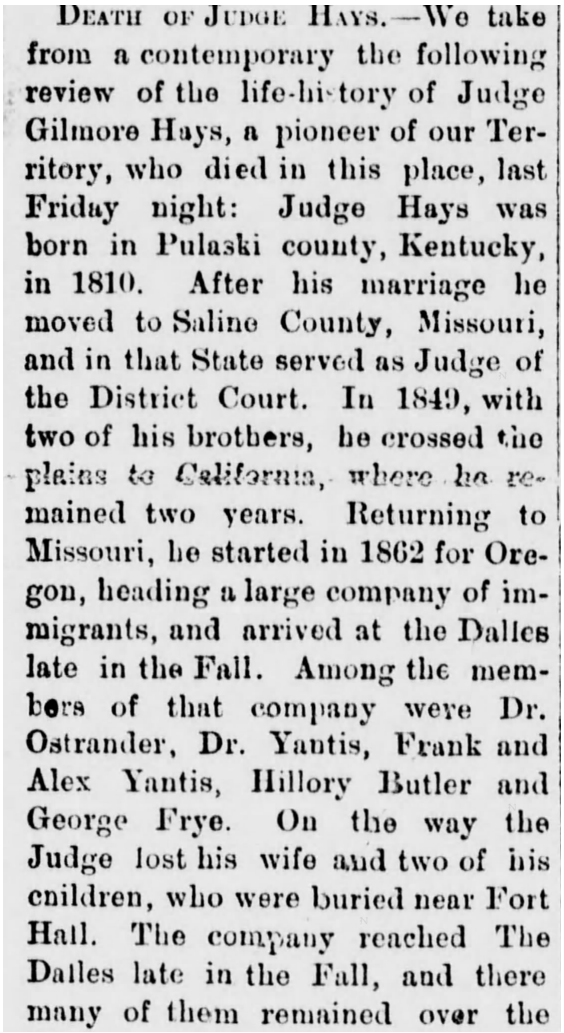
Gilmore Hays

Pioneer of 1852

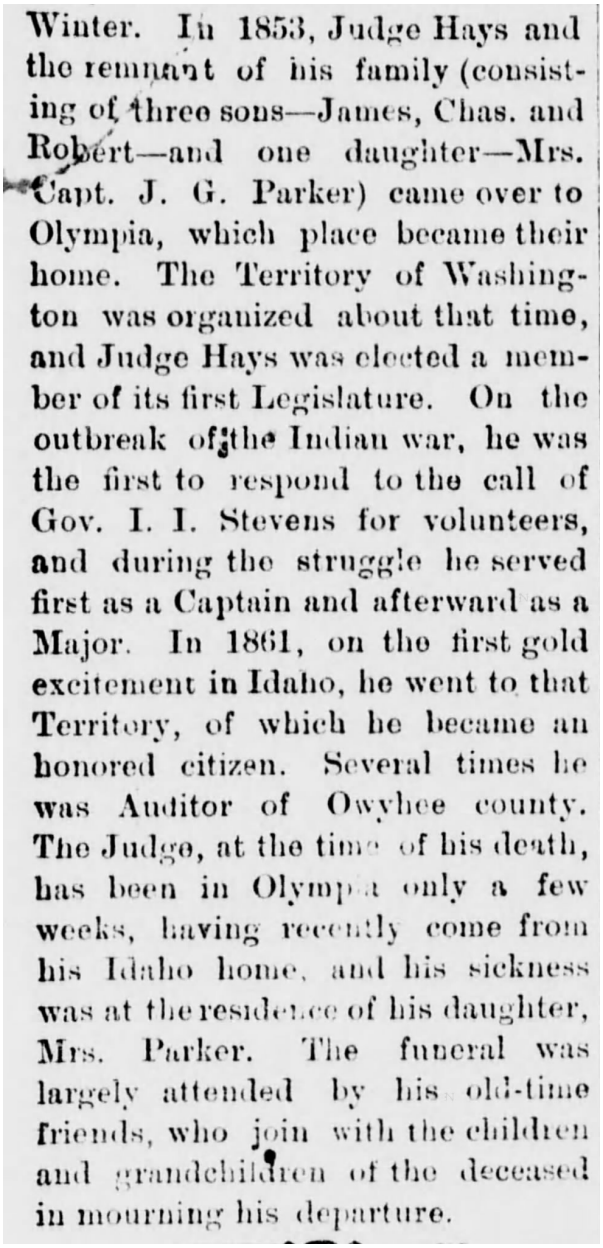
compiled by Stephenie Flora
oregonpioneers.com

Gilmore Logan Hays
b. 08 Jan 1810 Pulaski County, Kentucky
d. 22 Oct 1880 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
buried Masonic Memorial Park, Tumwater, Thurston County, Washington
s/o Samuel and Jerusha (Logan) Hays

m. 1834
Naomi Knox Montgomery
b. 1815 Kentucky
d. 1852 Salmon Falls, Idaho on trail
burial location unknown
d/o James and Margaret Montgomery



DEATH OF JUDGE HAYS.—We take from a contemporary the following review of the life-history of Judge Gilmore Hays, a pioneer of our Territory, who died in this place, last Friday night: Judge Hays was born in Pulaski county, Kentucky, in 1810. After his marriage he moved to Saline County, Missouri, and in that State served as Judge of the District Court. In 1849, with two of his brothers, he crossed the plains to California, where he remained two years. Returning to Missouri, he started in 1862 for Oregon, heading a large company of immigrants, and arrived at the Dalles late in the Fall. Among the members of that company were Dr. Ostrander, Dr. Yantis, Frank and Alex Yantis, Hillory Butler and George Frye. On the way the Judge lost his wife and two of his children, who were buried near Fort Hall. The company reached The Dalles late in the Fall, and there many of them remained over the

