Memoirs of a frontiers woman, Mary C. Ronan

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The University of Montana
MEMOIRS

of

A FRONTIERS WOMAN

Mary C. Ronan

by

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Approved:

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"Inferretque deos Latio. When an adventurer carries his gods with him into a remote and savage country, the colony he founds will, from the beginning, have graces, traditions, riches of the mind and spirit. Its history will shine with bright incidents, slight, perhaps, but precious, as in life itself, where the great matters are often as worthless as astronomical distances, and the trifles dear as the heart's blood."

Willa Cather, *Shadows on the Rock*
Dedication

To my mother and father
FOREWORD

For years people have been urging my mother to write her recollections of the varied and unusual experiences that have been hers. Until the last few years her days have been such busy ones that no time was to be found for any writing except letters to members of a large and scattered family. When, at last, leisure came, it was not the leisure of ease in which to carry out long cherished plans but that which is enforced by weariness from much work and by pain and illness.

"I am so tired of being a Pioneer!" she sighed from the depths of her being one day after she had been subjected to a particularly tedious session with one of the long procession of interviewers by whom she is continually besieged.

She had never been bored, indifferent, or withdrawn. She has always been so gracious, so eager, so interested, so anxious to help any one who came to get a story,--seasoned reporter, budding student of journalism, or freak,--that her declaration of fatigue alarmed me, and then and there I promised to do what I had long been saying I would do "some day",--write my mother's memoirs, make transcripts of historically interesting letters, articles, and papers that she has long treasured, file all together in a library,
and thereto refer the next and all succeeding interviewers.

Out of this promise grew these chapters.

My mother and I spent the summer of 1929 delightfully collaborating. Each morning she undertook an "assignment" in reminiscence on a topic,—earliest memories of childhood, of father, of mother, of this place, of that, of this year, of that, of this person, of that, of this event, of that. Each morning she talked upon the topic agreed upon by us the day before and also she wander ed into such unforeseen bypaths as the first process of deliberate remembering happened to open. I jotted notes; sometimes I interrupted with questions; sometimes I listened to oft-heard stories, a sort of folklore of our family, that I knew word for word as my mother would tell them. In the afternoons while she rested and mused upon her next "assignment", or stimulated her memory by reading old letters or by looking at old pictures, I transcribed upon the typewriter, as nearly as possible word for word, the recollections of the morning.

My mother was always eager to read what I had typed and to make sure that I had quoted her exactly, without understating or overstating; to know how her own words spoke back from paper. So eager was she, in fact, that sometimes she stood over me as I typed; sometimes I would find her sitting at the typewriter scanning the unfinished
page that I had left in the machine. To many pages she added in her own handwriting other memories suddenly wrenched from oblivion. We made no attempt at first to weld the mass of material our method yielded into such form that it would read connectedly or progressively. That attempt came later and meant rigorous excluding, since so many of the events and acquaintanceships that happen during the progress of a life form into a mere agglomeration.

In order to check the accuracy of my mother's statements with regard to people and events, during such leisure as I had in the busy years following the summer of 1929, I read Northwest history, reminiscences and diaries of pioneers, old letters, and old newspapers. I can truly say that I never found her remarkable memory in error. I read also with the purpose of seeing if I could find an account of the everyday experiences and real point of view of a woman who grew from girlhood among frontier conditions. Such a story I did not find; such a story I have endeavors quite sincerely to set down, as I have said, word for word as my mother told it to me, interpreting only now and then.

1. Old Deadwood Days by Estellene Bennett is the story of a later period, when the East and eastern schools could be reached by railroad; Days on the Road by Sarah R. Herndon is the diary which she wrote from day to day while she was crossing the plains in 1865; the books by Frances C. and Margaret L. S. Carrington are chiefly about events that took place outside their homes, that befell the men of their families.
It was our plan that my father, too, should tell his own story. Because many years have now passed since he "journeyed beyond the peaks he loved so well into the valley of silence", this story was to have been gathered from personal glimpses given here and there in articles which he wrote, in his reports to the Department of the Interior, in penciled paragraphs which we found among his private papers, in his letters, and in interviews which he granted various newspapers. When we assembled this material, we found that the story was not forthcoming, for as a newspaper man and as a Government official Peter Ronan wrote entirely objectively of the stirring events in which he was active. With regard to himself he was modest in interviews and even his private papers and letters are reticent; and so his story has been woven into my mother's telling of her own.

I am conscious that I have not been able to capture her effect; verbatim though this account is, it fails to convey the dramatic quality of my mother's recital since type is not permeable to the cadences of a soft voice; to the kindling lights of blue eyes; to the changing expressions of a sweet, sensitive, mobile face; to the nuances of a personality that has always charmed and still charms

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everyone.

when I think of my mother's picturesqueness, of the aura of romance surrounding her,—which not even the petty events of everyday association can dispel; when I think of her intelligence, her sweetness, her refinement, her delicacy;—and when I recall these as the distinguishing qualities of other pioneer women who were her friends, I appreciate that no desire to set off a rhetorical display, but genuine sincerity inspired the tribute paid by Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders in Helena on July 6, 1902, at the formal acceptance by the commonwealth of the capitol, to the Pioneer Women:

"What adequate words shall be spoken of those brave and accomplished women who first journeyed into these unknown fastnesses with love and loyalty and courage immeasurable. They beautified the rudest homes, and in all our labors were veritable helpmeet. Whether fighting savages, swimming rivers, crossing trackless wastes by night or day, they were examples of fortitude and devotion worthy of all praise. Taking up cheerfully the all too neglected burdens which refined society and tamed our wilderness, they achieved for the state a magnificent contest and for themselves the immortality of fame. They hold a secure place in popular esteem as the builders of a great commonwealth, whose foundations they laid in prudence not recklessness, in liberty not obstinacy, amid militant struggles and with inspiring hopes. Rising superior to every disaster, their dauntless souls comprehending the greatness of their nation clung with unshaken fidelity to that innate righteousness which is affirmed on high authority exalteth a nation. Intrepid in danger and active in every good word and work, their share in what has been achieved is large, and succeeding generations
will bring them votive offerings of gratitude and praise."

Truly there were thousands of women of another sort who had, also, a great part, an equally hard, no doubt a more bitter part in the settling of this frontier;—gaunt, grim, shrill, weatherbeaten women, with rough skin and unkempt hair and coarse hands, clad in soiled, crumpled calico or gingham dresses and sunbonnets, shod with shapeless dusty boots,—not picturesque, not romantic according to the usual connotation of these words,—interesting, no doubt, certainly dauntless, devoted, loyal, deserving, too, of their tribute, of having their stories told. Women such as these scarcely enter my mother's story. If they do, it is as if they have been led gently in by one who has pitied them, who has brushed from them the grime of the trail, who has softened the lights of harsh reality and has afforded them a gracious aspect, shed from the wonder or the strangeness or the beauty in which life appeared to her in all vicissitudes.

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BOOK I

INTO THE LAND OF GOLD

"Did a prairie schooner pass this way
In the dusty haze of a summer day,
Rolling and dipping over the swells
As it followed the winding grade?"

Elliott C. Lincoln, "Wheel Tracks"
Northwest Verse
My first experiences traveling in a covered wagon and camping out at night came to me when I was so young, and the daily journeying was so much a matter of course, that I have only a general sort of picture in my mind of it all. When memory was just awakening I had traveled with my father and mother from Kentucky to Indiana, from Indiana to Illinois. Up almost from oblivion comes the memory of the journey with my widowed father from Illinois to Iowa and on to Missouri; a little clearer comes that of the journey alone with him from Missouri to Colorado; clearer come those of the long treks from Colorado to Montana; from Montana to Utah, from Utah across the desert to southern California; and clearest of all comes the memory of the journey back from California to Montana with my husband by boat and train and stage coach.

When I turn back in Memory's pages to my childhood, I always see a picture of a covered wagon halted on a dim road winding out of sight on a wide prairie that undulates endlessly toward a vast shadowy background of looming mountains. Just ahead of the wagon a little girl is venturing along the road, gazing across the expanse of country. I can recall the wonderment at the bigness of the world of that little girl, who was I, and the eager striving to
stretch her childish experience and imagination to comprehend some bit of its meaning and of its promise for her on the long journey.

My father, James Sheehan, was an Irish emigrant who came from Cork to the United States when he was sixteen years of age. His wanderings in search of a livelihood led him to Louisville, Kentucky, where he met and married my mother, Ellen Fitzgibbon, an Irish girl not long from Limerick. At Louisville in July, 1852, my father was not one to recall exact days of the month, I was born and christened Mary Catherine Caroline Fitzgibbon, but through all my childhood and girlhood I was known to my acquaintances simply as Mollie Sheehan, and by that name many of the old, old-time friends still call me. A little boy, Gerald, must also have been born while my parents lived in Louisville, for my earliest memory is of being on a boat on a river and of having a man coax me to trade my baby brother for a doll. I presume that my father, with his family, was on the way to Indiana where he had a contract to do railroad construction. How the poor, young Irish emigrant had accumulated enough to equip himself for such work I do not know. My father was reticent, and I took him for granted, as most young people do their parents. When I longed to ask the details of his life story that intrepid spirit had followed my mother's forth beyond my
questionings. Among a few treasured mementos of my father I still have a letter, worn and yellowed, a tribute to his honest workmanship:

Engineer's Office, Evansville
Indianapolis and Cleveland Straight Line Railroad
Petersburg Pike Co., Ind.
Sept. 23, 1856

Mr. James Sheehan has been engaged for some time past as a contractor on this road and has just completed in a workmanlike manner two sections.

As a contractor he has been energetic and prompt in carrying out the directions of the engineers, and it gives me pleasure to recommend him to engineers having work to let.

D. H. Kennedy
Chief Engineer

My next picture of Memory is a tragic one. I have always linked it with these verses, for I seem always to have known them:

"Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep
In the lap of that dim old forest,
He lieth in peace asleep."

4. Alice Cary (1820-1871), Pictures of Memory. All of this poem and many others, parts of some of which are quoted from time to time herein, Mary C. Ronan knows by heart and recites when some particular conversation or occasion makes doing so appropriate.
It seemed to me as I grew older that these words were my own, my lamentation for the little brother Gerald, whose eyes were dark blue, whose hair was light and curly, with whom I have distinct memories of playing. His death came about in this way. From Ireland my father brought to live with us his brother, a widower, and that brother's three children, Patrick, Mary, and Ellen Sheehan. Because of heart trouble my uncle could not work. One day he carried Gerald out to watch the men at work with their teams of oxen and their carts. He sat the little boy on a stump, around which green grass was growing, and left him there for a moment while he stepped a few paces away to speak to Patrick, who was working among my father's men. A yoke of oxen, grazing, nosed nearer and nearer to the stump, knocked the baby off and trampled him to death in an instant.

I have faint memories of the sorrow and mourning. Gerald must have been buried there in Indiana, - "in that dim old forest", as I have always thought; and there, too, my poor uncle "lieth in peace asleep". I used to hear my relatives say that he died suddenly from the shock of this tragic occurrence.

My father's work took him to Illinois. My mother gave birth to a baby girl who lived for only two weeks. I have heard my father tell that in order to take the little body to a cemetery for burial, he had to wade a swollen
stream. Neighbors advised him not to take the risk, but he did, carrying the tiny coffin on his shoulder. He could not get back until the next day. In the night while he was away the "shanty" in which we were living temporarily burned to the ground. Being carried from the burning house into the cool darkness is a recollection that comes back even now with a little thrill reflected from the terror of long ago. My mother was carried out from her sick bed; she caught cold and in less than a week she died. I was taken in someone's arms to her bedside to kiss her good-by. I can dimly remember seeing my father crying and crying because he cried, though I did not know what it was all about, the funeral across the river, the coming from Kentucky of my Aunt Margaret, my mother's sister, whom the neighbors called Mrs. Coffee. I was awakened and there she sat, a shadowy woman in the doorway of our cabin.
This dim bit of a memory is all I recall of any contact with my mother's people.

Taking me with him and my cousins, - Patrick, Mary, Ellen, - my father went to Ottumwa, Iowa. We lived with a family named Lauder in a house which had a big fireplace. That impressed me and so did the wide bed in which I slept with my father. How I loved Jane Lauder, the daughter. She went away, and I cried and cried. Now for the first time I experienced winter and cold. I used to stand by
the window and watch for my father to come through the
dusk from work. When I saw him, I would run and ask Mary
or Ellen to tell me how to pronounce the big word "hal-
lowed" so that when father came into the house I could say
without stumbling, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed
be Thy name", and all the beautiful words of the prayer he
himself had taught me. When spring came and the weather
grew warm I would go walking with my father on Sundays. I
would run ahead and gather flowers to give to him. I wore
white pantalets which I was told were made from the fine
linen sheets which my mother had brought with her from Ire-
land. Other underwear and nightdresses, too, I had made
from that same linen.

The women of the Lauder household talked with Mary
and Ellen about a chest of linens belonging to my mother,
which my father had been keeping for me but which had been
stolen. Years afterwards my stepmother used to wear some
brooches, which I thought beautiful. They had belonged
to my mother, she told me in her reticent way, and would be
mine some day. However, they were not, and I have never
known what became of them. As late as 1869, in our house-
hold in San Juan Capistrano, there was in use a fine woolen
comforter that my mother had brought from Ireland. In
Last Chance Gulch, in the early days, I had a green para-
sol which had been my mother's. One day when I was riding
horseback around Mount Helena, I took the parasol with me and lost it off the horn of the saddle. I was sorry and searched diligently but did not find it. These things and a lock of her soft brown hair, which I still treasure, were the only mementos I ever had of my young mother, and I have told much of them because they meant much to me. Often through long years I have dwelt in fancy on these bits of things, trying through them to divine the kind of woman my mother was, to call back to mind her face, for I never had a picture of her.

A Catholic priest started a school in Ottumwa. To it, the Lauders, who were not Catholics, took me regularly. While we were living here my cousin, Patrick Sheehan, was married and dropped out of my life forever. The second winter of our stay in Iowa was so cold that there was no work in my father's line. He left Mary and Ellen with the Lauders, took me and went into the country to care for his horses and mules, his investment capital. We lived with an Irish family. The cooking was done over a fireplace in the big farmhouse kitchen. "The Lady of the House," I have forgotten her name, used to mark with charred wood on the bricks above the fireplace her accounts of my father's bill for board and lodging. Those strange marks fascinated me; they were cryptic, portentous, though I knew no such words for expressing their effect.
That winter I went to a little country school. The children used to crowd around the big stove - I would sit shivering on the edge of the group my feet curled under me. I suppose that I was too small and too timid to assert a right to a share of the warmth. One day I came home with frozen feet. My father was wrathful and made a terrible scene. Another childish memory of this time is of an expedition with my schoolmates to a cemetery which was said to be haunted. When the cry went up, "The ghost! The ghost!" I fled, terrified, firmly believing that I had seen the ghost. In the evenings the Irish neighbors danced first at one house and then at another. As there was nothing else to be done with me, my father took me with him. No sort of musical instrument was in evidence, not even a fiddle; music, or at least rhythmic sound for the jigs and quadrilles, was produced by putting paper over the teeth of coarse combs and blowing forth the tunes of The Irish Washer Woman, The Rocky Road to Dublin, and other old favorites.

At last the ominous marks on the bricks above the fire-place were erased. Mary and Ellen had rejoined us and again we had set forth in the covered wagon, this time for St. Joseph, Missouri, where either a new road-building contract or freighting took my father.

Our new home was with my father's cousin, John
Sheehan, who had been settled in the South for some time and owned a plantation and a number of slaves. With his family of eight children he lived in a large white house. Here, after some time, my father married Anne Cleary, a young lady whom I had seen but once before the marriage. With his bride he went to Colorado, freighting provisions for frontier settlements. Because I so loved my father I was lonely in my Cousin John's ample household. I wept bitterly when the children read or told stories in which that fabulous ogress, "the cruel stepmother", caused all the evil and suffering. Mammy Caroline, an old negress who took care of us children, consoled me.

When I was told that my father was coming to take me to Colorado, I felt that of all the household I would be the saddest to part from Mammy Caroline, and that parting came first and in an unlocked for way. Those were the dark days at the beginning of the Civil War. One morning we woke to find all the negro servants gone; all the horses, too, were gone from the barns. I heard it said by members of Cousin John's family, for they were in sympathy with the cause of the South, that Union soldiers had come in the night, had stolen the horses, and had driven the darkies away. One terrifying night we children were aroused from bed and dressed in readiness to flee; it was whispered that the soldiers would surely come and turn us
out and burn the house. Before any tragedy happened my father returned. That was in the autumn of 1861. During the year and more that he had been gone, he had established a little store in Nevada, Colorado, and there he had left my stepmother in charge while he came back to St. Joseph for me.  


6. That a correspondence with these relatives was not carried on and that all trace of them was lost is not surprising since the cost of sending a letter from the frontier settlements to "the states" was from 75¢ to $1. Granville Stuart, Forty Years on the Frontier, Vol. I, p. 264, "We were rejoiced to pay $1.00 each for any paper or letter and received 75¢ for all letters dispatched."
The journey from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Denver, Colorado, my father and I made alone. I have heard it said that we were six weeks on the way. I remember no hardships, only joy at being with my dear father again in the covered wagon on the road with the world, as it seemed, all before us.

I was a "big girl" now, nine years old, and I felt great satisfaction in being helpful. If we camped for the night by a stream, I jumped down from the wagon at once and ran to get a bucket of water; then I picked up sticks to start the fire, or "buffalo chips" when we traveled through buffalo country. It was most exciting to help put the nose bags on the mules. My father always drove a six-mule team with a jerk line. He said that mules were stronger than horses and got over the ground faster for longer distances.

Most of the time as we jogged and jolted along I sat

7. A. J. Dickson, Covered Wagon Days, p. 140.
"The jerkline was fastened to the nigh lead mule's bridle and ran back through a ring in the left hame of each nigh mule. A 'jockey-stick' reached from the nigh leader's hame to his mate's bridle for control, and the wheelers were connected by a 'rum-strap' similarly fastened. When the driver wished the team to swing to the left, he would give the line a steady pull and call out, 'Haw!' To swing to the right he would give the line two or three short jerks and call, 'Gee!'"
beside him on the high seat of the wagon and played with my kitten, or listened to him sing, for he had a good voice and knew many Irish, Scotch, and southern melodies, and Civil War songs that were beginning to sweep the country even to its farthest outposts. It was on this journey that he taught me The Irish Emigrant, Lollie Bawn, Old Folks at Home, Nellie Gray, Swanee River, I Am Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines, and other songs. To the tune of Gentle Annie my father had composed words in honor of his gentle little wife, Anne Cleary. These, also, he taught to me. How gay we were when we made our voices ring out together:

"Gramachree ma cruiskeen
Slanta Gael, mavourneen!
Gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!
Gramachree ma cruiskeen
Slanta Gael, mavourneen!
Gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn!
Arrah, ma colleen bawn, bawn, bawn,
Arrah, ma colleen bawn."8

Often while we were singing the kitten would spring from my arms to ride upon the back of one of the mules.

"Perhaps the kitten does not understand our songs," I might say.

"Perhaps she wants to get a better view," my father might answer, for the prairie country must then have worn

8. An old Irish drinking song, of which M. C. Ronan has never seen the published words or the music. She sings it as her father taught it to her.
the warmth of autumnal browns and the glory of scarlet and gold. Landscapes do not seem to fix themselves "among the pictures that hang on Memory's wall."

I crawled into the back of the wagon for a nap on the heap of bedding when I grew tired, but this was not often, for besides songs my father had in his repertory of entertainment stories and stories. I liked best a new one about a dear, little baby sister that I would find in our new home. She was born in Empire City, Colorado, on July 30, 1861, and christened Katherine Empire;—Katherine, because that was the name of "Pa's" dear old mother back in Ireland, he said, and so a good one for both of his little girls to bear, the first to spell her name with a capital "C", the second with a capital "K". Kate was the first child to have been born in Empire City. Because the enthusiastic citizens saw in her birth the portent of permanency for their settlement, they deeded to her several town lots. The bestowal of her middle name was a return of courtesy on the part of her parents. Before the town or the child were many weeks old the boom had burst. What ever became of those lots I

Gold was discovered in the vicinity of Empire City, Clear Creek County, 1860. The town was surveyed and laid off in town lots and blocks. The enthusiasm of the first set-to at quartz mining received a check when the owners came down to pyrites.
do not know; once he had moved away from a place, my
father never returned; my sister\textsuperscript{10} never investigated the
registers of that old town.

Perhaps I was sorry, I do not really remember, when
we came to our journey’s end in Denver, where for some rea-
son my father left me for a month with a German man and
wife while he went on to Central City.\textsuperscript{11} I do remember
well, though, how lonely I was in the days immediately fol-
lowing and how I sighed and wept to be traveling again with
my father.

My German hosts took me to my first play. How
thrilled I was, how complete the illusion! How puzzling
it was to understand that what seemed so real was “a play”!
What the title was I do not recall, nor the plot. Probably
it was a farce or melodrama, for sounding through all the
intervening years I hear a stentor voice intoning in the
old, approved theatrical manner, “Old Aldwinkle’s daughter
gave me cold huckleberry pudding!”

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{10} Katherine E. Sheehan married Philip Hogan, a farmer,
whose property lay four miles west of Missoula. She
was the mother of two children, Mary (Mrs. Fred Mar-
shall, Los Angeles) and John (address unknown). She
died in Missoula in 1903. Her husband died in 1918.
\item \textsuperscript{11} Bancroft, \textit{op. cit.}, Vol. XXV, p. 611.

Central City was named for its central position be-
tween Nevada and Black Hawk. Here in 1860 the first
post office in the Rocky Mountains was located. In
the early days Central City was next to Denver the
seat of money and political influence. It was at one
time capital of the territory.
\end{itemize}
My German landlady was kind to me. I sometimes thought her a trifle severe when she made me learn to hem, practising on her husband's "shirt tails". When the allotted portion had been laboriously stitched, I was allowed to go outdoors to play and scamper with the dog.

I remember nothing of the trip from Denver to the new home in Nevada City on Clear Creek in Gilpin County, Colorado. I do remember the joy of meeting my stepmother and the thrill when she kissed me and held out the plump, little red-haired baby sister for me to kiss. Red hair was something new and interesting in our family. All the Sheehans, my stepmother, too, had brown hair, blue eyes, and dark brows and lashes.

My father had not told me what to call his wife. This worried me, yet I was too shy to ask. I treasured one memory too dear to call Anne Cleary "Mother". It never occurred to me that I might call her "Anne";—so impressive a personage, my father's wife! After more than seventy years I look back and try to realize that she was then just a girl, twenty or twenty-one years of age,—a gay and gentle girl. We grew to love each other. The problem of what to call her was solved by hearing other little girls call their mothers "Ma", and that name corresponded well with "Pa", the approved way of the period for addressing one's father.
I used to play in the tailings from Pat Casey's quartz mill, delighted with the shining bits of pyrites of iron. "Pat Casey's Night Hands" were much talked of in early days. I liked to whisper over and over again the phrase, "Pat Casey's Night Hands"; it had a mysterious ring. When I peered through the windows of the shack where the night hands were fed, nothing strange or frightful was to be seen; long tables were set quite in the ordinary way with tin cups and plates and many, many salt and pepper shakers and bottles and bottles of condiments. I walked to the school in Central City every day. The girls taught me the waltz and other "round dances", as those engaged in by two couples were called;--very daring such dances were and looked upon askance by pious people.

My father's frightening expeditions took him away from home often and for long periods of time. For company Ma began to take me to dances with her. When she left me at home, she always brought me, in her handkerchief, bits of frosting from the cakes which were served at the hearty midnight supper. One old Irish woman scorned the sweets and kept saying that when her turn came to entertain the neighbors she would serve "thim refreshments that wuz refreshments." She did. I know for I went to the party. In the middle of the night the guests sat down to scorched beef, cabbage, bread, jam, and coffee. For weeks after the ladies
who came to see my stepmother talked and laughed about that supper. I secretly thought that the cabbage had tasted good, but I said nothing for fear they would laugh at me. My father was much displeased when he came home and found that his young wife and little daughter had been going to dances without his escort and protection. We went no more.

Mine was a loving but stern father of the Irish type who believes that a man is the master of his home and makes his belief the practice of his household. Children must mind. I never thought of disobeying him, I tell you. I feared, respected, and loved him. He had a high regard for "learning". To every little school that was started any place in which we established our residence, however brief, I was sent. As I grew older he talked and talked of sending me "back to the states" to be educated. Always, though, there were obstacles, the expense, the distance, the difficulties of the journey. If ever my dear father had a little leisure he read. Whenever he could he bought books. Even during our residence in Alder Gulch, so wild, so isolated from civilization, we had Shakespeare's plays, some of Scott's romances, Moore's and Byron's poems. My father was a little below medium height and sturdily built. He had beautiful, deep blue Irish eyes, fringed with long black lashes. His features were fine, his forehead broad and high. His hair was thick and brown, his
beard was sandy with deeper bronze tones where it had not been faded by the sun blazing on prairie and mountain roads. He was energetic, fearless, virile, decisive, quick to act.

Our big yellow dog Dange always went with my father on his trips to Denver to guard the wagons. One night Dange failed to give the alarm. My father was camped alone in a little tent just out of Denver. Marauders awakened him. As he sat up in his bed one of them toppled the tent over and grappled with him. My father seized his bowie knife and jabbed furiously and at random through the canvas. The marauder loosed his grip; fleeing steps sounded. When my father disentangled himself from the canvas of the fallen tent and crawled out no one was to be seen. In the breaking light of morning he made his way to notify the police of what had happened. They returned with him to the place of his encampment. The trampled grass was spattered with blood; drops of blood showed on the canvas of the tent. In his off-hand account of this incident my father explained his escape by saying, "It was always my habit to be quick."

Much was to be learned during that year at Nevada City. My father taught me to ride Charley, his fine, spirited horse. Ours was a far-off, wild western settlement, and I was just ten years old, but there were proprieties to be observed. I must sit sideways on the man's saddle. For a long time I did not dare to go faster than
a walk. One day Pa accidentally—perhaps—struck Charley with the bridle rein. He broke into a gallop. After that I loved to ride fast.

Ma taught me to recite "pieces". I enjoyed the jingle of the words. The meaning did not concern me particularly; at any rate I had my own way of saying and understanding some of the lines.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public or from the stage."

This passage meant to me just what it did to my older listeners, but the two lines following,--

"If I should chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,"--

I proclaimed and understood this way:

"If I should chance to fall below
The moss, the knees, or Sis Ero."

Once when I was left at home to take care of the baby, I dressed in one of Ka's silk dresses and, playing lady, trailed it through the mud as I carried plump little Kate about to visit the neighbors. When my step-mother saw her bedraggled dress, she said severely, "Mollie, you shall never play lady again." I was plunged into the depth of mortification and utterly surprised, for it had been my experience that "a word ungentle could na be the word" of my dear stepmother.
In the fall of 1862 we moved to the little straggling town of Denver and lived on F street next door to a store kept by P. S. Pfouts, whose acquaintance we continued later in Alder Gulch. Ellen came out from St. Joseph and joined us. Mary had been married in St. Joseph where she continued always to make her home.

My father must have met with financial reverses. We lived in a house that seemed to have been built for a store or saloon. Ellen did domestic work for one of our neighbors. Christmas time came with Pa away from home. In a certain store window I saw some doll’s dishes which I yearned, with that painful yearning of childhood, to have for Christmas. I do not recall that we ever talked about Santa Claus, but some place I had got the idea of hanging up my stocking on Christmas Eve. When I talked about doing so to see if an angel would come and leave those doll’s dishes or something, Ma laughed and said I was talking nonsense. I did slip out of bed in the night and hang up my stocking. It was empty on Christmas morning, and I was a sad little girl.

12. President of the Executive Committee of the Vigilantes. His store in Virginia City was a meeting-place for them.
At school my Readers and those of the other children in grades above and below me absorbed my attention. I looked through them for the poetry, all of which I read and reread. Pages and pages I learned by heart and still remember. As memorizing was a practice with me throughout my school days, and as I have been saying and resaying many of these passages for years and years, I can not state exactly which ones I learned during the Denver school days; and yet some I remember definitely and clearly that I did learn at this time.

For the gentle sound of the words I memorized:

"Down in a green and shady bed
\hspace{1cm} A modest violet grew."\textsuperscript{14}

Moralizing lines and lines weighted with admonition appealed to me, such as these—

"Children, choose it
\hspace{1cm} Don't refuse it;
\hspace{1cm} 'Tis a precious diadem;"\textsuperscript{15}

"Speak gently; 'tis better far
\hspace{1cm} To rule by love than fear."\textsuperscript{16}

Often in the midst of the hard tasks of childhood my will to do was renewed by gritting my teeth and repeating "with inly-muttered voice":


\textsuperscript{15} \textit{Ibid.}, "A Good Name," p. 159.

