DEDICATION

TO MY DAUGHTERS

MABELLE JEFFCOTT SMITH AND

RACHEL JEFFCOTT CARRUTHERS

WHO TOOK GREAT INTEREST IN

THIS STORY AND AIDED MUCH

IN ITS PREPARATION, THIS

BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

ROMANCE AND INTRIGUE

ON

BELLINGHAM BAY

OR

THE STORY OF OLD

SEHOME

AND THE ORIGIN OF

ITS NAME

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BY

P. R. JEFFCOTT

FERNDALE, WASHINGTON

1955

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AN INTERESTING STORY OF "OLD SEHOME"
AND AN ACCURATE STATEMENT OF THE
ORIGIN OF THE NAME AND ALSO
MUCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE
SEHOME COAL MINES AND
THE COMMUNITIES
ON BELLINGHAM
BAY.

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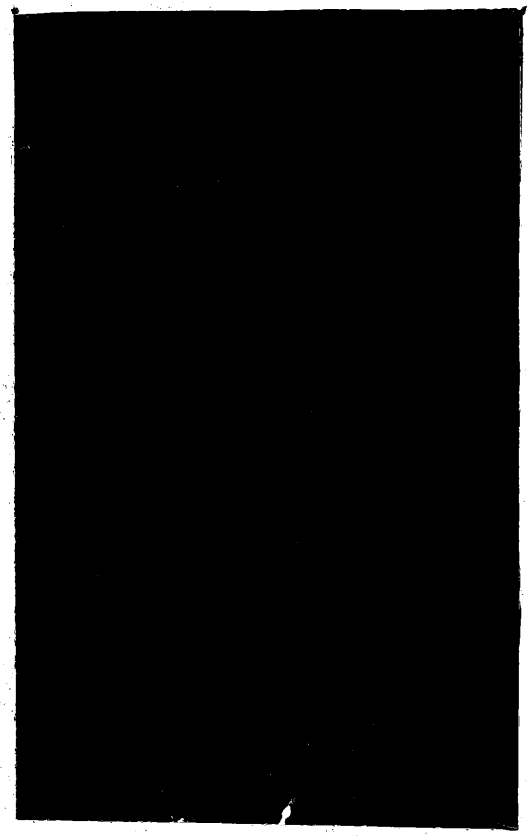
BOOK NO.



E-yum-alth (Ruth) Daughter of Chief Sehome, 98 years old and only First-generation Descendant
Born at Sehome
1856 (?)

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I

INTRODUCTION

With the writer's arrival on Bellingham Bay some fifty-five years ago, he found himself deposited by the old steamer State of Washington, on a high pile-riding landing platform, whose glaringly painted signboard announced to all travelers "Sehome Dock". The name was new and unintelligible, since his ticket called for New Whatcom; but he was destined to soon learn that the name with its pleasant sounding bore a seeming charm to all the residents on the Bay. Before many weeks had passed, the same designation came to light as distinguish- many other points of interest. Sehome the town, Sehome Mines, Sehome School, Sehome Hotel, Sehome Hill and Sehome Park were all familiar parts of the Locality's vocabulary; and then, as a cap-sheaf to the already curiosity-arousing list, a year later he and his bride were carried away on their honeymoon by the then palatial passenger steamer, "Sehome".

"Sehome, Sehome, Sehome! Surely there was enchantment in the name, or it would not have been used so often to conjure with. To satisfy the urge for enlightenment on the significance of the term, he has in the past several years, made a rather exhaustive research, and tried to separate fact from fancy, history from legend, and draw the curtain of finality on the many misconceptions connected with the name in the early history of the towns on Bellingham Bay.

Definitely, the origin of the name had nothing to do with sentimental associations of a home by the sea, as some have suggested, for the very spelling nullifies such a casual conclusion.

The first application of "Sehome" as a place-name was that made by E. C. Fitzhugh, agent of the Bellingham Bay Coal Company, C. C. Vail and James Tilton, when on May 8, 1858, they

recorded the plat of the first townsite on Bellingham Bay as "Sehome".[1] Roth's history says it was so called after the Samish Indian Chief, Sehome, who was Fitzhugh's father-in-law; and then goes on to add that the Indian interpretation of the word means a "legend or story". Roth is well substantiated in the first premise by good authority, but the second is evidently incorrect, as will be seen later, since "Sehome" is not a pure Indian word at all, but the whiteman's corruption of a Clallam Indian name, "S'-yah-whom," the pronunciation of which was beyond his linguistic capabilities.

The writer is under obligation to a number of people who have generously imparted valuable information, supplied records and manuscripts for perusal, or granted interviews. Fortunately there are quite a number of old Chief "Sehome's" descendants still living; some at

Tulalip, some on the Peninsula in Clallam County and others on the Lummi Reservation.

Mrs. Ruth Shelton, the old Chief's youngest daughter, then ninety-seven years of age, along with her daughter, Mrs. Harriette Dover, and Hubert Coy, Mrs. Shelton's son by her first marriage, all of Tulalip, have been both patient and cooperative in imparting what they know of their ancestry.

To Mrs. Marion L. Vincent, who was born and raised in Jefferson County, and is herself a great-grand niece of "Sehome," the writer is much obligated for the Story of "The House of Ste-tee-thlum"--a part of her valuable manuscript which records the full ancestry of "Sehome."

Through the memory of her great-grand mother, Mrs. Vincent traces the ancestral line back as far as 1777, and forward down to the

present time. While a comparison of the various traditions preserved by the several branches of the "Sehome" line conflict in one or two points, yet, considering the long lapse of time, and the fact that some of the branches of the line have never been in contact with each other, the close agreement in all essential items is remarkable.

Roth's Whatcom County History has been valuable in tracing that wandering and unpredictable character, Edmund Clare Fitzhugh, who of necessity plays a prominent part in the drama as the story unfolds; so, also, has been the Washington Historical Society's publication, "Building a State", which pictures the man chiefly from the intellectual point of view, rather than that of his associations with the pioneers on the frontiers.

James G. McCurdy's valuable contribution to Northwest Washington history has also thrown

considerable light on the impress of the Clallam branch of "Séhome's" clan on the early history of Port Townsend in "By Juan de Fuca's Strait".

The Hudson's Bay Record Society's Volume, "McLoughlin's Vancouver Letters", is the source for the earliest contacts of the Clallam with the white men, and vividly describes the outbreak of hostilities in 1828.

In estimating the worth of Clallam character, ones point of view seems to effect radically the ultimate conclusions. For instance, Mr. McCurdy who knew the "Duke of York" for years at Port Townsend, describes the Clallam chief as a man of noble aspirations, and a sincere friend of the white man; on the contrary, Theodore Winthrop, that wandering wielder of a facile pen, who in the first of the 1850's visited the Sound, blandly rates

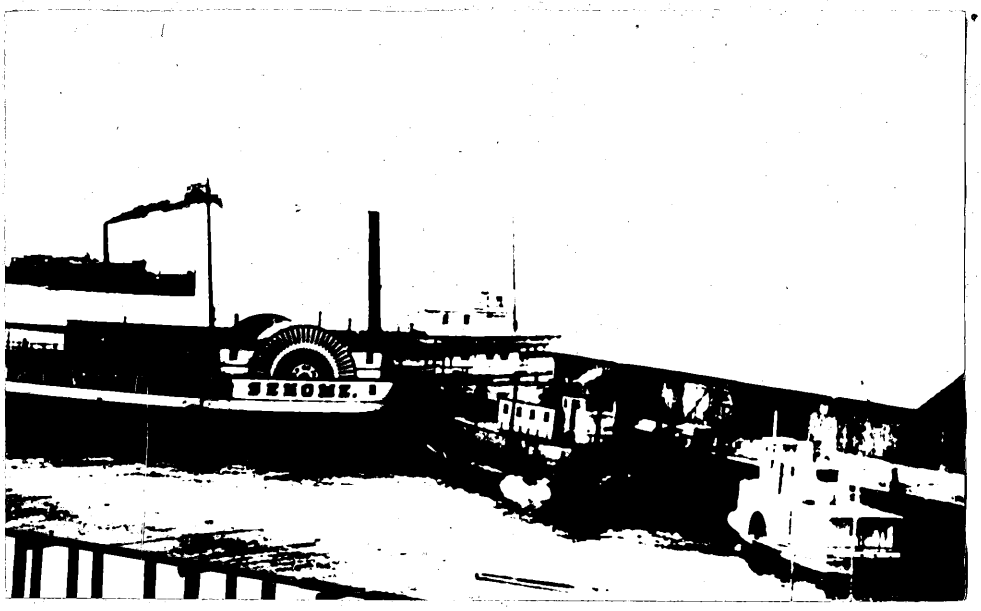
the chief a drunken rascal. The divergence of opinion lies in the fact that Mr. McCurdy's esteem was the result of extended observation, while Winthrop, who was a very casual visitor at Port Townsend; and given more to painting artistic phrases of literary excellence, drew his conclusions from very cursory evidence.

The writer wishes to call particular attention to the dramatized version of the first part of the story. The form has purposely been used in order to add life and interest, to aid in holding reader interest through what might be considered dryer than the later part of the narrative. He realizes that to some readers, such portrayal might seem to pervert the real historical import of the underlying facts and events related, but trusts that with this explanation, his purpose will not be misconstrued.

P.R. Jeffcott

Ferndale, Washington

April 27, 1955.



Three Sehomes

To the initiated, this picture is packed with interest. At Sehome Dock, off the town of the same name, is moored the old steamer, Sehome, that at the turn of the century had the distinction of being the finest passenger boat on the Seattle-Bellingham Bay run. With her "Special Bridal Suite", she played traveling hostess to many a happy couple from the Bay's four-town settlement.

Laying out in the Bay is an even older pioneer steamer, the George E. Starr, that made the run between Seattle and Blaine, and included the Bay and Anacortes on its schedule.

Behind the Dock is the famous miniature steamer, Triumph, left, built at Lynden and commanded by Captains Randolph and Kilcup, during the 80's, navigated the Nooksack between Lynden and the towns on the Bay. To her riight, is another old timer, the pigmy side-wheeler, "Advance", that ran between local points on various errands during the 90's.

Representing a day that few people now recall, in their time, they were a picturesque and necessary adjunct to life on Bellingham Bay.

CHAPTER I

The House of Ste-tee-thlum

Years, years, before the first navigators visited the waters of Juan de Fuca Strait, there was a great Clallam chief living on its western shoreline. His name was Ste-tee-thlum.[4] At the time of which we speak,--about 1777--the venerable sachem of the warlike tribe was well advanced in years, and, left with his only son and heir, he bemoaned the loss of his wife, who had died some time previously. With no one to cheer his declining years, no hand to tend his fire or prepare his frugal meals, the old tyee leaned heavily on the shoulder of his beloved son, a youth on the threshold of manhood, and bearing his father's honored name, Ste-tee-thlum.

With the passing of many moons, the ever-increasing loneliness turned the old chief's

mind to brooding and dreaming; and so it was, that the coming of spring brought thoughts of another klooch-man to fill the void in his life. One night, as the father and son crouched before the flickering fire, watching silently the changing, flashing flames ascend, finally, Ste-tee-thlum thus addressed his son:

"Ste-tee-thlum, my boy, many moons have passed since the Great Spirit called for your mamma. Many suns have slipped away, leaving only grief and sorrow; gladness has fled like the fleeting deer of the forest. Long your papa has mourned for her, and his snowy locks now tell him that soon he too, will take the trail for the happy hunting-grounds. Our grief and respect for mamma has been well; but now we must think and plan only for the living--Ste-tee-thlum and his son. Two suns more, at dawn, Ste-tee-thlum takes his salt-chuck canoe, well manned, and starts for the islands to the north in search of a princess among the friendly

Nanaimos, to comfort his remaining days, and cheer our home. You my son, will go with him".

There was silence for some minutes, as the fire burned low and hid the young man's emotions. Then Ste-tee-thlum, the son, spoke softly. "My papa, Chief Ste-tee-thlum, speaks like a great tyee. He is very wise. Sadness and grief, like the snows at the coming of the Chinook wind, soon pass away; and joy comes as the flowers that replace them. Yes, my papa speaks big words; his son is glad for him and proud to do his will."

So it came to pass on the second day after, as the first glints of the sun struck down the broad roadstead of Juan de Fuca from the distant mountain tops, that Ste-tee-thlum's grand canoe, manned by six sinewy Clallam paddlers, pushed out into the choppy waters of the Strait. In the bow sat Ste-tee-thlum, the son, as lookout; while in the stern,

decked with all the accoutrements befitting to the chief, sat the noble sachem of the Clallam, Ste-tee-thlum, now alert and happy in the thoughts of his mission.