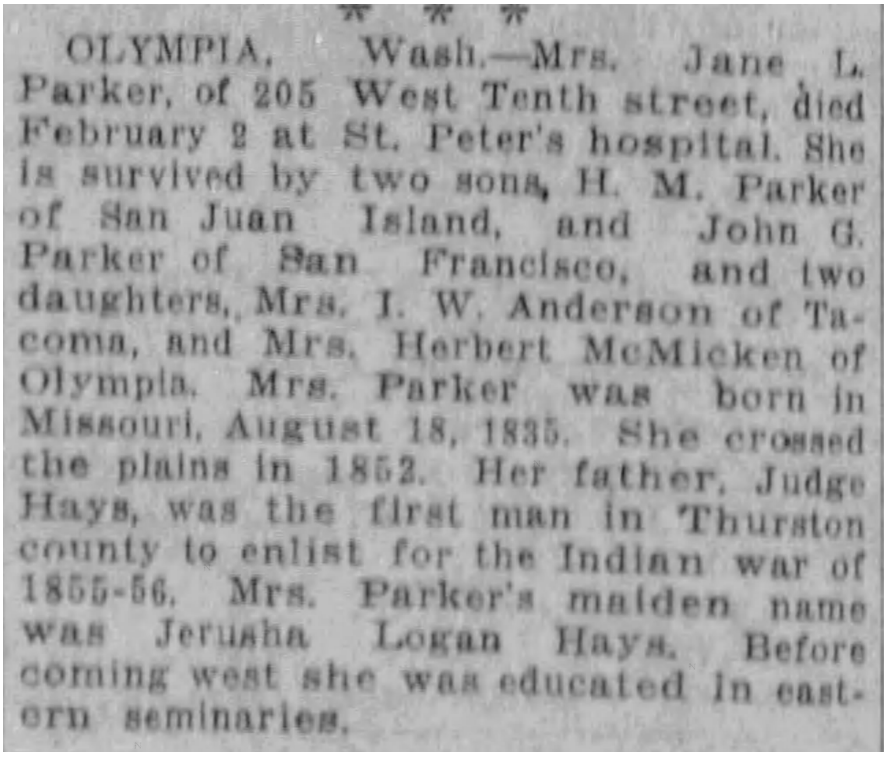


Winter. In 1853, Judge Hays and the remnant of his family (consisting of three sons—James, Chas. and Robert—and one daughter—Mrs. Capt. J. G. Parker) came over to Olympia, which place became their home. The Territory of Washington was organized about that time, and Judge Hays was elected a member of its first Legislature. On the outbreak of the Indian war, he was the first to respond to the call of Gov. I. I. Stevens for volunteers, and during the struggle he served first as a Captain and afterward as a Major. In 1861, on the first gold excitement in Idaho, he went to that Territory, of which he became an honored citizen. Several times he was Auditor of Owyhee county. The Judge, at the time of his death, has been in Olympia only a few weeks, having recently come from his Idaho home, and his sickness was at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Parker. The funeral was largely attended by his old-time friends, who join with the children and grandchildren of the deceased in mourning his departure.

[The Washington Standard, Olympia, Washington, Friday, October 29, 1880, p. 5]

Children of Gilmore Hays and Naomi Montgomery:
1. Jerusha Jane Logan Hays
b. 18 Aug 1835 Saline County, Missouri
d. 02 Mar 1917 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
buried Masonic Memorial Park, Tumwater, Thurston County, Washington

m. 27 Apr 1854/8 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
John Goldsbury Parker Sr
b. 27 Apr 1829 Ontario, Canada
d. 01 Oct 1908 Olympia, Thurston County, Washington
buried Masonic Memorial Park, Tumwater, Thurston County, Washington



OLYMPIA, Wash.—Mrs. Jane L. Parker, of 205 West Tenth street, died February 2 at St. Peter's hospital. She is survived by two sons, H. M. Parker of San Juan Island, and John G. Parker of San Francisco, and two daughters, Mrs. I. W. Anderson of Tacoma, and Mrs. Herbert McMicken of Olympia. Mrs. Parker was born in Missouri, August 18, 1835. She crossed the plains in 1852. Her father, Judge Hays, was the first man in Thurston county to enlist for the Indian war of 1855-56. Mrs. Parker's maiden name was Jerusha Logan Hays. Before coming west she was educated in eastern seminaries.

[The Spokane Review, Spokane, Washington, Friday, March 9, 1917, p. 6]

2. James Montgomery Hays
b. 02 Dec 1837 Saline County, Missouri
d. 14 Oct 1909 on the Steamer Rosalie
buried Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Seattle, King County, Washington

m. 1882
Mary E. Bauvelt
b. Oct 1861 Wisconsin
d. 25 Jan 1929 Seattle, King County, Washington

VETERAN HANDLES HIS LAST LETTER

J. M. Hays, 35 Years in the Railway Mail Service, Dies at Post

SUCCUMBS ON STEAMER

Had Worked One Route 15 Years—Was Pioneer in His Line in Northwest

PORT TOWNSEND, Oct. 14.—(Special.)—James M. Hays, for thirty-five years attached to the postal service in the Northwest as a railway and steamer postal clerk, was found dead in his berth aboard the steamer Rosalie, on the run between Bellingham and this city, this morning. He was past 70 years of age, and is survived by a wife and daughter, living in Seattle. The body was kept aboard the steamer and carried to Seattle tonight.