\textsuperscript{16} \textit{Ibid.}, "Speak Gently," p. 264.
"'Tis a lesson you should heed
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."17

When I had mastered a difficulty it was satisfying to con-
gratulate myself in this ready-made way:

"'Little by little;' the acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
'I am improving every day.'"18

Sad stories about separation and death were fascinat-
ing:

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee."19

I shed tears thinking how Pa had left his home in Ireland
because "times were so hard". I pictured him as a little
child saying:

"Give me three grains of corn, mother
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn."20

Because we had lived near the town of Black Hawk,21

17. W. H. McGuffey, New Fourth Eclectic Reader, (Cin-
nati, 1866), "Try, Try Again," p. 95.
Mark Sullivan, Our Times, America Finding Herself,
Vol. II, p. 22. "Taking everything into account it
would not be surprising if at least half of the
school children of America from 1836 to 1900 drew
inspiration from McGuffey's readers."
18. W. H. McGuffey, New Juvenile Speaker, (Cincinnati,
1860), "Little by Little", p. 28.
21. The third of the towns, Nevada, Central City, Black
Hawk, in the heart of the gold district in Gilpin
County.
I became interested in learning by heart the speech of Chief Black Hawk when he was taken prisoner. Sympathizing with Indians was not usual among the families of emigrants. Now when I recall my intensity in reciting that speech, and also the verses beginning:

"Oh, why should the white man hang on my path,
Like the hound on the tiger's track?"

it seems as if I had almost a premonition of the experience of living among the Indians and of sorrowing for their wrongs and dispossessions that was awaiting me in the far years yet to come.

Another page in my Reader worn to tatters and blurred with tears was the one from which I memorized these words:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore;
Take me again in your arms as of yore.

Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!"

Every Friday afternoon at school we "spoke pieces." In this I reveled. With what flourish of pathos and luxuriance of gesture, in the approved manner of the period, I would recite:

"This book is all that's left me now,
And tears unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart."

Suited to the grand manner was also:

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare chide me
For loving that old arm chair.
I have treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears,
And I've embalmed it with sighs.
A mother sat there;
Then a sacred thing is that old arm chair."

But the best in all my repertory and the one I delighted most in proclaiming was The Gambler's Wife:

"Dark is the night, how dark! No light! No fire!
Cold on the hearth the last faint sparks expire.
Shivering she watches by the cradle side
For him who pledged his love;
Last year she was his bride.
Hark! 'Tis his footstep. No! 'Tis past, 'tis gone
How wearily the hours creep on!"

And so the verses gushed on, each one ending with the striking of the clock,—One! Two! Three!—until at last the wife and baby froze to death, then—

"The gambler came at last, but all was o'er;
Dread silence reigned around;
The clock struck four!"

My stepmother must have registered some disapproval of my selections, for once I asked her to choose something for me to memorize. I did not care at all for her choice, but because I liked to please her I learned the lines. However, I never considered them thrilling enough to declaim at the Friday's "exhibitions." Almost from oblivion those
lines come back, as a sad little comment, now, on the life of her who chose them for me:

"I walked along the ocean strand; a pearl shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote my name, the year, the day;
But onward as I passed, a lingering look behind me cast,
When a wave came, rushing high and fast, and washed my lines away.

And so, me thought, 'twill shortly be
On earth—a name for me."

I loved my teacher at the Denver school, and yet I cannot recall her name. It was she who taught me to curtsy to my elders and to the audiences at the Friday afternoon performances. On one gala day I was given permission to invite her home to dinner. The joy of having her was almost extinguished by the worry about how I should introduce her to my stepmother. I was anxious to be "correct". It seemed a delicate matter to submit to the counsel of Ma and Pa. I could not say, "This is my mother", for it was not true, and I did not want to say, "This is my stepmother." Teacher might feel sorry for me, and neither she nor any one else needed to feel so. Ma was not a bit like Cinderella's stepmother or the others in the tales we children talked about so solemnly. "Meet my father's wife." Dreadful! Unconscious of my worries, Ma dispelled them quite

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25. Anne Cleary Sheahan died of tuberculosis at the age of thirty-nine at San Juan, Capistrano, California, October, 1876. She rests in the old Mexican burying ground there.
simply by greeting the guest cordially at the door of our humble home, waiting for no ceremonious introduction to the learned lady -- Teacher, word of magic!

I attended instructions given by a priest who was preparing a class for first holy communion. Early in the morning of the day on which I was to receive my first holy communion, I dressed myself with care in my white frock and veil. As I went through the kitchen on my way to join the other children, I stuck my finger in and tasted the thick cream which had gathered on a pan of milk on the table.

Then I remembered! I ran to Ma's bed and asked her if I had "broken my fast". She said that I had, that I must not touch food or drink from twelve o'clock the night before until after I had received holy communion. I was ashamed that I had forgotten. I suffered deeply sitting alone on the bench and seeing all the children of the catechism class going to the altar rail without me. On the following morning, in my white frock and veil and carrying a candle in my hand, I marched alone down the long blocks of Main street to mass and to my first holy communion.

My father had come home and said that we were soon to set forth again in our wagons to the rich, newly discovered gold diggings in Bannack, Montana. The priest who had

26. History of Montana, 1885, p. 211. Gold was discovered by John White on Grasshopper Creek, July 26, 1862.
prepared me for first holy communion gave me a "penance" to say every day on the journey,—The Lord's Prayer, "Hail, Mary", and "Glory be to the Father,"—five times each.

Now I think that he did this to provide a little girl with a means of passing time while the wagons creaked monotonously mile after mile, hour after hour, and with the deeper purpose of fixing the habit of daily prayer; he must have known that in a far-off frontier not much would be found to minister to the spirit.

I was a lively, healthy child, never at a loss for something interesting to see or to do, so that sometimes I would let my prayers go for days at a time and become so dreadfully in arrears that I thought I would never get them said. I always felt the obligation that had been put upon me. I was glad to reach Bannack chiefly because I was relieved from saying my penance. Yes, but from then prayer became a necessity in the day's routine, and the farewell benediction of the good priest still sheds its grace.
In April, 1863, we set out for Montana. A few nights before the start was made, Ma hung a big washing on the lines so that she might have everything clean at least at the beginning of the long trek. In the morning she found that thieves had stripped the lines.

My father always had two wagons, drawn by six-mule teams, one loaded very heavily and driven by a hired man. Every detail connected with the man who accompanied us on this trip I have forgotten. The wagon which my father drove and in which the family rode was loaded with supplies in the bottom, over these were spread mattresses, blankets, and comforters, and there we slept at night. Sometimes during the day time, Ma, Ellen, or I would be glad enough to crawl back for a nap with Kate. Fastened on the back of the wagon were a sheet-iron stove, a little rocking chair for my stepmother, and a "mess box", containing the food that we needed as we traveled along from day to day. None of these things was taken off except when we stopped for a couple of days or more. Then the stove was set up and we cooked and washed. While the bread was baking and

27. H. A. Trexler, Missouri-Montana Highways, Captain Marcy (The Prairie Traveler) says that 'a team of six mules costs (1863) $600 while an eight-or team only costs up on the frontier, $200', p. 23.
the clothes were drying. Ma rocked in her little chair and mended. In the evenings when we were traveling right along we cooked supper over a camp fire. If we were out of bread, biscuit or "shanter's bannock" was baked in a Dutch oven. It was my duty in the mornings to help gather up the food and to pack the "mess kit."

Wood, water, and grass were necessary for a good camping site. For the three essentials we watched as soon as afternoon shadows began to lengthen. My father took a chance on finding wood, or "buffalo chips", and water, but he always carried some grain for the horses and mules, our faithful servants and surer means of livelihood than the illusive gold in the mines.

I do not remember that we left Denver with other people but from time to time as we traveled north other emigrants joined us. No one in our family kept a diary. I do not know what route we followed. It must have been, much of the way, the one traced by John in his Journal of his trip in the fall of 1864. Up Green River Valley, through the Wind River canyon, the ford on the Big Horn,

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28. Biscuit dough baked in one large loaf.
Bridger's route west of the Big Horn Mountains, are phrases that come back to me with the familiarity of an old refrain.

"Bridger's Cut-Off" is the most familiar phrase of them all. Among the grown-ups was much talk and much looking forward to reaching Bridger's Cut-Off, where a large emigrant train was to be formed. We were coming into hostile Indian country; and in large numbers there would be protection. We waited at Bridger's Cut-Off several days for the train to be made up. I remember very, very dimly a blockhouse-like structure, and nothing else of the place. Around the campfires at night I heard excited talk about the rich placer diggings in Montana and the increased hostilities of the Indians. When my father cut my thick brown hair, I suppose so that it could more easily be kept

30. L. L. Callaway, Address at the unveiling of the Discoverer's Monument, Alder Gulch, September, 1927, "Bridger's Route ran between the Bozeman route and the Overland route on the south. He came through somewhere near the head of the Wind River and dropped on to the Clark's Fork and then here." See C. J. Alter, James Bridger, pp. 452-56, and M. I. S. Carrington, Ab-Sa-Ra-Ka, Home of the Crows, p. 252.

31. N. C. Abbott, Montana in the Making, p. 284. A map of the Bozeman trail traces also a trail marked "Bridger's Cut-Off" which leaves the Oregon Trail at Fort Caspar and heads north across Wyoming. M. I. S. Carrington, op. cit., p. 252, calls Fort C. F. Smith "Bridger's Cut-Off on the Big Horn." Fort Caspar must be the "Bridger's Cut-Off" remembered by Mary C. Roman, since the latter, Fort C. L. Smith, was too near Montana to accord with events as she recalls them.
clean and kempt, I heard it remarked that Jim Sheehan "wasn't goin' to have no Injuns git his little girl's scalp." This did not frighten me nor impress me as gruesome; it was all a piece with the day's talk and jesting.

Our train of twenty-five or thirty wagons set out from Bridger's Cut-Off about the first of May. A man named Clark was elected captain. Long afterwards I heard that he died of mountain fever shortly following his arrival in Alder Gulch.

Every one in our train drove horses or mules except one driver, Nelson Story, who with Mrs. Story, then young, beautiful, and sixteen years of age, had joined us at Bridger's Cut-Off. Mr. Story drove oxen. Though they were slow, he had decided, rather than to wait for an ox-train to be made up, to try to keep up with Captain Clark. He did. His wagon was always the last in camp in the evenings, but it always drew into its place in the great circle before darkness fell. As the years passed and I witnessed Mr. Story's financial success, I came more and more to see its explanation in that indomitable spirit which led him to join our train and which made him keep his oxen traveling with the horses and mules no matter what the effort.

32. Wealthy and influential citizen of Bozeman, Montana, now deceased.
These details about Mr. Story I remember so vividly because I watched for him with childish eagerness each evening hoping that he would reach camp early enough to give me a ride on one of the little donkeys he had in his outfit. When I did get a ride, always, whether on bare-back or on a man's saddle, I sat primly sideways. Never in all my riding days did I ride "cross-saddle". "Astride" was a coarse expression. How my father used to laugh when I would beg him to buy me a donkey from Mr. Story.35

Another person who joined our train at Bridger's Cut-Off was Jack Gallagher, afterwards to be known as a desperado and to forfeit his life at the hands of the Vigilance Committee in Virginia City, January 14, 1864.34 I remember seeing him standing about the camp fires in the evening. He was tall and dark and striking looking. He

34. N. P. Langford, Vigilante Days and Ways, pp. 266-278. Early day writers agree that little is known of Jack Gallagher. N. P. Langford says that he was in Denver from 1862 until early in 1863, and that he made his appearance next in the Beaverhead mines.
Alexander Toponce, Life and Adventures of, gives the name of Jack Gallagher among those who made the trip with him, leaving Denver in February, 1863, and arriving in Bannock, May 14, 1863. Following the name of Jack Gallagher on his list, Toponce makes this note: "after he got to Montana sided with the hard bunch and was hung." pp. 53-56. "I distinctly remember Jack Gallagher in our party." Mary C. Ronan.
often spoke to me in a pleasant, quiet voice and praised me for reading so well. As a matter of fact I knew by heart pages from the few little books which I had with me. One was entitled Line Upon Line. It was a paraphrase of the Bible stories. Another was a story similar to the Little Eva portion of Uncle Tom's Cabin. I would sit by the camp fire in the dim light, one or the other of my books open in my lap, say the words by heart, and enjoy the adulation that I would receive.

One of Life's strange little ironies is this picture of Memory,—Jack Gallagher, headed swiftly to destruction, praising the little girl whose special book to read on this journey was chosen to direct her "to a view of the way to holiness"! This phrase is quoted from the foreword of a little book in my bookcase now, The Life of Mary Magdalene or The Path to Penitence,35 by the Reverend Thomas S. Preston, on the fly-leaf of which is written "Mary C. Sheehan from her Father Denver Colo. March 1863." My father bought it just before we set out. I did not understand nor care for it then. What child of ten would? The author states his purpose as "simply to open to the sinner a view of the way which will lead him back to holiness, and draw him to the attractions of God's love. St. Mary

35. Published by F. O'Shea, 104 Bleecker & 183 Greene Sts., New York, 1861.
Magdalene is taken as the model of the penitent, and her life is the text from which we would preach peace to the contrite heart." Years later I learned to appreciate the sweet thoughts that were bound between the plain brown covers. That I grew to love and treasure the little book need hardly be said, since, of all the books of those very early days, it is the only one that I still have.

Men on horseback rode beside the wagon train, reconnoitered, guarded the rear. Especially vigilant were the guards in the country that was known to be infested by Indians. Word was brought to camp one day that the train ahead of ours had come upon some murdered bodies. We passed by a mound of fresh earth with a board marker on which a penciled message stated that an unidentified body had been found and buried. In one narrow canyon the mounted guard was more watchful even than usual. Ma, Ellen, and I were warned to keep out of sight. A few years ago when I saw The Covered Wagon, it seemed to me that the identical canyon of my memory was pictured in the thrilling scene which showed the Indian attack; and, too, in the scene picturing the crossing of the Platte, it seemed that those were the wagons of our train.

The great circle into which the wagons drew in the evening has been so well pictured for all the world to see and so well described in many other diaries, journals,
and memoirs, that I need only say that our party followed the usual custom. Guards patrolled outside the circle to protect the sleepers and to keep prowling Indians from driving off the stock, which was picketed or allowed to graze a little way from camp. One night Indians did steal away with a few fine horses. That is the only mishap to our train that I recall. I often heard it said that ours had been an unusually fortunate or well-directed journey, and that it had been made in almost record time.

The account of hardship, of suffering, of fear which one reads in the diaries actually written from day to day by emigrants of the sixties,—monotonous miles of jolting, weariness, illness, cold, heat, acrid dust, alkali water, mosquitoes, cactuses, rattlesnakes, perilous ascents and descents on scarcely broken roads, terrifying fordings of great rivers, dread of lurking Indians, apprehension that the parting from "the folks back home" had been for life, forebodings that all this painful change to new surroundings might hold worse not better fortunes,—such experiences and reflections left little impression on me. In my mind spring days, gorgeous sunsets gilding distant mountain peaks and flooding with magic light great valleys, joyous, eager childhood, the rhythm of going, going, going combine to make a back-drop and a theme-song for that long trek into the land of gold.
We arrived in Bannack, a mile above sea level near the Continental divide, about June first, 1863. The ar-rastra's huge wheel turned. From a hundred flumes the tailings were dumping in rock piles with just a slather of water. Bearded, sun-tanned miners in gum boots and faded red flannel shirts, with six-guns in holsters on their hips, sweated in the unwonted heat of early summer. Though they shook sad heads over the fact that the Grasshopper diggings were worked out, hope charged the air with excitement when some of them passed on a story which every one was telling. A party of horsemen with a lean and tell-tale eagerness about them had just come to Bannack from "somewhere east", leading a horse loaded with gold. They were bartering for a grub stake. From all but a few "pardners" they were trying to keep their secret, but some one let it leak out. They had found placer diggings so rich that every panful of dirt yielded five or more dollars worth of precious dust; gold nuggets, as big as a brawny

37. Henry Edgar, Journal of, Historical Society of Montana, (Helena, 1900), Vol. III, pp. 137-141. Bill Fairweather and Henry Edgar panned the first pay dirt on May 26, 1863. In the party with them were Barney Hughes, Tom Cover, Henry Rodgers, Mike Sweeney, and Lew Simmons. They arrived in Bannack May 30, 1863; the stampede for Alder Gulch left Bannack June 2, 1863; the crowd arrived in the gulch on June 6, 1863. "They are telling that we brought in a horse load of gold." p. 140.
miner's fist, enough to gamble on a month, could be picked out of bed rock. The discovery men were watching a chance to slip away, but a crowd waited them at every turn, camped around them, and when they did start three or four hundred men on foot and on horseback went right along with them.

My father pitched a tent for our family on the outskirts of Bannack on Grasshopper creek where the water near the bank was richly mantled with tender green grass. He provided us with food and then he loaded his wagon with supplies and set out to follow the trampled path of the stampedes over that eighty miles between Bannack and Alder Gulch, an uncompromising stretch of bench land, of steep hills and rocky ledges and sudden gullies; of swollen rivers and streams to be forded; of willow thickets to be skirted; of rugged canyons where great squared rocks threatened to roll down on the unwary traveler. My father made his way, he broke his own road, and he drove the first wagon of supplies into Alder Gulch.

More memorable to me than witnessing this historic stampede get under way is having some one give me a black

38. Ronan, op. cit., p. 151. "Among the toil worn followers of that stampede, who staked their claims on Alder Gulch, on that June morning of 1863, was the writer, and I may here add that some three days after his stake was driven the first wagon that arrived in Alder Gulch was owned and driven by James Sheehan."
puppy and playing with a little girl named Annie McCabe. After two or three days my father returned, pulled up our tent stakes, loaded our belongings, and we were breaking in the warm sunshine amid a hovering cloud of alkali dust over ground, ground, ground,—tobacco brown, through endless stretches of parched, gray-green sage brush. It was pleasanter going through the Beaverhead valley and along the river bottom; in the back water, when we camped, we could hear the slap of the beaver tails and the sudden splash of muskrats. At a queer closing in the valley, near a huge rounded rock (Beaverhead Rock), the landmark by which my father, like countless other travelers even long before the white man came into that country, had been guided, we crossed over to another river (now called the Ruby or Pussamari), forded and traveled over a great flat bench, surrounded by distant mountain ranges, fold upon fold of them. We dropped into a smaller valley, a green valley with great cottonwoods growing along the little river, a valley guarded by near and friendly wooded mountains. A long pull up the bench land on the east side of the valley and an abrupt turning brought us to a large creek, beautifully clear, running over stones made gay with

red jasper, mica, and rose quartz; now it was hidden by a thick growth of alder bushes whose clean red bark flashed among the dark green glossy leaves of heavy-ribbed strength. During a smart pull up the mules kept stopping to rest. At one of these stops I asked to be permitted to ride in the back of the empty wagon driven by the hired man so that I could play with the black puppy. On a steep slope the wagon tipped over. My father saw the accident. He jumped from the wagon he was driving and came running and picked me up. I was not bruised nor scratched nor even frightened. My only concern was lest the puppy, which I had continued all the time to hold in my arms, had been hurt.

At last the mule-teams panted into a little valley, green and homey, snuggled among hills. We camped where a large stream, winding intricately among the high wooded hills from under the rim of a great bald crater, was joined by a tiny little cress-lined creek which came creeping from among the rolling, grassy hills toward the east. I jumped down from the wagon in haste and excitement,—even children caught that fever,—searched for a stick, whittled a place for my name, scrawled "Mollie Sheehan", pounded the stick into the ground, and announced that I had staked my claim. Father looked on and laughed. I have heard him relate this incident over and over again.
ALDER GULCH

Hundreds of tents, brush wickups, log cabins, and even houses of stone quarried from the hills were springing up daily in the windings of Alder Gulch and Daylight Gulch, in the hollows of the hills, and along the ramblings of Alder Creek and The Stinking Water as they flowed through the valley. Soon over a stretch of fifteen miles a cluster of towns had assumed the importance of names,—Junction, Adobetown, Nevada, Virginia City, Pine Grove, Highland, Summit. In a few weeks the population numbered into the thousands. Every foot of earth in the gulches was being literally turned up side down. Rough-clad men with long hair and flowing beards swarmed everywhere. Some were digging for bed rock, others were bend over barrow loads of the pay dirt which they were wheeling to the sluice boxes, into these boxes yet others were shoveling the dirt. Up and down the narrow streets labored bull trains or sixteen and twenty-horse teams pulling three and four wagons lashed together, and long strings of pack

49. K. P. Langford, Vigilante Days and Ways, p. 222. "In June last there were 3,000 to 4,000 people here (Virginia City)." Expedition of Captain L. Fisk to the Rocky Mountains, 38th Congress, 1st Session, Ex. Doc. No. 45, p. 2. "This human hive numbering at least ten thousand people was the product of ninety days."
horses, mules, or donkeys. Loafers lolled at the doors or slouched in and out of saloons, of gambling and hurdy-gurdy houses too numerous to estimate. Frequently the sounds of brawling, insults, oaths, echoed through the gulch; bowie knives flashed; pistols cracked.

When my stepmother sent me down the street on errands, she often said, "Now, run, Mollie, but don't be afraid." I was never spoken to in any but a kindly way by any of those men. What Dimsdale has said of the regard which was accorded respectable women and girls was, indeed, true.41

Our surroundings I took quite for granted as the way of all places in which little girls lived. Nevada, Central City, Denver, Virginia City were much alike. Here, as in those other towns, was a certain class of women whom I heard called "fancy ladies" because of their gaudy dress, so different from that of the ladies who were our friends. The "fancy ladies" were easily recognizable by their painted cheeks and the flaunting of their gaudy clothes on the streets. They were always to be seen either walking up and down or clattering along on horseback or in hacks.

"In his wildest excitement a mountaineer respects a woman, and anything like an insult offered to a lady would be instantly resented, probably with fatal effect, by any bystander."
Sometimes one was glimpsed through a window, lounging in a
dressing-gown and puffing on a cigarette. These women were
so in evidence that I felt no curiosity about them. I
knew that besides being so much upon the streets, they went
to hurdy-gurdy houses and to saloons and that they were not
"good women"—why, I did not analyze. The nearest I ever
came to contact with a "fancy-lady" was once on the street
to pass so close to one that I could smell liquor, a fam-
iliar odor associated with men, and hear her muttering
thickly to the two men who were on either side guiding her
staggering steps, "I had a good mother once; I had a good
mother once."

After awhile I made the acquaintance of Carrie
Crane,42 Lizzie Keaton,43 and some other little girls, not
many, for there were very few in Virginia City as long as
I lived there. We spent our leisure playing in the back
streets or learning the haunts and the names of the wild
flowers and their times for blossoming. There were tall
buttercups and blue flags in the valley. Up Alder Gulch
snow and timber lilies bloomed, wild roses and syringa
grew in sweet profusion, and flowering currant bushes invit-
ed camaries to alight and twitter. There were great patches of moss-flowers with a scent and blossom like sweetwilliam. And such forget-me-nots!—larger and bluer and glossier than any others I have ever seen. On the tumbled hills among and over which the town straggled the primroses made pink splotches in early spring; there the yellow bells nodded and the bitter roots unfolded close to the ground their perplexity of rosy petals. In watered draws among the hills blue, yellow, and white violets bloomed; in a secret place, so we thought, by the creek in Daylight Gulch was a patch of white violets tinted with pink. Wild gooseberries were to be gathered in the gulch and service berries and choke cherries on its steep sides. Robins, meadow larks, bluebirds, black birds, beautiful as flowers and tantalizingly illusive, and camp robbers, blue jays, crows, and magpies, with their interesting ways, lured us from sordid things where men were ravishing the gulch. A walk that was never denied us because it branched away from the diggings led up Daylight Gulch to a spruce grove, called Gum Patch, in a wooded canyon. We learned to distinguish the fir and nut pine and juniper and the dwarf cedar with blue berries. Striped badgers were everywhere among the hills and so were their holes, which menaced a horse's way. Gophers amused us, whistling, flipping their tails and whisking down their holes. It was
fun to startle the cotton-tails and to watch them dart into the underbrush, or to climb high up the mountain side and make the rock-chucks scurry away along the sunny walls. Some times a deer flashed a white signal of danger and we glimpsed him leaping to cover. On rare occasions we were permitted to go so far out on the bench land that we used to see or to think that we saw antelope in the distance, sometimes, possibly, a lone buffalo, or a wraith of an Indian smoke signal; indeed under the blue, blue sky in the clear air of that high valley, nearly seven thousand feet above sea level, we could see a hundred miles.

My family lived in a big log cabin which had been built on Wallace street, the main thoroughfare running up Daylight Gulch. Because my father was a freighter, the Sheehans were well provisioned and always set as good a table as was possible to set in a remote mining town. My stepmother’s and Ellen’s dried apple and dried peach pies were rare delicacies much in demand, and so it came about that we began to take boarders. Among these were the "discovery men", as Bill Fairweather, Henry Edgar, Barney Orr, 44 and the others were called. Among the men who

dropped in now and again to a meal was our companion on
the journey to Montana, Jack Gallagher; to us he was always
courteous and soft-spoken, and yet within the year we came
to know that he was one of the most hardened of all the
road agents. Another of this gang who came often enough
so that I remember him distinctly was George Ives. 45 Child-
like, my attention was directed to him because of the long
blue soldier’s overcoat which he wore; from admiring that
I went on to notice that he stood head and shoulder’s above
most of the men who gathered around our table, that unlike
the others he was smooth-shaven, and that he was blonde and
handsome. Henry Blummer 46 was only a name to me. After
his execution I heard him discussed at home, when he had
last come to Virginia City, how picturesque looking he was,
how gentle in manner, who could have guessed the unutter-
able depth of his deceit and depravity!

Long before the Vigilantes organized, my father had
evidently made his own observations and drawn his own con-
clusions about the character of some of the patrons of our
boarding-house, for he soon closed the doors of our cabin

45. T. J. Dimsdale, The Vigilantes of Montana, (Butte, 1924),
p. 23, pp. 90-119. Executed by Vigilantes, December
31, 1863.

46. Sheriff of the Bannack district, chief of the road
agents, hanged by the Vigilantes, January 10, 1864.
Ibid., pp. 148-151.
to Virginia City's public and moved the family into a little two-room cabin off Wallace, the main street.

Grasping desperately and by any means for gold, brawling, robbing, shooting, hanging was not all of life in the mining camp. Into our midst came the man of God,—and he was indeed that, was Father Joseph Giorda, S. J., the sweet-faced Italian gentleman, whom I came to know so well in later years. He had made the long drive from St. Peter's mission and must go in two days to carry spiritual consolation to other poor souls on the far-flung frontier. When he asked wherein he might say Mass, two young Irishmen, Peter Ronan and John Caplice, placer-mining in partnership, came forward to offer a cabin which they were having built. Miners from neighboring claims helped to level the dirt floor and to put the cabin in such order that it could be used the next morning. My stepmother was asked to dress the improvised altar. Together she and I covered the rough-hewn boards with sheets and arranged the candles. Mr. Ronan often told me that it was there that day with my stepmother that he first noticed me, busy and

47. L. B. Palladino, Indian and White in the Northwest, p. 60, 271.
48. Ibid. "A little above the mouth of the Sun River at the present site of Fort Shaw." p.178. The mission was established by Father Giorda and Father Menetrey on February 14, 1862. It is nearly 160 miles, as the crow flies, due north of Virginia City.
serious, and he thought, "what an old-fashioned little
girl Mollie Sheehan is."

That first Mass in Virginia City on the Feast of All
Saints, November 1, 1863, how memorable the event, how
difficult to picture! Once I tried to write the descrip-
tion but cast my futile effort into the fire. The impres-
sion was deep, inward, inexpressible. As for some of the
outward aspects of that historic event, it was a simple,
reverent congregation that knelt on the dirt floor within
the four walls of new-hewn logs on that crisp November
morning; by far the majority were bearded miners in worn
working clothes. Many received the Holy Eucharist from
the consecrated hands of Father Giorda. I was distracted
from contemplations spiritual to those human by the tink-
ling sound of large tin cups that were being passed from
one man to another. I saw each pour a trickle of gold dust
from his buckskin pouch; then the gold dust from all the
cups was poured into a yellow new buckskin purse and laid
upon the altar by Peter Ronan, whom the miners had chosen
to make the presentation to the priest.

When Father Giorda went to the stable where he had
left his team and asked for his bill, he was told that it
was forty dollars for the two days. He turned to Mr. Ronan,

saying that he had not money enough to pay so excessive a price. Mr. Ronan inquired if he knew how much he had in the yellow buckskin purse. Unworldly, unconcerned with money, Father Giorda had not thought of weighing its contents; together, then, he and Mr. Ronan did so and found that the purse contained several hundred dollars in gold dust.

Almost every evening the miners cleaned their sluice boxes with a tin contrivance called a scraper. Much fine gold was left in the cracks of the boxes and around the edges. Often after the miners had gone into their cabins for supper, Carrie Crane and I would take our little blowers and the hair brushes, which we kept for the purpose, and gather up the fine gold. We took it home, dried it in the oven and blew the black sand from it. Sometimes we would find that our gold dust weighed to the amount of a dollar or more. I had a little gutta-percha ink well which had traveled with us in the covered wagon from Denver. In it I kept my gold dust and carried it when I went to the store to buy rock candy. Carrie and I thought that this sweet was kept especially for the accommodation of little girl shoppers. The phrase "rock and rye" was a familiar

50. L. L. Callaway, Tales of Alder Gulch, Summit City, Montana Education, February, 1931, p. 17, gives a description of the sluice boxes and the "clean up."
one to us but not meaningful. We found little on which to spend our gold dust. Sometimes the store keeper had stick candy, candy beans, or ginger snaps. Twenty-five cents was the least that was ever accepted across the counter. The amount of the purchase in gold dust would be measured out with blowers on scales. Once I bought my father a present of a shirt, which cost $2.50 in gold dust, the only kind of money that I ever saw in Virginia City.