Straight to the northward, the course was ordered; now riding the crests, and then lost in the depths of the troughs of the great swells that rolled inward from the open Pacific. Sure, from countless contests with the treacherous sea, the voyagers kept to their course; and heeded not its threatenings. Soon they were across the Strait, and entering the wide channel between what were to be later known as Vancouver and San Juan Islands, they gained the more quiet waters of lower De Haro Strait. It was mid-day now, so the Clallams landed in a sheltering cove, to rest and eat their simple fare. By the time the afternoon was half spent, Ste-tee-thlum and his band were nearing the domain of the Nanaimos, and alert for any sign of its inhabitants. Leav-

ing the main channel of the Strait, they entered a narrow body of water that led off toward Nanaimo, and soon afterward caught sight of a speeding canoe coursing in their same direction. With swift strokes the Clallams soon overtook the smaller craft, and observed it was occupied by a young Indian woman with a crew of girls at the paddles.

The demeanor and dress of the maiden at once marked her as a person of more than common importance, and Ste-tee-thlum was not slow in concluding she must be the daughter of some chieftain of the Nanaimo Tribe. Much impressed by the Princess' charm and beauty, the old chief decided to make the best of good fortune, and without the consent of her father, take the princess for his own. Forthwith he ordered his canoe along-side the other, and without any word of introduction

or his intentions, reached over and drew the astonished princess aboard his own craft. With frightened screams and much weeping and wailing, the princess and her attendants protested; but heeding not their frenzied remonstrances, Ste-tee-thlum ordered his canoe about and headed with all speed for his illahee across the Straits. Fearful of pursuit, the crew lent all effort to their paddles, and aided by the friendly ebbing tide reached the shores of the Clallams at the dusk of evening. Meanwhile the kidnapped maiden wept bitterly and pleaded piteously to be returned to her people; but woman-snatching was no new feature of those coast-wise natives, so her importunities fell on deaf ears. Then realizing the futility of her efforts, she stoically accepted the inevitable, thereby exhibiting a characteristic trait of her race.

The clallam chief put his prize, the Princess, in charge of the old women of the tribe for safe keeping; and then announced a big potlatch or feast to celebrate his coming nuptials with the captive Princess.

But love (even the Clallams knew the passion) had other plans. Ste-tee-thlum the younger, as he witnessed the cave-man-like amours of his father, had felt unusual tugs at his heart-strings when he beheld the lovely Princess in her maiden-paddled barge, and those gentle sentiments had suffered no abatement as he slyly drank in her charms as the succeeding days passed. Also, he found numerous occasions to be near the object of his admiration, and by look or action--or that secret means of telepathy which only lovers seem to possess--made the maiden conscious of his feelings; which in turn, the Princess did not resent.

Young Ste-tee-thlum was now in deep distress of mind and heart. How could he gain the Princess' hand, and at the same time avoid offending his honored father, the Chief? He, also, might kidnap her and flee the tribe, but that involved the loss of his father's good will, and his future among his people. No, he could not follow that course. Then again, he might break the news to the Chief, and trust to his paternal affection and goodness of heart, as well as his sense of right, to do him justice. Yes, he would take the latter course of action.

That night as they sat once more before the smoldering fire, the young man was unusually quiet as he awaited an opportunity to broach the subject to the old Chief, his father; but Ste-tee-thlum was unusually quiet also, and seemed engrossed in his own thinking. For a long time, he gave no hint that might open the way for his distraught son to unburden himself.

At last, the old man broke the silence, and spoke in measured words that bespoke a troubled mind: "This is the last day", he began, "With the next sun Ste-tee-thlum has planned to take the Nanaimo Princess for his wife. Fifty winters have passed over him since he took your mamma for his bride. Many, many summers we lived together happily; and then the Great Spirit said, 'Come'; and the Chief of the Clallams was left alone. Long Ste-tee-thlum mourned her loss, and now hopes to heal the wound by taking the young Princess in your mamma's place. But tonight, my son, your father is filled with doubts and fears of what a few moons might bring. Long he has fought the beasts of the forest, and braved the roaring waves of the big water, unafraid; but now, he is not sure of his course."

The old chief paused, as if expecting an answer from his son, but the young man was slow to

formulate an appropriate reply. The fire burned low, but neither moved to replenish it; but both gazed into the dying embers as if seeking an answer there.

At last the son arose hesitatingly, and moving to the old man's side, placed his hand on his father's shoulder in an act of endearment, and falteringly spoke his mind: "Ste-tee-thlum, Chief of the Clallams and my father, has lived many winters; well and wisely has he ruled, and honored and respected, he stands among his people and all the surrounding tribes. Let not his son presume to advise him, for he is but a girl in wisdom". There was a long pause again, as the young man collected his thoughts and words; then he continued; "Strange words my father speaks when he says he is not sure of his course, for always Chief Ste-tee-thlum has spoken wisely and ruled justly; and when he doubts, it must

be that he is tired and worn by the many winters that have passed over him. He needs to rest his weary frame, and the snowy locks that crown his head, say, "Enough, let another carry your burden". Wise men like my father, are quick to listen to others; so be not angry when Ste-tee-thlum, the great Chief's son, speaks his mind. If his words be those of a woman, let them fall at his own feet.

"Six suns have passed since my father took the Hanaimo Princess and planned to make her his wife. Now he feels the fire of his youth has burned low, and doubts the wisdom of it. The wise never over-ride their doubts. My father long has borne the burden; he has a son to carry it on from now, and Ste-tee-thlum his father should lean on his son's shoulders. Let Ste-tee-thlum, the Chief and Ste-tee-thlum, his son, be as one--the Chief for wisdom and direction and the son to bear the load.

"As to the Princess, well my father knows, the winter and the summer cannot merge; or else, only the frost is born of the union. Just so, age and youth should not unite; otherwise, the fruits are only disappointments. The Princess is a flower in the bud, Ste-tee-thlum the Chief's son, would gladly care for and nourish the flower, that the great name of Chief Ste-tee-thlum of all the Clallams may be carried on and on. My father, your son has spoken; let not the Chief say he speaks like a woman".

The old Chief neither spoke nor moved. Fixed like one in a trance, he gazed and gazed into the fire before him until the young man feared he had used the wrong tactics in trying to convince his father. At last the old man slowly rose to his feet; walked to the door of the lodge and looked out into the night. He gazed at the stars in their places, as if he

expected a change in their positions--so changed were all things about him--then retraced his steps to the fire again, and took his accustomed place. The young man's heart beat almost to bursting as he followed the old man's movements in the dim light of the lodge, and momentarily expected a burst of passionate displeasure. But there was neither word nor movement on the part of Ste-tee-thlum, for some time longer. The old Chief was fighting his last battle--all with himself--and the outcome was not yet decided.

Suddenly the Sachem of the Clallams arose; straightened himself to his former magnificent stature; paced the room back and forth several times with old-time alacrity, and then paused before his cowering son. Taking his boy by the hand, he led him to the open doorway. "See", he said half sadly, the night is dark, yet Ste-tee-thlum sees the stars shine through its blackness". He paused a moment, then con-

tinued, "When Ste-tee-thlum my son had spoken, his father's spirit turned as dismal as the night; but now he sees stars of hope glinting through the gloom and feels content. My son was right when he said his father was too old to take the Princess, though his words were as the blackness of the night to Ste-tee-thlum when he heard them; but now your father sees the stars shine through—his glory and his power reflected through his son. The Princess is yours, my son; take her, and may your lodge resound to the echoes of laughing children, as Ste-tee-thlum my son becomes Chief of the Clallams in his father's stead. Ste-tee-thlum, Chief of the Clallams has spoken; with the new sun, so shall it be."

Father and son returned to their accustomed places by the fire, where, long into the night, they talked of past and coming events.

CHAPTER II

A Clallam Romance

With the rising of the sun, the Clallam camp was astir with plans for a great day. Chief Ste-tee-thlum had let it be known to the head men and old women of the tribe, that his son was succeeding him, both in power and marriage to the Nanaimo Princess; while Ste-tee-thlum, the son, himself, had hurried to acquaint the Princess with the glad tidings.

By mid-day, the whole tribe was assembled in answer to the far-heralded invitation to the nuptials of the old Chief and the Nanaimo Princess. Many from distant points along the Strait came in their gaily-decked canoes and garments. By loudly beaten Tomtoms and hurrying messengers, all were called before the big tribal house to witness the great event. Gossips and hastily

dispatched heralds quickly announced the surprising change in program, which was received with many glad expressions of approval.

Dressed in all the regalia of his high office, and bearing himself as best he could, with his son likewise attired, the old Chief took his place at the entrance to the tribal house. Soon a gaily decked procession of chanting women and maidens appeared, escorting the beautiful Princess, her raven-black hair and her dress decorated with all the feminine trinkets and embellishments the skill of the women of the tribe could devise. Before the great house the procession halted, and the Princess, attended by her maids of honor, took her place on the opposite side of the Chief.

The old Sachem then stepped forward several paces, and lifting his arm to command attention, began to speak: "Tillikum braves of the Clallams: Ste-tee-thlum, your Chief, calls you to listen.

He has big words to speak; words that mean much to the great Clallam nation. Many moons, many summers, many winters have passed since Ste-tee-thlum became your Chief. He was young then, and strong as the bear, fleet as the elk, and led you to victory, both in war and on the chase. Now the Clallam's name is honored and feared by all of the tribes on the shores of our great sea; and none dares to attack us. We are at peace, and may the Great Spirit grant the Clallams many summers more without a conflict. Your children and women wander at will, and no skulking invader ever molests them; but Ste-tee-thlum reminds you, it was not always so. My men have been wise and brave, and have always stood by their Chief; and now he would commend you for that loyalty.

"But time has made Ste-tee-thlum old. Now he feels the weight of many winters. His locks

are like the snows on great Olympus; his step has lost its spring; and soon he must heed the call to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Yet, Ste-tee-thlum is proud today. His son is a man; his son is strong, handsome and brave--worthy to lead the Clallams in the footsteps of Chief Ste-tee-thlum. On his shoulders your Sachem's mantle soon will fall. Braves of the Clallam Tribe, behold your coming Chief! Do I hear your glad approval?"

The old Chief stood still and silent, his robes of office well setting off his stature; his noble face was sober and confident as he anticipated the Clallams' reply. Like the rippling of the aspen leaves when a gentle breeze breaks the calm, the Clallam hosts slowly began to stir. Then, as the import of the words of their Chief were fully comprehended, as one man, countless arms waved back and forth, and one mighty voice roared and echoed confir-

mation of the Chief's proposal.

Calmly Ste-tee-thlum watched the swaying tumult until the din had partly ceased; then, enthused by his people's response, he again raised his arm for silence and continued his oration. "Six suns have passed since Ste-tee-thlum returned from the land of the Nanaimos with the Princess; six suns since he said he would make her his wife. But the Great Spirit says, 'No, it is not wise, Ste-tee-thlum is old; the fires of youthful passion burn very low; the Princess is young and sprightly. It will not do. Give the maiden to the Chief's son, who is happy to take her, and she pleased to be his bride.' The words of the Great Spirit are wise and good; Ste-tee-thlum says it shall be done."

Then the old Sachem stepped back, took the hand of his son and that of the Princess and

placing them hand-in-hand before the assembled throng, he concluded: "My son, the Princess is your bride; my daughter, Ste-tee-thlum is your husband. Ste-tee-thlum, Chief of the Clallams, gives to you both his blessing." Loud cheering marked the end of the Chief's proclamation, as the friendly Clallams pushed forward to greet the happy lovers.

CHAPTER III

Seven Sons and a Daughter

Thus, as just related, legend and tradition record the founding of the great "House of Ste-tee-thlum", the great-grand and grand parents of "Sehome", whose name has been linked with so much in the early history of Bellingham Bay.

Intriguing it would be, to follow the descendants of that illustrious family, and their influence on the subsequent history of the Clallams down to the time of the first white settlements on the Peninsula. That Mrs. Marion C. Vincent of Sequim has skilfully done, even to listing the long line and tracing the fortunes and calamities even to the present day. But the subject under consideration calls for no such devious meanderings through legend and story.

The union of the young Clallam Chief and the Nanaimo Princess was a happy and prolific one. To them were born in the course of not too many years, seven sons and one daughter--the last link in the chain. Interesting in this story, chiefly because of their musical--but almost unpronounceable--names were: Tuls-ma-tum, Ta-what-ski, Ha-que-nulth, Que-ni-a-som, Who-yux and Lach-ka-nim, six of the sons; and the last the only daughter and youngest, K-ow-it-sa, she of the singing name, and great-grandmother of our source of information, Mrs. Marion C. Vincent of Sequim.