Hays' attachment to the postal service covered practically the entire existence of the railway mail service work in this section of the country. He was among the first clerks assigned to a car for handling mail when communication between Portland and Tacoma was established by the Northern Pacific railway in the early eighties. He subsequently was transferred to work in the Seattle postoffice, but returned to the postal route work on steamers plying between Sound ports. Sixteen years ago he went on the steamer Evangel, was later transferred to the steamer Lydia Thompson, and on that vessel and the steamer Rosalie, on the run between Seattle and Bellingham, through the island towns of San Juan county, had since been steadily employed.

Mr. Hays enjoyed a wide acquaintance among travelers by steamer out of Seattle, and was exceedingly popular. Postal officials give him a specially fine rating for efficient work, and point to his long career as one of the brightest among the thousands now engaged where but ten were employed in the same territory when he entered the service.

Death came while he was sleeping. Purser Fred Jolliffe had spoken with Hays when the steamer left Deer Harbor. He spoke of having had his first automobile ride while the steamer was at Bellingham the previous day, and said the experience was most enjoyable.

The dead body was found in the mail room berth when a steward went to call the clerk for the Roche Harbor stop, thirty minutes later. Capt. Sam Barlow, in command of the Rosalie, had been shipmate with the dead postal clerk for fifteen years, and was greatly shocked over the death aboard his vessel.

FRIDAY HARBOR, Oct. 14.—(By Wireless.)—J. M. Hays, mail clerk on the steamer Rosalie, was found dead in his bed this morning just before the steamer reached Deer Harbor. He had been up at West sound, and seemed to be as well as usual. He had been on this route for fifteen years, always faithful, careful and accommodating, and was universally well liked.

James M. Hays was born in Marshall, Mo., December 2, 1837, being 72 years of age. He was probably the oldest man in the service, in point of tenure, if not in age, on the Pacific coast. He resided for years in Seattle, and had a divorced wife and two children, a son and daughter, in this city. His devotion to duty was such that the local superintendent did not feel it necessary to keep a record of his city residence.

[Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Seattle, Washington, Friday, October 15, 1909, p. 9]

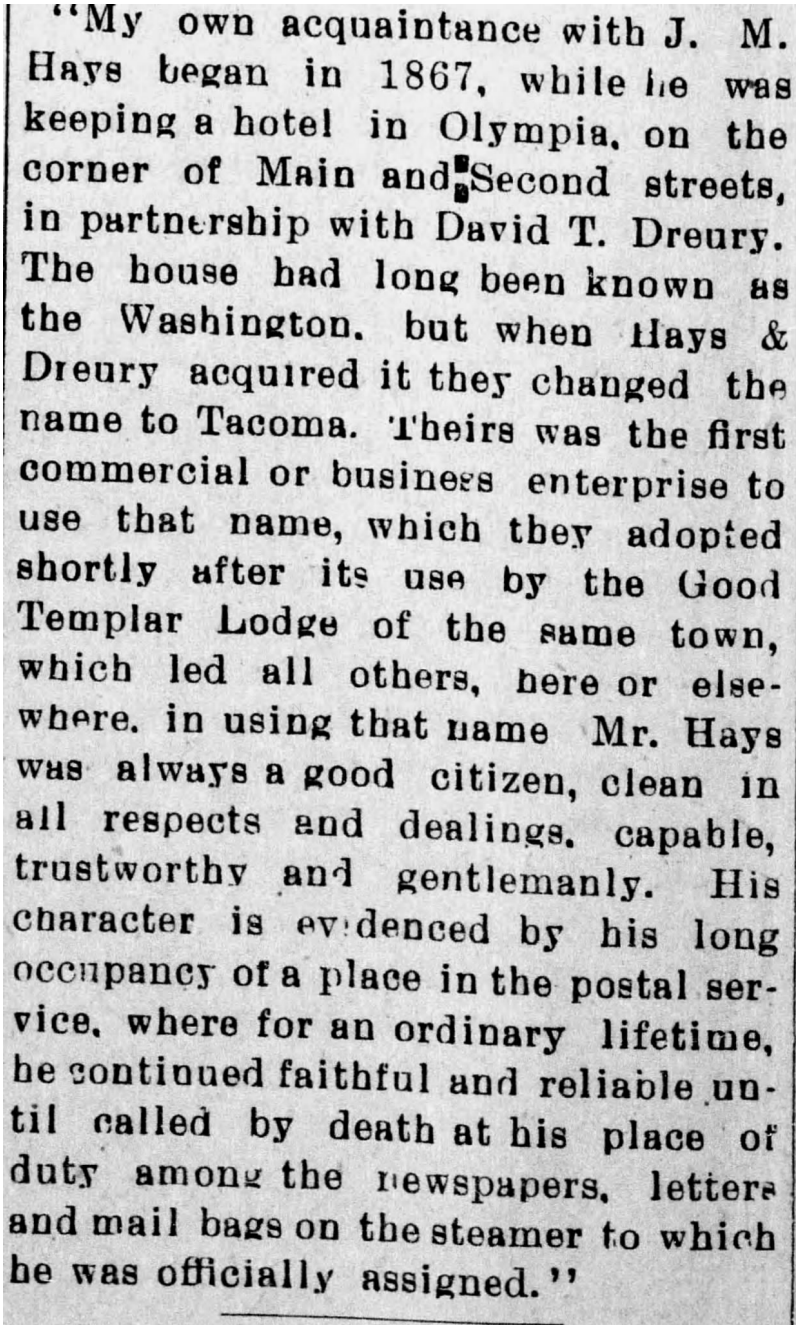
Sketch of Life and Work of the Late J. M. Hays