A man would have entered a sluice-box not his own at the risk of being shot on sight, but it amused the miners to have us little girls clean up after them. We were given so much encouragement that we actually thought we honored the men whose sluice boxes we chose to clean. One never-to-be-forgotten evening I busied myself about the property of Peter Ronan. I was wearing my new "shaker," a straw poke-bonnet, which my stepmother had just made. It was trimmed with bright pink chambray. For fear that I might rub against the sides of the sluice boxes and soil the "braw new bonnet", I laid it on the cross-piece of a box while I stooped to brush and blow. Mr. Ronan, not noticing me, lifted a gate above and let muddy water run through his boxes. It splashed on the adored pink chambray "valance". Many times afterwards I heard Mr. Ronan tell in his inimitable way how the angry little girl suddenly stood straight, then scrambled from the sluice-box, crying out
indignantly, "I'll never, never, never again, Mister, take
gold from your sluice-boxes!" How his dark eyes flashed,
how gaily he laughed as he apologized and begged me to re-
consider! This is my first memory of Peter Ronan. I
think that child as I was, vexed and embarrassed, yet I
felt his great personal charm, and that then and there a
harmony was struck whose chords still vibrate.

My father objected to my going about where men would
speak to me. He did not approve of the expeditions to the
sluice-boxes and finally forbade them. From some of my
Alder Gulch gold a jeweler in Virginia City wrought me a
ring. A few years later in Last Chance Gulch I wished it
on Mr. Ronan's finger, saying, "Keep it till I ask you for
it."

On Christmas Day, 1862, the first marriage to be con-
tracted in Virginia City was that of Ellen Sheehan, now
seventeen years of age, and William Tiernan, who owned
what was called "the upper discovery claim." Bill, as he
was always called, was black-bearded, tall, rangy, the
type so familiar in Wild-West romances. Ellen was little
and as trim as a brown wren. Henry Edgar was the "best
man". I remember no other detail. That, I suppose, is
because the wedding was not made "an occasion", since there
was no priest in the vicinity nor would there be, perhaps,
for months. Only the civil ceremony could be observed.
My father disapproved of the marriage without a priest to officiate and Ellen grieved and grieved because of his disapproval.

Ellen and Bill went to live in a little cabin up Alder Gulch at the discovery claim. Ellen took the "discovery men" to board. For them she kept the toll gate for the road leading up the narrow gulch. Added to her other duties, she became in a certain sense a banker. The miners trusted her. Many who had no safe place to keep their gold dust and nuggets left their buckskin purses with her for days at a time. These purses she would hide in the mattress. She has often told how lumpy and uncomfortable her bed would get as the "bank deposits" grew, and how doubly relieved she was when the "savings accounts" were drawn out and sent by stage coach to Salt Lake City. She was, though, many times more sad than relieved when a bag of gold was suddenly demanded by its owner, and all the contents were spent in a night on a wild spree or in reckless betting on a game of cards, a horse race, or a prize fight.51

51. Framed and hanging on the wall of the William Boyce Thompson Memorial Museum at Virginia City is a quit claim deed which reads in part as follows: "Know all, then by these Presents, that Thos. W. Cover, George Orr, Barney Hughes, and William Fairweather, of the County of Madison, in consideration of the sum of $2500 to them in hand paid, by William Tiernan,
First one person and then another would start a little school. Professor Thomas J. Bimsdale, every man who taught school was called "professor", is the one I remember most distinctly as well as by name. He was an Englishman, small, delicate-looking, and gentle. I liked him. It seemed to me that he knew everything. In his school all was harmonious and pleasant. While his few pupils

51 (continued). The receipt thereof we do hereby acknowledge, have remised, released and forever quit claimed, and by these presents do remise, release and forever quit claim unto the said heirs and assigns the following described property lying and being in the County of Madison...on the Couer bar in Alder Gulch in the Fairweather District to have and to hold, etc., etc., etc., September 3, 1864.

"G. W. Couer

W. H. Fairweather

his

X

Bernard Hughes

George Orr"

The following letter was dictated by Ellen Tiernan to her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, at Santa Barbara, California, December, 1929, in answer to one written her by Mary C. Ronan:

"The Memory"

Yes, my dear, your memory is correct about the time, the place, the date. I was the first to be married in Virginia City. Yes, Mr. Tiernan owned the upper discovery claim. It was so, my bed was uncomfortable, lying on the bags of gold. Do you remember they gave you and Carrie Crane permission to clean up the boxes? I boarded all the discovery men and had twenty or more to cook for. Kame was born in Alder Gulch in the year of '65. We moved to the ranch in '67. I forgot the year your father visited us and had his arm broken. You do not remember how much older I am than you." (Born in 1846?) Ellen Sheehan Tiernan died in Santa Barbara, November 25, 1930.
buzzed and whispered over their variously assorted readers, arithmetics, and copy books, the professor sat at a makeshift desk near the little window of the log school-house writing, writing during the intervals between recitations, at recess time always writing. When, during 1864, his *Vigilantes of Montana* was being published in the *Montana Post*, I thought it must have been the composition of those articles which had so engrossed him.

We children took advantage of Professor Dimsdale's

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52. "My books were Sanders' Fifth Reader and Ray's Arithmetic." Mary C. Ronan. Granville Stuart, *Forty Years on the Frontier*, Vol. I, p. 267. "During the winter (1863-4) Professor T. J. Dimsdale opened a private school. All the children of school age attended. The fee charged was $2.00 per week for each pupil." The first public school building was on the site of the old Callaway home, off Idaho street, where Chief Justice Callaway played as a child.

53. *Montana Historical Society*, (Helena, 1904), Vol. V, p. 281. The *Montana Post*, the first newspaper in the Territory, was issued by John Buchanan, at Virginia City, August 27, 1864. D. W. Tilton and Co. purchased it and issued the third number September 10, 1864. This company entrusted the editorship to Thomas Josiah Dimsdale.

*The Rocky Mountain Gazette*, September 28, 1866. "Died at Virginia City, M. T., on the 22 day of September, A. D., 1866, Prof. T. J. Dimsdale, editor of the *Montana Post*. Professor Dimsdale was a fine scholar and a good editor." November 24, 1866, the *Rocky Mountain Gazette* of this date announced "the receipt of a copy of *Vigilantes of Montana* by T. J. Dimsdale." It is the first book to have been published in the Territory." T. J. Dimsdale and his wife lie buried in the cemetery at Virginia City. The inscriptions on the much weathered wooden markers of the graves are not decipherable. (June, 1930.)
preoccupation. Carrie Crane and I would frequently ask
to be excused. We would run down the slope, for the
schoolhouse was just below what tourists now call Boot Hill
Cemetery,\footnote{54} into a corral, in the bottom of Daylight Gulch
and spend a few thrillful moments sliding down the straw
stacks. We thought our absences daringly prolonged; probably
they were not; at any rate we were never chided.

"Hope" was the subject that one day, to my despair,
Professor Dimsdale assigned me for a composition. When I
reached home, I found helping my stepmother with the family
sewing her friend Hannah Lester,\footnote{55} a lovely young English-
woman who had had the advantage of a good, "old-country
schooling", and consequently was held in high regard by
the Cheshans.

"Hannah, help me, help me, please, please! What can
I write about Hope?" I coaxed, leaning over Hannah where
she sat at the table stitching in the light cast by our
one kerosene lamp.

I leaned closer and closer until she could not stitch
at all. At last she took a pencil and wrote,—some way

\footnote{54} The unfenced plot, overgrown with sage brush, on the
  bleak hill just above the junction of Alder and Day-
  light gulches where the five notorious road agents
  who were hanged together lie buried side by side.
\footnote{55} Mrs. Cornelius O'Keeffe, grandmother of Mrs. Howard
  Toole, Missoula, Montana.
the words seem to be chiseled in my memory:

"What would we do without the balm of hope to cheer
us on our daily pilgrimage? We would be ever in the depths
of despair. Our hearts would be lonely and our homes des-
olate. . . ."

"There," she said, "you go on with it."

Inspired by a beginning done in so grand a manner, I
did go on, but how I do not remember. I expected Professor
Dimsdale to be much impressed at least with the opening
lines. If he ever conferred with me on my composition, I
have forgotten what he said.

Lettie Gloss is the only other teacher of this period
whose name I recall, for we never had the same one a sec-
ond term and the terms of school were brief and uncertain
periods.

Coming from school one winter day, January 14, 1864,
I cut across the bottom of the gulch, climbed the steep
hill, and passed close behind a large cabin which was
being built; people were gathered in front on Wallace
street; the air was charged with excitement. I looked.

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56. Still standing and in use as the office of Virginia
City's water company. Sarah Beckford, the negress
who is proprietor of the water system, exhibits to
tourists at twenty-five cents a look the beam from
which the road agents were hanged. After collecting
the toll she opens a trap door in the ceiling by
means of a rope. (June 1930). She died September, 1931.
T. J. Dimsdale, Vigilantes of Montana, pp. 159-172.
The horror of what that look photographed on my memory
still sends a shiver through me. The bodies of five men
with ropes around their necks hung limp from a roof-beam.
I trembled so that I could scarcely run toward home. The
realization flashed on me that two forms were familiar;
one was Jack Gallagher; the other was Club-foot George,
who used to notice me and speak in a kind way. His de-
formity had arrested my attention and made me pity him. I
did not know that he and Jack were "Bad Men." The three
men that hung with them, as all the world has long known,
were Frank Parish, Haze Lyons, and Boone Helm. After some
time the bodies were taken down and buried on top of the
bleak, wind-swept hill, overlooking the scene of their
last turbulent days.

One frosty morning a few weeks later when I opened
the back door of our cabin, I saw in the gulch below a
crowd of men gathered around a scaffold. High above the
other men and directly beneath the scaffold stood a young
man with a rope around his neck. He shook hands with sev-
eral of the men, then he pulled a black cap over his face.
I knew the portent. I rushed into the house and slammed
the door, but I could not shut out then nor ever from my
memory that awful creaking sound of the hangman’s rope. 57

57. Though M. C. Ronan declares that this experience is as
clear in her mind as those connected with the histor-
ic executions of the five road agents and of Slade,
I can not account for it among the executions which
are recorded.
One day when my stepmother sent me to the meat market, with the usual injunction, "Now, run, Lollie, and don't be afraid," I was alarmed by a clatter past me of horse's hoofs and the crack of pistol shots. A man galloping a horse recklessly down the street was firing a six-shooter in the air and whooping wildly. Suddenly he reared his horse back on its haunches, turned it sharply, and forced it through the swinging door of a saloon. I sidled into the first open doorway that I dared enter.

"That's Slade," said the store-keeper, "on one of his sprees, shootin' up the town, scarin' women and children. That Smart Alec orter be strung up."

He led me out the back door and warned me to run home quickly and to stay in the house out of range of any stray bullets.

"He'll git his needin's yit," he threatened.

One day in early spring not long after this incident, we children were delayed at school because of a milling crowd of men gathered in Daylight Gulch, directly across the homeward path of most of us, around a corral called "the elephant's pen." Many of the men were armed. From

58. J. A. Slade, notorious Virginia City "bad man", hanged by the Vigilance Committee, March 10, 1864.
59. Mrs. N. P. Christensen, nee Carrie A. Crane, of Sheridan, stated (June, 1930) that this corral was owned by the father of Judge Will Clark (deceased) of Virginia City.
the steep hillside path I could look down into their midst. I recognized Slade, dressed in fringed buckskin, hatless, with a man on either side of him, who forced him to walk under the corral gate. His arms were pinioned, the elbows were bent so as to bring his hands up to his breast. He kept moving his hands back and forth, palms upward, and opening and closing them as he cried, "For God's sake let me see my dear beloved wife! For God's sake let me see my dear beloved wife! For God's sake let me see my dear beloved wife!" Three times distinctly I heard him say this in a piercing, anguished voice.

The stir among the men increased; voices rose louder, angrier, more excited; gesturing arms pointed to the long road winding down the hill from the east. Down that long hill-road a woman was racing on horseback. Some one shouted, "There she comes!" A man in a black hat standing beside Slade made an abrupt, vigorous movement. I turned and sought the refuge of home.

Soon excited neighbors came in to say that the woman galloping so swiftly down the hill was, indeed, Mrs. Slade on her Kentucky thoroughbred, Billy Bay; that when she was recognized the men of the Vigilance Committee made haste

to do their dreadful duty for fear her presence would arouse so much sympathy among bystanders that the hanging would be stayed. They dwelt grimly on the details of how the man in the black hat had hastily adjusted the rope when the warning was given of her approach and had kicked the box from under Slade so that he swung with a broken neck from the cross-piece atop the corral gate.

Many good citizens, among them my own people, criticized this act of summary vengeance, because Slade had actually committed no crime in Montana. All admitted that he was a braggart and a brawler and had risked manslaughter on many a rowdy spree when he "put on a show" by "shooting up the town". When he was sober he was said to be a good workman and a likable fellow.

Slade's body was taken from the scaffold, used ordinarily for hanging beaves, and delivered to his wife in the old Virginia Hotel.

My heart ached for Mrs. Slade. I slipped away from home, determined to go and tell her how sorry I was for her. I found her sobbing and moaning, bowed over a stark

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61. Mrs. Margaret Gilbert, who came to Virginia City in 1863, a bride aged sixteen, and has lived there continuously since, makes the same statement concerning J. A. Slade. She states, also, that he came to Virginia City in the employ of her husband, Henry Gilbert. She expressed resentment at his execution, as fresh as if it had happened very recently. (June, 1930)
form shrouded in a blanket. I stood beside her for a moment, trembling and choking, then I slipped away unnoticed, so I have always thought.

Though he was on the road so much, freighting to and from Salt Lake City or Fort Benton, my father was never robbed by the road agents. He hired a man to drive one wagon; the other he always drove himself; his gold he always carried in buckskin bags attached to a belt which he wore under his clothing. We lived through days and nights of anguish of uncertainty whenever he went on his long lonely expeditions for supplies. One more desperately anxious time even than usual in the fall of 1863 when the reign of terror of the road agents was at its height, my father had so much gold dust to carry out of Virginia City that it was too heavy to conceal in his accustomed way. He was warned that the road agents had him "spotted"; but, if his business was to continue to operate, he had to make the trip. He decided to try a ruse. He put the buckskin purses filled with gold into the old carpet-bag in which he carried his clothes; this he tossed into the bottom of the wagon; on top he threw his bedding and camping equipment. He hired a driver for this wagon and sent him on with instructions where he was to camp, telling him that he would overtake him later. The driver went unsuspecting that he carried the treasure. Late at night my father sped away on horse-
back, alone, armed, determined to dispute his rights. He overtook his driver without having been challenged. Later he learned through the confessions of "Dutch John", I think, to Neil Howie, my father's friend, that he had not outwitted the highwaymen; he had been allowed to pass in safety through the good grace of George Ives, who demanded of the others that this should be because of "Jim Sheehan's nice wife and two little girls living in the gulch."

In the spring of 1864 when the work of the Vigilantes had been accomplished, life became quieter, happier, more orderly and ordinary. Carrie and I and our school mates could roam the hills, gullies, and bench lands freer and farther. Often I stopped at the home of one of our near neighbors with flowers for John Creighton, a young man who was confined to the house with a broken leg. Boarding-house and hotel keepers began to offer us little girls twenty-five cents in gold dust for a big bouquet of wild flowers with which to deck their tables,—laid, most of them, with red-checked cloths, half-inch-thick earthenware

63. Ibid., pp. 82-119, George Ives' story.
64. Made a large fortune; endowed Creighton College, Omaha. In Butte, Montana, in 1900, he recalled to M. C. Ronan the incident related.
or tin cups and plates, and cheap, strangely assorted knives, forks, and spoons. Among the thousands of people who now thronged Virginia City were some for whom the meal was not a mere process of feeding, who would pay for the pretty little touches that give a semblance of gracious living.

Naturally no fresh vegetables were to be had during that first spring. We girls knew that "lamb's-quarters", as we called goosefoots, were edible, when young and tender really a more tasty pot-herb than spinach. Lamb's-quarters grew riotously in the ground turned by the miners the previous summer and fall. From gathering these for the table at home we extended our activity to selling them at $1.50 in gold dust for a gallon bucket crammed full.

My career as a marketer of fresh flowers and "greens" lasted only until my father learned what I was doing. Indignantly and right off quick he put a stop to it, saying that he would not have a daughter of his running about the streets and into hotels and public places. My gentle little stepmother never questioned my flitting about as free as a bird.

Excitement ran high when in the summer of 1864 Cornelius and David O'Keeffe arrived from "over Hell Gate way"
with a wagon load of potatoes. I rushed home with the news of their precious cargo, and my stepmother went in great haste to be in time to purchase some of the potatoes. As a result of the transaction she made the acquaintance of the genial, witty, rollicking Cornelius O'Keeffe, afterwards, for the magnificence of his manner in dispensing the simplest hospitality, given the sobriquet of "Baron" by General Thomas Francis Meagher. My stepmother introduced him to Hannah Lester. During his few days in Virginia City he courted her ardently, and on the last day Hannah and the Baron were married. Together they drove back across the territory to his log cabin home on the ranch at the mouth of the remote, rugged, rocky Coriacan defile, through which wound the road to the Flathead Indian Reservation.

Hannah was romantic, venturesome,—and lonely. The story of her coming to Montana as I had it from my stepmother was that a younger sister of Hannah's, also a lover of adventure, had agreed with some friends to make one of their party on the long journey overland to the promising new country

65. A. J. Dickson, Covered Wagon Days, p. 165. Virginia City in 1864-65, "25 cents a pound, gold price, for potatoes or 56 cents greenbacks."
66. A. L. Stone, Following Old Trails, p. 29,--So named by Baron O'Keeffe. Now known as O'Keeffe Canyon
"Where the young Montana lifts
Its wines of life in a golden cup."

At the last the Lester family protested against their youngest going so far from home, and Hannah took her sister's place and so came to Virginia City. Accustomed as she was to refinements, intellectual, fond of poetry,—of writing it as well as of reading and quoting it,—Hannah found the crudeness of a frontier settlement almost unbearable. She was told that Cornelius O'Keeffe had a wonderful ranch in a beautiful, longsettled, agricultural district. When her suitor, in his glowing Irish way, described his holdings, Hannah's vivid imagination flashed the picture of a manor house and an estate similar to those that she had known in England and Scotland, and she accepted him as her deliverer.

On one of my father's sojourns at home he moved the family from the little cabin off Wallace street, whose particular location probably accounts for my being a witness to the terrible scenes of the days of the Vigilante.

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68. Hell Gate Rondo, Missoula Valley, was first occupied by white settlers in 1850.

69. So Mrs. O'Keeffe stated many years later. She lived at the ranch the rest of her life, always in great simplicity, some times enduring great hardships.
justice. We went to live in a little frame house on the hillside across Daylight Gulch, on Cover street away from the main thoroughfare. One room was used for storing supplies. In it were many bags of flour. Most of this flour my father freighted to Last Chance Gulch and sold at a hundred dollars for a hundred-pound sack.70

As I remember my poor, dear father, himself so honest,

70. George A. Bruffey, Eighty-one Years in the West, pp. 51-52, "Early in the spring our flour was scarce, forcing the price to one hundred twenty-five or one hundred fifty dollars per hundred weight caused much alarm. A meeting was called near Jim Ryan's store in Nevada City; about five hundred people attended. Mr. Shinn was chosen as chairman. (Undoubtedly Mr. Bruffey means Sheehan, as he claims to have known Jim Sheehan well in Alder Gulch, always pronouncing the name, 'Shin', instead of with the long 'e' sound and the second 'h' aspirate.) The merchants were charged with demanding exorbitant prices for their flour. He told the people that the roads were impassable to Fort Benton, and that the roads to Salt Lake were snow-and-mud-bound, while several freighters had lost their oxen in trying to force the snow-bound passages of the mountains; the owners lay in their teamless wagons waiting for help that was not likely to come."


H. A. Trelaxer, Flour and Wheat in Montana Gold Camps, 1862-1870, p. 6, $150 per hundred pounds.

A. J. Dickson, Covered Wagon Days, p. 206, "Finally (April, 1865) flour mounted by daily advances of $5 until it brought $100 gold price, $200 greenbacks."

Sarah Raymond Herndon, Days on the Road, p. 194, "Flour was sold for 50, 60, 75, and even as high as $100 per pound in Virginia City in 1864."
so trusting that he was always being imposed upon and losing money on his investments, I think he must have been lucky rather than shrewd in getting out of Alder Gulch with his flour before it was confiscated. For the citizens arose in wrath at the price of flour and threatened to raid those who were hoarding. A committee was formed to search all known sources of supply and to secure an equitable distribution. My stepmother emptied a barrel of beans, half filled it with flour and put beans on top. When the members of the investigating committee searched our house they did not discover the deception. They found only the amount of flour agreed upon for each family. 71

Near neighbors of our family while we were living on Wallace Street were Granville Stuart 72 and his Indian wife. They had a little baby that the mother used to put in a hammock.

71. A. J. Dickson, Covered Wagon Days, p. 206, "At this time when a bread riot seemed imminent, a committee of citizens intervened in order to secure an equitable distribution of flour, prevent hoarding, and keep prices within reason. On Tuesday, April 18 (1865), 480 armed men appeared from the Lower Town, marching in file and subject to orders of leaders on horseback. They were divided into companies, each under a captain, and carried empty flour-sacks for banners. They searched all known sources of supply, agreeing to pay $27 per hundred weight for Salt Lake flour and $30 for 'State'. On Wednesday distribution of flour at those prices took place, 12 pounds, each man; double and triple to families."

72. Among the first white men to prospect and mine for gold in Montana, on Gold Creek 1858 to 1862; author of Forty Years on the Frontier.
made Indian fashion with a blanket folded over suspended ropes. I liked to swing the baby and so was a frequent visitor. One day the incongruity of the situation struck me, young as I was. Mr. Stuart, handsome, looking the scholar and the aristocrat, sat at a combination desk and bookcase, writing. The Indian wife in moccasined feet was padding about doing her simplified housekeeping.

Impulsively I stepped close to his chair and said, "Mr. Stuart, why did you marry an Indian woman?" 73

He turned, smiled, put his hand caressingly on my shoulder and said sweetly, "You see, Mollie, I'm such an odd fellow; if I married a white woman she might be quarreling with me."

This incident I could never, never forget, because when I related it to my stepmother she impressed on my mind that it was rude to ask personal questions, terribly rude if the question might hurt some one's feelings. I was deeply mortified, for I wished to appear gently bred and to have manners like those of Hannah Lester and Mrs. W. F. Sanders. 74

73. "Squaw" was a "coarse word", one of a long taboo list, including all words of a robustious expressiveness, and others quite as mild as "squaw."

74. Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders is among the best known of Montana's early day citizens. His bold defiance of the road agents led to the establishing of Vigilante justice. For his own account see History of Montana, 1885, p. 271, and other accounts of the Vigilantes.
Mrs. Sanders lived in a little frame house, white-washed, with green shutters on the windows. I thought it beautiful. It was cosier than any other house I had entered since we had left the cousins in Missouri. Mrs. Sanders had a board floor in her house and pieces of furniture and bits of carpet that she had brought from "the states". She once told me that she had sold almost all of her Brussels carpet in two and three yard strips to saloon keepers who had besieged and besought her for it. They used it to dress their bars.

We had some Jewish neighbors named Goldberg. Once they concluded their celebration of the feast of the Pass-over by serving supper at sundown to all the Jewish people in Virginia City. Mrs. Goldberg asked me to help her serve her guests. I was more impressed by the hostess's large, flat feet than by any other detail of that supper. I wanted to share my amusement with my stepmother. When I was going home Mrs. Goldberg gave me a generous basket filled with the good things she had prepared, to take home to the family. I watched my chance to slip in also one of her astonishing slippers to show to my stepmother. She chided me but laughed heartily. The next morning I took back the basket and returned the slipper to its accustomed

75. See note no. 82.
place. I always thought our kindly, odd friend Mrs. Goldberg was unconscious of our little fun at her expense.

My stepmother took Kate and me with her to spend a day with a friend named Mrs. McGrath, who lived in Nevada City, a mile down the gulch. Her home was next door to her husband's place of business, no doubt a saloon, for it was referred to by Mrs. McGrath as "the place". While the ladies chatted we children went to play in the back yard. Beyond the high board fence which shut off "the place" from the residence, we heard shouts, cheers, murmurs, thuds, grunts, heavy breathing—a melee of sounds. We found a broken board, we pried the crack wider apart, and peeked through. Two men, all but stripped, on a platform circled round with a rope, were pommeling each other furiously, brutally. Crowds of men surged about in seething excitement. We two little girls were glimpsing one of the historic fights between Con Orem and Hugh O'Neil.\(^76\)

On St. Patrick's Day, whether in 1864 or 1865 I can not be certain, my parents took me to a dance. Candles in sconces stuck into the log walls of the cabin flickered softly over that long-ago festivity, leaving more shadowy than lighted places. So with my picture of that occasion

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\(^76\) The Montana Post, September 24, 1863, contains the challenge of Hugh O'Neil for a fight to take place October 10, 1863.
which "hangs on Memory's wall". Out of the dimness of the far away but two forms emerge. A fiddler at one end of the crowded little cabin, sitting with knees crossed, taps one foot on the floor, swings the other, nods, sways; now he rises, gyrates, bends, bows, always tap, tap, tapping with one foot to accentuate the rhythm of the quadrille, reel, varsovienne, 77 schottische, polka, minuet, waltz, jig, or whatever his rapid bow and nimble fingers are tearing or picking from the fiddle strings. Breathing gracefully through every dance with first one and then another shadowy partner is a slender, beautiful, interesting woman in a tightwaisted, furbelowed, black dress. Her black hair is smoothed back from her eager, interesting face, and coiled softly low on her neck. A bit of a spray broken from a cedar branch is tucked under the coil at one side and lies against the glossy black hair just above one delicate ear. She was "Mrs. Lyons", 78--just that was all I knew of her then and all that I have ever known.

Though I was but twelve years old, or scarcely that, because women and girls were so few, young men sought me for dances. While this flattered me, yet it made me more

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77. Pronounced in the gulches ver-a-soo-vee-anna.
78. Could not have been "Cora, Hayes Lyons' woman" (Burney, op.cit., p. 277) as "respectable women" did not associate with those that were known not be to "good women".
uncomfortable than happy, for I felt very young and very, very shy. I enjoyed sitting quietly watching "Mrs. Lyons".

News, only a little belated, of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln came in by pony express. The little girls who were my particular friends and playmates were all the children of Southern parents. They had reawakened in me all the prejudices that were mine because of my Kentucky birth and because of association with my Missouri cousins. It pains me now to recall what we did when we were told of Lincoln's death. It was noon. We girls were in the schoolhouse eating our lunches, which we sometimes carried to school with us. The Southern girls, by far the majority, picked up their ankle-length skirts to their knees and jigged and hipitty-hopped around and around the room cheering for the downfall of that great, good, simple man whom they had been taught to regard as the arch enemy of the South and the first and last cause of any and every misfortune which had befallen their parents and driven them to seek fortune anew amid the difficulties and hardships of a far western frontier. When my playmates called, "Come on, Mollie, come on join the dance; you're

79. R. A. Trexler, Missouri-Montana Highways, p. 30, "The Montana Post of September 4, 1864, advertised a four days run from Virginia City to Salt Lake." The news of the assassination of Lincoln reached Virginia City in April.
from Kentucky; you're a Southerner!" I did join half-heartedly, with a guilty feeling. At home that evening I told what we had done. My father was shocked.

"I am ashamed of you, Mollie," he said, "I am a Democrat, but I am first, last, and always for the Union and for Lincoln."

To treat death, in any aspect, with levity was abhorred by my father.

My last recollection of Virginia City is of a day atingle with motion, color, music. People thronged the street in wagons or on horseback, or jostled each other on the board walks and foot-paths to view the proud parade of July Fourth, 1865; and there was I, none prouder, riding with thirty-six other little, white-clad girls in a "triumphal car" or "float" (a dead-ex wagon, bedecked with evergreen and bunting and drawn by eight mules). The tallest and fairest of us, her long blonde hair flowing over her shoulders, dressed in the traditional, still-approved, Grecian tunic cored in at the waist, stood in the center,—Columbia! Sitting in groups at her feet were we, the States of the Union, forming, so The Montana Post stated in its account of the occasion, "the prettiest tableau

81. A wagon without springs.
vivant we have ever seen in a procession." On a blue scarf, crossing the left shoulder and tied under the right arm, was lettered the name of the state which each of us represented.

And therein, for me, was one of the two drops of bitter in the ointment. My scarf flashed the name Missouri! I thought it essential to an adequate celebration of Virginia City's first Fourth of July that I should represent Kentucky, the state of my birth. The other bitter drop was the worry lest, after all, my hair, which I had worn done up for a night in the suffrance of rags, was too kinky and bushy. And so the memory of Alder Gulch breaks off.