Prominent in the Clallam Tribe down through the years, the brothers, either as Chiefs or lesser leaders, were associated with a number of historical events. In general the Clallams were against the white man's encroachments on their domain, which reached from Hood Canal on the east, to the land of the Makah at Neah Bay.

On several occasions their resistance developed into near open warfare; and once almost reached the stage of a general massacre, which was only prevented by the influence of one or two Indian friends of the settlers.

The first episode in this connection took place in the winter of 1827, and summer of 1828.[5] The Hudson's Bay Company with headquarters at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River, had, in the fore-part of 1827 completed the post of Ft. Langley on the Fraser River; and in December of that year, sent Alexander McKenzie, a clerk, and four companions with dispatches from the Columbia to the new post, which they reached by way of Cowlitz Portage and the Sound after a journey of twenty-one days. On the 27th of that month the party started by canoe on the return trip, intending to take the shorter route by way of Hood Canal. While camped at night near the environs of Port Townsend, their campfire attracted the attention

of the Clallams of that place who during the night attacked the camp and killed all five of the men, and made a prisoner of a native woman who was accompanying them.[6] Some time afterward news of the dastardly act reached Vancouver. Since the Company made a practice of punishing severely any such infractions of good decorum on the part of the natives, Chief Factor, Dr. John McLoughlin, at once began preparations for a punitive expedition to prevent any repetition of such high-handed action.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1828, Chief Trader, Roderick McLeod with sixty well armed men was sent by the Cowlitz route to the Sound, from which point they were to proceed by canoes to Admiralty Inlet, and there await the arrival of the Company's ship, Cadboro, which had been dispatched by way of the Columbia and Juan de Fuca Strait. Enroute down the Sound, McLeod's party met a band of Clallams and engaging them in battle, killed eight of them. The main camp of the Indians at Port Townsend on

learning of the fate of their fellow tribesmen, and observing the arrival of the Cadboro off their village, fled to the Dungeness and prepared to defend their main encampment.

McLeod, fearing the Clallams would kill the captive woman if he attacked, entered into a parley to recover her. The Clallams agreed to give her up on the morrow, but failed to do so, and continued delaying tactics for five days; all the while pressing McLeod to send his interpreters into their camp to negotiate. But fearing treachery, he refused. Through a friendly Chief of another tribe, McLeod then sent word to the Indians, that he only wanted to punish the murderers and rescue the woman, but the natives arrogantly refused to give them up; and the emissary at the same time reported that the Clallams were preparing a trap. Feeling that further forbearance would not bring the desired results, McLeod ordered Lieu-

tenant Simpson, commander of the Cadboro, to fire a few cannon shots into the Clallam village; and under cover of the barrage, he landed and burned the Indian's camp along with all their stores, the Clallams having fled to the forest at Simpson's first shot. Some forty canoes on the beach also were destroyed. Three days later, the natives, evidently having received enough of their own kind of medicine, gave up the woman captive, but still refused to surrender the murderers.

Thinking it inexpedient, to attack the Clallams in their forest retreat, McLeod returned to Port Townsend and burned the large village there. That was a severe blow, since it consisted of many of the cedar-slab houses similar to the ones at Dungeness. Concluding that he had probably given the haughty Clallams plenty to think about, McLeod then withdrew his forces and returned to Vancouver.

Subsequently, the Company learned through friendly Indians that the expedition had killed twenty-one of the Clallams, among whom were two of the murderers; and that the tribe itself had meted out the same punishment to the others for bringing on such a disastrous calamity by their atrocious actions. The lesson taught by McLeod and his men was evidently well taken to heart by the Clallams, for during all the many years afterward, although the fur company's men were constantly on the waters of the Sound and the Strait, never again did the Clallams interfere with any of its traveling parties.

The House of Ste-tee-thlum, that is the seven sons and L-ow-it-sa, the daughter, were, along with their descendants, in the course of fifty years, scattered the full length of Juan de Fuca Strait, from Port Townsend to Neah Bay. During that time, those one-

generation-back forebears of Chief "Sehome" came in contact with the first white explorers that entered the great inland seas. Lack-ka-nim, the youngest son of Ste-tee-thlum, had made his abode at Port Townsend by time Captain George Vancouver sailed into Juan de Fuca Strait in 1792;[7] and his son, Chatzemoka, often told the first whites at Port Townsend how his father and uncles were frightened by the two large vessels as they skimmed along the waters with their big white sails, like a pair of immense swans. For safety, he said, they all took to the woods until they discovered the vessels were manned by men differing only in color from themselves. Later they met Vancouver when he landed,[8] and traded with some of the sailors.

When Alfred A. Plummer and Charles Bachelder came to Port Townsend in 1851, as the first settlers, they found a large village of the Clallams with some five hundred not too friend-

Chetzemoka, "The Duke of York"
and
"Queen Victoria"

His Monument

Tai Valley from
Sentinel Rock

ly inhabitants. Over the tribe, ruled the son of Lack-ka-nim, whose tongue-twisting name caused the whites to dub him"King George". His brother they named "The Duke of York"; the Duke's wife was known as "Queen Victoria", and their son "The Prince of Wales"; while another member of the family became "Chinn Lin" or Jenny Lind.[9] Thus did those imaginative poets of the fringe of civilation, both humorously and metaphorically, designate those Clallam Lords of Port Townsend, and at the same time flatter their simple egotism.

King George, much given to the use of the white-man's fire-water, was not too friendly to the first settlers or his own relations, and finally in an exhibition of ill temper, he took his canoe and deserted his native village. History records that he made his way to California, where he married a white woman and became interested in the oyster business in San Francisco. He bought a partnership in a schooner used in

business, but his leaning toward hard drink got him embroiled in a drunken row on board; and he disappeared, never to be heard of again. It was reported that he fell overboard but his nephew, The Prince of Wales, always contended he was thrown into the sea by his inebriate companions.[9]

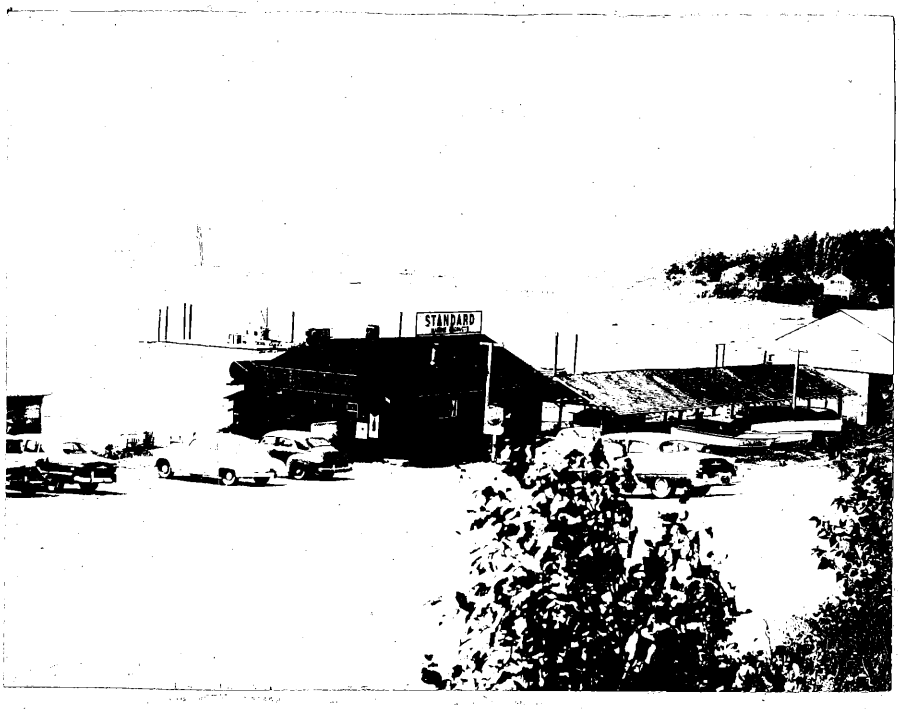
The King's brother, Chetzemoka--the Duke of York to the whites--assumed his older brother's sphere of power in the tribe, but counter to the King's antagonism to the whites, he was ever the friend of the pale-face settlers.[10]

Whe-yux, the father of S'-yah-whom or "Sehome", who was the sixth son of Ste-tee-thlum, also located at or near Port Townsend, and raised his family there. At least one son and two daughters were born, somewhere during the time the"Royal Family" of Lach-ka-nim was being reared, and the cousins were probably closely associated. Since Chetzemoka (The Duke of York) was born about 1808,

that gives an approximate date for the birth of S'-yah-whom ("Sehome"), the subject of this sketch. As previously stated, "Sehome" was not his Clallam name. The somewhat rapid pronunciation of the S'-yah-whom with accent on the first syllable, gives almost the exact corrupted form adopted in the early days on Bellingham Bay.

In 1852, the Duke of York went to San Francisco on one of the brigs engaged in the Sound-San Francisco trade, and while there was much impressed by the number of whites and the high life of the City; an influence that greatly confirmed his opinion that the Indians of the Sound Country should remain friendly with the settlers or else eventually be exterminated by them.[12]

The fact that Governor Stevens had by strong persuasion induced most of the tribes in Washington Territory to sign peace treaties did not secure the desired end to hostilities. The Yakimas were especially restless, and sent emissaries among



Tulalip Indian Reservation
Looking across the Bay

Chief Shelton, Mrs. Ruth
(Sehome) Shelton and Mrs.
Harriette Dover

the Sound Indians to gain their aid in driving out the white men.[13]

At Point No Point, in January 1855, Governor Stevens recognized Chetzemoka, The Duke of York, as Chief of the Clallams in King George's stead; and secured his signature to the treaty,[14] an act the Duke never repudiated. But in spite of the Governor's treaty, the Indians were in general becoming more and more resistant to the influx of the settlers. Before the year was closed, Indian Runners spread the call for a great council of the tribes at Port Madison. The conference, attended by nearly a thousand delegates from the various tribes met in December, and the proceedings took a very inflamitory turn; and but for the conciliating influences of The Duke of York, who represented the Clallams, and Chief Seattle, probably would have started the horrors of a general massacre. But Chief Seattle refused to enter such an agreement, while the Duke of York

pled eloquently for peace between the two races. The Council broke up without any decision for war, but many of the more radical leaders went back to their tribes determined to lead them into revolt against the whites and the recently signed treaties.

On returning to Port Townsend, The Duke of York found his Clallam subjects unwilling to abide by the terms of the council's agreement, and encouraged by the partial successes of the marauding Northern Indians, a large band of Clallams under old Chief Clow-es-ton landed on North Beach with the avowed intention of exterminating the settlement of Port Townsend. The Duke went among the plotters and tried to dissuade them from their purpose, and at the same time warned the settlers of their danger. The Clallams, crazed by bad whiskey, disregarded The Duke's advice and also that of Clow-es-ton's son who also was for peace. For nine days, The Duke pleaded with his people for peace, and each morning sat on

the big rock in Kah Tai Valley with his blanket over his head as a pre-arranged signal to the whites that they were still in danger and to look to their arms for defense. But on the tenth day, The Duke appeared as usual with his blanket over his head, and then suddenly arising with a great shout, he threw his blanket far from him as a signal that the Clallams had given up the planned attack, and Port Townsend was safe.[15]

Old Clow-es-ton, peeved at the miscarriage of his plot, and vexed at his son for standing with The Duke of York for peace, threw water on the young man's fire, which act under the code of the Clallams was an insulting show of contempt. Stunned by the reproach of his father, as well as the ignominy in the eyes of the tribe, the Chief's son went out into the deep woods during the night and hung himself.[16] Stricken with grief and remorse by the untoward turn of events, old Clow-es-ton, as an act of appeasement, invited all the

settlers to his son's funeral; and then entered into a peace agreement that the Clallams faithfully kept ever after.

The rock on which Chetzemoka so dramatically acted his part, is now known as "Sentinel Rock," and constitutes one of Port Townsend's chief points of interest to attract the attention of outside visitors. Chetzemoka, or The Duke of York as the old timers fondly called him, after instructing his son, The Prince of Wales, to always keep inviolate the treaty with the whites, died in 1888. In recognition of his great loyalty and service to the pale-face sttlers at Port Townsend, he was given a public funeral of unusual ceremony; and over his grave they set up a conspicuous monument bearing the inscription:

CHETZEMOKA

June 21, 1888

(The Duke of York)

"The White Man's Friend"

We Honor His Name

To further honor Port Townsend's great benefactor, the city publicly dedicated pretty little Chetze-

Sentinel Rock at Port Townsend.
From there Chetzemoka signalled to the first settlers of impending danger of attack by the Clallam Indians in 1856.