The late James M. Hays, the veteran clerk of the postal service on Puget Sound, who died on the steamer Rosalie last week, was born in Marshall, Mo., Dec. 2, 1837. He was probably the oldest man in the service, in point of tenure, if not in age, on the Pacific coast. A Port Townsend despatch to the Post-Intelligencer says his attachment to the postal service covered practically the entire existence of the railway mail service work in this section of the country. He was among the first clerks assigned to a car for handling mail when communication between Portland and Tacoma was established by the Northern Pacific railway in the early eighties. He subsequently was transferred to work in the Seattle postoffice but returned to the postal route work on steamers plying between Sound ports. Sixteen years ago he went on the steamer Evangel, was later transferred to the steamer Lydia Thompson, and on that vessel and the steamer Rosalie, on the run between Seattle and Bellingham, through the island towns of San Juan County, had since been steadily employed.

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Thos. W. Prosch, of Seattle, one of the state's oldest and best known pioneers, who had been acquainted with Mr. Hays for more than forty years, gives the following interesting sketch of him in the Post-Intelligencer;

"The father settled near Olympia, his daughter not long after becoming the wife of Capt. John G Parker, who died last year. Mrs. Parker has since lived in Seattle. In 1854 Gilmore Hays ran for Congress, with Doctor Hayden, Col. Wallace and Columbia Lancaster, the latter being elected Washington's first congressman. When war with the Indians broke out Gilmore Hays raised the first company of men to defend the settlements, called the Puget Sound Mounted Volunteers, or Company B. He stayed in the service until the end, first as captain and afterwards as major. His brothers also enlisted, Isaac being captain of another company.



"My own acquaintance with J. M. Hays began in 1867, while he was keeping a hotel in Olympia, on the corner of Main and Second streets, in partnership with David T. Dreury. The house had long been known as the Washington, but when Hays & Dreury acquired it they changed the name to Tacoma. Theirs was the first commercial or business enterprise to use that name, which they adopted shortly after its use by the Good Templar Lodge of the same town, which led all others, here or elsewhere, in using that name Mr. Hays was always a good citizen, clean in all respects and dealings, capable, trustworthy and gentlemanly. His character is evidenced by his long occupancy of a place in the postal service, where for an ordinary lifetime, he continued faithful and reliable until called by death at his place of duty among the newspapers, letters and mail bags on the steamer to which he was officially assigned."

[The San Juan Islander, Friday Harbor, Washington, Friday, October 22, 1909, p. 1]

3. Samuel Hays
b. 1841 Saline County, Missouri
d. 1852 Idaho [died on trail]
burial location unknown

4. Charles Marshall Hays
b. 22 Apr 1842 Saline County, Missouri
d. 14 Mar 1917 Owyhee County, Idaho
buried Morris Hill Cemetery, Boise, Ada County, Idaho

m. Mar 1868 Owyhee County, Idaho
Rebecca Eloisa Dye
b. 10 Jun 1847 California

d. 21 Mar 1933 Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon
buried River View Cemetery, Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon



JUDGE HAYS PASSES AWAY

Municipal Court Justice Was Pioneer Attorney, Editor, Mining Man.

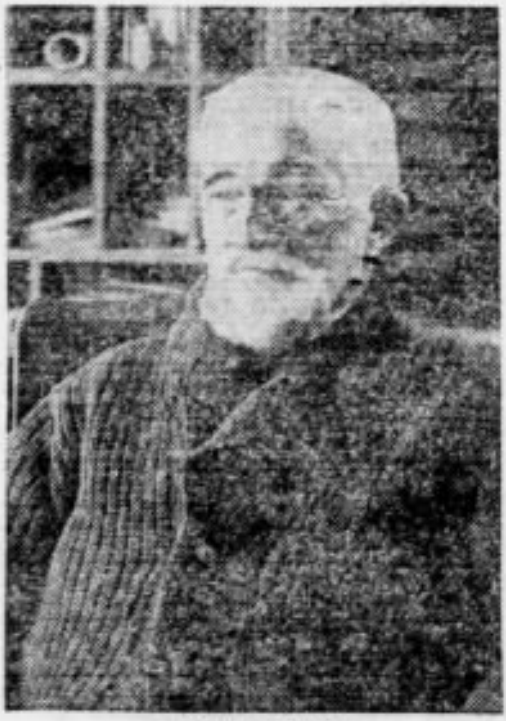
Charles Marshall Hays, municipal judge, one of Idaho's sterling pioneer citizens, editor, attorney and mining man, passed away at a Boise hospital early Wednesday morning. Death came peacefully, after an illness of three weeks, his wife and children being at the bedside during the final hours.

Mr. Hays was 72 years of age. The greater part of his life was spent in the western states, and he became prominent as a factor in the upbuilding of Idaho. He was born in Saline county, Missouri, April 22, 1846. He crossed the plains with his father when he was but a boy. They lived for a time in Portland, then moved to California in 1857. Charles Hays received his education in the schools of Washington and California.