Again we were on the road with all our household possessions loaded in the wagons taking the hundred and twenty-five miles to a new home in Last Chance Gulch.82

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82. Among the old records in the court house at Virginia City are to be found the following:
   August 1, 1864, Grantors, Sheehan, James et al.;
   grantee, George Higgins, $1600, Lot No. 6, Blk. 41.
   June 20, 1864, Grantors, Sheehan, James and Ann;
   grantees, W. H. Kastor and B. Berry, $1800.
   Grantors, Sheehan, James and Ann;
   grantees, S. H. Bowman and G. Goldberg, $1800, Lot
   No. 31, Blk. 31.
LAST CHANCE GULCH

Last Chance Gulch was discovered by John Cowan and his party from Colorado, July 21, 1864. They had prospected in vain for a long time and were about to give up when someone in the party suggested that they take a "last chance" there in the gulch. Pay dirt was struck, and so the name was given. The town was christened in September, 1864, at a meeting called to organize the mining district. When suggestions of Pumpkinville, Squash town, Tomahawk, Tomah, and so on, given with guffaws, threatened to split opinion and break down the dignity of the occasion, the chairman, John Somerville, according to local story, stood up and stated peremptorily "that he belonged to the best country in the world and had lived in the best state, Minnesota, in the country, and in the best county, Scott, in that state, and the best town, Helena, in that county, and by the eternal this town shall bear that name." 34

The Rocky Mountain Gazette, December 22, 1866, has this to say of conditions in the gulches: "A correspondent to the Kearney 'Herald' writing from Deer Lodge valley,

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34. History of Montana, 1885, p. 694.

Kalispell Times, August 8, 1929, quotes a letter written by J. H. Mills in June, 1885.
L. B. Palladino, Indian and White in the Northwest, p. 277, gives a different version of the naming of Helena.
They have a terrifying time passing through the cold bleak winter in the tattered coat.

Upon their disorganized and chaotic thought out of money hunger, pockets, hange around these dense of trees until winter comes. Just landed in the country with a few greenbacks in their pocket. Many young men there. The country abounds in fish and hunting. They love and hunt the misty and short hair, and have the greenest eyes of a dancer and good looking, so about dressed up in men's clothes, wear mountain moose, as to the women, many of them young and tell the following occurrence that, "er time tate, of
tages adorn its suburbs."85

Amid these surroundings, unconscious of their danger, I grew to young womanhood. At the risk of being thought stupid or prudish or unnatural, probably all three, I shall add that I continued, as in Virginia City, neither curious about vice nor interested in its blatant demonstrations.

How I loved Helena! I loved its setting "amid the granite ribs and mighty backbone of the continent", high in the hills of the mighty valley of the Prickly Pear which flung far north, east, west, its beach lands and river bottoms and swept grandly to mountain barriers. I loved its narrow, crooked Main street that followed the course of Last Chance Gulch a little way, and broke off abruptly in a wilderness that was "as it was in the beginning"; I loved the cross streets that led up and down steep hills and ended suddenly against other steeper hillsideis, in prospect holes, or in piles of tailings. It did not matter that the thoroughfares were trampled deep with dust or churned oozy with mud by long strings of mules, oxen, or horses drawing heavy wagons. I had known life only in towns that were thus, and for that reason, too, I was unaware of the ugliness of the hastily constructed buildings, log usually or

85. A. K. McClure, 3000 Miles Through the Rocky Mountains, pp. 235-236.
frame, with "false-fronts" and rickety porches; of the in-
conveniences of board walks at different levels and only
occasionally continuous. The dry, light, sparkling air of
the place invigorated and gave zest to living. Helena
tied up with it are some of the sweetest memories of my
girlhood, sad memories, too,—such a host of memories of
people, of incidents,—significant, insignificant, related,
interrelated, and unrelated,—how to tell them in any sort
of order, with any sort of continuity, I do not know.

In the spring of 1865 my father came into Last Chance
Gulch with flour and other supplies. The boom was waxing.
He started a store, which he put in charge of a man named
Barker. He procured a cabin on Close street and by late
summer had my stepmother, Kate, and me settled there. I
date our arrival in Helena by an incident outstanding in
the annals of Montana for its exoticism. A pack train of
camels was herded into the gulch. My father took me to see
them unloaded. I was given a strange wobbly ride on one
of the strange wobbly creatures. The wonder of it was never

86. Impossible to identify.
to be forgotten. 37

Memory’s picture of our cabin home is vivid. I thought it quite cozy and comfortable. There was one large room -- according to my standards then it seemed large -- with a dirt floor which was covered with raw-hides stretched over the ground and fastened down with wooden pegs. Later my father added a little lean-to kitchen with a board floor. This we covered with braided-rag rugs which my stepmother and I made. We hung calico partitions so as to divide the cabin into a "sitting room", a bedroom for my father and stepmother, and a smaller bedroom for Kate and me. The sitting room was furnished with one rocking-chair and several straight-back chairs, one made from a barrel and covered with bright calico. A long mirror hung on one wall; there were pictures, -- one or two, perhaps. White muslin curtains were tied back from the three windows. Commanding the scene, more dominating even than the heating-stove, was the "stand" covered with a bright-colored "throw"; in the

37. The Montana Post, Virginia City, the issue of July 29, 1926, among the Helena items, gives an account of the arrival of the camel pack train in Helena. Historical Society of Montana, Vol. 2, p. 105, "A Sketch" by Judge F. H. Woody, contains a brief account of the camel pack train. William S. Lewis, "When Camels Trod the Northwest Plains," The Sunday Oregonian, October 7, 1926. "This venture with the camel train amused Mr. Ronan. His story of it, told with humorous exaggerations, he was often asked to repeat." M. C. Ronan.
center was our kerosene lamp; grouped around it were books,—a prayer book always and a little testament, selected plays of Shakespeare, collected poems of Moore, of Byron, of Scott. Later were added Augusta E. Evans' St. Elmo, the first "current novel" which I ever read, "the best seller" of the late sixties, and Les Misérables, in five volumes, presented to me by a dear friend and near neighbor, Judge Cullen. He had noticed my fondness for reading; perhaps he had looked askance at St. Elmo.

We were no sooner settled than my father followed another stampede into Blackfoot, and in Blackfoot City he started another little store, which he left in charge of hired help. He returned to Helena, where in the winter of '65 or '66 he built and stocked an ice-house, the first one in the city. In the spring of 1867, when the boats came up the Missouri to Fort Benton, he sent his wagons and mules

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88. Rocky Mountain Gazette, October 13, 1866, "Atmospheric Coal Oil Lamps" for sale at the store of Clay Thompson on Main is the subject for a paragraph in the local items. The price is not stated. The features of the lamp were that they required no chimney and that they gave a brilliant light.

89. Published 1866. Rocky Mountain Gazette, September 28, 1867,—"Miss Evans, author of 'Beulah' and 'St. Elmo', has received the degree of M. A. L., or Mistress of English Literature, from the Baltimore Female College."

90. Father of W. E. Cullen, Helena attorney. History of Montana, 1895, p. 1264. These volumes of Les Misérables are now in the possession of Mrs. E. C. Trask, née Katherine Ronan, Santa Cruz, California.
in charge of a man named Moore to freight supplies back to Helena. Moore did not return at the appointed time. Some other freighters or some passengers coming in from Fort Benton asked my father why he had sold his mules and wagons. This was the first he knew that Moore had swindled him. He went hastily on horseback to Fort Benton and found that Moore had sold some of his property to people in that vicinity and had gone down the river on the returning boat. After days of delay, my father followed on the next downriver boat. He did not find any trace of Moore, nor was he ever apprehended. Some of the property which he had disposed of around Fort Benton my father did recover.

Financial difficulty must have beset my father. The assessment roll of Lewis and Clarke County for the year 1867, published in the History of Montana, 1739-1885, lists Sheehan, James—$1,115. At any rate when he returned from his expedition in search of Moore, he made preparations to go to Utah on a road-building contract with the Union Pacific railroad. My stepmother remained in Helena with us children during the year-and-a-half that my father was gone. He made some money on this contract, how much I do not know. When he returned to Helena, he found that Barker had sold out the entire supply of provisions in the little store and the ice-house but had no money to pay over. He found a simi-
lar state of affairs at the store in Blackfoot City. And so his venture in both places was concluded.

Meanwhile I was occupied with the busy stir of school life. For a short time the beloved Lettie Sloss was my teacher again, and again in a little log schoolhouse clinging to the steep side of the gulch. The distinguishing memory of this school is that on Friday afternoons we had lessons in embroidering and that Miss Sloss directed my making of some pin-cushions. An Irishman named Thomas A. Campbell, son of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Camellite, now

91. History of Montana, 1885, p. 580—Located May 16, 1865.
92. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, August 11, 1866, No. 1, Vol. I—states that the Sunday School will hereafter meet in Miss Sloss's school-room on Bridge Street.
the Christian, Church was, I think, my next teacher. I used to go to see his wife. She told me that she spoke Gaelic. We were always planning that she would teach me the language, but we were also always postponing beginning, and so I never had even my first lesson.

Going to school I used to pass the office of the weekly Rocky Mountain Gazette, of which Peter Ronan was co-editor and owner with Major E. S. Wilkinson. Of course my father was a subscriber. I must have read the paper diligently, for when my little dog was stolen I stopped one

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93. *Rocky Mountain Gazette*, August 25, 1866—"The school house of Professor Campbell is finished and he and his amiable lady will commence teaching very soon. The school is located on the lot adjoining the printing office of the Gazette. (On Academy Hill)

September 1 to October 6, 1866—The issues of these dates contain the following advertisement: "DISTRICT SCHOOL—The District School in Holena, District No. 1, will be opened in the new school-room on Academy Hill, Helena City, on the first Monday (3rd) of September, 1866. T. F. Campbell and Lady will have charge of school. TERMS: Primary Department—Including Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, and History, for each scholar, per week, $1.50.

Academic Department—Including the Physical Sciences, Mathematics, and Classics—each scholar, per week, $2.00. One half of the above charges will be paid out of the public funds, leaving the patrons to pay for the primary scholars, each 75 cents. per week, and for higher branches $1. Tuition due and payable Friday morning of every week. School will open at 8-12 o'clock A.M.

T. F. Campbell, Ch'm., R. C. Ewing, C. Stephenson, Board of Directors."

*History of Montana, 1885*, p. 369.  
morning to ask Mr. Roman if he could not help me find the
dog by advertising for it in his paper. He always noticed
me and spoke politely to me; either I had chosen to over-
look or had, for the time, forgotten the Alder Gulch epi-
sode of the sluice-box. The next issue of the Gazette
carried among the locals a paragraph demanding that who-
ever had taken a certain little dog from a certain house on
Clore street should restore it at once to the young lady
owner or expect to feel the heavy hand of justice. With
what pride I read the paragraph and displayed it to my
friends and acquaintances! The dog was never found. That
paper I treasured for nearly forty years! 94

Another day as I was passing his office, Mr. Roman
called, "Here's something for you, Mollie." It was a little
"holy picture" of Pharaoh's daughter discovering the infant
hidden in the bulrushes. Pictures and picture books were
rare in those days. I was delighted with the gift. I
treasured that picture; I still have it. I have used it to
illustrate the story of Moses for each of my little ones

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94. "Loaned to Olin D. Wheeler in Missoula in 1905 for
material for an article for Wonderland. When he
failed to return it, I wrote several times but never
received the paper,--blurred, then, yellow and tat-
tered." M. C. Roman.

The copy containing this announcement is not to be found
among the imperfectly preserved issues of The Rocky
Mountain Gazette. The office files were destroyed
in the disastrous fire of August, 1872."
again and again in the years long passed.

Hangman's tree stood in Dry Gulch near the head of
wood street, going south. One morning when we children came
up from Last Chance Gulch to the crest of the hill, we saw
the limp form of a man hanging, with a rope around his neck,
from a branch of the tree, and there the body continued to
hang for three days as a warning to law breakers. During
the days of this gruesome display and for a long time afterward we children were in a state of extreme nervous tension.
All the distressing details were viewed and reviewed. The
boys kept running down to the tree at recess and between
sessions; there was talk and more talk of how the "bad man"
had been aroused from sleep by the avengers, made to dress
hurriedly, and taken out and hanged in the dead of night.
No doubt the story was enlarged to include the circumstances
having to do with each of the three men that are recorded to
have been executed on Hangman's Tree, Jake Silvie, John
Keene, and James Daniels. I hated the talk. It made me shiver. I did not want to know by what name he had gone in life,—that dreadul, pitiful object, with bruised head, disarrayed vest and trousers, with boots so stiff, so worn, so wrinkled, so strangely the most poignant of all the gruesome details. I tried to forget. I have never forgotten. Questions, suggestions will involuntarily roll back the door and flash before me those pictures in what I long ago named the Bluebeard chamber of my memory.

I have heard the story told, but for its truth I will not vouch, that one over-sealous Sunday school teacher marched her class to the foot of the tree for a close-up view of this horrible example of the results of a wayward life, hoping by means of an object lesson to frighten her young charges into paths of righteousness.

95. History of Montana, 1883, p. 303—"He (Jake Silvie) was hanged on the old tree in Dry Gulch in the dead of night."
Burney, H., Vigilantes, p. 345, John Keene was hanged in Helena, May 9, 1866. On p. 266 the date of John Keene’s hanging is given as June 7, 1865; on p. 718 it is stated that he committed murder on May 9, 1867. "He was hanged in Dry Gulch on the day of his trial." James B. Daniels, p. 266 and p. 303, executed in Helena, March 2, 1866.

Kalispell Times, January 23, 1930, "Reprieved by General F. T. Meagher, February 22, 1866, (James B. Daniels) returned to Helena from Virginia City; the next morning his body was swinging from Hangman’s Tree."

History of Montana, 1885, p. 718—"The tree was cut down by Mr. Shippen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, May 17, 1876."
As early as the summer of 1867 a circus came to Helena, heralded for weeks in advance. Horses were the only animals shown. Daring bareback riders, equestriennes, acrobats, tight-robe walkers and clowns performed. In chorus the company sang, "Oh, the bells go ringing for Sarah!" A big darkie with a fine mellow voice rolled out the words of a foolish song—

"I feel, I feel, I feel so queer;
I can't tell what to do;
My heart beats fast as she goes by
In dark dress trimmed in blue."

So many interesting, worthwhile, beautiful things have slipped from mind,—why should this insipid melody and these more insipid words remain so distinct?

Professor Stone and his brother opened a private school in August, 1867, on Academy Hill not far above the first little Catholic church, where the cathedral now stands. At one end of the long room Professor Stone taught us older children; at the opposite end his brother taught

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96. *Rocky Mountain Gazette*, June 8, 1867, announces that The Great Western Circus will show in Helena in July: "The company consists of twelve male and female performers, twenty horses and three tricks ponies."

97. *Rocky Mountain Gazette*, July 27, 1867,—"Professor Stone will open a private school on Monday next in the district school room on Academy Hill."

*History of Montana, 1885*, p. 725—Professor E. W. Stone is named among those who established The Montana Seminary and Rocky Mountain Business Institute.

the primary grades. We sat in prim rows on long, rough benches. This was the largest and most interesting school I had ever attended. Professor Stone began a Latin class and I was a member. This gave me a feeling of great importance; now, indeed,—though I would not then have put the feeling into words,—I was standing on the threshold of real intellectual achievement! Most stimulating was the lesson each day in Webster's school dictionary, with strange looking and strange sounding words to spell and define. Before school closed each afternoon the older students would join the younger ones on the long benches. The teacher would pronounce words; we would each in turn rise, repeat the word, spell it, and sit down. Sallie Davenport always spelled down the school. One day Professor Stone's brother was conducting this "drill". It was Raleigh Wilkinson's\textsuperscript{99} turn. He misspelled the word.

"Try it again, Raleigh," said Mr. Stone.
"I don't think I can spell it," Raleigh replied.
"Well, try it," insisted Mr. Stone.
"I told you I don't think I can spell it," growled Raleigh.

Mr. Stone, himself young, large, athletic-looking,

\textsuperscript{98.} History of Montana, 1885, p. 1205. Married A. J. Davidson in 1874.
\textsuperscript{99.} Son of Major E. J. Wilkinson, partner of Peter Ronan in the Rocky Mountain Gazette.
flushed angrily and repeated his command. "Well, try it, I tell you." Raleigh retorted. For several times more command and retort were bandied back and forth in rising crescendo until a tempestuous climax came in an exchange of blows. Suddenly up jumped all the big boys and precipitated a melee. The girls fled from the schoolhouse to our homes. This free-for-all fight was the occasion of much talk among the patrons of the school for many days.

Professor Stone encouraged dramatic reading. Without any coaching one of my boy schoolmates and I practiced a dialogue which we gave at a public "entertainment" in the school room. Our stage was the little platform where the teacher had his desk. I was a Roman matron encouraging her husband:

"Have the walls ears? I wish they had and tongues, too, to bear witness to my oath and tell it to all Rome."

"Would you destroy?" my opposite intoned.

Fervently I picked up my cue, "Were I a thunderbolt! Rome's ship is rotten! Has she not cast you out?"

The applause thrilled me and fired my ambition to be an actress. Professor Stone added fuel to the flame by complimenting me warmly.

I learned the part of Lady Anne in Richard III, begin-
"Set down, set down your honorable load,  
If honorable may be shrouded in a hearse."

(Act I, Scene 3)

I practiced at home in the little sitting-room before the mirror, trying a variety of interpretations from the style mining to that flamboyant. My stepmother, who often admonished me of my vanity, became now positively alarmed for the salvation of my soul and forbade me to go on with the practices or to present at school what was to have been my "big performance".

My choice of parts and ideas about interpretation I got from attending the theatre. I had seen—travestied by the actors, though not intentionally. It reeked of blood, it smelled of blood, I almost felt that I had dipped my hands in blood. Lady Macbeth was most amazingly and ludicrously terrible. Even I, in my simplicity and inexperience, realized that. The actress who took the part of Juliet in Romeo and Juliet had a strong German accent. For the entertainment of my friends I used to burlesque her interpretation of the balcony scene, imitating as exactly as I could her heavy voice and characteristically German pronunciation,—"w's" for "v's", "f's" for "v's", and

100. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, August 11, 1886--Notice of a benefit for an actress, Julia Dean; also her letter of appreciation to the committee of citizens in charge.
other peculiarities which no type represents:

"Ach! Fare not by da moon, da inconstant moon,
    Dot montly change in her circled orb,
    Lest dot my loif proof likewise variable."

I had seen the "jolly Langrishesc101 "tear a passion to
    tatters" in the Lady of Lyons, the versatile mister as the

101. Rocky Mountain Gazette, September 23, 1867--The theatre
    once more--"Mr. Langrishe and his versatile and ac-
    complished lady arrived in our city on the coach of
    last Saturday evening, to be followed by the remainder
    of the company, including Mr. and Miss Coullock on
    Monday. The Wood Street theatre has been thoroughly
    fitted up and prepared for this new and better the-
    atrical dispensation in Helena. Mr. Langrishe is
    well known to large numbers of our citizens as the
    successful manager of the Denver theatre, whose presen-
    tations of comedy are the inspiration of mirth and
    drollery, while Mrs. L. is, perhaps, one of the most
    versatile actresses on the American boards. Of Mr.
    Coullock it seems superfluous to say anything. The
    Nestor of the American stage, whose truthful deline-
    ations of the highest type of histrionic characters has
    thrilled more audiences, perhaps, than any living
    actor. His very name carries us back to Wallack's,
    to the Royal Theatre, Toronto, to the old Cincinnati
    National, Ben De Bar's St. Louis, St. Charles, New
    Orleans, and Memphis theatres, in all of which we
    have seen him in more than as many different charac-
    ters, and in all of which he approximated perfection
    so nearly as to receive the unqualified admiration of
    his audiences and the earnest encomiums of the press.
    Mr. Coullock's role is not of that fire and fury,
    death-dealing tragedy in which a vitiated taste finds
    the pleasure of a reproduction of its own animal in-
    stincts, but such moral dramas as "King Lear",
    "Richelieu", "The Merchant of Venice", etc., he has
    few equals, and certainly no superiors on the stage.
    Miss Coullock we have never had the pleasure of see-
    ing upon the boards but once in Ben De Bar's St. Louis
    theatre in the fall of 1864 in which she represented
    the bride in the beautiful comedy of "The Honeymoon"
    to Murdoch's unapproachable "Duke Aranza", and Ben
    De Bar's inimitable "Mock Duke", and we have never
noble Claude Melnotte and his "accomplished lady" as the
proud and contemptuous Pauline.

101. (Cont'd.) seen a more natural presentation of the
triumph of genuine womanly affection over the tram-
nels of society and rank than on that evening. Of
the other members of the company we know little be-
yond general report. They come to us highly recom-
}mended by the Salt Lake and Virginia papers, and from
"the company they keep" we may depend upon their
possessing merit. We bespeak for Mr. Langrishe's
enterprise in bringing to Montana so bright a luminary
in the theatrical firmament as Mr. Coullock, and so
estimable a company the liberal support of an intelli-
gent, and we believe, an appreciative community. The
Company will open at the Wood Street Theatre on
Tuesday evening in the beautiful drama of "The
Chimney Corner", to be followed by the laughable
afterpiece of "The Artful Dodger". (Internal evidence
is that the theatrical notes were written by E. S.
Wilkinson).

Rocky Mountain Gazette, September 23, 1867—WOOD STREET
was filled to repletion on Tuesday by the very creme
de la creme of the elite of Helena, who graced the
occasion with their presence in the lively anticipa-
tion of an intellectual treat in witnessing the rendi-
tion of the beautiful comedy of "The Chimney Corner",
by Mr. Langrishe's company, in which pleasing expec-
tation not one was disappointed. It was the opening
evening of the season, and the lively expression of
delight on every countenance with the opening of the
piece, changing with the varied feelings produced by
the incidents of the play, showed how the natural
grace and noble, generous devotion and love of "Grace
Emery", in the person of Miss Coullock; the unfortunate
complications of an unsuccessful passion singles with
a secret charge of guilt from which he had not oppor-
tunity of exculpating himself, ending in successful
and untarnished name, truthfully delineated by Mr.
Brown as "John Probity"; the maternal affection of
"Patty Probity" as rendered by Mrs. Fitz Williams; the
other characters well sustained and the honest,
simpler purpose, the maternal pride and affection, the
unmingled grief, rising into sublimity of despair on
learning and believing the dishonor of his son, and
pride and gratitude on being convinced of his innocence,
C. W. Coulcock and his daughter Eliza opened an engagement at the People's Theatre on Wood Street in the autumn of 1867. By then I was deeply and seriously impressed. I did not go often to the theatre. It was a great treat and long-to-be-remembered occasion when I did go. For me "the play was the thing"; the escorts who took me have remained but dimly in my memory. I should like to say of my parents that they thought it part of my education to attend the theatre, but I do not know that this is true. Perhaps I went because to attend the productions of "classic drama" was "the thing to do."

101. (Cont'd.) rising above all like the apex of a pyramid in the noble, soul-stirring rendition of "Peter Proflity" by Mr. Coulcock, in which every tone of the voice, every line of his mobile countenance, and every movement and gesture was eloquent of the feeling which was supposed to inspire it, acted upon the audience through wondering sympathy at the truthfulness of the rendition and the earnestness with which each passion was depicted. In the afterpiece, "The Artful Dodger" Mr. Langrishe, as the reckless, rollicking "dodger" of his creditors, and the aider and abettor of his friend in like difficulties, with songs and comicities; kept the house in an uproar of laughter and applause while Mrs. Langrishe was received as "Margaret" with unmistakable evidences of pleasure. Last night the "Post Boy" with Mr. Coulcock as "Joe Spurrett" and Miss Coulcock as "Maria" was rendered with the best effect to a crowded house, followed by the afterpiece of "Home for the Holidays", in which Mr. and Mrs. Langrishe were the embodiment of their characters. Tonight Mr. Coulcock will appear in his great play of "Richelieu," and the house will, no doubt, be crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. and Mrs. Langrishe will take his favorite character of "Pat Sooney", while Mrs. Langrishe will personate "Tom Dobs", in her inimitable style."
I saw the Coulodocks and their troupe, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Langrishe, in *Richard III* and in *Richelieu.* I thought Coulodock tremendous as *Richelieu.*

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102. A. K. McClure, *3000 Miles Through the Rocky Mountains,* p. 400. "The theatre under the direction of the jolly Langrishe has been running clever audiences. Ingomar has illustrated to the accomplished circles of Virginia City the ways and tastes of the barbarian, Claude Melnotte has confirmed the old adage that the course of true love does not always run smooth. Pretty much everybody goes to the theatre; and the 'Tory' just opposite, clears the cobwebs out of the throats of people between acts. Pleasure and business are happily mingled in Western life. When the curtain falls the glasses rise, and are emptied between social gatherings and commercial contracts. At the 'Tory' may be seen the dignitaries of the Territory and city, the members of the bar, the men of business, and around them the inevitable, ubiquitous bums, all smiling together and discussing Montana liquor, Indians, politics, and the last murder or prize fight."

103. *The Rocky Mountain Gazette,* Sept. 28, 1887. "*Richelieu* as presented at the Wood Street Theatre on last Thursday night to a crowded house by Mr. Langrishe's company, received universal commendation. Cardinal Richelieu, as represented by Mr. Coulodock, was what that master's renditions always are, the perfect counterpart of the character, reflecting the very genius and peculiarities of the great diplomat and statesman. Miss Coulodock, as Julie De Mortimer, presented the character with that grace and truthfulness for which she has been so highly praised by our Eastern contemporaries. Mr. Langrishe, with his usual enterprise, secured the services of Mr. Mortimer (four words illegible) with commendable spirit and truthfulness. The other characters of the piece were well rendered, and gave evidence of a thorough rehearsal and full appreciation of their parts. The great drawback to the proper representation of this character of piece, is the smallness of the stage and the want of necessary illusion through necessary scenery, decorations and furniture. These drawbacks are insuperable, however, from the
I can still hear his intonation of the old familiar lines, "the pen is mightier than the sword" (Act II, Scene 2); and I can still hear the little page in that same play so impressively saying, "Work, brain, beat, heart, but never say fail."

Among what I suppose were the current dramas of the period, included in the repertoire of the Coul docks, I recall most distinctly One Touch of Nature. The plot had to do with the separation of a father and daughter, their trials, tribulations, and final restoration to each other. Having a real father and daughter play these parts added "one touch of nature" so thrilling, to me at least, that I

103.(Cont'd.) early efforts in a dramatic line in the country, and we are not even singular in this imperfection. In the afterpiece of the "Canibus", Mr. and Mrs. Langrishe were encored in a manner which was undoubted evidence of the highest appreciation. Last night "The Weight of Gold" followed by "Uncle Sam" was presented to a full house with the best effect."

104. Upon the return engagement of the Coul doks, October 22, 1870, this notice appeared in the Rocky Mountain Gazette: "A great bill, the beautiful drama, 'One Touch of Nature' followed by Coul dock's specialty 'Milky White', in which he was never equalled or approached by any living actor."
was set day-dreaming. I could see in the Coulcocks, in their long journeys together, in their companionship of interests, an analogy to my father and me. I fancied the Sheehans, father and daughter, as actors; better still, for when my father was at home for any length of time we would sing all our old songs together, as grand opera stars!

Needless to say, I had never seen, had only heard of grand opera.

Another occasion, the setting for which was that same shabby, tawdry (for such it was) little theatre on Wood street, stirred me and kindled my imagination. My father took me to hear General Thomas Francis Meagher deliver

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105. D. S. Tuttle, D. D., LL.D., Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop (1906), p. 170. "During the month I met as fellow guests several of a class whom I have always found respectful and courteous, toward whom my heart entertains most kindly feeling, I mean actors and actresses, Mr. and Mrs. Langrishe, George Paunesforth, Mr. C. A. Coulcock and his daughter Eliza were all in Virginia City that winter (1867-68). Three years after at Salt Lake I baptized Miss Coulcock, and on her dying bed, administered to her the holy communion. She lies buried in Salt Lake." Bishop Tuttle says that he met Mr. Coulcock in Salt Lake in 1906; he told him that "Jack" Langrishe was state senator in Idaho. Mr. Langrishe, Bishop Tuttle himself last met in the Coeur d'Alene mountains in 1885.

106. Thomas Francis Meagher, banished Irish patriot, professional lecturer, organized the Irish Brigade in 1861, fought in the Civil War, appointed Secretary to Montana Territory in 1865, acting Governor, 1866, drowned in the Missouri at Fort Benton, July 1, 1867. Rocky Mountain Gazette, February 9, 1867, states that an aggregate of $1800 was taken in on the lecture on the Irish Brigade, given at the People's Theatre on February 9, 1867.
his famous lecture on the Irish Brigade. Either backstage or in a little cabin near the theatre, my father introduced me to General Meagher before the lecture. He was a gallant, a most exciting person. He had to an unforgettable degree the Irish gifts of beautiful speech of laughter and tears: because he felt he easily moved others; ideas flowed from him in language picturesque, dramatic, copious. Poetry he quoted often, aptly, with richness of tone and accentuation of rhythm. I remember definitely, after the lapse of sixty-five years, how in the course of that lecture he quoted lines from The Irish Emigrant. I thrilled to that. I knew those lines and sang them. That was one of the first songs my father had taught me.