Chetzemoka Park, Port Townsend
Dedicated to the Memory of
"The Whiteman's Friend."

moka Park, that the grateful citizens might ever be kept mindful of the Clallam Chief who befriended them in their hour of danger.[17]

Whe-yux (his grand-daughter, Mrs. Ruth Shelton, says he was known as Squh-quay at Samish Island) and his son, S'-yah-whom, or "Sehome" appear to have taken no active part in affairs around Port Townsend, but that is probably accounted for by the fact that Whe-yux's wife was a Skagit woman; and both he and his son, S'-yah-whom, spent much of their time on the mainland around the mouth of the Samish River and the immediate vicinity of Samish Island. Whe-yux's wife was Tsa-tos-ia, the daughter of Heida-qupa-ah, a Makah from Neah Bay, and Tai-tai-hamah, a Clallam. As far as known, Whe-yux or Squh-quay and his wife, Tsa-tos-ia, had two daughters, and only one son, S'yah-whom--the "Sehome" of the first settlers on Bellingham Bay.

While visiting at the home of his grand-mother at Samish, S'yah-whom ("Sehome") became infatua-

ted with the charms of a Samish Princess named Tai-swat-olitsa of Samish Island, whose father was Cha-das-kadim the son of Whac-ta-lub of upper Samish (Jarman Prairie) and a Skagit woman; and whose mother was Chal-ta-naht, the daughter of Seya-molth a Samish and --------?
18
a Samish woman.

By comparing the ages of S'yah-whom's children with known dates of events with which they were connected, the time of his marriage to the Samish Princess was probably between 1838 and 1842. Of the event, we can only use imagination, but it was, no doubt, quite a "Social Affair", considering the position of the contracting parties. Probably it took place at the Indian Village on Samish Island with the usual rites and festivities peculiar to that Tribe's traditions.

After the event just related, S'yah-whom ("Sehome") made his residence with the Samish

Chief Snaklum, Coupeville, Wash.
Relatives of Chief Sehome.

Chief Shelton's Totems, at the home
in Tulalip

Tribe on the little Island of the same name. The Island was barely separated from the mainland by a narrow slough and was close to the mouth of the Samish River. It is now joined to the Samish Flats by a filled-in causeway across the slough, which provides an outlet to Edison. It was an ideal place from the standpoint of the tribe, since it was high and dry in contrast to the boggy tide-flats that extended several miles inland; was accessible to the salmon fisheries at the mouth of the river, and at the same time gave an easy approach to the salt water and its clam beds. Being heavily timbered, the Island afforded protection and a plentious supply of firewood. After his alliance with the Samish, S'-yah-shom seldom went back to the home of his ancestors at Dungeness, and by the time the early whites arrived on Bellingham Bay had acquired the Chieftainship over the small tribe of his adoption.

Of S'yah-whom's doings on Samish Island before the advent of the white men on Bellingham Bay, history is silent and tradition pretty well lost; but between the first of the '40's and the arrival of Captain Henry Roeder and R. V. Peabody on the Bay in 1852, four children were born on the Island. They were: L-yam-alth (Julie), Tsi-swaht-olitsa (Emily), Ya-sim-tsa (Sally) and Cha-das-kanim (Dan). After the Chief made his home on the Bay in 1855, the last child Sh-yas-tenoe (Ruth) was added to the family.[19]

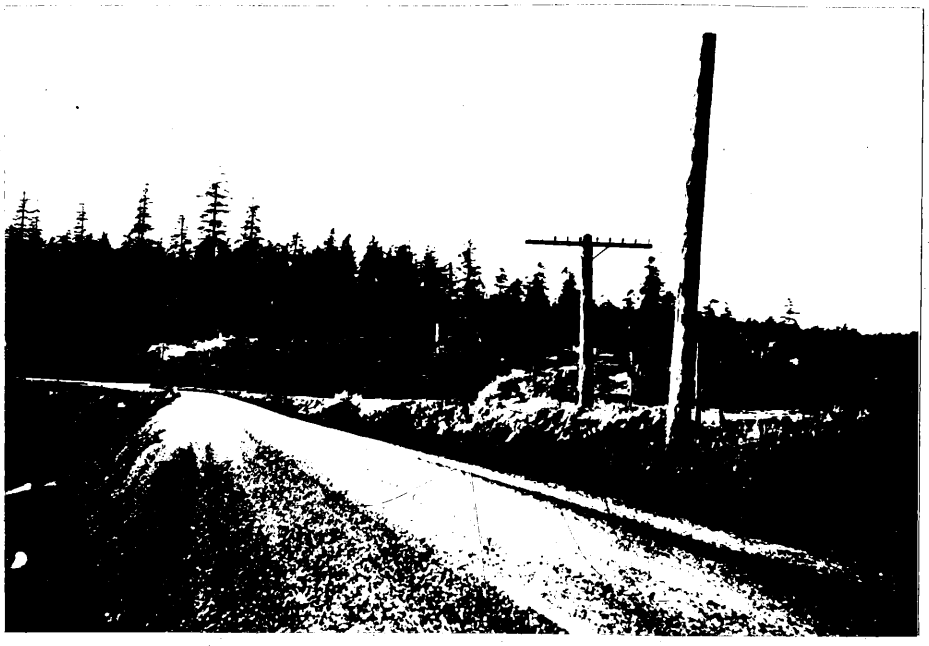
CHAPTER IV

E. C. FITZHUGH, SQUAW-MAN OF BELLINGHAM BAY

It is neither the writer's intention nor concern to deal with the small, but hardy group of pioneers that, under varying impulses and resources, in the first four years after 1850, planted themselves on the not too friendly shores of Bellingham Bay; but one, at least, is so intimately involved in the story of the S'yah-whom ("Sehome") clan, and theapplication of the name to local nomenclature, that he and the part he acted in the drama of early life on the Bay, cannot be passed by casually.

Edmund Clare Fitzhugh was born near Fredericksburg, County of Stratford, Virginia, in 1820. He was educated at Georgetown College, Washington, D.C., and at the age of twenty-five, began his political career by being elected to the General Assembly from his home county in 1846. Enticed by the glamor of the Forty-nine Gold

The old H.C.Barkhousen
Homestead at Fidalgo



Samish Island from the
Causeway over the Slough

Rush to California, he arrived in San Francisco that year, and began the practice of law with Edmund Randolph and A. P. Crittenden as partners.[20]

For five years he continued in the law business, and when the Bellingham Bay Coal Company was organized there, to open the lately discovered deposits, found by Hewitt and Brown on the site of what later became Sehome, Fitzhugh was sent north to act as general manager. He arrivedat the mine early in 1854, and in June, for five hundred shares of company stock, purchased for the company the donation land claim of Captain W. H. Fauntleroy on which the coal outcroppings were located.[21] He also bought the C. C. Vail claim adjoining for $500. Shortly afterward, in 1859, C. C. Vail sold his share in the mine to James Tilton for $600, and then Tilton disposed of his interests to the Company for $500. Thus Fitzhugh as part owner and superintendent had full control of the townsite.

The man, Fitzhugh, was a person of many contrasting parts. Of him, a biographer in summing up his personal qualities says:[22]

"He was a born fighter, quick to take offense, absolutely fearless and self-willed; following his code of honor without thought of consequences, but withal, a man of superior intellect and many kindly impulses; generous, hospitable, impulsive, self-indulgent, honest, brave." With such a list of qualities, and so disconcerting, no wonder his was a life of frustration, not-with-standing his many apparent accomplishments.

Probably, the most capable man in the infant settlement on the Bay, Edmund Clare Fitzhugh stood, intellectually head and shoulders above his fellows; and as for business acument, none could approach him. Where others could not meet financial obligations, and were compelled to mortgage their holdings, Fitzhugh

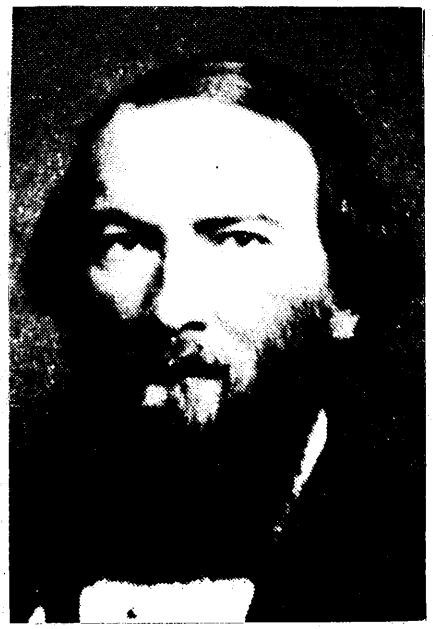
was the financier, and took their paper at such exhorbitant rates as 3% per month. A natural leader, and proud of that distinction, he was Whatcom County Auditor, Inspector of Customs, local Indian Agent, one of the committee that built the Whatcom Trail to the Fraser River Mines in 1858, and Military Aid to Governor Stevens, as well as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory, by appointment of President Buchanan, all these, and Superintendent of the Bellingham Bay Coal Mines also.

Edmund C. Fitzhugh arrived on the Bay in early 1854. Scarcely had he taken up his duties and become a fixture at the Coal Mines, when he began to toy with the charms and affections of the simple-minded maidens of the surrounding Indian camps. True, he was but following the example set by many others of that time. Cast-

ing about for a suitable candidate to grace his lodging near the Mine, and being quite particular as to quality, as befitted his high position in the community, he betook himself to the Lummi Reservation and rather ostentatiously requested Chief Chowitzit to provide him with a Lummi maid of royal line in the tribe.

Now the old Chief, though friendly with the whites at Whatcom Falls and the Coal Mines, was not too responsive to Fitzhugh's request, and answered somewhat elusively in jargon: "Wake alta Nesika halo tenas kloochman"; ("Not now. We have no young women.") Then, when he noticed disappointment in the white-man's face, Chowitzit added: "Kon-a-way iskum kopa hul-oi-me man. Mika klat-a-wa kopa Samish. Tyee S'-yah-whom toke-tee-o-kus-tee"; (All taken by other men. You go to

H.C.Barkhousen



Edmund Clare Fitzhugh

Julie (Julia) Schome
First wife of E.C.Fitzhugh; later
wife of H.C.Barkhousen

Samish. Chief S'-yah-whom ("Sehome") has a pretty daughter".)

Feeling keenly the result of Chowitzit's unresponsive answer, Fitzhugh, never-the-less, at once hung onto the Chief's suggestion that he go to Samish, and the implication that success, might reward a visit to old S'-yah-whom. He therefore, questioned the Lummi Sachem with interest concerning the Samish Chief's daughter and learned that the dusky princess was about sixteen years of age, and in the eyes of the native gallants, very beautiful. Convinced that "nothing ventured, nothing gained", Fitzhugh decided to make the long trip southward; and, to bolster his chances for success, persuaded Chowitzit to send along two of his chief tribesmen as special emmisaries in the whiteman's behalf, to vouch for the high position of the suitor, and the great benefits that would result from an alliance between the Samish Chief and the white Tyee on Bellingham Bay, if sealed by the hand of the princess, his daughter.

Fitzhugh then further bargained with the Lummi for one of the latter's salt-chuck canoes and a crew to man it; and then, having showered on the old Chief words of gratitude and a suitable gift for his aid, the lord of the Bellingham Coal Mines set out across the Bay to his home.

Having before he left, instructed the emissaries to pick him up with the canoe at the Mines early next morning, Fitzhugh was straining his gaze westward over the great expanse of the Bay soon after sunrise. Knowing the fickle nature of the Indians in their dealings with the whiteman, he was restless lest they fail him; but soon the sun, peeping over the big hill back of the Mine, revealed the glint of flashing paddles a mile or two away; so Fitzhugh's heart began to glow with expectation. With many gifts for the Samish Chief, and trinkets for the princess, as well as food for the canoe-men and aids, Fitzhugh was standing ready on the beach by the time the Lummis drew up to the landing. "Cla-how-ya,

nika tili-kum?" (Greetings my friends,) he saluted them as they scrambled ashore from the canoe; "Nesika hi-as kloshe"; (we are very well",) the good natured natives replied, showing in their faces keen anticipation of an enjoyable trip. "Kon-se ne-sika klat-a-wa ko-pa Samish' ; (When do we startfor Samish?")

Eyeing his crew with deep satisfaction, the ardent Fitzhugh answered, "Ne-sika kon-a-way alta ko-pa me-si-ka hi-as can-um"; (we will all start at once in your big canoe.")

"Hi-as kloshe ! Hi-as-kloshe !; very good ! very good !", the Lummis gleefully responded, evidently pleased to be on their way; for nothing was more satisfactory to the Indians than a day's outing on a friendly visit to a neighboring tribe.

"Kon-se ne-si-ka is-kum yah-wa"; ("when will we get there?") asked the impatient suitor , as all took their places in the canoe.