Came to Idaho in 1865.

In 1865 he came to Idaho, and held the position as county recorder of Owyhee county at Rush City, and in 1866 he became deputy district clerk under Solomon Hasbrouck.

In 1868 he was appointed deputy United States internal revenue collector, which position he held for a year. In the years 1871-1872 he read law in the office of Richard Z. Johnson, for-



JUDGE HAYS

As He Appeared Daily in Boise Municipal Court.

mer attorney general of Idaho, and in 1873 was admitted to the bar. In 1874 he was elected sheriff of Owyhee county, carrying the election with a majority of over 200 votes. In 1881 he was appointed district deputy attorney for Owyhee county, which position he held until elected county attorney in 1882. He held that office

until 1888, his repeated re-election showing the confidence placed in him by the people of that county.

Editor in Silver City.

In 1882 he became interested in the Idaho Avalanche, and became its sole owner the following year. He was largely instrumental in bringing about the prosperous conditions which ensued at Silver City and DeLamar, and it was through his influence that Captain De Lamar went to Silver City. Mr. Hays acted as his attorney until the interests were sold to a syndicate composed of Englishmen.

Mr. Hays was elected to the constitutional convention from Owyhee county in 1889, and served on several important committees while in attendance.

District Attorney.

After the admission of Idaho into the Union he was elected district attorney from the Third judicial district, embracing Owyhee, Ada, Boise and Washington counties, and in 1894 was re-elected to serve until 1899. In 1898 he was elected as senator from Ada county and took active part in the session of 1899. He was the only Republican appointed on the code commission that year.

Boise has been the home of Mr. Hays for 21 years. He resided on Hays street, which was named after his father, also a distinguished Idahoan. Mr. Hays' mother died while crossing the plains, and on March 2 his only sister, Mrs. J. G. Parker, passed away at Seattle.

Municipal Judge.

Mr. Hays had acted as municipal court judge for the past three years, rendering his decisions with painstaking preciseness and showing the same thoroughness as he did while holding governmental positions in early life.

Mr. Hays was past master of the Masonic lodge and a member of the I. O. O. F., also a member of the Idaho State Bar association and the Idaho Mining association.

He is survived by his wife, one son, Charles G. Hays of Enterprise, and four daughters, Mrs. Joseph H. Hutchinson of San Francisco, Mrs. L. G. Caswell of Boise, Mrs. Charles Martin of Cascade and Mrs. Richard E. Beall of Warren.

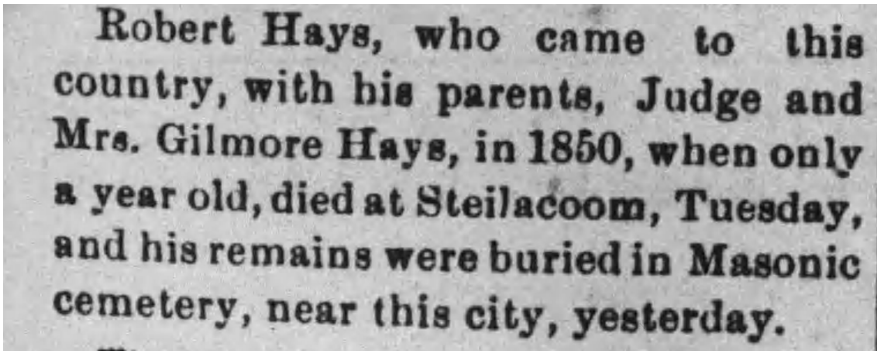
The funeral will be held tomorrow. Services will be conducted at Schrieber & Sidenfaden's chapel at 2:30 o'clock, Dean Alward Chamberlaine officiating. Members of the Odd Fellows lodge of Caldwell, of which Judge Hays was a member, will have charge of the services at the grave. They will come from Caldwell in a special car. Interment will be in Morris Hill cemetery.

[The Idaho Statesman, Boise, Idaho, Thursday, March 13, 1917, p. 9]

5. Henry Hays
b. 1843 Saline County, Missouri
d. 1852 Salmon Falls, Idaho [died on trail]
burial location unknown

6. John Hays
b. 1848
d. 1852 [died on trail]
burial location unknown

7. Robert C. Hays
b. 16 Aug 1849 Missouri
d. 21 Jul 1896 Steillacoom, Pierce County, Washington
buried Masonic Memorial Park, Tumwater, Thurston County, Washington


Robert Hays, who came to this country, with his parents, Judge and Mrs. Gilmore Hays, in 1850, when only a year old, died at Steilacoom, Tuesday, and his remains were buried in Masonic cemetery, near this city, yesterday.

[The Washington Standard, Olympia, Washington, Friday, July 24, 1896, p.3]

MRS. JOHN G. PARKER

Have you ever opened a long-forgotten desk and taken out a packet of letters tied with faded blue ribbon, and caught the sweet, evanescent perfume of rose leaves and violets which have been put away by hands which have long since finished their earthly tasks? Such were the sensations of the compiler of these reminiscences when journeying back to the days of long ago with Mrs. John G. Parker. Sweet and full of girlish romance were the memories evoked of conquests, triumphs and innocent coquetry of this belle of Olympia of the early '50's, although the dear old lady could also tell of hardships and privations that would undoubtedly crush a girl of modern days.