"I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary--kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm going to,
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there--
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair!"

An event in our own family about this time was the birth of a baby boy. I do not remember the exact date because, as I have said before, birth dates were not kept in my father's family. We were all delighted; especially was my father, to have a son. I was allowed to name my little brother. I called him James for my father and Francis so that he might have the same middle name as that of General Meagher.
oording to the old country signs and superstitions connected with the baby's birth great things were predicted for him. Most significant of all these signs and wonders was the fact that he was born "with a veil over his face". This bit of tissue my poor, dear little stepmother had mounted in some way and treasured all her life.

Norma Ewing was my chum at Professor Stone's school. Her father, General R. C. Ewing, Kentucky gentleman and Confederate soldier, was the first clerk and recorder of Lewis and Clarke County. Norma used to help in his office. All the Ewing girls were clever. Ella, the eldest, had gone to school in "the states"; when Professor Stone was called away from school on business, or ill, Ella would teach--even his Latin class! Birdie, another older sister of Norma's, was the society belle of those days in Helena. She was petite, gay, coquettish, with tiny tripping feet and modish clothes. Her trousseau, when she married John Mo-

106a. James Francis Sheehan left Missoula in 1896. He was never again heard from. No reason is known for his disappearance.
107. History of Montana, 1885, p. 1197. Married in 1869 W. F. Chadwick, an attorney, who had also extensive mining interests. He died young, leaving a large estate.
108. Ibid., p. 669.
Cormick,\textsuperscript{110} was a wonder and delight to all of us girls; nothing so stylish or so elaborate as her "Dolly Varden" dresses had any of us ever before seen.

Florence Lamme used to come to school looking so pretty. She had beautiful dark red hair which her mother spent much time and care in arranging in the elaborate fashion of the period. Dr. A. Lamme\textsuperscript{111} soon moved away to Bozeman with his family. Julia Lowry\textsuperscript{112} was a Southern girl. I thought her mother unusually refined and her home lovely. After a short time that friendship, too, was broken off, for Julia's father took his family back to St. Louis. Friendship, like everything else in a mining camp, was in a constant state of flux and change.

Among the boys at Professor Stone's school I have already spoken of Raleigh Wilkinson. Several tall young men from the mines and ranches attended in the winter time. My first "beau",--my "boy friend";--if I am to use present-day parlance, was Messena Bullard.\textsuperscript{113} We called him "Mattie".

\textsuperscript{110} Had a store on the corner of Broadway and Main Streets, afterwards, sutler at Fort Missoula. Later he went to ranching. The site of the old ranch is now covered by the backwater from the A.C.M. dam at Bonner. Panny Ewing, the youngest of the family, taught in Helena. She is now living in Los Angeles. For some years after Mr. McCormick's death she and Mrs. McCormick made their home together in Missoula.

\textsuperscript{111} Historical Society of Helena, Vol. 5, p. 314.

\textsuperscript{112} History of Montana, 1885, p. 685. A. G. Lowry, lawyer prominent in early Montana history.

\textsuperscript{113} Ibid., p. 1194, and other works.
He was lame. It was said his leg had been broken when he was immersed for baptism. The overture to this friendship came in his offer one day to carry my books home from school. I surrendered the books but was too shy to walk with Mattie, and so I marched down one steep side of Broadway and down the other side, keeping directly opposite me. Later we braved the cries of, "Mattie's got a gur-rull! Mattie's got a gur-rull! Mollie's got a beau! Mollie's got a beau!" and walked home from school together on the same side of the street, Mattie burdened with our combined stacks of books. Boy and girl nature doesn't change; not so much as language usage does. To have spoken of Massena Bullard as a "fellow" would have implied reproach and worse; whatever fringe of meaning "fellow" had for my father I do not know, but it was a word he would not permit me to use.

Massena Bullard's family lived on a farm in the Little Prickly Pear valley. Sometimes I was invited there by his mother for a visit. The first time I ever went with a boy as an escort was on a sleigh ride with Mattie. When I looked out the window and saw him coming, shyness possessed me. I ran into my room, back of the calico partition. My father was standing in front of the mirror clipping his beard. He let his amusement be quite evident, yet he did succeed in reassuring me. Mattie and I had but started when—oh, ignominy!—the sleigh tipped over into a ditch. My
father came running to the rescue, helped to right the sleigh, to brush the snow from my cloak, and to send us jingling on our way, for the horse was bedecked and bedight with sleigh bells and sleigh bells. Mattie outdid himself to overcome the insuspicious beginning of our drive and made his horse pass every other one on the road. This incident I long tried to forget but could not because of my parents' jesting and teasing.

Sleighing parties and "oyster suppers" afterwards at the St. Louis Hotel or at some one's home were social diversions of the winter season. As usual in mining camps the male population greatly outnumbered the female. Girls blossomed quickly into young ladyhood, passed from the companionship of school boys, and began to be "escorted" about

114. Rocky Mountain Gazette, January 18, 1867--SLEIGHING "Almost incessantly since the holidays the merry jingle of sleigh bells sounds from the numberless turnouts that throng our streets, while the lively chatter of pleasant voices, among them the treble and alto of the softer sex, may be heard ringing above the bells. Being a disciple of Franklin, the sage philosopher, when we want a sleigh ride we set our easy chair outside our office, wrap ourself up in soft blankets, and immerse our feet in a tub of cold water. With a small boy to jingle the bells, we lie back and shut our eyes, and our imagination does the rest. People are not all constituted alike, however, and it is a good thing for our livery men that they are not, since while we have our sleigh ride for nothing, there are many who do not enjoy it better and shiver at the rate of ten dollars an hour." ("Peter Ronan's style of banter." M. C. Ronan)
by men of mature years.

To one of these sleighing parties I went with Mr. Ronan. Coming down Broadway, the driver, to add thrills to thrills, purposely and very skilfully tipped over the sleigh. Neil Howie\\footnote{Single handed Neil Howie arrested Dutch John Wagner, road-agent, murderer, desperado, January 2, 1864. Dimadale, Vigilantes of Montana, p. 141. "For cool daring and self reliant courage, the single-handed capture of Dutch John by Neil Howie, has always appeared to our judgment as the most remarkable action of this campaign against crime."} also an acquaintance of the Alder Gulch Days, was my escort on another occasion. We drove about singing such old songs as Kathleen Mavourneen, Only a Look of Her Hair, We Met 'Twas in a Crowd, Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still, Then You'll Remember Me. This time we went to the home of one of the girls for supper. As we drew near the house we sang and shouted as loud as we could:

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore,
And, oh, it fills my heart with joy
To see my friends once more."

After supper we played "drop the handkerchief". Soon we tired of that and gathered in a circle and sang, without accompaniment, more old songs, --Thou Hast Wounded the Spirit that Loved Thee, Nora O'Neil, Lorena, The Last Rose of

\\footnote{Single handed Neil Howie arrested Dutch John Wagner, road-agent, murderer, desperado, January 2, 1864. Dimadale, Vigilantes of Montana, p. 141. "For cool daring and self reliant courage, the single-handed capture of Dutch John by Neil Howie, has always appeared to our judgment as the most remarkable action of this campaign against crime."}
Summer 116  We had one song that we sang with much amusement and exaggerated effects; it was called The Dying Californian; through verse upon verse, the Californian, dying at sea, sent back messages to each one of a very large family, repeating over and over again, "I am dying, brother, dying", and begging not to be buried at sea. Sometimes we went to and from dances in sleighs.117 The varsovienne was the only "round dance" Mr. Ronan could dance. That number on the program I always had with him.

Not alone school boys but men, some of them verging on middle age, made merry from morning to night coasting down the steep hills of Helena; down Broadway into Main was a

116. "Other songs popularly sung at social gatherings at this time and for years following were We Shall Meet but We Shall Miss Him, Coming through the Rye, The Wearing of the Green, Oh, No, We Never Mention Him, Ora Lee, The Rocking Bird, Juanita, I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls, Annie Laurie, Old Folks at Home, Massa's In the Cold, Cold Ground." M. C. Ronan

117. Rocky Mountain Gazette, January 5, 1887. "Sent behind a tandem in a sleigh.....on New Year's Eve......... being ever ready to accept an invitation to a 'free fight' or a free dance, especially with a sleigh ride thrown in. Arrived at the house, our friend was ushered into a 14 by 16 hall, in which the masculine 'gender' largely predominated. With greatest difficulty he obtained an introduction to a lady and took position on the floor for a waltz..... The waltz being over, our friend, convinced that his chances were slim where there were so many good-looking gentlemen and so few ladies, 'went for his gear', and on entering the cloak room, found his wearing apparel fortified behind a pair of scales.... On inquiring the tariff he was told that there was six dollars due."
favorite speedway. They vied with each other in the manufacture of sleds. Many of them were gaily painted and, after the manner of ships, displayed names, such as "The Bird", quite obviously because it flew; or they were named for Helena's belles. This sort of compliment was extended, but the fun of coasting was denied even to little school girls. Coasting was not "lady-like". Only "Tom-boys", term of deep reproach, did so. When the hilarity of the boys did tempt my girl companions and me to try the fun of sliding down hill, we retired to side streets far from the main thoroughfare.118

One Christmas Eve a group of us young people had brought evergreens to the church and had spent the afternoon decorating. When we were going home, Charlie Curtis119 said, taking hold of a branch of one of the fir trees, "Get on, Mollie, and I'll coast you down Broadway!" I stepped on the thick branches, a young man on each side took me by the hand to steady me, Charlie pulled the tree down the steep incline, and home we went, gay, laughing, shouting,—for me a breathlessly daring adventure!

During the pleasant weather from April sometimes

118. Rocky Mountain Gazette, January 12, 1867—Under the caption "Winter", follows an account of coasting as a favorite sport in Helena.
119. Col. C. D. Curtis, prominent in early Montana history, societies, Indian uprising, etc.
through the month of November, we girls took long walks; we
climbed Mount Helena; we even trudged the miles of ups and
downs to Hot Springs, as Broadwater was then called, to
gather wild gooseberries. Fresh fruits and vegetables were
only a little less rare than they had been in Alder Gulch.
A little shack had been built over the springs and they were
beginning to be somewhat of a resort. Buggy and horse-
back riding were other summer pastimes. Alone, on my
father's horse, seated sideways on his saddle, I explored
the hills and wooded canyons within easy riding distance
from Last Chance Gulch. When young men took us girls rid-
ing they hired saddle horses, equipped with side saddles, at
the livery stable. I remember one ride with Mr. Whitlach and
many with Mr. Ronan.

An Irish tailor made me a black alpaca riding habit.
He took my measurements and made it without ever trying it
on. It fitted me perfectly,—tight and small-waisted, with
a long flowing skirt. With this suit I wore white cuffs and
collar and a little black hat.

Never can I forget the sign of the tailor who made my
riding habit. His sign was suspended in some way across the

120. A. K. McClure, 3000 Miles Through the Rocky Mountains,
p. 279. Following the date, August 23, 1867, is a de-
scription of "the celebrated Hot Springs", a popular
resort.
121. James W. Whitlach, discovered the Whitlach-Union mine,
the first gold quartz mine in Montana from which
money of any consequence was taken.
middle of the narrow street; approaching from either direction one read in large letters:

The Tailor
E Pluribus Unum
Erin Go Bragh!

A story of this tailor that I heard told over and over again was that one evening at a meeting of The Fenian Society he was called upon, impromptu, for a speech, although it was known that he did not like the president of the society. The tailor arose, impeccably dressed, ascended the speaker's platform, made a deep bow, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I arise to sit up, and this evenin' I am nowadays backward in comin' forwards. And allow me to say", turning with a mincing bow toward the president, "to you, Mr. President, if it were not for recognition I would be more ignorant than you are."

As among the ancient Romans the assuming of the toga meant a young man's entrance upon manhood so, in Helena in the sixties, did the wearing of a "long dress" have for girls a somewhat similar significance. My first long dress I wore to a "private dancing party" to which Mr. Ronan took me. This combination of events made memorable the details of that dress. The material was poplin with wide stripes of red and brown alternating. The low neck was square cut. The sleeves were puffed at the shoulders, fitted close down the arm, and were fastened tight around the wrist. The
basque was close-fitting; the skirt billowed out in ample folds and touched the floor stiffly. My family and friends remarked how tall and womanly I looked. I was five feet five and three-quarters inches, and slender, and I took thought to stand erect. A friend, Lizzie Ryan, and I had taken particular pains in "dressing" our hair alike for this occasion. It was rolled high on top of the head and held back with a fillet of white net so fastened that the loose ends of the net fluttered about the shoulders. We were conscious of creating an effect.

Lizzie Ryan's was a sad little story. An uncle, Jim Ryan,122 who was her guardian, brought her to Alder Gulch to live with his cousin, Mrs. E. B. Kenneberry.123 Lizzie was lonely and dissatisfied. On a short acquaintance, without the knowledge of her relatives, she married a young man who was said to be utterly worthless, a gambler, and so unsuccessful a one that his father had to support him. Immediately after the marriage the groom took the stage coach for Helena to inform his father of the step he had taken. In spite of the protests of her guardian, Lizzie followed on the next coach. The young man's father and Lizzie's uncle set at once about having the marriage annulled

122. G. A. Bruffey, Eighty-One Years in the West, p. 52. James Ryan had a store in Nevada City.
123. See History of Montana, 1885, p. 991.
and did so. The young man went to California. Branded as a good-for-nothing by his own father, he, nevertheless, was successful, married again, and established a home in California. After a few years Lizzie married a printer named Morrison. She died while still young. I have the impression that the whole of her short life was unhappy. She admired Mr. Ronan; but of course she did, for he was everyone's favorite.

He was a handsome, dashing-looking young man, of medium height and well proportioned. I have never since seen, not even in the son and daughter that most resemble him, such flashing dark eyes, so expressive, so glowing. His straight, high-bridged nose, delicate nostrils, all his features, his slender, shapely hands and feet, suggested well-bred and sensitive forebears. His hair, dark brown at the roots, shaded into the tawny of the sunburned miner and wayfarer. His mustache was dark auburn. I recall him at this period in a suit of brown broadcloth with talma to match. Usually he wore a broad-brimmed, tan hat and high-heeled boots. I can not paint the picture. Still less can I do justice to his rich and radiant personality. He was

124. A large cape. Rocky Mountain Gazette, Jan. 5, 1867--New Year's Ball--"While all stripped themselves of overcoats, talmas, etc., to add to the comfort of those whom they had under their charge on that inclement night."
full of gaiety, of fun, of mimicking; every day some encounter yielded him another humorous story; he laughed much and he loved much; he was open-hearted, open-handed, too, too generous. Things of the mind appealed to him. There were spiritual depths to his nature for which I have no words.

Our love story, if so I am to speak, commenced quite simply. Mother Vincent, of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, who had indeed been a mother to Mr. Ronan before he came to Montana during troublous days in Leavenworth, wrote to him asking about the prospect of starting a school in Helena. Mr. Ronan brought the letter to my father to read, thinking it might interest him on account of his two little girls, Kate and me.125 I answered Mr. Ronan's knock and admitted him to our little home on Cloro street. Often afterwards he told me that I wore such "a pretty little tunic"126; his attention was attracted first by that and then to the fact that I was no longer only an amusing little school girl. From that evening Mr. Ronan was

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126. See Peter Ronan's letter of May 19, 1872, p. Rocky Mountain Gazette, Jan. 26, 1867, announces that the Sisters of Charity are coming, "probably next summer to start a school."
a frequent visitor in our home; he read poetry to me; we went about together to social affairs; he was my avowed lover. When I was sixteen we were engaged, with the approval of my stepmother. Mr. Roman gave me an engagement ring set with a cluster of three diamonds. As a double plighting of our troth, I took from my finger the ring wrought for me from the gold of the placer diggings of Alder Gulch and slipped it onto his little finger. All this came about during the time that my poor, dear father was working in Utah under contract with the Union Pacific railroad, and during an interval between my brief periods of attending school.

Near ours a little frame house, owned by my father, was standing unrented. Some of our neighbors suggested that I make use of it to open a school for their young children. I did. Tuition for each pupil was $1.25 a week. Fourteen or fifteen tots attended. Among them was a lovely little boy about seven years old, the child of J. Jules Germain, proprietor of the International Hotel. 127 Mr. Germain was separated from his wife. She and their little boy were living at the St. Louis hotel. One morning, after my school had been in session for several weeks, when I

127. Beginning with number ten of the Rocky Mountain Gazette, October 13, 1866, and running for issue after issue is J. Jules Germain's advertisement of the International Hotel.
rang the bell for the children to come in from recess little Jules Germain did not march in with the other children. I looked out but did not see him. The children said that he had run down the street to the hotel to see his mother, as he sometimes did. The noon hour passed. Mrs. Germain came asking for her child; she had not seen him since he left for school in the morning; she feared his father had taken him away. We questioned the children. They said that they had not seen Jules since they had played with him at recess. The mother went to the father. He had not seen the little boy. A great search began. Near a prospect hole, half filled with water, a little distance from the school, a child found the little boy's cap. The hole was dragged and, true enough, the little dead body was brought up. The funeral took place in the parlor of the St. Louis hotel, and there I marched my little scholars, two by two. We stood in a group around the little casket and sang—

"I want to be an angel and with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead and a harp within my hand."

As I look back on it now I realize that the part my scholars and I took in the sad occasion was heart-rendering. I choked so that I could scarcely get through the song; I could hear the sobbing of the heart-broken mother and father and of their friends and mine. Over the dead body of their little son Germain and his wife were united. After this tragedy
I did not have the heart to go on with my little school.

Of that which touches us most profoundly we can say the least, and so I have said nothing of the influence that religion had come more and more to have upon me. Tied up inextricably with the story of the establishment of the Catholic Church in Helena is not only my story and my family's but also that of Peter Ronan. The old Gazette office on Ewing Street became for a time the dwelling-place of Helena's first parish priests, then it sheltered the Sisters of Charity and later housed their Boys' School. We were present, my father with his family, at the celebration of the first Mass, on November 1, 1856, in the first little Catholic church on the hill. One of our dearest friends, and Mr. Ronan's, John X. Sweeney, supervised the building, built partly with his own skilfull hands, that little church. My dear father's name is signed to the historic document, the petition addressed to Father U. Grassi asking for the appointment of two priests to the Helena mission.128

I knew them well.—Fathers Francis X. Kuppens, A. J. Vanzina, C. Imode, better still Father Leo Van Gorp, and best of all dear, dear, gentle, little Father Jerome D'Aste. Each in turn was my confessor, my confidant, my adviser on

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128. L. B. Palladino, S. J., Indian and White in the Northwest, Chapter V., pp. 276-86.
concerns temporal as well as concerns spiritual. Besides soul solace these men, reared amid an old-world culture, noblemen, some of them,—all of them in the sense of "having their patents of nobility direct from Almighty God,"—brought some of that other worldliness, culture, and courtliness into our frontier settlement where various and banal provincialisms, crudeness, and lawlessness combined to form our social background. Through their influence my soul and its needs became to me a major concern. Perhaps, in fact I am very sure that, this religious influence accounts for my growing up so oblivious of the viciousness which I realize now was flaunted on the streets of every mining camp in which I lived.

When I was attending Professor Stone's school I used to go to Father Grassi for help with difficult lessons, with my Latin and my compositions. Through Father D'Aste's interest I sang in the first Catholic choir in Helena. We learned Peter's Mass in D. At vespers I sang the solo to the psalm, "Laudate, pueri, dominum". At one Christmas Mass I sang as a solo one verse of the "Adeste Fideles". A few of the members of that choir I remember; Charlie Curtis, who had a fine baritone voice; Lizzie Ryan; a Mr. Smedley; three Germans, a woman and two men with splendid, rich

130. Psalm CXII.
voices. A man named Clark played the organ and directed the choir. He was a quiet, gentle, ordinary appearing man; he earned his living playing in saloons. He offered to teach me to play the organ. He was a married man. I was to go to his home for the lessons. To this plan my stepmother, who only occasionally opposed me in anything, absolutely objected.

Of the many, many friendships of this period, potent influences some of them, I call back brief and broken glimpses. Dear and close friends of mine all their lives were Major and Mrs. Martin Maginnis.131 They were both intellectual, cultured, clever in distinctly different ways; the Major, witty and scintillating; Mrs. Maginnis, astonishingly frank, a kindly but keen observer upon life, who expressed those observations with a dash of cynicism that was spicy rather than bitter. I thought their three-room home charming. Its interesting and unusual pictures and books, every detail of its furnishing, reflected the rare personalities of the owners. Many, many evenings I spent there, in that delightful atmosphere. When I came alone the Major always ceremoniously escorted me home, down the

131. Major Maginnis came to Helena in 1866. For biography see any history in Montana.

The Rocky Mountain Gazette, July 27, 1867, announces that Major Maginnis is to be the partner of Major E. S. Wilkinson and Peter Ronan. "Hereafter the paper will be issued tri-weekly instead of weekly."
hill to the bottom of the gulch. On Sunday evenings, although Mrs. Maginnis was not then a Catholic, she and the Major would go with me to vespers. I loved to sing in the choir and never willingly missed.

Hattie and Julia, the beautiful daughters of Charles Rumley, were not-to-be-forgotten friends of those yesterdays. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calen, their little daughter Nellie (Mrs. Thomas H. Carter), Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Holter, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Parochen, John Curtis, T. H. Kleinschmidt, Richard Lockey, A. J. and D. W. Fisk,—their names, their faces, little incidents,—rush to mind. When I come upon names of people in reading accounts of early days in Helena, I am surprised to find, young girl that I was, how wide was my acquaintanceship. C. W. Cannon once told me that when he first came to Last Chance Gulch my father gave him a couple of bags of flour with which he started a bake shop. W. A. Clark, to select a name very

134. Helen F. Sanders, History of Montana, Vol. II, p. 1182. Robert Vaughn, Then and Now, "From Alder Gulch to Last Chance," p. 59. "Then my friend Charlie Cannon was an humble baker; * * * Now, (1889) he is an honored and respected citizen and one of the wealthiest men in the state."
widely known, often waited on me when he was engaged in the
mercantile business in Helena. He was slender, sprightly,
gave his customers prompt and courteous attention always.
With such disconnected bits of memories I could fill vol-
umes.

William Kennedy136 rented the little frame house in
which I had taught my school. He had brought his young
wife from his ranch so that she might have the attention of
Dr. J. S. Glick,137 for she was expecting a baby. With her
were her little son John and her sister, Sarah Sweeney.138
Both were true gentlewomen and very beautiful, with large
soft brown eyes and creamy skin. I shall see Sarah always
as she came to a dance in a dress of a particular shade of
gray, much in vogue, called "moonlight-on-the-lake". Mrs.
Kennedy's beauty, sweetness, graciousness became famed
throughout the Territory and continued to be remarked and to
make her beloved during a long life of reverses, trials,
sorrows, and devoted service to others. Then her baby,
William, came I was his godmother; Mr. Kennedy was a Catho-
ic; Mrs. Kennedy remained always a Presbyterian.

On their ranch on the Prickly Pear, a little above where

136. Early-day Missoula hotel manager. The Missoula Hotel
and then the Shapard were known as the Kennedy Hotel.
138. Married Dr. Emil Henke, early day Missoula physician.
it flows into the Missouri, the Kennedys kept a stage station and stopping-place for freighters. It was in a lonely place in a country through which hostile Indians, Blackfeet, Piegans, and Crows, passed. Mrs. Kennedy used to tell me how she lived in fear and trembling, how often she went into her room with her baby, pulled in her leather string, and walked the floor in dread, listening for the war whoop, hoping John would not cry.

We had occasional Indian scares in Helena. Once a war party of Blackfeet, I think, came flaunting scalps of other Indians. There was a flurry of excitement and talk of the possibility of an attack in the night; the scare came to nothing. Mrs. Kennedy told me of a fright which she had in the early spring when she and her husband and baby John had made the journey back to the stage station from a winter spent in Fort Benton.

This is the story, as I recall it, that she told. When Mr. Kennedy was getting the two wagons freighted and ready, Cut Lip Jack,139 a full-blooded Indian, known to be friendly to the whites, asked to accompany the party. Mrs. Kennedy objected, bringing every reason she could to bear. "He is no friend. He will betray us to the other Indians. We

139. Vaughn, op. cit., "Indian Praying", p. 105. "He was well known to the whites and always friendly and honorable. He went by the name of Cut Lip Jack."
They did not ask for any answer.

They went to the wagon wheel, the other at the front wheel.

They knocked the harnesses in a hurry, and came down with our tip, the Indians put down their arms and came forward and met us that did not obey. After a pow-

pow here at the store, not to show belligerent. She was so

was under the cover of the wagon with John. Her husband

Alerted, knew that they were not to come to the wagon with any weapons. We, knowing

too wearin' the head dress of others, our tip went forward,

converse to the left. Where were about seventeen warriors,'

where's that party of Indians speaking up out of the

men's cotton, 174 o, our tip entered, found the party. They left the

door open. The men repeated, when all was in readiness to

don't worry, he's all right. It is just his nature to go

suppository in no uncertain terms, to the men of the company.

alerted toward the plumes. We, knowing her

out from behind unseen the plumes, then

noted until they reached the barehead Indians, where they at

panted them. The Indians were watching already motion of

will all be slaughtered. "Mortification, our tip asked -
They spied the baby and asked that he be shown to them.

John was taken from the arms of his terrified mother and passed from one to another of the Indians until he had completed the semi-circle. He was used to Indians; he laughed, patted their faces, and jumped to reach their feathers.

The Indian at the far end of the line took John gingerly, grunted, "Ugh, ugh, ugh," and shoved him over to the one at the front wheel. The warrior-chief smilingly handed the baby back to his mother. All this time Mr. Kennedy stood with his revolver cocked, ready, if necessary, to kill Mrs. Kennedy and John and then as many of the Indians as he could before they killed him. He said afterwards he had feared that the last Indian would dash John's brains out on the wagon wheel and that the whole party would rush for their arms. The driver of one of the teams was so frightened that he began to unleash the oxen. Mr. Kennedy ordered him to fasten them, "Go?" he asked. "Go," the Indians assented, and the wagons moved on only to be surrounded again by the same party a few miles farther at the top of a steep grade. This time Mr. Kennedy refused to stop. To Cut Lip he called, "We are going. I am not afraid to die. We may as well have our fight now as stay till dark and be killed." "Go and go quick", Cut Lip answered. He stayed, parleying with the Indians.

"Never tell me," Mrs. Kennedy would interrupt her story
to say, "that oxen do not sense danger. Our traveled
along without urging and making that noise with their toes
until we were out of sight of the Indians. Then they
started to trot, kicking their toes, and kept up the gait
until they were home."

When Cut Lip overtook the Kennedys he said, "The
Indians took a vote, nine for letting the party go, eight
against. I told them, you must kill me before you kill my
friends. You know you can't keep it. Some one will tell
it. You know what I am worth to my people on account of
the gifts and help the whites give my people. To them I am
worth thirty of you. My people will kill all of you and
enough more to make my value up to my people."

The following morning the mail-carrier galloped his
horse into the station. He said that a man had been killed
the night before in the very coulee where the Indians had
first parleyed with the Kennedys.

Cut Lip Jack grunted. "Now they will go. Their med-
icine and blood—they have it and are gone now."
Some of Mr. Kennedy's men buried the victim. Ever after they called the coulee Dead Man's Gulch.

My father returned from Utah in March, 1869. What a storm of wrath broke! His little girl marry! Indeed not! She was too young! She was to go to school and learn something. I was commanded to return the engagement ring to Mr. Ronan and all his other gifts. There was nothing else for me to do. I never questioned my father's authority. I never argued. I always obeyed.

Among these gifts was a precious copy of The Lady of the Lake, the first poem that Mr. Ronan had read aloud to me, and from that very volume. There was also a scrap book, the scrap book which I still have after more than sixty years, the old scrap book which has yielded me many reminders.

141. In a letter from Mrs. Irene N. Kennedy, Columbia Falls, Montana, October 26, 1950, this incident as told is corroborated. Mrs. I. N. (John) Kennedy is a sister-in-law of Mrs. William Kennedy. For many years she, too, lived at the old stage station on the Prickly Pear. In her letter she said, "I often passed this lonely grave. Once I walked to the big coulee where the war party was hidden. As I came back, I picked a big bunch of wild flowers and covered that lonely grave. He was some one's son, brother, or husband....

I passed this place going to Benton or Helena. I was with John Kennedy, Jr., one trip. The driver heard me relate the incident and stopped the stage.... We got out and looked the ground over. John said, "I wish I had been older and could remember it." I replied, "Had you been, you'd not be here. It was your childish joy at seeing them helped save the whole party."
and much material for these wanderings through my yester-
days. When we became engaged, we planned to begin keeping
it together,—the newspaper man's idea,—clipping things
we fancied,—poetry, sketches that Mr. Ronan wrote, news-
paper accounts of social affairs we attended together.
Nothing had been entered when my father issued his stern
command to break the engagement and to return the gifts.
Before I gave back the scrap book, I wrote in pencil on
the inside of the cover:

To Peter Ronan—

"Other skies may bend above you,
Other hearts may seek thy shrine,
But none other e'er will love thee
With the constancy of mine.