"Spose ne-si-ka hy-ak pee ma-mook is-sik hy-ak, me-si-ka ko ko-pa sit-kum sun;" if we hurry and paddle hard, we will arrive there by noon", the head canoe-man answered with the assurance of one who had made the trip often.

"Hy-as kloshe, hy-as kloshe, ni-ka kloshe til-a-kum. Ma-mook hy-ak, ma-mook hy-ak! ; (Very well, very well, my good friends, make haste, make haste",) concluded Fitzhugh, and the expedition pushed off with a flourish on its amorous mission.

In traveling the numerous native routes on the Sound, the Indians invariably kept close to the shoreline, and followed the ins-and-outs of its meandering borders, rather than cutting across from headland to head-land. Even the Haidas or Northern Indians, those most expert of the native navigators, in the days when they migrated in great numbers to the hopfields of the Skagit and Puyallup, adhered faithfully to that rule of canoe navigation, born of ages of precaution against squalls that might prove disastrous in case they were caught out in the

open reaches far from land. That procedure lengthened by considerable the distance between stations, but the innate character of the local redman was largely foreign to our modern concept of rapid transit.

South along the shore of Bellingham Bay, the voyagers rythmically paddled their course; keeping time to their movements with the droning chant of their Lummi canoe song. Past Captain Pattle's coal mine, past Poe Point and across Chuckanut Bay, the good-natured canoemen paddled, and joked in their crude native tongue--sometimes at the expense of their non-understanding host; while that individual, lost in the maze of his amorous reveries concerning the feminine charms at journey's end, was all oblivious of the jibes of his canoemen. As the morning sun climbed the slant of its course toward noon time, the party covered the southern reaches of Bellingham Bay, and then began the transit of

that broad shallow expanse of water known as Samish Bay. There they were compelled by the far-out-reaching tide flats to set their course further out from shore, to avoid being stranded by the out-going tide.

After some little time, their course seemed to be cut off in the far distance by a gently-rising headland jutting out in the Bay, whose surface appeared clothed with heavy verdure. Suddenly the Lummi leader seated in the bow of the canoe, indicated with up-raised arm the prominent feature and called to Fitzhugh: "Nan-ich, Boston! O-koke Samish ten-as ille-hee, pee kwon-e-sum mit-lite ko-pa Tyee S'-yah-whom"; ("Look American! That is Samish Island and habitation of Chief S"-yah-whom".)

Quickly aroused from his brooding posture, the whiteman was all alert; and gazing with intense interest in the direction indicated, he answered: "Na-wit-ka! Ni-ka nan-nich yah-ka tik-eh is-kum yah-wa al-ki. Mi-ka, hy-ak can-um". ("O yes, in-

Samish Island. Site of the old Steamboat Landing on the west end.

Mouth of Samish River and Samish Island Resort

deed! I see it. I wish to get there soon, you hurry the canoe".) With that the paddlers bent to double exertion, and the craft streaked across the surface of the Bay.

As the sun drew near the meridian, the canoe entered the little cup of water between the eastern extremity of the island and the mainland which it almost joined, being separated by only a narrow slough. The little expanse of water was known as Alice Bay, having been named by the first whiteman to settle there, William Jarman, after his Clallam wife, Alice. Skirting the shoreline, the canoe soon drew up before the Indian encampment of Samish, house of S'-yah-whom. Disembarking, Fitzhugh, the Lummi emissaries and the canoemen drew the canoe up on the beach, and then climbed the bluff to the village, which consisted of a number of crudely constructed huts made of split cedar slabs. In front were grouped most of its inhabitants, awaiting the approach of the strangers.

By previous arrangement, the Lummi leaders and Fitzhugh led the way followed by the canoe-men; and as they neared the Samish gave the signal that bespoke their mission was one of peace. Then as they came within speaking distance, mutual recognition broke the suspense with many "Kla-how-ya ni-ka til-a-kum"; ("Hello, my friends",) followed quickly with lusty hand shaking.

Soon appeared the old Chief, S'-yah-whom, erect and grand as befitted his position, and soberly welcomed the visitors. A short speech by one of the Lummis brought greetings from Chowitzit, and explained that the party had come with the great tyee of the Coal Mines on a visit of good will to the Chief of the Samish. He then introduced Fitzhugh, who through an interpreter wished the Chief and his people well, and said that the whites on Bellingham Bay would always be friends of the Samish. But following Indian courtesy, not a word of the object of the visit was spoken. Then S'-yah-whom replied for the Samish:

"S'-yah-whom speaks for your brothers, the Samish. He welcomes the Lummis sent by the great Chief Chowitzit, and the Boston tyee from the Whatcom Falls. Always have the Samish been friends of the Lummis, and now that the white man has come to dig the black rock near the Falls, the Samish are glad to be their friends also. So long as the sun shines on great Kulshan, so long will the Samish be their brothers."

Soon, by orders of S'-yah-whom, the women of the tribe were busy preparing a feast for the visitors, and Tsi-swat-olitsa the Chief's wife and her daughter, the Princess Julie, aided in making ready. Meanwhile the Lummis mingled with the Samish, while S'-yah-whom showed his distinguished Boston guest through the camp. Eagerly Fitzhugh eyed the Samish black-eyed and black-tressed maidens, and when at last the Chief introduced his wife and daughter, so enamoured was he with the Princess' markedly charming beauty, that he was

almost moved to begin his amourous negotiations at once; but knowing the code of procedure, he restrained his impatient inclinations.

The repast, consisting chiefly of wapatoes and barbecued salmon, fresh from the Samish River, by many ready hands was soon prepared; and gayly the good-natured natives consumed the viands. Fitzhugh ate along with the others, but his appetite was a second consideration. As the women flitted about the feasting braves, bringing added food to the board, his eyes and thoughts also flitted as he followed each move of the Princess Julie.

Fair indeed, was the Samish maiden. Short of stature, but slim withal, and lithe as a playful fawn; her black glossy hair, done neatly in two long braids; her jet-black eyes flashing from their sockets the exuberance of youth; and aided by the gayety of her rose-red smiling lips and pale-pink cheeks—all completed an enchant-

ing prize, that the gallant amoroso of the Bellingham Bay Coal Mines could not but seek to gain. He would pay full homage at her feet, and at all costs, gain the object of his desire.

After the feast, when all their physical needs were satisfied, Fitzhugh, the Lummi emissaries, and S'-yah-whom repaired to the latter's lodge for the council all knew was coming. When they had seated themselves on the raised platform that skirted the room, S'-yah-whom began the opening speech. Addressing himself to the two representatives of Chowitzit, the Lummi, the Chief said the Lummi Tyee must have had an important message to impart, and that the Samish Chief was ready to listen. Turning to Fitzhugh, he said the white tyee was very wise, and would speak big words also.

Answering for Chowitzit, the Lummis told of the coming of the white men to Bellingham Bay; of

the mill at Whatcom Falls, and the coal mines at the foot of the big hill. They told of the lonely life of the white tyees because of the absence of women to prepare their food and establish homes. They then reviewed the visits of the white men to the Lummis in quest of wives, especially of Fitzhugh's, and Chowitzit's inability to supply any more young women.[24] They reminded the Samish Chief of the advantages to the Indians, of alliances between their women and the white tyees, and closed with the suggestion that the Samish Chief provide a suitable consort for Fitzhugh, the tyee of the Coal Mines.

Fitzhugh then spoke for himself. He told of his high position; he described his wealth, his house, and how he wished a young woman to make him a home; he told how well he could provide for her, and lastly, how it would be a great honor for the daughter of the Samish Sachem to be the wife of the white tyee.[25]

All that was said and promised in those negotiations with S'-yah-whom, history does not reveal; and only tradition gives the few details preserved; but in the end, either by expert persuasion on the part of Fitzhugh and his Lummi allies, or by the exchange of a handsome price, Chief S'-yah-whom consented to give his sixteen-year old daughter, Julie, to the head of the Bellingham Bay Coal Company.

But a 'bird in the bush", as the old adage puts it, "is not a bird in a cage"; and so the lord of the mines soon discovered, for when the young lady concerned in the bargain, was apprised of the proposed alliance, great was her storm of objection. Though petite in size, so it was
26
said, Princess Julie, on occasion, could develop quite a whirlwind of temper; and the agreement reached between the Chief, her father, and Fitzhugh, wherein she was to be the victim, was sufficient to start no small tempest in the

lodge of the Chief of the Samish. Protesting vehemently that she did not want to go to Whatcom as the wife of Fitzhugh, the Princess alternately voiced her vigorous protests, or took refuge in the continued outbursts of weeping. The very thought of a husband more than twice her age, in fact old enough to be her father, was too repugnant to be considered; and tacitly upheld by Tsi-swat-olitsa, her mother, the Princess Julie refused to consent, and ready herself for departure.[27]

Somewhat taken back by the sudden and obstreperous attitude of his daughter, the Samish Chief almost regretted his agreement; but the traditions of the tribe would not permit the daughter to over-ride the authority of the Sachem, so S'-yah-whom stood firmly to his resolutions; and in the end, Julie was compelled to go; but not until the old Chief, who dearly loved his daughter, compromised by agreeing to send along with her a woman servant of

his lodge as an attendant and companion at the Mines; and further, promised to visit often at the home of his new Boston son-in-law.

To those incentive amendments, Fitzhugh reluctantly acquiesced, and soon afterward, manning his Lummi canoe, he set out for Bellingham Bay, carrying with him the weeping Princess Julie as his prize.

Neither history nor tradition record any marriage ceremony, and the records of Whatcom County bear witness to no marriage license. The facts of the event evidently are that Edmund Clare Fitzhugh, paved the way for an easy abrogation of all the responsibilities that his taking the daughter of S'-yah-whom entailed.

So it came about, that in a little house on the side of the hill above the Coal Mines on Bellingham Bay, that Julie, daughter of S'-yah-whom, Chief of the Samish, along with her "lady-

in-waiting", took her abode with Fitzhugh; and it was there in 1855--just one hundred years ago--that the white Tyee of the Mines, being unable to unlimber his tongue sufficiently to master the Clallam pronunciation of his renowned father-in-law's name, called him "Séhome"; and thereby, for all time, established the familiar designation. It was unfortunate that the middle gutteral syllable of the old Chief's name could not be retained, but neither Fitzhugh nor the other whites on the Bay, could manage the tongue-swallowing tone, so characteristic of the native speech.[28]

For a short time, life around the Coal Mines seems to have been uneventful; and outside of his duties as superintendent, Fitzhugh appears to have been more or less inactive. From time to time, in fulfillment of his promise, the old Samish Chief (from hereon he will be called "Séhome", in deference to Fitzhugh) with his

Mrs. Ruth (Sehome) Shelton, Mrs. Harriette Dover, at Chief Shelton's Totem, Tulalip, August, 1955

George Barkhousen, grandson of Sehome, and his wife.

family, made visits to his daughter at the Mines; and some degree of attachment grew between the head of the Coal Company and the Samish Tyee. Pleased with the sound of "Sehome", and wishing to flatter the old Sachem at the same time, Fitzhugh applied the name to the locality, and thus founded Sehome--the one generous and worthy act connected with the conjugal episode just related.

By the end of the year, a daughter was born to Princess Julie. By that time Fitzhugh had changed his wife's name to Julia,[29] so they named the little papoose Julia after her mother. Then Chief Sehome decided to move from Samish Island to Sehome, in order that he might be near the Fitzhughs; He set up his lodge not far from the Mines, and there the family resided for several years, or until Fitzhugh left the Bay.

With Sehome to the Bay, came his siter, a young woman but older than Julia, Fitzhugh's

consort. It was not long after the sister arrived, that Fitzhugh who seems to have been incapable of resisting the charms of a pretty face, began to make amorous advances toward the Chief's sister. The upshot of this was that soon after the birth of his daughter, he ensconced the sister of Sehome as his consort number two. In the minds of the natives there was no denouncement, as the moral code of the Tribe sanctioned plural marriage and a Tyee might have as many wives as he had the means to support; but it is strange indeed, that no condemnation by other whites on the Bay has come to light.

During the three-year period between 1854 and 1857, Edmund Fitzhugh held the offices of County Auditor, Inspector of Customs, and local Indian Agent. At the same time he was also Military Aid to Governor Stevens. In 1857, he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court

of Washington Territory by President Buchanan,
which position he held until 1862.[30]

Meanwhile, through his relations with Sehome's
sister, she bore him a son.[31]

Chief William Shelton and his family consisting of Ruth (Sehome) Shelton and his daughter, Harriette (Shelton) Dover.