In Mrs. Parker's words will her story be told, for they were more eloquent and expressive than any at my command, but the reader will miss the inspiration of watching the delicate color come and go in the faded but still lovely face, of listening to the gentle voice thrill and tremble over the exciting or sorrowful portions of the narrative, of being taken back to the actual scenes and experiences of those days that are no more.

"When I was a young girl of a little less than sixteen years of age, living in Saline County, Missouri, my father, Gilmore Hays, decided to leave the old homestead and take his family out to Oregon, as all this section of the country was then called. Father had been out West before and knew that the land was full of richness and opportunities for amassing wealth such as would never be found in the more settled country. There were six boys in our family and father thought they would stand a better chance to get on in the world when the time came for them to branch out for themselves in the new country. Father's enthusiasm spread to a lot of our kinsfolks and they decided to join our train and cross the plains with us.

"I can't tell now just how many wagons there were in line when we pulled out for our start for the long journey over the Oregon Trail. But the ones whom I am able to recall were the family of Dr. N. Ostrander, Uncle Frank Yantis with his family, George Scott and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hillory Butler, my father's brother Isaac Hays, Rev. Lapsley Yantis and many others.

"The first stages of the trip were full of pleasure and delight, especially to us younger members of the train. Although the greater part of the wagons were drawn by yokes of oxen and perforce the travel was slow, we younger ones had each our own pony and would ride far in advance of the train, pick out a good camping place where there was wood, water and grass for the animals. Here we would dismount and the young men proceed to collect piles of wood for the camp fires in the evening while we girls would skylark around, pick flowers and rest beneath the trees by the side of the beautiful streams which we frequently were fortunate enough to find for our camping place. When the wagons would pull in towards evening it was a hurry-up to get supper, turn out the stock and then all hands gather around the enormous campfires where merry jest, songs and cheerful companionship banished every thought of homesickness or foreboding. We had several violins, a banjo and many fine voices in the party, so music was enjoyed almost every evening.

"I must tell you about my pony. She was the fastest animal in the train, a perfect beauty and a great pet, and an animal of more than ordinary intelligence. So speedy was she that the hunters always borrowed her when they wanted to run down a buffalo to replenish our supply of fresh meat. One day I was in a pet towards the other girls in the train, Sarah Yantis and her sister, Mrs. Pullen. (these girls were afterwards Mrs. G. C. Blankenship and Mrs. Dick Wood). So I told them to ride on and I would wait for the wagons, letting my pony eat by the road side. As soon as they had disappeared along the trail I dismounted and sat down in the grass. That pony would scarcely eat a mouthful so intently did she watch, looking all around for possible danger. When the wagons came on up and father saw me there alone he scolded me good and hard and said the horse showed a good

deal more sense than I did. But some way I was never in the least afraid of the Indians and thought the tales I heard of their cruelty and treachery were mostly imaginary. I was to learn better a few years afterwards during the Indian war in Washington.

"Well, all went merry as a marriage bell until we reached Fort Laramie. Here was the parting of the ways. Uncle Lapsley Yantis was a Presbyterian minister and as good a man as ever trod the earth, and he was strong for whatever he considered to be the right, and to travel on the Sabbath day was not right according to his views. Father was also a good man but he was more practical and had different ideas from Uncle Lapsley. He reasoned that even if the train did lay over and not travel on Sundays that the emigrants would probably not observe the day any better than those who pushed on toward their journey's end. The women would bake, wash, etc., and the young folks get into various kinds of mischief, but most weighty argument of all, the cattle would become so scattered in a whole day's and two nights' layoff that, in his judgment, it was better to keep going. The leaders couldn't agree, so the train was divided, some going on with father and the remainder staying with the Sabbath keepers. Was it a judgment from God that as soon as the decision was made and we began to fail in Sabbath observance dire calamity befell us? It certainly looked so. Soon after the separation we overtook an emigrant wagon in which was a sick boy. Mother offered her services to the parents of the lad and did what she could do for them in the way of nursing and simple remedies to relieve the lad's fever. Little did she suspect the nature of the disease she came in contact with. About ten days after encountering the sick boy she was taken down with a raging fever which soon developed into a severe case of black measles. Soon nearly all the young people of the train were inflicted with the dread disease. Of my six brothers one after another died till three graves were made along the roadside. But before Brother Henry died mother, too, was taken. Henry seemed to be getting over the measles and we hoped for a time he might be spared us. One night, after convalescence had set in, we were sitting around the campfire, no longer gleeful and singing, but oppressed with our dreadful sorrow.

Henry was well enough then to eat some ham which I had cooked for supper. After eating he complained of a terrible thirst and kept drinking water. Soon cramps set in and he was dead before morning. I thought father would go crazy at this terrible last blow.

"We reached Salmon Falls in Idaho before mother died, and although I did not know of it till a year afterwards when I again met my cousin, Sarah Yantis, in Olympia, I must tell of her resting place. We had to roll the body in a blanket—there was, of course, no way to make even the rudest coffin, and after the mortal remains of our dear mother had been covered the best we could, father took off a piece of the end board of the wagon and wrote her name, Naomi Hayes, on it. Then we had to go on and leave her there.