Had they who parted us but known
How hearts like ours can feel,
They would have spared us both
A pang beyond their power to heal."

Your friend,
Mollie Sheehan

I read the lines over again and again. I felt that I was
being disloyal to my father and not entirely obedient. I
erased the lines; the words showed faintly through the blur.

My father and Mr. Ronan had been friends since they had
met on the stampede into Alder Gulch. The whole situation
was unhappy and embarrassing. Considering everything, the
closing of my father's stores in Helena and Blackfoot City,
the fact that my stepmother had always wanted to go to Cal-
ifornia, and the fact that San Diego was said to be booming,
it seemed the time for us to load the wagons and push on.

Among the things that I had given or loaned to Mr. Ronan, which he now returned to me was a volume of Tom Moore's complete works. It had been given to me by a good neighbor and friend, Andy O'Connell.142 He was a great admirer of Thomas Francis Meagher. After the General's tragic death, Mr. O'Connell came into possession of some of his hero's personal belongings. He wanted me to have one of the precious relics and so he had presented me with this volume, inscribed in Thomas Francis Meagher's handwriting with his own name. After Mr. Ronan had given it back to me, I found that he had marked passages which he intended should convey messages from him to me whenever I turned those pages, and they did. When my children had read that volume to tatters, years after their father's death, I saved one particular page and clipped from it the poem When Cold in the Earth. His pencileings made in that time long past speak now with exquisite sadness, across what infinite gulfs.

Shortly before we left Helena, on St. Patrick's Day, April 17, 1869, with my parents I attended a costume ball. I wore a white Swiss dress, with rows and rows of paper shamrocks glued on for trimming. On a wide green satin rib-

and see a little prayer for your sake. Join me, and in little church on the hill, he said. "You're on a great quest, they told me. So we needed the Euphineon John, I sneeze cause for me, drat me."

Barley whistled, and turned abruptly into the room.

I don't see, he said. "Keep it to me. I ask for it and good-bye," she answered me. I could not be, the last thing I wanted to be. All the people of the church, the Euphineon, the Good-bye motto, and here is your ming. An he held it after having been my Tammy off, I met her. Roman. He said, as I went back through the narrow hall of the temple.

I took the one above all others, that I loved.

My little house, I was heavy-hearted at leaving the place, the Good-bye song had started again with the thoughts of The Euphineon. It was arranged that I was to overtake them in the Euphineon. I read wagon down the steep slope toward the valley. We very early in the morning the Euphineon drove off in the cow.

Our little house on clover street was empty, me danced once with me, he said. I was a happy heart. With my father's permission, my Roman. We need I wore a Euphineon crown. Under all these gates array wet on the rhythm, was Euphineon the happy and cheerless. On don, arranged over the left shoulder and fastened at the
to the hitching-post and we went into the church and knelt down, side by side, and prayed silently, simply, earnestly. John M. Sweeney was the best man I have ever known. A success financially, a man among men, he was deeply religious; he never lost the simplicity and faith of childhood.

We overtook my family in the valley where camp for the night had been made. Because I was taken up with my heart-break, or because of some one of memory's strange tricks, I recall no other incident of this journey. We stopped to visit Ellen and Bill Tiernan at their ranch in the Ruby Valley, near where the town of Sheridan now is, and about twenty miles from Virginia City.\(^{143}\) Ellen was expecting a baby and needed my stepmother's help. Carrie Crane, the Alder Gulch school-girl chum, was living on a ranch on Wisconsin Creek,\(^{144}\) a few miles away. We renewed our friendship. While we waited for the coming of the baby, I helped with the sewing for that event and with the house work. Bill Tiernan took me horseback riding. Carrie's friends invited me about to country dances. After a few weeks the baby was born. We called her Elizabeth\(^{145}\) and I was her godmother. As a farewell for me Carrie Crane gave

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143. "And Sheridan twenty miles away"—Hence the name of the little town.
144. Now called "the old Temple ranch".
145. Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, Los Angeles.
a "quilting bee". Then the Sheehans were again trekking westward over tableland and hill and mountain pass and desert.
BOOK II

YOUTH AND ROMANCE

"And yet souls go adventuring down
The old, old ways which all have gone,
To find them all mysterious still;
Oh Life, we'll live you with a will."

Donald Burnie, "Mystery"

Tecaminicum
Until I became a part with an age of aeroplanes and radiograms, it did not seem to me a matter to be accounted for,—though it was always one of deep regret,—that I never met my husband's father or mother or any of his three brothers or four sisters.

Peter Ronan was thirty years of age when we became engaged. In those thirty years he had done and dared and endured more than many men have in twice that time. Naturally the close ties that knit kin to kin had been, not exactly broken, but stretched wide, as often happens even today when great distances and varied interests intervene. He had traveled far, very far, from the little village of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, where he was born on June 1, 1833, the sixth child in a family of eight,—a sort of litany of sweet, old names,—Mary, Thomas, James, Margaret, John, Peter, Theresa, Louise.

Matthew Ronan, the father of this family, had come from County Wexford, Ireland, to Nova Scotia, and there had married Margaret Carter, from County Limerick, Ireland, on February 13, 1825. He was far down Life's western slope even when I first came to know of him, had retired from the workaday world, and was the beloved pensioner of devoted sons and daughters. He had a farm in Nova Scotia. What trade or business he followed when he came into the
States I do not know. "He was a fine gentleman and a
practical Christian,"—thus his youngest son epitomized
his character. Of his parents this son set also in print,
"They were honest, unassuming Democrats, supporting the
Government of their adoption, and opposing the Hartford
Convention and secret intrigues of the Bluelight Federalists
in their secession schemes and opposition to their Govern-
ment in time of war."

Of his mother's mildness and sweetness, Peter Ronan
had story after story to tell. The severest punishment
she ever administered to any of her big, healthy, head-
strong, vigorous brood,—high spirited all of them always,
and the boys sometimes to wildness,—was to whip the
culprits with her apron strings, then to point to the
switch hanging upon the kitchen wall, and to threaten to
use that "next time" if order were not restored and
maintained.

Of that boyhood spent in the little, unknown, quaint
village of Antigonish, playing childish games, going to

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146. Newspaper clipping in the old scrap book of Mary C.
Ronan, p.2. Matthew Ronan died at Malden, Massachusetts,
February 18, 1879, aged 90,—"full of years, of the
fruits of a well-spent life, of the respect of his
fellow mortals."

147. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, October 6, 1866,—From an
editorial in answer to The Montana Post concerning
comments the Gazette was alleged to have made on the
Republican Party.
went to Dubuque. Iowa, as a compositor on the Dubuque
Boston to work at the trade for a short time. In 1869 he
petitioned, in Mobile, Alabama, and so he came to
mother, and sisters had taken up a residence, which became
home, "provincetown," much longer, meantime the letter
was learned the trade so well that at seventeen years of age he
learned at the trade so well that at seventeen years of age he
of the Reynolds Gazette-Chronicle as an apprentice. He
entered the job printing department to know letter. He entered the job printing
department for the Reynolds Gazette-Chronicle from the age of
Leight at the drop of a hat! Before Peter was
found, the boy who was to succeed in life must
who accomplished one lesson above all that in books are
years of age, from the master, in the school,
that the rest had been received by the time he was thirteen
All the education, in the sense of attending school,

enforced.

or the life of Peter Roman at the age of five
that he had set those words in print. Of the early years
that he had set those words in print. Of the early years
which Peter was secretly very proud, to carry his
power over the young, the sunny-heated street looks of

Trusting the streets, obsessed by passion, in the
school, experiencing little joy and sorrow and

-ise-
Evening Times.

In February, 1860, with six other young men he set out on a voyage of adventure to the almost unknown and unexplored country of Pike's Peak. He spent two years mining in the mountains of Colorado, and then he recrossed the great plains to Leavenworth, Kansas. He became associated with W. H. Adams, who a few years before had printed the first newspaper in Kansas, the first issue of which he struck off on a Washington hand-press under a tree on the townsit of Leavenworth. This spot continued to be the "press room" until a board shanty could be built. In 1862 Adams was engaged in publishing "The Daily Enquirer," and in it Peter Ronan purchased a third interest. This deed I have; it reads:

"Deed of William H. Adams to Peter Ronan, County of Leavenworth, Kansas, one third interest to the printing press and material known as the Leavenworth Enquirer for the sum of $1,000 and the agreement to pay a debt of $300 due by William H. Adams, Dennison D. Taylor, and Peter Ronan to L. J. Driggs as part of the purchase money due him for his interest in the Leavenworth Enquirer. September 4, 1862, signed in the presence of J. F. Brooks

W. H. Adams
Peter Ronan."

This venture was drawn into the maelstrom of the Civil War and hurled to disaster. The Daily Enquirer was the only Democratic newspaper in the State of
Kansas. Dennison D. Taylor, the political editor, had formerly been a member of The Kentucky Statesman. Because of too partisan articles of his, General Blunt caused the suppression of the paper; the three proprietors were arrested and thrown into the military guard house.

It was at this time that Peter Ronan first made the acquaintance of Mother Vincent of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas. With a few other Sisters, she came to the guard house and brought the prisoners food and ministered to their comfort in every way that she could. She noticed that the young presaman needed a clean shirt; she brought him one; she took his soiled clothes away and laundered and mended them; whatever it was possible for her to do, in the name of sweet Charity, she did. She was, for Peter Ronan, "the star that rose on his darkness and guided him home."

After some days he was released and permitted to publish the paper. Finally the senior members of the firm, W. H. Adams and D. D. Taylor, were also released and

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148. A statement made by Major Martin Maginnis in a toast delivered by him at the third annual meeting of the Montana Press Association, 1888. Scrap Book of Mary C. Ronan, p. 34.


150. Tom Moore, When Colder in the Earth, referred to in Chapter VI, p.
resumed their work. The sullen feeling against them continued to ferment and ferment; at last the explosion came. The office of the Daily Enquirer was attacked by a mob; the printing press, the entire equipment, was utterly, unrightfully, and unlawfully demolished. And so the junior member of the firm turned again westward, almost penniless, following the Siren call of the mines.

With hundreds of other fortune seekers, he joined the gold rush of 1862, headed for Florence (Oregon, then -- now, Idaho). On the way he chanced to fall in with some old Colorado acquaintances and turned off with them to the camp at Bannack, Montana. Thus he was "among the toil worn followers of that stampede, who staked their claims in Alder Gulch, on that early June morning in 1863."

"The 5th day of June, 1863, was an honorable day in camp. We had the gulch pretty well staked out and on that day every man had to be on his own claim. I had one, and you bet I was there."

The claim proved to be a good one, and so Peter Ronan sent for his brother Jim to come and to share with him in


152. An interview with Peter Ronan, published in the Anaconda Standard, November 13, 1891, It Was Many Years Ago, Major Ronan Tells of Pioneer Days in Montana.
the "clean up", for Jim, who was married and had a family to support, had been injured and maimed in a railroad accident. Jim made enough from the Alder Gulch claims to return to Dubuque and establish himself in business. By 1885 the claims of the Ronans must have been worked out, for the old records in the court house at Virginia City reveal the following transfer of property: "May 23, 1865, Grantors - Ronan, Peter and James et al; Grantee - Edward Cardwell et al, §150, Claim 3 on Vesuvius, No. 2, and Claims 3 and 4 on Gunnel Lode; Ronan, Peter and James et al, Dennis Sullivan, §5, Claim on Mineral Exchange Lode; Ronan, Peter et al, John Caplico et al §450, Claims on Mill Creek District."

When the Montana Democrat, of Virginia City, the second newspaper to be published in the Territory, was established by Major John F. Bruce in November, 1865, Peter Ronan became foreman, local editor, and part owner. Within a year he entered into partnership with S. S. and C. H. Wilkinson and established The Rocky Mountain Gazette at Helena. He made a trip east to visit his family in

153. Major Bruce was employed by the editors and owners of the Rocky Mountain Gazette as an editorial writer in 1872. See issues of November of that year.
154. Interview with Peter Ronan, published in the Anaconda Standard, November 13, 1891.
Malden and to purchase equipment for the new venture. On the way he stopped at Leavenworth and instituted a law suit, suing the city for the destruction of the plant of the Daily Enquirer. For once the mills of the gods ground quickly and to powder; he won the suit and received his share of the damages.

The Rocky Mountain Gazette first came off the press on August 11, 1866, announcing that it was to be "published weekly by Wilkinson, Maguire and Roman in the building formerly occupied by the Helena Academy on Academy Hill."

The principles governing the paper were stated in a column-long editorial.

"In politics the Gazette will be Democratic. ...Looking back upon the history of the country, since the adoption of the Constitution, we deduce from experience the policy 'enumerated and enforced' by Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson to be the true principles of government for a free and enlightened people. ...It will be our pride and ambition to contribute our humble efforts to the re-establishment of the happy times enjoyed under the administration of Democratic statesmen. ...We shall, therefore, contribute whatever talent and energy we possess to the advancement and successful accomplishment of the policy of President Johnson in his effort to re-establish the Union under the Constitution of our ancestors. ...Our motto is 'Faithful and Fearless'. We will support the RIGHT with an unchanging purpose, and oppose Wrong with an unrelenting and never-ending determination. The frown of the demagogue or the smiles of patronage shall never SWERVE us from our purpose. On all proper occasions we will support the candidates legitimately put forward by our party, and not fail to show up in their true colors, the disorganizers and factionists who may presume to
"destroy its success or organization. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, being a free press, will always be accessible to gentlemen of every party who may choose to make it the organ through which to promulgate their views on Politics, Religion, Literature, the Arts, Science, Education, Amusement, etc.—subject always to a reasonable restraint in the character of their communications. ...It will be our study and well determined purpose to avoid bitter personal and political controversies, and we shall never engage in any unless forced to do so in self defense."

After the third issue, August 25, 1866,—in the swift-moving, changeful way of business as well as everything else in a mining camp,—H. M. Maguire retired from the partnership. Before the expiration of the first year of its publication, July 27, 1867, Major Martin Maginnis became a member of the firm, and the paper began to be issued tri-weekly. Commencing March 30, 1868, the Rocky Mountain Gazette was issued daily. In 1870 a press operated by steam power was installed, and on August 22 of that year was issued the first paper in the Territory to be printed by steam power. Another innovation was the lighting of the whole plant of the Rocky Mountain Gazette by gas manufactured on the lot behind the building which housed the paper.

Difficulties almost insurmountable,—the well nigh impossible, confronted the pioneer journalist. He had the

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155. History of Montana, p. 327, August, 1867, The Helena Daily Herald was issued, "the pioneer daily of the Territory."
tremendous undertaking of supplying and keeping himself supplied with his materials; and he had the problem of establishing communication with the world — even the world immediately outside the gulch — when storms obstructed the roads. In the best of weather mails were uncertain of arrival. A telegraph line from Salt Lake to Virginia City was completed, November 2, 1866, and it was carried on into Helena a few weeks later. This contact with the great world was, also, precarious; the lines, often weighted down with winter snows, or the telegraph poles toppled over in summer tempests, were maintained at great expense. Typos, pressmen, reporters, help of any kind, could scarcely be found, could seldom be kept. An example of this is Maguire's resignation (by request) from the partnership of the Gazette when the venture had but embarked.

Maguire had a ready wit and wielded a "prompt and forcible pen", but he was impractical, incapable of

156. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, November 3, 1866, announces the completion of the telegraph.
157. Ibid. December 1, 1866 — "A bill was introduced by Mr. McMannis in the lower house of the legislature to authorize J. B. Campbell, Peter Ronan, John S. Lott, Charles W. Celey and William Nolan to organize and incorporate the Virginia City - Helena Telegraph Company."
158. Said of him in a letter of T. F. Meagher's to Peter Ronan, August 31, 1866.
assiduous exertion or of withstanding the manifold tempta-
tions of the mining camp, which broke down even well-
established habits of sobriety and temperance. Major
Wilkinson and Mr. Ronan tried to help and to shield Maguire
but to no avail. The whimsicalities of this poor, erring,
one-time partner furnished Mr. Ronan with many a story.

Concerning the real drama of the publishing of the
Rocky Mountain Gazette, I have scarcely a realization.
I certainly am not qualified to speak since I was only a
school girl when Peter Ronan was in the midst of the thrilling
activities of the editor-printer "who did his own thinking,
set his own type, did his own work, and was always ready to
do his own fighting on the rough and troublesome frontier."

159. The following statement appears in an old ledger among
the private papers of Peter Ronan; "Comparative
exhibit of the business of January and February of the
years 1870 and 1871; profit and loss for 1870, $1247.27;
for 1871, $2357.09. The business of these two months
taken as a basis, this year's business will be 33.548
per cent as much more as the increase over these two
months business.

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This statement is made out in the handwriting of L. F.
La Croix.
Generosity, sympathy, wit, resourcefulness, imagination, a temperament high-hearted, hopeful, heroic,—these were the qualities of the pioneer journalist, the journalist that I knew the best. I loved him and because I did my mind, my heart, my whole being turned back to Helena with such yearning that that journey, when I was in my seventeenth year, to Sheridan, Montana, and to Corinne, Utah, is almost a blank in my memory.
The City of Corinne on the Bear River a few miles north of the north end of the Great Salt Lake was booming in the summer of 1869. It was the supply and employment center for a great deal of the construction work during the closing months of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. Houses, mere shacks, rented at a premium; town lots were selling at fabulous prices; everybody was speculating; sanguine fortune seekers were predicting that the "burg on the Bear" was surely going to be the "Chicago of the Rocky Mountains."

My father, whose investments at Helena and at Blackfoot City had failed, saw a chance to make some money. He halted our journey, pitched our big tent, unpacked our wagon, and contracted to do some teaming. Because we were in need of ready money, my stepmother and I began to serve meals to boarders amid the inconveniences of tent-living, the dirt and flies and heat and hum and hustle of that construction camp.

This episode was a nightmare to me. The railroad camp and its workers had none of the romance, the picturesque-

160. Alexander Toponce, Life and Adventures of -- This phrase is used, p. 178.
161. J. H. Beadle, The Undeveloped West -- This phrase is used p. 123.
ness, the golden promise, of the mountain mining camps and the chivalrous miners. It sometimes seemed to me that all the rough-toughs in the West had swaggered into Corinne.

I was seventeen years of age, tall, dignified, and somewhat mature as a result of my associations and experiences during the last two years in Helena. Most of our boarders were men. A few of them were patronizing in their manner toward me; many of them were cruelly and rudely flirtatious. My pride was deeply wounded. I hated waiting on the table. I begged my stepmother to let me stay out of sight back of the canvass partition and do the cooking and the washing of the dishes.

All was not drudgery and humiliation. Through an old Alder Gulch acquaintance, John Creighton, I met Harry Creighton, his cousin, an attractive, well-bred young man; and through Harry Creighton I met other pleasant young people with whom I enjoyed parties and picnics and one strange, new, almost shocking experience,— a "midget show", in which the performers were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb and General Warren and Minnie Warren. I was touched by the brave pathos of the tiny General, trim and dapper in his little uniform and splendid insignia, prancing up and down the rough boards.

162. Both Beadle and Toponce give a similar impression of Corinne in 1869.
of the makeshift stage of the rude shack, singing gaily,

"I am Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines;
I feed my horse on corn and beans."

The song had a catchy air. We young people sang and hummed and whistled it all that summer.

Another new and a truly wonderful experience was my first ride on a railroad train. My father took me on a two-days pleasure trip to Salt Lake City. Its substantial buildings and wide streets were indeed a revelation to the girl from the gulches. As tourists do today, so my father and I visited the Tabernacle, which was then in the process of construction.

Brigham Young was pointed out to us, sitting among a group of men on the porch of the hotel where we were staying. Among the people whom I observed at the hotel was one woman who charmed me with her beauty and dash. I was told that she was an actress and became all the more interested in her. Several times she caught my eyes fixed on her, frankly admiring; each time she bowed and smiled. I longed to accept the implied invitation, to approach her and to speak to her, but shyness prevented me.

As I came out of the hotel and was about to enter the horse-drawn bus which was to take my father and me to the railway station for the return trip to Corinne, this lovely lady was sitting on the porch. She arose, most attractively attired, descended the steps with queenly grace, advanced
to me, and while she was putting a book into my hands
delivered a little speech, turned off in "good sentences
and well pronounced", saying that she hoped I would accept
from her Owen Meredith's Lucile and that I would enjoy
reading it. Some men seated on the porch of the hotel,
among them Brigham Young, were the audience for this well-
timed, well-staged, well-costumed bit of acting. Even in
my simplicity I was aware that such it was. Because I
did not know what else to do I fell into my part and kept
the book. And I did enjoy reading it; to me it was an
altogether new sort of book. On the way back to Corinne
I was torn between the pleasure of reading it and the
pleasure of merely sitting and gazing out the window of
the train and enjoying this new, swift, wonderful means of
locomotion.

By autumn the railroad construction was practically
completed; Corinne's bubble of prosperity had burst; its
floating population began to drift away. The time was come
for us to launch our prairie schooner on the "white road
westwards". My father collected the money that was owing
him, converted it into greenbacks, deposited his roll in
his buckskin purse attached to a belt which he wore under
his clothing, loaded all our property into a covered wagon,
and continued on our journey toward San Diego, California.
I suppose that in coming from Montana to Utah we had followed the old stage route, and so did we now, traveling through Utah and Nevada, and directing our course to connect with the Santa Fe Trail into California.

Some young men who were looking for a location to establish a stage-coach line traveled along with us in their stage coaches and on their saddle horses. One especially fine, spirited animal they let me ride, but most of the time I was on the high seat of our wagon, taking turns with my father in driving our six-mule team.

The journey south through Utah was traveling de luxe as compared with that north to Montana six years before. Usually we made camp for the night near the ranch house of some Mormon settler, from whom we bought milk, butter, fresh meat, vegetables, and sometimes even fruit. Many of these ranch homes were neat and thrifty looking. "Plural wives" were quite in evidence and many, many children. Observations of this kind I set down in the diary which I kept on this trip.

The Virgin River we crossed and recrossed and crossed again. The Virgin Hill was terrifyingly steep. Before we started across the Mojave desert, we rested for a day in a beautiful camping place. Here we filled our water kegs. We commenced the trip across the desert in the evening in order to make as much progress as possible in the cool of
the night and while the mules were fresh.

When my father grew sleepy he called me and I took my turn driving. I remember the brooding darkness, how the world-old mystery of night and loneliness and the unknown pressed down upon me. The stars were unfriendly, small, cold, withdrawn. I looked toward the sky while the trusty mules took their own way through the sand; I thought of the events through which I had been living, of my dear father, of the standards he set up for me, of the books he directed me to read, and then of the strange, crude, new places that he was always moving on toward. I summed my reflections up in a phrase which I whispered to myself, which I wrote down afterwards in my diary, a phrase which I have often used since,—"What a strange bundle of consistent inconsistencies we all are."

Sometime during the following morning we stopped to rest and water the mules. Then in a few hours we had to urge the poor beasts on so as to make camp at a watering place to which we had been directed. We found the little oasis with its few struggling trees and bit of trampled grass. There were two springs, the water gurgled up

163. This diary was left in San Juan Capistrano when Mary C. Ronan was married. It was not packed among her other things and sent to her and so has been lost.
sluggishly and meandered around great, dry boulders. One spring was posted with a warning sign that the water was polluted, that man and beast drank in peril of deadly illness. We camped through an afternoon and night. Our mules and the horses of our fellow wayfarers were kept tied for safety, and were let drink only a small amount of water for fear that the pollution might have spread to both springs. We risked no campfires that night on account of the precious trees and grass. By dawn we were on our way again.

In the afternoon as the mules, heads drooping, tongues lolling, trudged, sweltering, over the glaring sand, one of them dropped weakly to his knees, then rolled over on his side. My father poured the water that was left on the poor parched tongue and down the throat. He undid the harness, managed to get the suffering creature to stagger to its feet and to one side of the road. He then adjusted the harness in some way, gave me the line, and told me to drive on and to try to keep the stage coaches within sight.

It was terrible to leave my father alone there on the desert sand trying to give relief to the poor, worn-out beast, I kept looking back and looking back. After what seemed an endless time, I saw him coming alone in the gathering dusk, carrying over his arm the halter of the dead mule. He walked with that weary droop, so heart-stabbing, of the laboring man at the close of the long day.
of toil.

At the first place beyond the desert where we came to clear water, green trees and grass, we camped for several days, to rest and refresh ourselves as well as our jaded, faithful mules.

When we reached Los Nietos, a rancho not far from Los Angeles, my father got a little house for us. For days we rested, then we set about washing and mending and making ourselves again as clean and neat and respectable-looking as possible. Little time to rest was allowed my poor father and the mules, for he took advantage of an opportunity to earn money plowing some of those wide acres. Meanwhile the young men had gone with their stage coaches to San Diego.

My first entrance into Los Angeles was on horseback, no more remarkable then than to do so now by motor, for most of the population traveled on horseback about the unpaved streets, knee deep with dust in hot weather and seas of mud during the rainy season. My father and I rode from Los Nietos one Sunday to attend Mass at the church of "Our Lady of the Angels", opposite the Plaza on the west side of Main street, near the corner of what is now

164. J. A. Graves, My Seventy Years in California, 1857-1927, A similar description is given on page 114.
Strangers though we were, we had no trouble in finding our way, since Los Angeles was then a little desert town of less than 6,000 inhabitants.

In population, spirit, customs, and architecture it was largely Mexican. Most of the houses were box-like, one-story adobe buildings, huddled together and flush with the board sidewalks. Frame cottages here and there were surrounded by picket fences. A few of the more pretentious buildings, such as the Bella Union, the United States Hotel, and the Stearns block were two-story structures with flat roofs; upstairs and down across the front and sometimes on two sides and even across the back were porches with alternating windows and doors their entire length. At the backs, especially of the larger Mexican houses, were open courts.

Now and then a pepper tree, a sycamore, or a palm showed above the roof, motionless in the still air.

165. J. A. Graves, *op. cit.*, p. 130, corroborates this statement.
167. Ibid., p. 271.
168. J. A. Graves, *op. cit.*, "One-story frame cottages made the remainder of the dwelling houses."
169. C. D. Willard, *op. cit.*, "In 1869 a considerable amount of building was under way. Up to that time there were no three-story buildings in the town." p. 305.
170. Ibid., "There were no flowers nor shade trees, except here and there a sycamore, that may have escaped the searchers for firewood." p. 103.
On our return to Los Nietos, late in the afternoon, we took the wrong turn at the crossroads and were lost. We stopped at a little mustard house, such as the Mexicans used to build in those days,—to inquire our way. We were advised to wait until morning before going back to the crossroads and on to Los Nietos by a road entirely other than the one we had followed. Then we had our first experience of the whole-hearted hospitality of the old Mexicans. We were urged to spend the night, ushered into the little house, and each of us was provided with a clean, comfortable bed. In the morning we were set right on our way, but first we were served a breakfast of coffee, frijoles (beans), and tortillas (fried omeles). I was fascinated with the little song to the tune of which the tortillas were turned back and forth as they were being cooked.

After two weeks at Los Nietos, we set out for San Diego. When we reached San Juan Capistrano, we met the young men who had been our fellow travelers, returning in their stage coaches. They said that the story of the boom in San Diego was fictitious, that the place was full of idle men with no prospect of work, that we had better turn back with them to Los Angeles. My father had not seen any opportunity there for him. The purse on his belt had become alarmingly thin and flat. He made his decision quickly.

"We might as well stay right here and see what I can
do while I still have a few greenbacks left," said he.

That is how we came to make our home on a little hill, just outside the old Mexican pueblo, just off the King's Highway, a few hundred yards from the romantic ruins of the beautiful mission of San Juan Capistrano, within sight of the ocean and its rolling fogs and within sound of the roar of its waves breaking against the mighty shore-cliffs.

171. Earthquake of 1812.
CASA BLANCA, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

In San Juan Capistrano, the hotel keeper, an Irishman married to a Mexican woman, told my father that it would be possible for him to file on government land which had been put on the market by the United States Land Commission in an effort to adjust Mexican land titles, which had been in confusion since the surrender of California.

The hotel keeper introduced my father to Richard Egan, known throughout the community as Don Dick, the alcalde. Although he was then only twenty-seven years of age and had lived for little more than two years in San Juan, he was the chief citizen of the place, everything to everyone. He had taken up a tract of government land and was familiar with all the legal intricacies connected with so doing. Under his direction and advice my father found and filed on a tract of 160 acres for which he paid the United States Government at the rate of $2.25 an acre.

The land seemed promising, a creek flowed through it, and otherwise the location was desirable. It adjoined the mission olive orchard, where the old vats for pressing the

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172. Price stated in records of court proceedings on file at the residence of Mary C. Ronan, 316 West Pine St., Missoula, Montana.
olives were still in use. I remember one beautifully-branched, gray-green olive tree just off our land which blew over and which my father set up and cared for with genuine sentiment in the vain hope that this veteran might take root and flourish again.

In a little cup of those softly swelling hills, lomas the Mexicans called them, beside the arroyo, my father pitched our big army tent, partitioned it with canvas into two rooms, and my stepmother and I set up our household things and established "home".