CHAPTER V

SEHOME, First Town on Bellingham Bay

In the early part of 1858, came the Gold Rush to the Fraser River mines and the consequent boom on Bellingham Bay. To take advantage of the great influx of population, Fitzhugh formed a partnership with C. C. Vail and James Tilton for the purpose of laying out a townsite around the Coal Mines. They employed W. W. DeLacey, a well known surveyor who had recently completed the northern extension of the Willamette Meridian from the Columbia River to the Canadian border, to make the survey and lay out the plat.[32]

On May 8, 1858, the Plat of the Town of Sehome was filed for record in the office of the Auditor of Whatcom County. Thus Sehome became the first legally constituted municipality on Bellingham Bay, though Whatcom could boast of being the seat of the first settlement.[33]

Named by E. C. Fitzhugh, the leading proprietor, after his father-in-law, Chief Sehome,[34] (S'-yah-whom) of the Semish Tribe, the town as laid out, consisted of thirty-three blocks, of eight lots each, except the six waterfront blocks had only four fractional lots each. Four streets parallel to the shoreline, running north-south were named: Front, Main, Washington and Jackson--the last two honoring the names of Presidents of the United States. Nine East-West running streets were as follows, beginning on the south:[35]

Simmons St., honoring Michael S. Simmons, U.S. Agent.

Slaughter St, honoring Lieut. S. Slaughter, Indian War leader, 1855.

Sterrett St., honoring Commander Sterrett of U.S. Sloop Decatur.

Pickett St., honoring Capt. George Pickett, of San Juan fame.

Stevens St., honoring Gov. Stevens, of Washington Territory.

DeLacey St., honoring Capt. W.W. DeLacey, surveyor of Whatcom Trail.

Tilton St., honoring James Tilton, one of the town Proprietors.

Fitzhugh St., honoring E. C. Fitzhugh, Coal Mine Superintendent.

Vail St., honoring C.C. Vail, one of the Town Proprietors.[36]

Thus, in naming the town, Fitzhugh honored his father-in-law, Chief Sehome of the Samish tribe, and though the original plat was later superseded by an amended one, and the street names changed, it retained the name Sehome; and eventually when the too-numerous towns on Bellingham Bay united, the community saw fit to adopt the entirely new name Bellingham, in order to avoid local jealousies. But the old Chief's name lives on in Sehome Hill, Sehome Park, and Sehome High School, and when Fitzhugh is a forgotten identity, there will always be a Sehome.

Not long after the collapse of the boom in Sehome, Edmund Clare Fitzhugh revealed himself in all of his sordid intrigue by the one act that the family and descendants of Sehome have never forgotten, nor forgiven. It is not suprising, per-

haps, that a man so deficient in the sense of moral uprightness and obligation as Fitzhugh proved himself to be, would thrust aside the influence of high birth, thorough education, and intellectual associates, and forget or ignore his duty toward those he had compromised in conjugality. At any rate, in 1859, he deliberately forsook the two Indian women, took his two children and left Sehome for the upper Sound. At Seattle, he placed the children in charge of a white family, ostensively that they might learn to speak the English language.[37] Soon after, in 1860, he set off for the East to contract another matrimonial venture. There he soon married a Miss Cora Bowie, and returning west, went to Whidbey Island where soon after their arrival, his wife died.[38] Leaving Washington Territory again in 1862, he joined the Confederate Army with the rank of Captain, and soon afterward married his first cousin, Anne Grayson, a resident of Fredericksburg, Virginia. By that

union he had three daughters and one son. After the war he took his family to Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he practiced law until 1875.

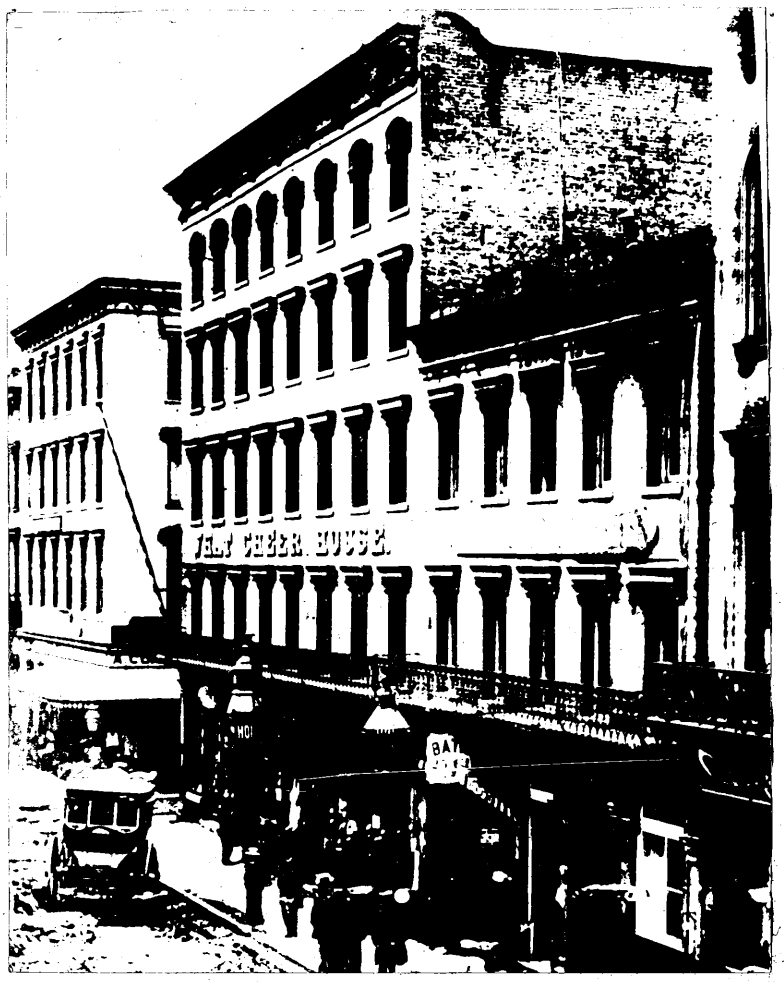
By 1874, the man Fitzhugh seems to have become restless in the even tenor of his family life, and longed for the freedom of the western frontier with its lack of inhibitions or responsibilities, so he set out, once more, to renew old associations in his former haunts on the Pacific Coast. While on that jaunt, he had the audacity or face to return to Bellingham Bay and look up old acquaintances around Whatcom and Sehome. During the few days he was on the Bay, however, he apparently made no effort to clear himself of the illfame of his former residence; except that he did show some degree of paternal regard for his son. But the boy, now a young man of seventeen and smarting under the memory of his father's ill-treatment of his mother, would have nothing to do with his remissive parent; thus returning to the

father some of the spirit Fitzhugh had so heedlessly shown toward his family. Possibly irked by the reception, Fitzhugh soon returned to the East again.

To a biographer it would be very difficult to fathom the devious workings of the mind of Edmund Fitzhugh. If he ever had an active conscience, by this time in his career, he must have been smarting under its goadings--or should have been. Seemingly uneasy under the social standards of respectible family life, and likely endeavoring, Jonah fashion, tofree his conscience, in 1875, he deliberately left his home and family and headed for the scenes of his early boisterous days in San Francisco.[39] There he was employed by the government in connection with harbor improvement, but inordinate living and dissipation, along with untoward influences of dissolute associates and advancing age, hastened the unfortunate man to an untimely and poverty-stricken end.

On November 24, 1883, Edmund Clare Fitzhugh--the man of such intellectual promise; of so many capabilities and accomplishments; the man to whom the City on Bellingham Bay owes so much for its early development--passed away. In the early morning his lifeless body was found in a lonely room in What Cheer Hotel--a victim of his own excesses.[40] Master, he was of many; himself a slave; generous and brilliant he could be, but grossly inconsiderate of others.

With the above brief record of Edmund Clare Fitzhugh's closing days, the curtain closes on the scene in which he played so prominent a part; and which might have redowned to his lasting honor and fame had he had the desire and will to conduct his ways with manly spirit. Few men of the pioneer days on Bellingham Bay had the abilities and opportunities that were given Edmund Clare Fitzhugh; and fewer--if any--squandered their chances with such abandonment as he.



WHAT CHEER HOUSE

This old relic of the San Francisco, California, Gold Rush of 1849 days, has had a long career among that City's older hotels and boarding houses. Patronized by the old prospectors, it played host to those who took part in several of the gold excitements on the Pacific Coast, and has a long storied record of many famous men as well as the rougher class of gold diggers, who patronized it.

Among those was Edmund Clare Fitzhugh who was famous also on Bellingham Bay where he arrived

in 1854 and became Superintendent of the Bellingham Bay Coal Mines at Sehome. He became one of the chief characters as related in this story and stands out as one of our most noted historical actors in the drama of our Pioneers.

As unfolded here in our story, Edmund Clare Fitzhugh came to a sad end, being found dead on November 24th, 1883, in a lonely room in the What Cheer House in San Francisco, pictured here.

CHAPTER VI

The Last Days of S'-yah-whom.

When Fitzhugh walked out on them, Sehome's daughter, Julia, and his sister, were at first stunned by the perfidy and unfaithfulness of their betrayer; then, as the enormity of their misfortune sank deeply, with the realization that they had been bereft of their children, their bitterness towards the man who had betrayed them, knew no bounds. They first tried to locate their offspring, and failing in that, Sehome's sister returned to her Clallam people near Port Townsend, and Julia remained at Sehome. Her father, the old Chief, disillusioned by the treachery of his cultus son-in-law, unlimbered his lodgings near the Mine and returned to his old home on Samish Island.

But romance moved fast in those days on Bellingham Bay. Scarcely had Fitzhugh's departure become generally known, before other white men in Whatcom began casting furtive glances at the comely young

Mrs.Ruth Shelton and Daughter,
Ni-ahl-tsa; now Mrs.Harriette Dever.

Site of Sehome's home on Samish Island. Here was the Tribal Community House, said to have been 1200 feet long, and existed down to the time of the first white men.

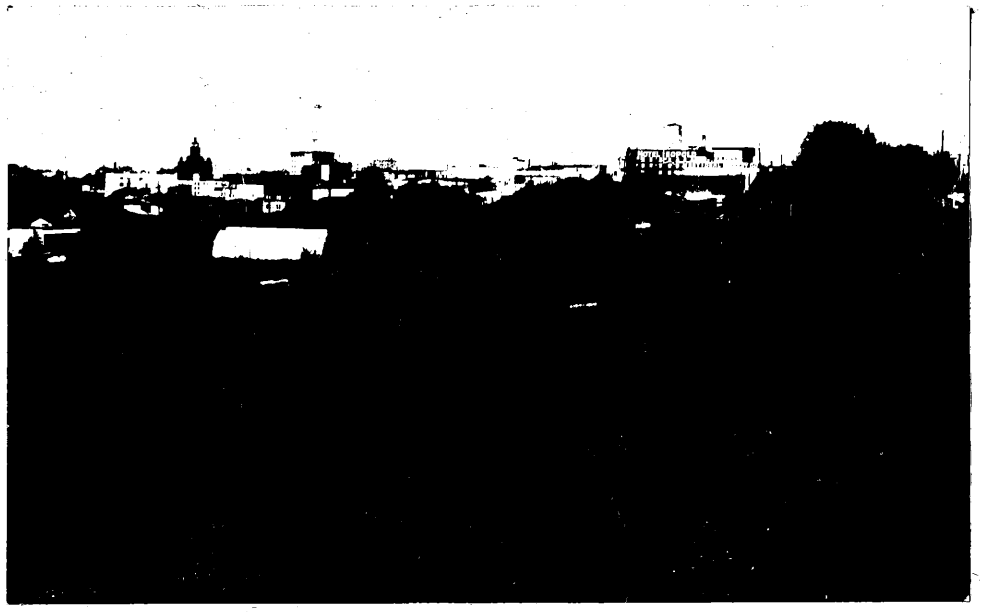
Julia. Among the attentive knights that sought her favors, was one Henry C. Barkhousen. A popular citizen on the Bay, and of undoubted integrity. Mr. Barkenhousen was at the time County Auditor, and continued to hold public office for a number of years. An upright gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, he courted the charming Julia with fervent attention, which the young lady was not slow to reciprocate; and due to the absence of any authorized official in the settlement to perform the wedding ceremony, they assumed the relation of wedlock by mutual agreement according to Indian custom. For some years, the Barkenhousens lived on the Bay; and then in 1865, they moved to Fidalgo Island, near what is now Summit Park, where Mr. Barkenhousen developed a fine farm. There they raised a considerable family of sons and daughters, some of whom are residing there at the present time.

The Princess Julia or E-yow-alth, her Indian name, outlived Mr. Barkhousen by a number of

years, and died about 1932, according to her sister, Mrs. William Shelton.

