; George A., 20, attending school, $1200 $0, MI; William M., 18, attending school, MI; Enos W., 16, attending school, WT; Henry M., 14, attending school, WT; Mary E., 11, attending school, WT; Ellen, 8, attending school, WT; Susan, 6, attending school, WT; Frank S., at home, WT; Edward, 7/12 (Nov), at home, WT

10. Leonard McMillan
b. 1871
d. c1884 Thurston County, Washington

1880: Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1880; Marcus McMillan, 59, farmer, OH MAME; Elnos W., 24, son, farmer, WA OH PA; Ellen, 18, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Susanna, 16, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Frank, 14, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Leonard, 10, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Charles, 7, son, WA OH PA

1883: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 62, farmer, b. OH; Frank McMillan, 16, Wash T; Leonard C. McMillan, 12, Wash T; Charles McMillan, 9, Wash T; Wilbur, 27, farmer, Wash T

11. Charles Edward McMillan
b. 09 Aug 1874 Washington
d. 12 Jun 1949 Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington
buried Oakwood Hill Cemetery, Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington
[Charles E. McMillan d. 12 Jun 1949 Tacoma, Pierce County, Washington; b. 1872; age 77yrs; father-Marcus M. McMillan; mother-Almino Mayer per Washington Death Certificate]
m. 1900 Mary F. Brown (1860-1946)

1880: Thurston County, Washington, June 21, 1880; Marcus McMillan, 59, farmer, OH MAME; Elnos W., 24, son, farmer, WA OH PA; Ellen, 18, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Susanna, 16, dtr, keeping house, WA OH PA; Frank, 14, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Leonard, 10, son, works on farm, WA OH PA; Charles, 7, son, WA OH PA

1883: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 62, farmer, b. OH; Frank McMillan, 16, Wash T; Leonard C. McMillan, 12, Wash T; Charles McMillan, 9, Wash T; Wilbur, 27, farmer, Wash T

1885: Thurston County, Washington, May 4, 1885, Marcus McMillan, 64, gardner, OH; Charles, 11, Wash T;

1887: Thurston County, Washington, Marcus McMillan, 66, farmer, OH; Wilbur, 32, logger, Wash T; Frank, 20, Wash T; Charles, 13, Wash T