It must then have been late in November, but in the mild and gentle climate of that sequestered, beautiful valley opening on the Pacific one spent most of one's time out of doors and could live during the winter months, even, with a minimum of shelter.

Immediately my father set about getting some of the land under cultivation. I helped him plant corn and potatoes. In season he had a splendid crop. Next he hired a carpenter to rear the frame for an adobe house, which he planned to finish himself during odd moments snatched from wrestling with soil, seeds, weeds, and from nourishing plants, vines, and trees. For as soon and as fast as possible he had planted grape vines, walnut, peach, apricot, and pear trees.

Besides toil and sweat, all this had meant an outlay of money until scarcely a dollar was left of the $600 which
was in my father's roll of greenbacks when he decided to
pitch our tent in San Juan and to remain;-- $600, five
mules, and a wagon,-- this was all of his working capital
after having dared ventures and wrought with all his hardi-
hood of brawn, brain, and spirit along the frontiers of
Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Colorado,
Montana, and Utah. At the age of forty-six he had reached
his last frontier in California on the very shores of the
westward flowing sea, "on the shadowy line between the
advance of civilization and the setting of the sun".

The little house was so long in being finished, with
the few hours my poor, over-worked father could ever find
to spend upon it between supper time and dark, that my
stepmother and I began to get anxious, for warm days were
coming. My father said that as soon as he got enough money
ahead to hire some one to drive the wagon and haul mortar
to him he would finish laying the adobe bricks himself and,
by spending all of his time on it, could complete the house
in a couple of weeks. I insisted that I could do the driving
and hauling just as well as any hired help. I was permitted
to try. My father mixed and loaded the mortar, and I hauled
it, put it into buckets, and hoisted it up to the scaf-
folding to him. True enough, the work was soon done.

It was a square, one-story, four-room house; the first
floor was partitioned into a fair-sized living room and small
bed room; a stairway went up on the outside of the house to the attic, which was floored and partitioned into two bed rooms. The kitchen was in a separate little cabin a few steps from the back porch. Both buildings were given a coat of whitewash, and so, in accordance with their pretty custom, the Mexicans bestowed upon our house the distinction of a name, Casa Blanca, although it was the typical, severe, little pioneer house; no wide Spanish verandas, no shadowy inner court invited to the luxury of an afternoon siesta.

We could not yield to the inertia of the drowsy Mexican pueblo. We had too much to do and to accomplish. But we were not too busy to enjoy from our hillside gray wraiths of ships sailing past in the distance; ocean sunsets, and the greater riot of color when a California spring swept over the hills.

Was it not Helen Hunt Jackson who wrote that it was worth while crossing the continent just for the pleasure of entering the valley of Capistrano on a June evening?

Nor were we too busy to answer the invitation of the bells swinging in the campanario, each of the four in a window of its own, and to follow the trail down hill to early morning Mass or to vespers in the dusky chapel that had been fitted up in one of the rooms in the ruins of the old mission. Here too were colors rich and warm. The flickering sanctuary lamp and the lighted candles glowed on a
great oil painting of the crucifixion on the wall behind the altar. The Stations of the Cross also were done in oils in intense colors. I was not capable of judging whether these pictures were Art; they satisfied me. I was told by Padre Joseph Mut, himself a native of Barcelona, that they had been brought long ago from old Spain by the Franciscans.

All in the congregation except ourselves were Mexicans or Spaniards. Men and women came to church in their picturesque native costumes; shirts or tunics of silk or damask, velvet breeches, lace mantillas, sarapes and shals striped with bright colors, and mangas with richly embroidered collars. Servants of the well-to-do spread rugs for their households to sit upon. The others squatted upon the bare floor. There were no pews or chairs. My father made a bench for us. We were the only ones in the congregation who did not sit upon the floor.

Every one sang. A Mexican orchestra, -- guitar, violin, triangle, tambourine, castanets, -- furnished the bizarre instrumental accompaniment for the music of the Mass, vespers, and hymns.

After the religious services on Sundays various groups would sometimes gather for bailes or dances. When at first I refused invitations to attend, thinking it was not the way to spend the Sabbath, they, knowing of American prejudices,
would insist, "But why not, Le Mary? You are not Americans; you are Islanders (Irish)."

All went well while we lived like gypsies in our tent, until the results of my father's work began to show, and it became known that we had come to stay, that my father was a "squatter", in their more poetic language, *injuste occupante*. Toward all "squatters" the Mexicans bore bitter hatred. From time to time different ones came threatening and claiming that we had settled on their property. To each and all my father declared that he would pay rent or would buy the land from any one who could show him a title to it.

One morning as he was driving away from the house, a group of sixteen or twenty *vaqueros* came galloping up the road and surrounded his wagon. With threats, curses, shouting, and gesticulation they ordered him to get off the place. At the window of our house I watched and listened in vain hope. My father sat there on the high seat of the wagon, cool, calm, determined, repeating again and again, "Show me a title to the land and I will pay." Finally they rode off sullen and still threatening.

A law suit was instituted, and my father was sued by people claiming the land. He hired a lawyer in Los Angeles. The case was tried in the local courts and then was carried on to Washington, D. C., and tried before the Supreme Court.
of the United States. There my father's claims were presented by Major Maginnis, at that time United States Congressmen from Montana; he won the case for us and a clear title to the land. Afterwards my father added by purchase a tract of forty to the first 160 acres of land.

Money for first payments on all this expense came from selling vegetables and hay. My father had land that he could irrigate. During several dry seasons he had good crops. The hay he sold for $20 a ton.

Often he drove to the market in Anaheim, about thirty miles north. One night we had watched for him until late. At last my stepmother, Kate, and Jimmy went to bed. I sat a little longer reading by the light of a kerosene lamp, hoping he would come soon. When I heard the rumbling of the big wagon on the hill, I ran down the road as fast as I could and opened the bars so that Pa would not have to get down from the high seat. I stood by the gate waiting for him to drive through. He did and then instead of going on to the barn he stopped, climbed down, came to me, and to my surprise, for he was seldom demonstrative, put his arms around me and said with a little sob, "Mollie, you look just

173. Willard, op. cit., "In the seasons of 1869-70 and 1870-1871 there was little rainfall— a total of only ten inches for the whole period." p. 304.
like your dear mother standing there in the moonlight."

This made me happy and it made me sad. I loved having my own mother remembered and spoken of with such depth of feeling after all the years since her death; I wanted to be like her; I hoped that I was like her; I longed to make up to my father somewhat for his loss of her. I was sorry, deeply sorry, for the kind, sweet, sensitive little stepmother, for she, I knew and had long known, was never loved by my father as he had loved my mother, -- of whom he talked to me sometimes when we were alone.

I knew that my father loved me above all else and wished and worked for my ultimate happiness. Our comradeship grew ever closer and more understanding. I kept all his accounts. I shared to some extent his work in the field. When he sat down to rest and to smoke, it was my pleasure to make haste to bring him the old abalone shell in which he kept his tobacco and to light his pipe. This little gesture of affection never failed to win me my reward, -- that look on his face of beaming tenderness.

In the midst of this struggle with the soil, with poverty, with the Mexicans over the title to the land, a letter came to me one day from Father Van Gorp at Helena. He said that he was writing at Mr. Ronan's request to say that Peter still wore my little gold ring and was still mindful of my farewell, "Keep it until I ask for it";
that until I did so he would consider that we were engaged. When I showed the letter to my father, he sighed wearily, heart-breakingly.

"I thought," he said coldly, "there was an end to that."

It was enough. I wrote to Father Van Gorp and told him to tell Mr. Ronan to send me my ring. I could not hurt my father. I could not add one more worry to his burden. Another consideration had weight also. Through John Sweeney or some other Helena correspondent I had heard that Mr. Ronan was paying attention to an acquaintance of mine, Annie Brown.

Father Van Gorp wrote me a beautiful letter telling me of the respect and affectionate regard he had for Peter Ronan and how sorry he was that I was not going to marry him. He enclosed my ring. On its long journey the ring broke through its wrapping and through the envelope. Some kindly honest postmaster rescued it, rewrapped it, and

174. Some years later she entered the order of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas.

175. The following example of the taking of honesty for granted in pioneer times is from the advertisements in the Rocky Mountain Gazette, July 6, 1867: -- "Dr. Steele lost his purse, containing about $800 on the 29 of June between Carpenter's bar and the first creek this side, and will pay $100 reward to any one who may have found it. Leave it with Dr. Higgins, Blackfoot; Danoe and Stuart, Deer Lodge; or St. Louis Hotel, Helena."
it reached me and was worn by me until my eldest daughter 176
coaxed it from me.

Next came a letter from Mrs. Maginnis, written at
Mr. Ronan's request, most beautifully, most affectingly.
Some one had told her that remarks of hers had influenced
me to break my engagement. She declared that she would
continue to do all in her power to bring Mr. Ronan and me
together again. And so there was not, as my father said he
thought, "an end to that", nor could there be.

"¿Cómo se llama este en español?" (What do you call
this in Spanish?) was the first thing I learned to say in
the language of the natives and within my first day or so
in San Juan Capistrano. It was the question oftener on
my lips.

Though the feeling against my father as a "squattie"
persisted, the Mexicans liked me. I was a Catholic. I
sang in the mission-chapel choir. When Padre Mut bought
an organ and tried to have that music substituted for the
music of the Mexican orchestra, I played the organ. I
met the villagers and the rancheros and their wives and
children at church. They interested me. I enjoyed them.

176. It slipped from her finger one day when she was play-
ing in the creek at the old Flathead Agency and
was washed away and never found.
I learned to speak their language. I entered into their life. I learned their games and their dances, the contra dance and la jota. They called me la Mary. Spanish girls of the name were Senorita Maria.

The old Mexican men and women had such a tender way of greeting young girls. Usually when I went through the village plaza, Senor Don Juan Avila, a handsome, wealthy, old Mexican land-owner, would address me from his spacious veranda, sweetly, lazily, "Buenos Dias, corazonita." (Good morning, little sweetheart.) "¿Para donde va? mi vida." (Where are you going, my life?) "Buenas tardes, mi alma." (Good evening, my soul.)

Any trace of ill feeling toward me as a squatter's daughter was entirely dispelled when I began to be made a companion of by Don Dick, their alcalde, beloved by all the Mexicans, their trusted mediator in all their troubles among themselves, with injustas ocupantes, whether American or English, and with the United States Land Commissioners.

Judge Egan, as I always called him, lived at the hotel in the village or with his friend Pablo Pryor at Boca de la Playa, "the mouth of the beach", an adobe house two miles south of the mission and facing the sea, with a cross on the hill above, as was the custom on the ranchos of devout families.
Judge Egan gave me the key to his own ranch house, about a mile from the village, so that I might have access to and borrow at will from his library, a remarkable one in that far-away place and long-ago time. He had many "standard classics" and most unusual of the time, always bought new books as soon as they could be had in Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Often in the evenings we walked or rode horse back to Capistrano's then remote, little known, -- now famous, -- and still the same-- rugged, wild, cliff-escarped coast. He introduced me into the social life of the pueblo and the ranchos.-- the bailes, the barbecues, the fiestas.

I remember one grand fiesta that commenced at  
Boca de la Plata in the morning with the lassoing of an ox that was then broiled whole. At noon in a grove of wide spreading aliso trees a meal was served on such a scale as to correspond with the meat course. "Then there gathered in clusters beneath the trees the beauty, wit, and manly valor of that whole region, -- Santa Margarita, San Luis Rey, Las Flores, Anaheim. While some indulged in the ancient Spanish games, others tripped the light and festive toe upon the green; and others still of the male portion contested for the championship in athletic sports only to
leave it with the vigorous sons of Capistrano."

Late in the afternoon when the tide was out, we drove along the ocean beach. A few daring ones ventured a boat ride, something not often done on that wild coast. We drove back to the casa for a bountiful supper of highly-seasoned, rich food. Then we drove to the home of Don Juan Avila in the village of Capistrano and danced most of the night.

The next day the festivities were transferred thirty miles away to Santa Margarita, rancho home of Senor Don Juan Forster, an Englishman, and his Mexican wife, Margarita, a sister of Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California. We went in carriages or on horse back. In the spacious, hospitable, Spanish house on this vast rancho,

177. From a newspaper clipping in the old scrap book, giving an account of this occasion. The clipping was sent to Peter Ronan and kept by him, probably for a phrase in the following passage: "Among those present we noticed Mrs. Don Juan Forster and a splendid young lady whose name we have forgotten; Senor Don Marcos Forster and lady; and Don Tomas; Senor Don Miguel; Col. McCoun; Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Forster of Oakland; the redoubtable Richard Egan, Senor Don Juan Avila, and the acknowledged belle of Capistrano, Miss Mollie Sheehan."

178. A. P. dispatches in May, 1931, carried the story that the Santa Margarita rancho had been purchased by Scarface Al Capone.
twenty leagues square, we visited for several days. This estate was run on an immense scale. Many, many Mexican peons and house servants did the work. I had my first experience of having my breakfast served me in bed. "The little breakfast", it was called and consisted of a cup of chocolate and a piece of toast. How luxurious, how dreamy, how romantic I felt when the picturesque maid brought me my "little breakfast". About noon we all gathered on the zaguan, as they called the veranda, opening on the patio for another breakfast. Afterwards games were played; then some yielded to drowsiness and the siestas; others drove or rode horseback. There was another barbecue and a baile. So the gaiety continued through several days and, I might add quite truly, nights, before I returned to help my father in the field and my stepmother in the little adobe house on the hill, Casa Blanca.

Dona Margarita was a most gracious hostess. In appearance she was the typical Mexican woman, of medium

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179. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, August 12, 1873, -- "Don Juan Forster of the Santa Margarita ranch in San Diego County, California, is giving a good example to the large landed proprietors of that section. His immense estate of twenty leagues square has hitherto been used as a stock run. He is now negotiating with Germany with a view to colonizing it with experienced vine dressers from the Rhine provinces. Each colonist is to have eighty acres."
The funeral of Lieu. John H. Jones, Capt.

was one of three noted frontier settlers in an area.

and came by Colonel, Cave Johnson County. He is corn.

get home some not far from the mission of San Juan Key

Don Juan Avila. Also with them I visited at Kano

Don Pablo Aytor and the wife, Rosita, the daughter of

Forester. I was taken there to visit By Judge Regan and

the forest was the name of the ranch of Don Kewan

one of the foresters that I ever knew.

he, the father and mother, and Don Kewan were the only

een and all were married except her youngest son, Joseph

of her Grandaughter and manner. All of her children were

evertheless she was imposing looking because

fashion and made tattered use of rouge, eye-brow pencil, and

beauty and very fat. She dressed in the very latest

-16-
ocratic Castilian family named Bandini. Tonia, the daughter, was about my age.

The week end that I spent at Guajome, Tonia and I practiced together Leonard's Mass in B flat. We two sang it all alone that Sunday in the chapel at San Luis Rey.

We did this to please Father McGill, who lived at Guajome and said Mass every morning in the chapel there but went on Sundays to the mission of San Luis Rey to hold services. Besides a chapel, the casa at Guajome included among its

181. J.A. Graves, My Seventy Years in California, 1857-1927
-- "The wives of these old grannies were noble home-loving women, loyal to their families and devoted to their religious duties.... To the beneficial influence of these noble women, such prosperity as came to their households was due. Such were the women of the Del Valle, the Bandini, the Dominguez, the Yorba, the Sanchez, the Garcia, the Tapia, the Lugo, the Machado, the Orena, and the Avila families." p. 135.

Willard, op.cit. -- "Captain Hensley, who had been sent down into lower California, was returning in triumph with 500 cattle and 140 horses and mules which he had obtained from Juan Bandini, an enthusiastic sympathizer with the American cause. He was accompanied by Bandini and his family who were making their way to San Diego. The American officer was expressing his regret that he had no flag with which to march into camp with his booty in proper style, when Juan Bandini's wife, who was the daughter of the former governor, Arguello offered to construct one. Three of her children were playing about, one dressed in white, one in blue, and one in red. Ordering these changed for others, she hastily cut out and stitched together the red and white stripes and the white stars on the blue field. Two of these children afterwards became residents of Los Angeles." p. 222.
many rooms a ballroom. Colonel Couts was a Southerner, devoted to his memories and to the traditions of his old home, and so in this California home was dispensed the doubly magnificent hospitality of old Spain and of the old South. I can never forget the effect of exoticism produced by the two little negro maids among the Mexican servants.

The Spanish and Mexican girls and young matrons from these great ranchos lavished a great deal of attention and money upon their elaborate dress. I could not afford to adopt their fashions, nor to vie in any way with them; nor did I try.

When I was not working in the house or in the field, I dressed in simple gowns of sheer white material, made, of course, by my stepmother and me. I was often in our little wash house by the arroyo washing those dresses and the chemises and many white petticoats that went with them, and often ironing them on the porch in the shadow cast by the kitchen cabin, for all the claim to charm that those dresses had was in crisp freshness.

At church, at the bailes, at the fiestas, on every occasion I appeared dressed in white with a little necklace of coral for ornament, or a gold chain and ear rings, the latter a gift one Christmas from John M. Sweeney. I was accepted as being different because I was la Mary, and I was approved because I had won the friendship of Don Dick.
DON DICK, THE ALCALDE

Richard Egan, soldier, scholar, judge, great-hearted gentleman—my friend he was for fifty-four years. He stood by my father through all his struggles in San Juan Capistrano; in every crisis, the lingering illness and death of my stepmother, the cruel accident which made necessary the amputation of my father's right arm; in other crises of which I can not bear to speak. He was with my father during his last hours, drew up his will and settled all his earthly affairs. During thirty-five years he tended the plot in the old Mexican cemetery on the hill where they lie at rest, those dear ones, my father and stepmother.

"Old Erin's mists he knew, far Grecian isles"; in the life story of Richard Egan is material for high romance. Though he was born in Ireland, he was the Norse rather than the Celtic type,—a Viking. He stood more than six feet tall, splendidly erect and vigorous. His steady eyes were clear blue; his heavy hair and beard were wavy, lustrous, brown. He was serene, poised, deferential, more chivalrous than any caballero.

He often told me that he could never live out of sight of the sea, and I have heard him say that once upon a time he knew every little inlet on the shore of South Carolina where any kind of craft could anchor. In general he did not talk much of himself or of his past, but I came to know that he had been left an orphan, had been brought to America by relatives, had gone to school in Long Island, New York, and afterwards to South Carolina as a bookkeeper and assistant to the overseer on a plantation. The Civil War broke out. He joined the Confederate Army. When the Carolina ports were first bottled up by the Federal fleet, he became a blockade runner. After nearly two years of this hazardous service, one night Federal capture was so near that he plunged in open sea over the side and swam to a French vessel. The Federal fleet prevented any return to southern shores, and so he disembarked in France and wandered about Europe with a companion in expatriation, a Confederate army man, Colonel McCoun. They settled for a time on the Island of Capri and there remained until long after peace had been declared so that they thought they might return in safety.

They found the South so intolerable under the rule of the carpet-bagger that they set sail on a ship booked for a journey around Cape Horn, hoping, Judge Egan used to
say, to find in some strange waters a little, unknown, beautiful island that could be all their own,—where the Civil War had never been heard of. Their ship weighed anchor off the Capistrano coast. The sailors were given shore leave. Richard Egan and Colonel McCoun discovered the Spanish-speaking, Mexican village of San Juan,—in sight of blue water. To the words "Civil War" there was scarcely an inhabitant but would have questioned, "¿Qué es este?" It was remote enough when these two adventurers came so that at night the coyotes could be heard howling in the hollows of the hills; wild horses thundered past in herds, startling the villagers, who not so many years before had been among the victims when José María Flores and his outlaws used to hold up the pueblo and exact tribute. In those days there were bull fights at Boaca de la Playa, and even in the patio of the mission, and dances in the refectory of the old Franciscans, for Pio Pico had sold the property at auction to Don Juan Forster, and

183. C. D. Willard, The Herald's History of Los Angeles. References to the depredations of Flores are to be found on pages 214 and 242.  
184. Ibid. "A few years later, when Pio Pico, the last of the Mexican governors, was beginning his short and troubled term, an order was issued for the sale of the last remnants of the mission properties....and all the buildings, except those in active use for church purposes, were sold to the highest bidder." pp. 155-156. "In 1856 came Don Juan Forster, an Englishman, who married the sister of Pio Pico, and who purchased the ex-mission ranch of San Juan Capistrano. He died in 1884." p. 167.
he made his residence there. Federal law was yet far off. When sailors on shore leave, cavalry men from Arizona bartering for horses, and Mexican ranchoeros and vaqueros roistered together, there was reckless gaming in the village for silver stakes measured by the bushel; there was knifing in dark recesses off the plaza; and there was shooting from ambush.

The uniqueness of the place, the intriguing contrasts of its social life, wildness and savagery combined with picturesque, dignified, fine old Spanish conventionalities, interested the two Confederate soldiers, Richard Egan and Colonel McCoun, for they were not mere rangers and opportunists, but adventurers in a fine large sense.

They are said to have brought with them gold coin from the Mint in San Francisco enough to pay the United States Government for a tract of land, to purchase lumber from a Mormon touring south, to build a ranch house and barns, to purchase furniture and equipment, and to live for a year or two. Enough of the coin was saved to take them, if they should come to wish it, out of their self-imposed exile and back to Europe. This coin they buried secretly. They made a bargain with one another that if either should weary of the exile, he was to have the gold coin in exchange for a deed to the one who remained for all the land and the improvements at San Juan. After two years this sort of
pioneering did pull on Colonel McCoun, who required the mental stimulus of a variety of educated and cultured companions; he withdrew from the partnership, according to agreement, and went to live in San Francisco, in Berkeley, and finally again on the Island of Capri.

I met him once at the grand fiesta in his honor at Boca de la Playa and at Santa Margarita, of which I have told.

Judge Egan became more a citizen of San Juan Capistrano, a citizen in a larger sense, than any of its other citizens old or new. Rosita Pryor told me that he learned to speak Spanish well in a month. His life in continental Europe had made him understanding and delicately appreciative of certain old world-customs. He was bred a Catholic. He knew how to explain away the terror of what to the simple natives honestly seemed the sinister influence of the American invasion. He knew surveying. He knew law. He could give the Mexican and Spanish rancheros practical help in their trouble over their land titles; he became legal adviser for many of them and he was appointed alcalde. By his integrity, clear thinking, good judgment, unfailing tact, and broad sympathy, he brought to the community respect for American law; he was the Law. It is a notable fact that with common sense as his guide, and "red tape" thrown in the discard, no decision of his was ever reversed
by the superior court. 185 Already when we came to Capistrano Valley he was, as I have said, everything to everyone, the chief citizen.

In later years he built himself the brick house which still stands in the heart of the village, directly on El Camino Real. With his own hands he planted that garden with its gigantic pepper trees and tangle of blooms, where almost every vine, every shrub, every clump of perennials was intertwined in his memory, while he lived,--and some are intertwined in the memories of a few who yet live,--with the name of one or another of the long-ago guests who partook of his abundant hospitality, and with incidents gay or tender.

He came to be known far and wide as "the host of San Juan." Travelers, scholars, writers, artists, who discovered the historic and romantic interest and the beauty of San Juan Capistrano, sought Judge Egan as the receptacle of its annals and traditions.

"No artist, poet, or great one of soul
Past through his portal -- portal never closed --
But that day seemed of a larger day."186

wrote Sarah Ellis Ryan of him. To him came Helen Hunt Jackson in search of background material when she was

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186. Sarah Ellis Ryan, "A Prince Has Passed."
writing Ramona. Modjeska187 was often his guest. A watercolor of a corridor in the ruins of the old mission, done by her, is among my possessions,—her gift to Judge Egan, his in turn to me. His name was an open sesame at most California's/conservative doors. If ever a man was born with a genius for joyous fellowship it was he.

187. Helena Modjeska, Polish actress, well-known in the eighties and nineties.
One day little sister Kate came home from school sobbing as if her heart would break. Some children had told her that their madres said that I was not her "own sister." It took the combined efforts of mother, father, and sister to soothe her first big sorrow, to explain to the satisfaction of the nine-year-old girl our true relationship and that love knits closer bonds than complete kinship of blood.

The first American public school in San Juan Capistrano had been opened after we had been living for some time at Casa Blanca. The square, one-room school house stood just off El Camino Real, and between our house and the mission. Of our family only Kate attended.

Teachers came and went without making, so far as I recall, any impression on the village,—certainly none whatever on me. It was some one's idea, perhaps Padre Mut's, that I should take the teachers' examination and qualify to teach the school. I knew I was not capable. Well do I remember how Padre Mut went up to Los Angeles to make arrangements with Sister Scholastica, Superior of the Convent of St. Vincent de Paul, for me to attend during

the school year of 1871-72. Since this was a time when my father was in desperate straits with not a dollar ahead, the arrangement was that I was to pay for my tuition and other expenses when I should be earning money teaching.

Padre But made plans also to have me take music lessons so that I would be able to play the organ, to direct the choir, and to help him in his endeavor to have music for church services more sacred in tone, more suited to the dim religious atmosphere of the antique mission chapel than the tinkling instruments the Mexican orchestra afforded; the senors with their guitars could transpose even the "Sanctus" into the sentimental lilt of a moonlight serenade.

Friends of ours from Montana, who like us had followed pioneer trails into California, Mrs. Bridget McGrath through whose back fence in Alder Gulch I had peeped at a prize fight, Martin Golden and James Kennedy, from Helena, the latter a brother of William and John Kennedy, had visited us in Capistrano and been visited by us on our occasional trips to Los Angeles. Mrs. McGrath had taken me about the town and to call upon the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul; therefore I have no vivid first impression at the beginning of that school term of arriving in Los Angeles and of going to the convent.

The convent was a short walk from the Cathedral of
St. Vibiana,\textsuperscript{189} so named by Bishop Amat, whom I remember well. The cathedral stood where it stands today on Main near Second street. Though it has been remodeled and enlarged, the old choir where I sang as a girl looked familiar to me after fifty-three years when I attended mass at the St. Vibiana's during the winter of 1925.

I never could be tired of strolling about the \textit{calles de arboles}, the paths of the spacious, old-fashioned convent garden, watching the orange, lemon, and lime trees in their pageant of budding, blossoming, and bearing ripe fruit; basking in the fragrance of the flowers or, on hot days, in the moist breath of air from the gently playing fountains.

When we girls went on our almost daily walks, marshing two and two in a long file, we used to pass the new, three-story Pico House near the Plaza on the east side of Calle Mayor where there was virtually no business building. Often we would see sitting on the porch an old Mexican, a very old man with white hair and beard. I was interested when the girls told me that he was Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, a kin to some of the girls.

\footnote{Willard, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 306. "Work began on the Roman Catholic cathedral in 1869 at the location which was first selected on Main street between Fifth and Sixth. It was afterwards changed to Main Street near Second, and the present structure was begun there in 1871."}
I knew that Judge Egan and Pablo and Rosita Pryor knew him intimately. They had planned that I should be introduced to him, but I never met Pio Pico. Upon the injunction of the Sisters we avoided the business center where many tough looking characters lounged about the long, narrow porches, at saloon entrances, or slouched over their saddle horses at the hitching posts, half on half off, with one booted leg hanging low, a toe tip touching the stirrup.

Favorite walks were past the extensive two-story house of the Lanfrancos and what was called "the palace of Don Abel Stearns", a magnificent one-story Spanish dwelling with verandas and court-yards and fountains. One landmark that yet remains to remind me of those walks of long ago is the old Abila adobe on Calle Olivera, a little street running out from the Plaza north of Marchessault. To me, the new comer, it was pointed out many times and the story told of how it was the headquarters of Commodore Stockton

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190. Willard, op. cit.; "During most of the period from 1850 to 1870 it (Los Angeles) was undoubtedly the toughest town in the whole nation." p. 275. "In 1870 there were 110 drinking places in the city - to 5000 population." p. 320.


Graves, op. cit., "This house stood where the Baker block now stands." p. 106.
in 1847.\textsuperscript{193}

One night, not many weeks after my arrival at St. Vincent's, we were awakened and terrified by the tumult of a Tong war raging up and down the street and around the convent walls. As long as we girls could hear the savage, sibilant shouting, screaming, and muttering, we clung around the Sisters. No one dared to peep out the window for fear of attracting attention and directing the torrent of fury toward the convent.\textsuperscript{194}

On another night of terror the weird rumble preliminary to an earthquake startled us from sleep. Three distinct shocks rocked and swayed the building.

"Pray, girls, pray," said the Sister as she assembled us around her and prepared to get us out of the building.

"I can't pray. All you girls pray for me," gasped Pedra Mascarel,\textsuperscript{195} a beautiful Mexican girl, sitting up in

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\textsuperscript{193} Willard, \textit{op. cit.}, Dona Encarnacion Abila, fearing the American soldiers, had escaped into the country and had left her house in charge of a young man; he was attracted by the playing of the band, left the house open and unguarded. Commodore Stockton marched up the street, entered, and made the house his headquarters. p. 228.
\textsuperscript{194} \textit{Ibid.} "This long era of violence and contempt for law had its culmination in 1871 in the brutal slaughter of nineteen Chinamen and the looting of Chinatown by a mob of 500 men.... The affair took place on the 24th of October, 1871.... The riot grew out of a war between rival Chinese societies - or 'tongs.'" pp.278-263.
\textsuperscript{195} \textit{Ibid.}, Jose Mascarel, Mayor of Los Angeles,1865. p.303.
\end{flushleft}
her bed and trembling so that she could not get to her feet.