As already related, Fitzhugh returned in 1874 on a visit and looked up his son. It will be recalled that the boy was then seventeen years of age, and had returned to the Bay to look for his mother. Fitzhugh's little show of paternal interest in his offspring did not awaken any response in the boy except indifference and contempt for the man who so unfeelingly had betrayed his mother, and in so many words told him so, in much stronger words than used here. Piqued by his cold reception, Fitzhugh left his son and Bellingham Bay, and as far as known never again did father and son come in contact. It might plausibly be supposed that the cutting reprimand at least sobered the errant father; but if it did, it failed to engender any reformation in his stony nature.

Hubert Coy of Tulalip,
Son of Mrs. Ruth (Sehome) Shelton
and Grandson of Chief Sehome




MORSE
HARDWARE
SANITARY MEAT CO
MORSE HARDWARE COMPANY

Julia, the daughter of Fitzhugh and Julie Sehome, never returned to Sehome, the place of her birth; though her mother tried to locate her after Fitzhugh took her to Seattle; the search was unsuccessful. It was rumored that Fitzhugh took the little girl to California, but that was unlikely, since as far as known, he never returned to California except by way of the East. In after years, her life and story came to light. She had grown up on the Upper Sound, had married and raised a family and eventually contacted and visited the old scenes of her birth on Bellingham Bay. Of Sehome's children, besides Julie (Julia), Cha-das-kanim or Dan as he was called, died a young man, about the time his father returned to Samish Island.

The second daughter of Sehome, Ya-sim-tsa, or Sally, was first married to Charles Pierson, a whiteman who died about 1880; later she married an Indian at Lummi. Sally died about 1932 and is buried at Lummi.

The youngest of Sehome's children, Sh-yas-tanoe or Ruth, was born at Sehome about 1856, after the Samish Chief moved to Bellingham Bay when Fitzhugh secured his daughter, Julia. Ruth returned to Samish Island with her parents, and some years later married a whiteman named Coy. Her son by that marriage, Hubert Coy, was a prominent resident of Tulalip and ran a fishing resort there. After the death of Mr. Coy, his wife, Ruth, married Chief William Shelton of Tulalip. By her second marriage a son, Robert E. Shelton, deceased, and a daughter, Hi-ahl-tsa, or Harriette Dover of Tulalip, where she has served as postmaster for some years. Her mother still lives, hale and hearty at 96 years.

(Note:) This was written in 1955 and she is now deceased.

After returning to Samish Island, Sehome often visited his Clallam relatives at Dungeness and around Port Townsend, but he seldom, if ever set his foot on the shores of Bellingham Bay at Sehome--the place that bore his proud name, but the scene of much grief and disaster to him and his family

through the faithless and unscrupulous hand of Fitzhugh. We can well imagine that the old Sachem of the Samish forever wrote him off as a hiyu cultus Boston (Very worthless American).

But the Chief with his snowy locks was getting old, and did not long survive the misfortunes that clouded his later years. Some time in 1861--near as his daughter can place the date--S'-yah-whom, born of the Clallams, Chief of the Samish and Sehome to the whites on Bellingham Bay, closed his eyes in his last long sleep on the sunny isle of his adoption, called Samish. There he and his son, Cha-das-kanim, rested side by side in the Samish burying ground until some years later, when the remains of father and son were removed and re-interred in Lummi Cemetery at the mouth of the Nooksack.[43] Later when the old church at Old Lummi was moved up on the hill, to its present location, a new cemetery was opened, and the bones of all Indian ancestors--Sehome's and his son's also--

were taken up and buried together in the present Lummi Cemetery; and there, after a somewhat checkered career, both in life and in death, the old Sachem and his boy found their final resting place.

Chief Sehome's wife, Tsi-swat-olitsa, the Samish Princess, survived him many years, and lived with her daughter, Ruth, at Tulalip. She passed away in 1893, and is buried in the Tulalip Cemetery.[44]

Such is the story behind old Sehome, the first townsite on Bellingham Bay. A combination of tradition, legend and history, it wanders far; but not too far from the factual; and, withal, forms a romantic tale of the early days in Northwest Washington with its special locale at Sehome and its Coal Mines that comprised its chief industry.

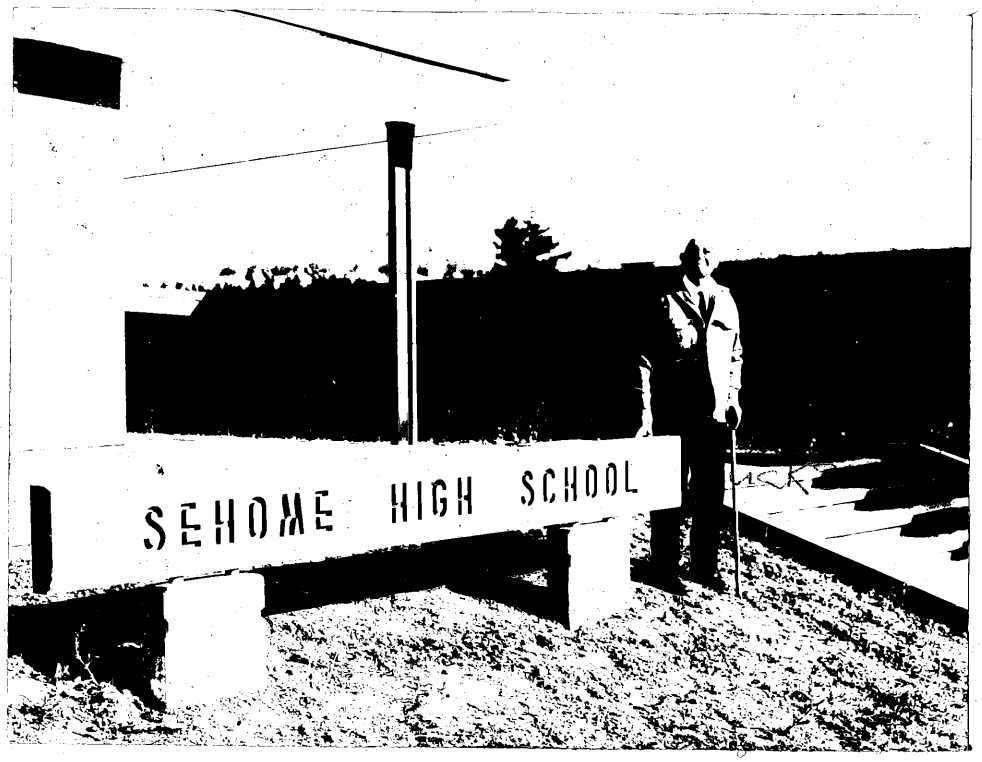
If the City of Bellingham, heir to all this lore, were more sincerely conscious of her debt to those who first trod the shores of Bellingham

Bay, and less remiss in paying tribute to their memory, then somewhere on the location of the new Sehome High School, a suitable monument should arise to honor the memory of Chief S8-yah-whom (Sehome), who lent his musical Clallam name to designate her historic landmarks.

ADDENDA:

When the new Sehome High School was started in 1965, considerable controversy took place over the proposal to change the name to something "more modern" for the new School. The writer took part in that controversy in favor of retaining the old name of Sehome, and gave some pertinent facts supporting his stand. Since that time the writer has made a thorough research on the origin of the name, "Sehome", in all of its various applications, in the City of Bellingham, and particularly as pertaining to the naming of Sehome High School. This we are completing at the present time, and find a most interesting story,

regarding the origin of the name, which we offer in this story, soon ready for publication under the title of: "Romance and Intrigue on Bellingham Bay, or the Story and History of Old Sehome on the site of the Bellingham Bay Coal Mines and the naming of the new Sehome High School."



SEHOME HIGH SCHOOL

Sehome had the honor of having had the first school building on Bellingham Bay, but never supported a High School. When the little school near the Coal Mines outgrew its usefulness, in 1892 a new wood-frame building was constructed on the hill on High Street, known as Sehome School. Her High School students were sent to Whatcom High until crowded conditions made it necessary to build the new Sehome High School on the East slopes of Sehome Hill, which will open as a four-year institution beginning in the fall of 1967, to serve that part of Bellingham formerly known as Sehome and Fairhaven. Thus old Chief S'-yah-whom's (Sehome's) name will be preserved by our citizens as an honor and memorial to the old Samish Chief who lent his musical name to designate our first incorporated City on Bellingham Bay and one of our chief educational institutions.

All honor to the Chief and the "Sehome High"!

NOTES AND APPENDIX

1. Sehome; see Roth History of Whatcom County, Washington, p. 957, for a good account. See also the plat record in County Auditor's office.
2. Mrs. Marion C. Vincent, MS.
3. Theodore Winthrop, The Canoe and the Saddle, p. 5.
4. Marion C. Vincent MS. Mrs. Vincent places the time of Ste-tee-thlum as about 1777.
5. Accounts of these events are found in full in Hudson's Bay Record Society, Vol. III, pp. 447-8, and Vol. IV pp. 57,63. Hubert Bancroft in his Northwest Coast, Vol. II, p. 483, says that the scene of the murders was on Lummi Island; that is obviously incorrect, since the first-hand account above, definitely places it on Hood Canal.
6. Ibid.,p. 448.

7. See McCurdy, James G., By Juan de Fuca's Strait, p. 37.
8. Ibid.,p. 37.
9. See Winthrop, Theodore, The Canoe and the Saddle, p. 13, for a full characterization of Chin Lin.
10. McCurdy, James G., By Juan de Fuca's Strait, p. 38.
11. Ibid.,p. 36.
12. Ibid., p. 38.
13. Ibid., p. 103.
14. Hubert Bancroft, History of Washington, Idaho and Montana, p. 99.
15. McCurdy, James G., By Juan de Fuca's Strait, p. 120.
16. Ibid., p. 120.
17. Ibid., p. 126.
18. Letters from Sehome's daughter, Mrs. William Shelton, and Mrs. Harriette Dover, his grand-daughter, and interview with Hubert Coy, Sehome's grand-son. Also

Mrs. Marion Lambert Vincent MS.

19. See Appendix B, Mrs. Ruth Shelton, letter.

20. Washington Historical Society, Building a State, p. 550; Roth, History of Whatcom County, p. 38.

21. Ibid., p. 37.

22. See Note 20, above.

23. Financial difficulties afflicted the early business ventures on Bellingham Bay from almost the start. The sawmill was mortgaged to meet pressing debts, and both Roeder and Eldridge were forced to seek other means of livelihood--Roeder returning to his old time sea life, while Eldridge taught the little Sehome School near the mine. Interest rates were excessively high. The mill was compelled to pay as much as 3% per month, and at the same time, Fitzhugh took a mortgage on Roeder's ship, H.C. Page, at the ruinous rate of 4%. Roth's History, p. 39.

24. See Mrs. Ruth Shelton's letter; Appendix B.
25. Ibid.
26. Ibid.
27. Ibid.
28. Theodore Winthrop, in The Canoe and the Saddle: "It was a gutteral, sputtering language, in its calmest articulation, and now every word burst forth like the death-rattle of a garroted man." p. 21. The Chinook jargon--a poor excuse for a dialect at best--was the whiteman's only alternative in the exchange of ideas with the native tribes of the Sound.
29. Mrs. Ruth Shelton; Appendix B.
30. Washington State Historical Society; Building a State, p. 550.
31. Appendix B, Mrs. Ruth Shelton's letter.
32. W.W. De Lacey was a man of great energy, who in the capacity of civil engineer was connected with many prominent enterprises in the pioneer days of the Pacific Northwest. The

extension of the Willamette Meridian northward from the Columbia River to the Canadian border, was a major operation under his supervision; the Survey for the Military Road from Steilacoom to Bellingham Bay just after the Indian War of 1855-6, was another of his accomplishments which he carried out under very difficult and dangerous conditions. After the conclusion of his work in building the Whatcom Trail, he left the state and made a name for himself and a fortune in Idaho and Montana. See Bancroft's History of Washington, p. 82, The Northern Light, Sept. 11, 1858.

33. The first settlement on Bellingham Bay was made at the Falls of Whatcom Creek; that at the Sehome Mines, following a little later.

34. Roth's History of Whatcom County, p. 957.

35. The original plat of old Sehome was superseded in 1883 by that filed by the Belling-

ham Bay Improvement Company as"New Whatcom"; then in 1888 it was incorporated under the name of "Town of Sehome"; again in 1890, the name was changed to New Whatcom again. In 1891, Whatcom joined with it to form New Whatcom, and in 1901, the "New" was dropped to form "Whatcom", which in 1903, joined with Fairhaven to establish greater Bellingham.

36. See original plat of Sehome on file in the County Auditor's Office.

37. In a letter to the writer, Mrs. Harriette Dover, Sehome's grand-daughter, was especially bitter toward Fitzhugh because of his treatment of her Aunt Julia; and expressed a desire, were it possible, to wreak her pent up feelings in vengeance on the man who had so wantonly betrayed his two consorts, and caused so much suffering in the old Chief Sehome's family.