"Well, when Uncle Lapsley's train came along several days after we were on our way, they espied a newly made grave beside the road and on going to it read mother's name. Mrs. Yantis, who was very delicate and suffering from the hardships of the trip, had become very ill on the way. When she knew that her old friend was buried there she lost all hope, and although the train made a couple of stages further on their way, the poor lady was unable to stand the shock and sank to rest. Her last words were 'Take me back to sleep beside Naomi.' Her broken hearted husband and children respected these last words and retracing their way to where mother was laid, buried her there and beneath mother's name wrote 'Ann Yantis.' And there they sleep side by side. Ah, it was a hard and bitter time.

"After the death of my third brother father decided that the time had come to do something, so he had one of the lighter wagons emptied of all but our actual necessities for light camping and hitching the freshest of the mules to the wagon, started my brothers, myself and some other women and children of the train on as fast as the animals could travel. He hoped we could reach The Dalles and so on to Portland before winter set in.

"When we reached The Dalles we women and children were put on flat boats and floated down to the Cascades. Here we were obliged to walk across the portage to the landing and then take a little steamboat on down to Portland.

"At this place I was met by an uncle, Andrew Cowan, who took me home with him and I spent the winter very comfortably with my uncle and aunt.

"Portland was then a mere village with a two plank sidewalk extending along the few blocks which were built up, and mud, mud everywhere. It was certainly the muddiest, dirtiest place I had ever seen at that time.

"When father finally reach The Dalles with the ox teams he bought a good many of the emigrants' cattle and turned them out on the ranges in the vicinity. But the hard luck with which he had been followed throughout the latter part of the journey still pursued the poor man.

"One of the coldest winters on record for that region set in and the cattle were caught by the heavy snows. The beasts were weakened anyway with their thousands of miles travel and in no condition to withstand the rigors of the climate. There was no hay or feed to be bought for any price so almost the entire drove perished. This almost bankrupted father and was a severe blow to the high hopes of wealth and prosperity he had entertained when he started from Missouri. Four of his family left back on the plains, his money spent for the cattle and four helpless children on his hands. For I was little more than a child in years and having always lived on a plantation with servants to do everything about the house and mother to depend on, you may be sure I was very incapable and inexperienced.

"Came the Spring of 1852 and father was restless and wanting to go on to the promised land—Puget Sound—so chartering a flat boat to take us up the Cowlitz river after we left the steamboat at Monticello landing, we were again on our way.

"The memory of that trip will be with me as long as memory lasts. The flat boat, loaded with our very few household effects, was poled up the Cowlitz, but there was no room on the boat for us women and the children, so there was nothing to do but walk along the trail. This trail was through, in many places, brush so dense, that we crawled on our hands and knees to get along at all. In other places we were in mud well up to our knees.

"In addition to this I had to carry my little brother,

Robert. The poor little fellow was only three years old and had never become very strong from his attack of the measles the summer before. I, too, was weak and sick and in my mind thought I was not long for this world, and I must say, I didn't care much, life seemed so full of trouble and hardship. When we reached the Cowlitz landing we were met by mule teams which had been sent down from Olympia to haul our freight. The wagons were so filled and the roads in such a condition that I still had to walk across the country past where Chehalis now is and on to Mound prairie. My companion on this dreary jaunt was Mrs. Hillory Butler, who with her husband was also coming to the Sound with us. She was very kind and good to the motherless girl and helped me carry my little brother. Turn and turn about we plodded all those weary miles through knee-deep mud, hot, tired and discouraged.

"Coming out on Mound prairie we spied a cabin in a clearing. The eternal feminine asserted itself even under those distressing conditions, so before going to the house Mrs. Butler and myself stopped beside a stream of water flowing by and wading up to our knees, washed the bottoms of our skirts off the best we could, they being literally caked with mud, straightened our hair and then proceeded to the house where we proposed to ask shelter for the night.

"In the door of the cabin stood the fairest sight I have ever seen. It was my own dear cousin and chum, Sarah Yantis. Imagine the greetings received. Although over fifty years have passed over my head since then and I have changed from a pretty, young girl to a great-grandmother, I still recall the thrill of rapture with which I rushed into Sarah's arms and listened to her dear voice once again. When the train was divided Uncle Frank Yantis with family had remained behind and on reaching Portland had proceeded straight on to this section of the country. He had taken up a donation claim out on the prairie and was comfortably settled.

"We rested there visiting with Uncle Frank's family for a while and then came on to Olympia.

"Our first place of refuge on reaching this place was with a bachelor who had a comfortable log cabin a couple of miles from Newmarket—now Tumwater. This man's name was Ben-

jamin Gordon, or Old Ben, as he was commonly called, and he was very good to us all. Aunt and Uncle Andrew Cowan had come to this section of the country with us and for quite a while we all lived in Mr. Gordon's cabin—the Cowans, all the Hays children and father, when he was at home. There was a garden around the place and we had all the milk and butter we wanted from Mr. Gordon's cows.

"I began to grow strong and well again and life opened up many fair promises. The young men from around the country began to find their way to the cabin and I had a great deal of attention and admiration. There were only four young ladies within a radius of many miles, Sarah Yantis, Charlotte and Lucy Barnes and myself. The young men used to come out to the cabin Sunday afternoons in considerable numbers. Those who had riding horses would ride and those who had not would walk and seem to think nothing of the miles traveled over the trail to spend a few hours in my company. There was generally a generous supply of buttermilk on hand and the boys made the excuse that it was for this cooling drink they had come. They were a brave lot of lads, gallant and stalwart. I felt an interest and friendship for everyone of them. Ah, me, where are they now? All, all gone.