38. Washington Historical Society, Building a

State, p. 550.

39. Ibid; Roth's History of Whatcom County, p. 38.

40. Ibid.

41. For a biography of Henry C. Barkenhousen, see History of Skagit and Snohomish Counties, Interstate Publishing Company, p. 638.

42. For the closing details of the story, the writer was entirely indebted to Mrs. Ruth (Sehome) Shelton, the only then living link with the colorful events that mark the life of Chief Sehome, his family, and the beginning of old Sehome on Bellingham Bay. The other actors that took part in the dramatic unfolding of events, had long since left the state of action.

43. Ibid.

44. Ibid.

APPENDIX A.

Letter from Mrs. Marion L. Vincent of Sequim, Washington:

Dear Mr. Jeffcott:

I just finished reading your book, Nooksack Tales and Trails, sent to me by the Library in Bellingham at my request.

I'm in search for all the information I can get on Sehome--Chief Sehome. Here's why.

About 1777, a Clallam Chief kidnapped a Nanaimo Princess. Of this union (The Chief's son by his request was given the Princess by the old Chief, as told in the story, and the seven sons and one daughter were the Chief's grand-children,) were born 7 sons and one daughter, she being the youngest; also she was my great-grandmother. The father of Sehome--pronounced S'-yah-hum by the Clallams--was a brother of my great-grandmother, as well as being one of (the family) the seven brothers.

I'm compiling our family tree, so would like more on S'-yah-hum and family. After he married the Samish Princess, he (S'-yah-hum or Sehome) he very seldom came back to his native village of Pt. Townsend.

One of S'-yah-hum's (daughters) married or lived with Edmond (Edmund) Clare Fitzhugh. I believe three children were born of this union. (The writer has been able to trace but two).

Could you give me the names of these and where they live? I have all the Barkhousens (Henry C. Barkenhousen) straightened out.

Then there was another character, Blanket Bill (Jarman) I would like to know more about. He had an Indian wife--Alice, he called her --- She was a Clallam. I'm wondering if their daughter, also Alice, is living and where could she be located.

Would you care to read the family tree when I have finished writing it?

Thanks a lot for any in advance information.

Sincerely,

(Mrs. Marion Lambert Vincent.

Note: Parentheses are the author's.

(Subsequently the writer had the opportunity to read Mrs. Vincent's MS. of the "Family tree", and found it both informative and interesting. In a second letter, Mrs. Vincent throws more light on the subject in hand, and adds more concerning herself. The letter is appended here for that reason.)

Sequim, Wash.

Nov. 23, 1953.

Dear Mr. Jeffcott:

Your letter rec'd. I appreciate your comments on my story.

In the first place, I've written the same not for publication so much as for family future use.

I'm so pleased you liked it.

Let me do a little explaining: I am ½ Clallam and one half Swede. I do speak and understand the Clallam language thoroughly. Mrs. Shelton is one half Clallam and ½ Sammish. I do not doubt but what she speaks Clallam as well as she does the Sammish; but am inclined to think as long as her mother was Sammish, her inclinations are that direction more than Clallam--for after all traditions are carried on more by grand-mothers than fathers. My information came to me from my old great-grand-mother, (How-itsa) Julie Ann--the sister of Whe-yux.

Both Mrs. Shelton and her son say Sehome's father was Squh-quay. This is a Clallam word, not a name. Squh means talk; Squh-quay means talking or talkative. Do you think it possible this name was given Sehome's father because of his being talkative? My Great-grand-mother, How-itsa, told me definitely her brother's name was Whe-yux, who was Sehome's father.

I'd appreciate it if you will send me the facts as they have them--the Sehome family line--I'd like to make comparisons. I can't understand about the Mary (The local name at Sehome of Sehome's sister,) also I didn't know Sehome had a sister. I'ts likely he did have, seven brothers.

Sincerely,
Marion L. Vincent.

Appendix B:

In reply to a letter to Chief Sehome's daughter, Mrs. William Shelton, concerning the family of the Chief, the following reply was received)

Dear Mr. Jeffcott:
Sorry to have delayed; but we have had several cases of severe flu in our family the past few weeks. You have already talked with my oldest son, Hubert Coy, and I guess he told you it was my Aunt who married William Lear, sister of

Sehome. And of my brother and sisters,--the oldest was Julia, her Indian name EE-yam-alth, first was the consort of Mr. Fitzhugh--and in this connection I might add that my sister Julia didn't want to be his wife; she cried and cried over the turn of events which brought her to him. But she was later married to Mr. H.C. Barkhousen, who was a wonderful and kind man. Next to Julia was my brother, Cha-das-kanim, or Dan; he died when I was about nine years old, and he did not have any children. Next was my sister, Sally, Y-sim-tsa, who first was married to Charles Pierson, a white man, who died around 1880, but I'm not sure of the year. Later she was married to John Oshann, an Indian at Lummi. I'm not sure of the dates now, but I believe my sister Sally died in 1937, and she is buried at Fidalgo Island Cemetery. And I am the youngest of the family, about 96 years old. My Mother died about 1893, and she is buried here at Tulalip Cemetery.

****

I have only two of my children living now, the oldest, Hubert Coy, and my youngest daughter, Harriette, her Indian name, Hi-ahl-tsa. My other son was Robert R. Shelton. He died in 1930, and his widow and two children live in Minneapolis, Minn.

Thank you for writing us. * * * * * * * *

Sincerely,

Mrs. William Shelton

(Sh-yas-tenoe, Ruth Sehome)

The following questionary was addressed to Mrs. Shelton, and returned by her with answers as follows:

1---Name of Sehome's wife?---Tsi-swhat-olitsa or Emily.

2---His daughters?--- Julia, or E-yam-alth; Sally, or Ya-sim-tsa; Ruth or Sh-yas-tenoe.

3---Sons, if any?----Daniel (Dan) or Cha-das-kanim.

4---Which of the daughters married E. C. Fitzhugh?----Julia.

5---Which became Mrs. H. C. Barkhousen?----Julia, she married Mr. Barkhousen after Mr. Fitzhugh left.

6---Did one daughter marry William King Lear?--No. Chief Sehome's sister, married Mr. Lear.

7---Date of Chief Sehome's death?----1861.

8---Buried where?----First buried at Samish Island; later removed to Lummi Cemetery with his son (Dan).

In a second letter from Sehome's daughter, Mrs. Ruth Shelton, (Her daughter, Mrs. Harriette Dover did the typing and added some of her observations also) she tells the story of her family life quite fully and incidently enumerates most of the salient facts that are the basis of our story. Because of its value as a record of early times on Bellingham Bay, the letter is given in full:

Marysville, Washington,
Star Route,
Feb. 6, 1954

Mr. P. R. Jeffcott,
Ferndale, Washington

Dear Mr. Jeffcott:
We're sorry to have delayed answering your November letter, but have had many interruptions, in addition to all kinds of sickness for every member of our family.

With reference to Mrs. Lambert (Mrs. Marion Lambert Vincent) of Sequim, she wrote to us a long time ago, and we lost or mislaid her letter; but from what she said of our family tree, it was all unknown and new to me. Of course the spelling of Indian names is very hard, and they could be the same names, with slifhtly different accents by different people. I am sure however, altho I have never met her, that Mrs. Lambert (Vincent)

and I come from the same family. I would like very much to meet Mrs. Lambert (Vincent) and talk all this over, because what I say about my family is the truth.

I never ever heard my Aunt's "white man" name, but it could well be Mary. The Lears would know.

From what research we have done, the ending of Indian names, such as "kanim" or "kadim", or even "cay-dubh), refers to the head; looking up, rising up, striving upward; or shining lights about the head, singing drums,---it can go on and on, depending on the first syllables. In the case of Cha-das-kanim (name of Sehome's son), after sounding the syllables over and over, and tracing the various sounds to various words, my mother says it has to do with "shining lights about the head", a halo of lights, From my language, which is Snohomish, I have found the words and thoughts can be very poetic and

very flowery; although any one hearing it would think it sounds very savage and unintelligible. I never ever learned the Clallam or Samish or Lummi languages, aside from a few sentences or expressions; but I believe they are all pretty much the same. My mother--I mean my mother, Mrs. Ruth Shelton--knows and speaks all these languages. (H.S.D.)

My sister, Julie, (Mrs. Shelton dictating) I believe, was named Julia by Mr. Fitzhugh. I never heard her called "Jessie". And the story about how she came to go with Fitzhugh: When Mr. Fitzhugh came to Bellingham (Bay), he went to the head men of the Lummis and asked for a Chief's daughter. They told him all their young women were married, but they knew of a Chief's daughter living on Samish Island, the daughter of Chief S'-yah-whom (Sehome). So Fitzhugh hired two Indians, and they went by canoe to Samish Island. They arrived there

late in the evening. We imagine Sehome would have refused to let his daughter go, if the Indians with Fitzhugh were not men he knew and respected. They were sub-chiefs of the Lummis. But my sister cried; she didn't want to go. We guess that Fitzhugh was rather persuasive, and he was superintendent of the coal mines, so they felt that they should let my sister go. A woman family servant was sent along to take care of my sister--but the whole family made immediate plans to move to Bellingham Bay to be near my sister. And that's how my father Sehome came to live at Bellingham Bay; and I was born there. We must have been there seven or eight years, more or less. Bellingham Bay belongs to the Lummi Tribe, but we were welcome there, because one of my father's uncles was half Lummi; he had relatives there.

Again, about Fitzhugh: A year or two after he took my sister Julie he took our Aunt, Sehome's sister as his other wife. Our Aunt was probably

a little older than my sister Julie, but when I came along to remember things, the two of them looked alike and about the same age to my eyes. My sister Julie had a baby daughter, whom Fitzhugh named Julia, and this niece of mine was older than I. I believe my sister Julie must have been about sixteen when Fitzhugh took her. And our Aunt had a son. About six years, or so, later Fitzhugh took his two children to Seattle and placed them in an all-white family--he wanted them to learn better English--and we imagine he planned to place them in a school somewhere else. When he took the two children, my sister Julie, and my Aunt, walked out of his home, and never returned; and although they tried to locate the children, they never really knew what heppened to them until years later, when Fitzhugh's son returned to Bellingham (Bay looking for his mother; and he was about seventeen years of age when he returned. They the(children) had had some years of hardship,

when the family with which they were placed had a death--the father of the family died, so they (the Fitzhugh children) just drifted for a time, until they were taken in by a kind-hearted family.

My sister married H. C. Barkhousen then, and our Aunt married William K. Lear. Mr. Lear had to go home for a death in his family, and our Aunt went back home.---And now for Harriette's observations: (Harriette Shelton Dover), my Aunt Julia, of course, was along in years by the time I got to know her, but I could see that she must have been a very pretty girl in her day; and she was a vivacious person, laughing and talking all the time. Her movements were fast and light. I remember she'd "nag" Mr. Barkhousen in a light way, and he would smile at her in a slow smile and say, "Now Julia, Now Julia". Mr. Barkenhousen was a very tall man, and my Aunt Julia was tiny. I'm five feet tall, and she was shorter than I. I never saw our great-aunt, but she must have looked like Julie--and my mother says she was more quiet than Julie. Aunt Julie was a happy whirl-wind,

but I imagine she had a bad temper too, when aroused. (Mrs. Ruth Shelton dictation): When Julia and my Aunt walked out of Fitzhugh's home, our father, Sehome, didn't try to influence them in any way. Our family left Bellingham Bay then, and went back to the tribal village home on Samish Island where they had been living when Fitzhugh came into their lives. Our father paid periodical visits to his other home at Dungeness, the Clallam tribal village; also the Skagit tribal villages near Coupeville on Whidbey Island. He had many close relatives in all of them. We don't think he had too much dealing with the first white people on Bellingham Bay, because that was not his real home--the place belonged to the Lummis. Fitzhugh was the one who asked Sehome to take his name and give it to the place where the Coal Mine was located.

We hope we have answered all your questions, but if we haven't please write again. We love to

hear from you.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Ruth Shelton and
her daughter, Harriette.

(P.S. by Harriette Dover):

I should have told you the snapshot I sent of myself was taken some years ago. I have gray and all the sags that go with middle age (woe is me) now. My brother Hubert looks like our mother, and I look like my father, Chief William Shelton. We will send a picture of Hubert later.

I have shrieked to high heaven every time I hear this story of Fitzhugh and my Aunts. I vow I'll look for him and beat his head off by bits--tear him to shreds; and my mother smiles and says, "Why he must have died long ago".

I wonder where he came from, and where did he go? My mother thought he took his daughter Julia to California in later years. But--Fitzhugh told his father to go to "You know Where"--that he

didn't want to talk to him or see him.

Life is so fascinating--even while your heart aches for the people who get hurt in it.

Harriette.