"The young man who used to come most frequently to see me was young Benton Moses, who afterwards married my dear friend, Sarah Yantis. One Sunday when Mr. Moses arrived on his usual afternoon visit he was accompanied by another young man whom he introduced as John Parker. I will never forget the appearance of this youth that day. He had a beautiful riding horse, which he managed with splendid skill, but it was his getup which made the lasting impression on me. Mr. Parker had a trading store in Olympia and carried principally articles for barter with the Indians. From this stock he had selected a pair of riding leggings which came to the knees, on his feet were beaded moccasins and on his head was a queer looking Scotch cap. He made a great impression on my young fancy even at this first visit. Afterwards, when he became a regular visitant at father's house, Mr. Moses used to tell with much glee how he inveigled Parker to the cabin with tales of the nice fresh buttermilk to be had, but

cherish you forever.' And so I agreed. Mr. Parker then rode back to town and returned with Judge Landers.

"I got ready the best I could and Sarah helped me. My best dress was a black silk which I had made with a low cut neck and short sleeves. I thought I looked quite nice in that dress and so did John. Tom Prather cooked our wedding dinner and, besides Sarah as attendant at the wedding, was Uncle Frank Yantis. We stayed at father's house the first night and the next day took our deferred horseback ride to Mound Prairie and that was our wedding trip.

"Afterwards we went to housekeeping in a little cottage and there in the course of time our first child was born, our daughter Helen, now Mrs. Herbert McMicken.

"Father then went back east, but returned by the time of the Indian war in 1855. He organized the first volunteer troops in the Northwest for the defense of the settlers, and was honored by being made commander of the united volunteer troops before the war was over.

"My cousin Sarah by this time was married to young A. Benton Moses and was living in Olympia also. When the Indian war broke out Mr. Moses was one of the first white men to lose his life by the Indians. He was killed out on Connell Prairie while in company with a small body of men who were going to join the volunteers. The others were obliged to flee for their own lives and leave the poor lad there on the prairie. He was wounded but not killed outright. When he fell from his horse he begged his companions to save themselves and sent a loving message to his young girl bride. A few days later Tom Prather and a small company of men went out and brought the body back to Olympia.

"Never will I forget the tragedy of that funeral. Besides Mr. Moses there were the bodies of Lieutenant McAllister and Col. Miles, who were also killed at the same time. These bodies, placed in rude coffins, were placed in one of the two wagons in the settlement. In the other wagon rode Sarah, Mrs. Cock and myself, the men walking in a procession behind the wagons. Our wagon was without springs of any kind and such as are used to haul dirt in. There were no seats and only some boards laid across the bed. Several times these boards slipped off and let the mourners down in the

bottom of the wagon bed The day was dark and dreary and the road but little more than a rough trail. It was a terrible experience. To do honor to the brave boys who had lost their lives in the attempt to protect others, the citizens decided that a military funeral was proper, so music must be included. This consisted of a drum and fife. As we wended our way out to the graveyard over and over again did this drum and fife sound out the strains of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' That was the only tune they could play and they did the best they could, but I thought Sarah's heart would surely break. The graveyard was the one out on the road leading to what is now Little Rock, near Belmore. Here the three graves were made close to the road, side by side. And here soon after was laid the remains of Chas. H. Mason, the first Secretary of the Territory, a gallant young man of good family, who died of fever when only 29 years of age. I think the Thurston County Historical Society could do no better work than mark the last resting place of these heroes of the Indian war.

"But enough of these sad reminiscences. I will now tell about when the first State ball was held in Washington. It was in the nature of a housewarming, when Governor and Mrs. Stevens moved into the Governor's mansion, which the Executive officer had built soon after the arrival of his family from the East. This very same house is still standing on the block now owned by Mr. Hazard Stevens, on Eleventh street, between Main and Columbia. It was considered quite a palatial residence when it was completed, and the invitations to attend the housewarming were eagerly accepted by Olympia society. Almost every one was present. Sarah and I with our beaux attended. The night was dark and the trail rough, so lanterns were hung every few feet in the branches of the trees to guide us to the mansion. There was a dance following the reception and then a big supper. The dance was held in the parlor of the house and if room was scarce the jollity and good fellowship made up for all shortcomings. I think I can say that in the long and brilliant line of legislative balls and receptions that has followed this initial one, there has never been more genuine happiness and enjoyment

than was the share of Governor and Mrs. Stevens' guests that night.

"My husband at that time kept the Gold Bar store and when the question of finding some place where the first meeting of the Territorial Legislature could be held, my father suggested using the room above his store. This suggestion was adopted and the place made in readiness for that historical event.

After a few years Mr. Parker went to steamboating, building and operating, I think, the first steamboat on Puget Sound, The Traveller, on the run between Olympia and Victoria. Later he was owner and captain of the Messenger, going to Seattle from this place. It took two whole days to make the trip down to Seattle and return, providing the tides were right and they had no breakdowns. Then for several years he was on the Alida, between the same ports. We went to San Francisco and staid there for ten years, but finally returned to the Sound.

"My dear husband died in Olympia on October 2, 1908, and is buried out in the Masonic cemetery.

"Besides Mrs. McMicken our children are: Gilmore Hays, Maude, now Mrs. Anderson of Tacoma, Herbert and John G., Jr., both of Seattle. Gilmore Hays died quite recently."

[Early History of Thurston County Washington by Mrs. George Blankenship 1904 p. 95-106]