No further shocks occurred. After all we did not leave the building. No serious damage resulted in Los Angeles, though much destruction was reported in the surrounding country.

I loved the Sisters and the sweetly ordered, studious, peaceful routine of the convent, with one day slipping past so like another that the year rolled quickly around. I was so intent upon my immediate objective, of preparing myself to pass the teachers' examinations, and so absorbed in a correspondence that developed toward the middle of the year that my association with the other girls left scarcely an impression and certainly no lasting friendship. Some of them were beautiful señoritas of pure Castilian blood, some were vivacious Irish and French girls, some were nondescript Americans, and most of them were bronzed Mexicans. The name of the girl who graduated with first honors in the Class of 1872, Guadalupe Dryden, suggested an intermixture of blood, as did the names of some of the other girls.

With Guadalupe's flashing mind went a disposition bubbling with fun and love of pranks. Boys from a Catholic college\(^\text{196}\) many blocks away used to come and serenade out-
side the walls, as close as they could get to the windows of the dormitory. Guadalupe would take a sheet from her bed and wave it back and forth out the window in acknowledgment of the serenade. One night the Sister who slept in our dormitory, with white curtains drawn around her bed, suddenly pulled those curtains aside and caught the gay coquette in her girlish crime. Guadalupe's bed was moved from its nook by the window and placed close to that of the Sister.

Mary Burns, 197 too, liked fun. She managed an expedition one rainy Sunday morning when, after Mass at the cathedral, three young gallants who had carriages at the hitching posts politely asked the Sisters if they might not be permitted to drive some of the young ladies to the convent and save them a drenching. The Sisters consented. Mary and her boy friends were particular to choose a special group of girls to be rescued from the rain and I was one of the favored ones. Before we reached the convent we had enjoyed a thorough-going and gay tour of Los Angeles. Although, in 1871, it was emerging from a pueblo into an American town, most of the streets bore the names given by a simple people,—the street of the grasshoppers, the

197. "I suppose she was the daughter of James F. Burns, a pioneer of Los Angeles, whose picture appears on page 95 of J. A. Graves' 'My Seventy Years in California.'" Mary C. Ronan.
street of the hornets, the street of the bull, because it led to the field where the bull fights used to take place, the street of Eternity because it led to the cemetery.

My special friend, more interesting to me than any of my class or school mates in the convent, was my music teacher Miss Rose Kelly. The reason was not far to seek. She had come to Los Angeles from Helena and she knew many of my Helena friends. She had been brought to teach in the academy in Helena by Mother Vincent and by her she had been introduced to Peter Ronan. In some way she was connected with the family of John G. Downey, afterwards governor of California. With her I was invited to his home and met his wife, a lovely Spanish woman, as I recall. Through this acquaintance ship and also

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198. L. B. Palladino, Indian and White in the Northwest, Miss Rose Kelly, "a young lady of rare musical talents" came to Helena along with the first group of Sisters of Leavenworth, Kansas, who arrived in Helena, October 10, 1889. p. 288.

199. Willard, op. cit., "Early in 1850 the first drug store was established. The proprietor was presently succeeded in business by J. C. Downey, who afterwards became one of the wealthiest men of the region and served as governor of the state." p. 295.

Graves, op. cit., "Ex-Governor John G. Downey was the president of the Farmers and Merchants bank from date of its incorporation until 1875." p. 319. On page 316 Graves speaks of Downey as governor in 1873. "Some years after my return to Montana, Judge Egan wrote me that Rose Kelly (she had visited me in San Juan Capistrano) had married J. C. Downey some time after the death of his Spanish wife." Mary C. Ronan.
through girls in the convent whose families were prominent in the social life of the town, I was asked to other homes, among them, and not to be forgotten the fact though the details of the picture have faded, the home of the beautiful Dona Arcadia Bandini, the wife of Don Abel Stearns.

Life stories tied up with the history of California, the California of today as well as of my yesterdays, are suggested by the names of some of these schoolmates of long-ago,—Josephine Pico, 200 Frances Avila, Isabel Forster, Dolores Flores, Dolores Dominguez, 201 Guadalupe Aguilar, 202 Islanda Lopes, Francisca Ramon. As suitable to romance, surely, as the name of Helen Hunt Jackson's heroine, Ramona Morena, are such names as Carmel Contreras, Josefa Basquez, Margarita and Maria Martinez, Emmanuel Enriquez, Loreta and Angelita Contreras. I wonder, did a beneficent Providence shed grace and beauty on my schoolmates who wore the homely names of Jane and Sarah Smith, Gracilda Patterson,

200. See pages as follows: Pico, 161; Avila, 159; Forster, 161; Flores, 166; Dominguez, 164, note 161.
201. Graves, op. cit., "Manuel Dominguez (owner of the Rancho San Pedro, commonly known as the Dominguez Rancho, 43,179 acres, patent issued, December 18, 1856) was one of the sterling men of the old regime. He held most of his property intact and it is still owned by his heirs." p. 154.
Katie Hammar, and Maggie Devine? Perhaps for on plain Mollie Sheahan soon, very soon, and for all of a long life, Love shed its grace and sweetness and beauty.

My father came up from Capistrano to visit me. One evening I went with him to call upon our friend Martin Golden at his home on a little farm, covering several acres of ground in what is now the heart of the great city of Los Angeles. Lying upon the table was a letter in a handwriting too dear to me to be mistaken. My heart beat fast. I could not keep back the eager remark that I recognized the letter as being from some one I knew in Helena, --Peter Ronan. Mr. Golden said that I was correct and read the letter to us; it told of the illness of a brother of Mr. Golden's in Helena and required an immediate answer. When Mr. Golden wrote he concluded, as I afterwards learned, by saying, "A friend of yours is here going to the Sisters' school." Then he related the incident of my recognizing the handwriting. At once came Mr. Ronan's reply, which was passed on to me:

"I am glad to hear of Miss Sheahan, I had understood that she had not only forgotten my handwriting but my very

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203. All of the names given in this paragraph are taken from a list pasted in the Old Scrap Book, with an account in the Star of the commencement exercises at the convent of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in the year 1872.
name."

I was deeply stirred. And as this all happened in the dear, romantic long-age when Valentine's Day was regarded seriously, I yielded to an impulse and sent a missive. Back came this answer:

Helena, Montana
February 23, 1872

Miss Mollie C. Sheehan:

On the evening of February 14th, I received an envelope, postmarked Los Angeles, and upon breaking the seal, found a book mark, on which were worked the words "Love Mary," and in the folds of a piece of paper were two leaves, one of which I took for a rose geranium; the other leaf was so bruised and broken I could not tell its species. At first I did not dare to hope that your dear hand had traced the direction on the envelope, or folded the precious tokens in the piece of paper, fearing that some one who knew my heart's secret, had taken those unworthy means to open the wounds anew; but yesterday evening, I received from the mail a white envelope, on which was the monogram of "S", and which contains a description of a picnic at which your name was mentioned in a complimentary manner. I immediately recognized your handwriting, and resolved to speak again, lest what will occur, or what ever pain your answer may inflict.

The language of the rose geranium, I believe, expresses "preference". Dearest Mollie, after all these years of sorrow, can I believe my senses? Was it indeed yourself who forwarded those precious tokens of remembrance, or am I made the victim of a wretched hoax, planned by some wretch to tear

204. "The precious tokens", bruised and broken, in this identical piece of paper, have been folded away now for these many years in the latter quoted above.

205. The barbecue at Boce de la Playa, the clipping quoted from on page 161. Note 177.
open the wounds which time cannot heal? If you did send those tokens, and if I am still "preferred" as the language would imply, avow it frankly, and I will hasten to your side and claim the hand you promised me in the happy past. Since I saw you last, time has dealt kindly with me, and I have tried to prove myself worthy of your love. In this I will not recount the pure and tender love I bear you, which neither coldness nor silence, the distance that intervenes between us, nor the unhappy circumstances of our parting could efface -- I still hoped on, loved on and will continue to do so until I am formally told that it is useless.

I remain as ever
Affectionately yours
Peter Ronan

I never felt that I could deceive my father. I made my plans and, when next he came to visit me, I told him what I had done. I shall never forget that scene. It was late afternoon. We had walked on Primavera street to where it began to skirt the foothills. We turned off, climbed a little hill, and sat down. I gave my father Mr. Ronan's letter to read. When he finished reading I told him that I must see Mr. Ronan again. If I found that he had changed or that I had changed in my feeling for him during the four years of our separation and that I no longer wished to marry him, I wanted to join the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. My plan was to teach for a year and then to go independently on money that I had earned myself to Montana to visit Cousin Ellen Tiernan at Sheridan, and while with her to arrange to see Mr. Ronan.

I concluded by saying, "I think, Pa, that I am old
enough now and have sense enough to choose what I shall do."

My father was deeply affected. He answered, weeping as he spoke, "Sure, Mollie, if you wanted now to marry a tinker I wouldn't be the one to tell you no."

So the correspondence with Peter Ronan went forward but not so my plans because I reckoned without taking into consideration the generosity and fervor of my lover or circumstances in which fate or destiny or, to speak more truly, my own limitations involved me. I failed to get my teacher's certificate. I did not pass the examination in mental arithmetic. I shall never forget how sad I was,--sad rather than humiliated, for none knew better than I my incapacities, how few and scattered and interrupted had been my terms of attending school except for the one year with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, how unplanned, unsystematic, discontinuous, totally inadequate my course, if course it may be called, had been.

My sorrow was three-fold; I wanted to help my father; I was under obligations to pay the Sisters; I wanted to earn money to pay the expenses of the trip I planned to make to Montana.

A neighbor of ours in Capistrano, a man named John Bacon, who had large interests in land and sheep came to tell me that he would loan me money to go to the Normal
School in San Francisco until I should be graduated and that I could have the loan for as long as I wished and could pay him back by degrees when I was teaching. Although I did not avail myself of his generous offer, I appreciated it deeply and have never forgotten John Bacon.

The letters which I wrote to Mr. Ronan at this time I burned after his death. His I kept so that the children might some day read them and through them come to have some slight knowledge at first hand of their father, of his manly sincerity, of his frank acknowledgment of belief in love, religion, God.

When I realized that any plans of mine to go to Montana would have to be deferred for more than a year, I hinted to Mr. Ronan in a letter that perhaps business interests might bring him to California and that, incidentally, we might arrange to meet and see if after all we still "felt the same toward each other." In reply this letter came:

Helena, Montana
April 7, 1872

My dear Hollie:

Your most welcome letter came to hand Easter Sunday, and as that is a day of general rejoicing throughout the Christian world, how much more so must it have been a day of happiness for me, in being doubly blessed by receiving a letter from you. On the evening of the same day I was shown by Father Van Corp, your letter to him; he informed me that he would answer it the following morning, and I suppose you will receive this about the same time. I
know not what he will say to you in regard to our matters; but I am satisfied that he will deal fairly with me in his language, for I firmly believe that his sacred calling is sufficient guarantee that he will act in accordance with his conscience and his God. You asked me to make a confidant of "no one" in regard to our correspondence, and, therefore, I did not inform him that I received a letter from you; but left it with yourself to explain when you write to him.

You speak, dear Mollie, of the changes that time may have wrought in both of us since we met, and almost hint that it would be agreeable to you to have me come down to Los Angeles. There is nothing on this earth would afford me more pleasure than to see and converse once more with you, and I will avail myself of that most delightful pleasure; but here I must pause and ask you to name the time when it would be most agreeable to you for me to make my visit. And in this connection I would say that, if such a thing can be brought about by you, I would like to have my visit agreeable to your parents also; you say your mother mentioned my name in a letter to you. Oh! tell me, did she speak kindly or harshly of me? God knows I never gave her cause to be my enemy.

You asked me when I wrote to you not to try to change your mind in regard to the course you have chosen to pursue in our mutual affairs, and I will implicitly obey you, well knowing that you have chosen the course which you deem to be the proper one. Yes, dear Mollie, I will try to curb my patience, and refrain from asking too much; you have already thrown a glow of sunshine across my path by your letter, which I would not have dispelled for all the world; and again I say I will try to curb my patience. In regard to what you say about keeping our correspondence to ourselves I entirely agree with you, and no one here shall know it from me. Father Van Gorp, of course, excepted; for he knows all about our affairs, except that you have written to me.

And now in conclusion, my dearest Mollie, let me thank you for that beautiful
Valentine which I received from you and which came safe to me without a blemish, I had it put into a handsome frame, and will ever regard and prize it as a token from you. Please answer on receipt and give me your expression about the time you will expect me to come down -- there I go again -- I just promised not to ask too much from you.

Adieu, dearest -- kind regards to Mr. Golden and Believe me as ever yours

Peter Ronan

The requested invitation I did not extend. I feared to do so; to have him come all that long, difficult, expensive journey only to have me refuse to marry him. I felt that I had changed so much. I feared that he had. I was not sure that my love existed as a reality rather than as a romantic fancy. I was torn between that remembered love and my desire to take the veil in the Community of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. What had been the trend of my letters is revealed in this reply to me:

Helena, Montana
May 19, 1872

Dear Mollie:

Your welcome letter of May 4th has been received and I hasten to answer. I was sorely disappointed in not having received an invitation to visit you as I have been weaving bright dreams of happiness at the thought of meeting you this summer; but, as "man can not make but may enoble fate," I will try to bear my bitter disappointment with patience and look

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206. A bouquet of pressed flowers, still preserved as Peter Ronan, then, had them framed.
straight ahead to the bright future which I can
not but believe is in store for us.

You have given me your promise
that in one year from the month of next June,
you will either invite me to your home, or you
will come to Montana, and I accept the pledge
with joyful heart and, in the meantime, will de-
vote myself heart and soul to my business af-
fairs, and in the fierce and ambitious struggles
of life which I have marked out for myself this
year, time will fly and the happy time draw near
when we are again to meet. You speak of the
changes that time may have wrought in both of us.
I fear nothing for those changes, for I firmly
believe that if any changes have been wrought in
either of us they are for the best. I will
avoid speaking further on this subject, in re-
gard to myself—all I ask is your confidence, and
the happy time will come when we will both kneel
together and thank God that we had love and con-
fidence in each other.

You spoke of having written to
Father Van Corp; I regret to say that he is away
and is not expected to return for two weeks.
Father Van Corp, through his piety and energy,
has made the very name of Catholic respected in
this country. A convent, young ladies' seminary,
and hospital now grace the hill where our old
printing office used to stand, and preparations
are being made to erect a brick church. Besides
the large number of Sisters who came to establish
the institution, six more arrived last week among
whom was good Mother Mary Vincent, of whom you
often heard me speak, and who used to correspond
with me in the long ago when you were a little
girl—Do you not remember the evening I took the
letter she had written to me and read it to your
father and mother and asked their counsel in re-
gard to establishing a convent here. Well do I
remember it and can even now describe the pretty
white "tunic" you wore, etc. On the arrival of
Mother Vincent she sent for me, and you may be
sure I was glad to meet her. She inquired minute-
ly into my business affairs, prospects in life,
whether I attended to my duties or not, and final-
ly dismissed me after imparting the information
that she had appointed herself my guardian, and
gave me an imperative command that I should visit
her at least once a week and give an account of
myself. God help her!

I will not bore you by writing much more, but in conclusion want to ask two favors—bearing in memory all the time your in-junction in a former letter not to ask too much--; one favor is that you answer this letter, and the other is (am I asking too much?) your photograph. Oh, Mollie, do not refuse this boon to me—-I have no likeness of you, nothing to call up your dear face save the lonely lamp of memory.

With kindest regards to old friends
I remain as ever
Truly yours

Peter Ronan

On June 14, 1872, I was graduated from the Academy of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The Old Scrap Book contains a clipping from the Los Angeles Star giving the citizens of the small town an account of that glorious occasion. The account reads most quaintly now; but so, no doubt, will accounts detailing events of today read sixty years hence.

Yesterday dawned upon many anxious and expectant young pupils in the Sisters' School, who with hearts that beat high with joy in anticipation of the honors and prizes to be bestowed on them by their kind teachers longed for this important event in their youthful existence. The

207. Willard, op. cit., "The first newspaper in Los Angeles was called 'La Estrella', 'The Star', the first number of which was printed in both Spanish and English, appeared May 17, 1851.... Henry Hamilton, an able and practical newspaper man, who conducted it from 1856 to 1864, was an ardent sympathizer with the Confederate cause...he was at last ordered to cease his editorial connection with the paper. In 1868 he returned to the work and continued in charge, with one or two intermissions, until 1873. In that year The Star passed into the hands of Major Ben C. Truman, who had been secretary to President Johnson." pp. 277, 302.
morning sun shone on crowds of little ones
dressed in white, adorned with bright blue rib-
bbons, wending their way toward the Sisters' 
Academy, accompanied by fond and solicitous 
parents, and ere the City Hall had chimed the 
hour of ten, the arbor and gardens of the Academy 
were thronged with spectators, gaily dressed for 
this festive occasion. At ten o'clock the Misses 
Burns, Dryden, Massereal, and Burns took their po-
sitions at the piano and commenced playing a 
grand march to which time the one hundred and 
fifty pupils of the school marched in excellent 
order from the school house to the gallery in 
the above, where Bishop Amat, accompanied by the 
Rev. Fathers More, Flynn, McGill, Flannigan, 
Koll, O'Brien, and Duran were seated near the 
centre, partially surrounded with the prizes to 
be distributed to the successful competitors.

The following young ladies were then pre-
sented honors for amiable deportment, and for 
observance of the regulations of the institution:

First Honors
Misses Guadalupe Dryden, Anne Burns, Mollie C. 
Sheehan, Emily Smith, Jessie Baker, Nellie Hart-
nett, Mary Louise Stanfield, Fannie Eltner, 
Mollie Hartnett, Eliza Belle, Maggie McLaughlin, 
Lizzie McMurtry, Annie Wallace, Carolina Diaz, 
Dolores Dominguez, Maria Martinez, Juana Urquides.

Second Honors

The above young ladies having advanced to 
where the Bishop was standing, were crowned by 
him with beautiful white wreaths emblematic of 
their innocence and purity.

A Spanish song and chorus was then rendered 
and Miss Agnes Wilson, a young lady orator not 
yet nine years old, in a beautifully sweet and 
distinct voice, read the following inaugural ad-
dress to 1872, composed by Miss Guadalupe Dryden, 
which was loudly applauded.

The Vivian Medley was then executed in a 
graceful manner on the piano by Miss Natalie DuRuy, 
and at its conclusion the instrumental quartette 
"Esbo du Monte" was performed by Misses Burns, 
Sheehan, Kelly, and Stanfield, which was followed
by a recitation on Washington in the French language by Miss DuFuy. The favorite chorus of "Red, White, and Blue" was then effectively rendered by the school. . . .

Father More read the following list of young ladies entitled to premiums in the different classes for Christian Doctrine, Domestic Economy, Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, Composition, Philosophy, Astronomy, Rhetoric, History, Writing, English, Spanish, French, German, Music, Drawing, Book Keeping, Needle-Work, Tapestry, Embroidery, Ornamental Writing, etc., etc. ..........................

Miss Mollie Sheehan, a highly accomplished young lady of San Juan Capistrano, delivered the following interesting address upon the "Sphere and Influence of Women". . . .208

It was a grandiloquent and effusive address in the manner of Youth "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." Amusing as it is to read now in the Old Scrap Book, I must say that I will still subscribe to

208. The Los Angeles Star, June 15, 1872, "The Sisters' School."
some of the sentiments209 expressed in that one and only address that I ever delivered, for they were heartfelt words and the thoughts back of them rooted deep; I took myself, what I had to say, and my graduation, quite, quite seriously.

I tried to look my best, and I played my best, and

209. The Los Angeles Star, op. cit., Excerpts from: The Sphere and Influence of Women

The sphere of woman is the family circle; she regards herself as her husband's companion and his assistant in earthly as in heavenly things, and bound to console and to promote his happiness; but she thinks too that they should mutually assist each other.... Her home is her realm; there she reigns supreme. Her time is not passed in idleness and self indulgence; her household affairs are systematically arranged, and order and economy pervade every detail of her domestic duties.... The Christian woman remembers that she is only the agent of God, and that her duty is to share her abundance with her fellow being on whom fortune has not smiled so favorably.

The tastes and inclinations of her husband are studied with care and delicacy, and to gratify him in all that is not sin is her highest ambition. His home is his Eden where welcome greetings from fond hearts and affectionate glances from bright eyes, indemnify him for the cares and anxieties, which are the necessary consequences of a life of toil and struggle.... Through her influence...he feels that there is more sunshine than shade; more poetry than prose in this transitory vale.........

The Christian woman regards her children as gifts of Heaven, confided to her charge, to train and form so that they may become useful members of society and good Christians.........

Their sphere is...the bosom of their families, where they should shine like bright rays of sunshine, giving light and warmth to their families over whom they can exercise an unlimited influence. Let them make use of their influence to form their children to virtue and honor, and "they will rise and call them blessed."
sang my best, and spoke my best all for that one dear, careworn man, -- my father, -- sitting far back among that great crowd of strangers.
OLD LETTERS AND CLIPPINGS AND
A JOURNAL OF 1873

Toward the close of the summer of 1872 my mind was made up and I sent a letter to Peter Ronan giving my promise to marry him. His reply, written amid circumstance so spectacular, so devastating that they might easily have changed instead of only delaying our plans, reveals the drama more startlingly, more authentically than can words of mine.

Helena, August 25, 1872

My dear Mollie,

I received your welcome letter of August 9th, which gives me the joyful assurance that you will accompany me back to Montana, as my own darling bride, and now I can talk to you as my own. You will never regret your choice, for from this day forth all my care and industry will be employed for your welfare; all my strength and power will be exerted for your happiness and protection. It will now be my care more than ever to preserve my character pure and unblemished, because yours is blended with it, and by observing the pious precepts of our holy religion; by joining our hands to promote each other's happiness in this world, we may unite to insure eternal joy and felicity in the world which is to come. Dear Mollie, it is useless for me to try to attempt by letter to portray my fond love for you. I will only say that a life of devotion to you will be given in return for intrusting your heart and happiness to my keeping.

About the last week in September I will leave here for California, and when we meet we can talk over our future and set the day. Before leaving here, I will quietly and without letting anyone,
except one or two intimate friends, know, furnish and prepare our home, and after the marriage is celebrated we will make a trip where ever our fancy may lead us, and then return to Helena. How do you like the programme? But I forgot you have something to say in the arrangement of it, and I guess we had better defer the matter until cozily and quietly seated together in some quiet retreat among the vines of California we make our arrangements for the future. And oh how I sigh for that hour. I would get right up and leave now but for the disarrangement of the business consequent upon election, (210) which needs my general supervision to straighten it out. But in the mean time

"I think on thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out with her cold sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill, --
When the stars are all like dreams
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
Like thy sweet, low replies.

I think on thee by day,
Amid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy soft, sad tone,
And thy young sweet smile I see;
My heart -- my heart were all alone;
But for its dreams of thee."

There is a fearful cry of fire! Oh God the office is in flames! Adieu. ----- 

Saturday, August 24 -- Dearest Love, the enclosed tells the fearful tale -- But, thank God, although yesterday I made a narrow escape from death I still have my health, my courage, my energy, and in a few days will again be established in business.

210. Major Maginnis was a candidate on the Democratic ticket for United States Congressman from the Territory of Montana.
This misfortune will not deter me from making my trip to claim you. I may be a poorer man than when I wrote the foregoing pages, but I know that will have no effect on you but to cling to me closer. Farewell, dear love, I will write you more particulars in a day or two.

I remain as ever
Your fond lover
Peter Ronan

Still folded within the pages of that letter is "the enclosed", a clipping, from the Helena Daily Herald of August 24, 1872, of a three-column story relating the details of the fire which swept over seven blocks, consumed sixty buildings, and destroyed $140,000 worth of property. A map is given of the burned district; and thus, incidentally, this issue of the Herald marks a milestone in the development of journalism in Montana, for this map was the first attempt of a newspaper in the Territory to illustrate a story. The blocks burned are crudely inked in solid black, the areas spared in the swath of the fire show white, into the white spaces indicating streets, the names of those running through the devastated district are printed.

Although Mr. Ronan, in the postscript to his letter of that fateful twenty-third of August and also in letters following, minimized his narrow escape from death and his financial loss, as a matter of fact the partners in the Rocky Mountain Gazette suffered the greatest destruction of property.
The Gazette office, located in the stone building on Jackson Street, was sandwiched between burning buildings, but it was thought that the thick walls and cement roof would save the house and contents. Not until the imposing Whitlatch block, corner of Broadway and Jackson took fire and got under full headway, was the Gazette establishment deemed in imminent danger. Mr. Ronan and his employees, assisted by other ready help, worked heroically to save the building and property, but overpowered by flame and heat, which penetrated through the exposed windows, they were forced to assist from their labors, with only sufficient strength left to extricate themselves from their perilous situation.

Wilkinson, Ronan, and Co., Gazette office, totally destroyed. Nothing was saved except the outside forms of the Daily, two kegs of ink, their books and files of the Daily and Weekly. Efforts were made to save the office by placing sacks of flour in the two windows adjacent to the Whitlatch building, but the flames spread with such rapidity that no time was allowed to accomplish the work. Peter Ronan, Charley Curtis, Frank Allen, and Wilson of the Herald office remained in the building until the fire swept through it like a hurricane, and barely escaped with their lives, through one of the windows. The loss to the Gazette office, material and stock is estimated by Mr. Ronan at $50,000. This we believe is not far out of the way, and the same material probably could not be replaced for less than this sum. There was no insurance whatever on the office, as the building was regarded as fire-proof and perfectly secure. (211)

The next greatest loss quoted was that to Col. A. M. Woolfolk, owner of the Whitlatch block, a three-story granite building, estimated to represent an investment of between $7,000 and $8,000.

Because it was not Mr. Ronan’s way to bewail the past

211. The Helena Daily Herald, August 24, 1872, Another Devastating Conflagration.
or inevitable, none of his letters makes reference to the fact that this was the second time within four years and four months that the plant of the Rocky Mountain Gazette had been totally destroyed by fire. On April 28, 1869, a few days after my father had set out with us from Helena, practically the whole of the business district had been wiped out by the first of the many disastrous fires that have swept Last Chance Gulch.

That same letter which brought me the story of the fire of August 23, 1872, enclosed also an advertisement clipped from the Herald giving this "forward-march" notice:

To the Public

The office of The Rocky Mountain Gazette having been totally destroyed by fire, the publishers give notice that after a few days the paper will be issued in a reduced form and will so continue until new types, presses and material have been received from the States. One of the proprietors will immediately make arrangements to start for the East to ship up the new outfit, and in the meantime arrangements will be made to continue the issue of the paper. The location of the office will be announced tomorrow.

Publishers of the Gazette

212. An interview with Peter Ronan, published in the Anaconda Standard, November 15, 1891, It Was Many Years Ago, Major Ronan Tells of Pioneer Days in Montana, -- "In '69 the whole thing went up in a blaze and broke us flatter than a pancake."

213. History of Montana, 1886, p. 712 -- "Conflagrations at Helena. The first great fire at Helena occurred April 28, 1869. This fire destroyed the greater number of the business houses of the village."
True to this promise the Weekly Gazette was printed on September 2, 1872, on the presses of its honorable Republican rival, the Helena Daily Herald, and continued to be issued through this plant until equipment arrived on December 20, 1872. The publication of the Daily Gazette was resumed on New Year's Day, 1873, and of the Weekly, in its new dress, on January 9, 1873.

Meanwhile the firm of Wilkinson, Ronan, and Co. had been dissolved and a joint stock company incorporated to finance the rising from its ashes of the Democratic organ of the Territory. Many substantial citizens were numbered among the stockholders. Also during the time that the Gazette was being issued through the presses of the Herald, these two rivals had been engaged in the political campaign in which Major Maginnis, a partner in the firm of

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214. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, December 24, 1872 — "Our presses and most of our new material arrived on the 19th and 20th."

215. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, December 16, 1872 — "Notice. Having been for years conducting a Democratic organ in Helena, after the disaster of the fire we concluded to re-establish the paper on a firmer basis than we, as individuals, could give it, for that reason we, thereupon, dissolved the firm and turned our good will over to the joint stock company, containing many of our most substantial citizens."

December 24, 1872 — "Our new office is in the stone building....on Bridge street, opposite the International hotel."
Wilkinson, Ronan, and Co., and one of the large stockholders in the new company, was elected United States Congressman from the Territory of Montana.

On September 9, 1872, this hopeful message was dispatched to me:

".......Ere this of course you have learned of the destruction of our office, for I was writing to you when the alarm was given, and made a hurried postscript of the occurrence next day and enclosed the Herald's account of it. It was a heavy loss to me, dear Mollie, but I do not regret it half so much as the fact that the occurrence will cause a few more weeks delay in my visit to you. Major Maginnis will have to leave here this week to purchase the material for our office, in New York, and will probably be absent four weeks, and immediately upon his return I will start for Los Angeles! Yesterday (Sunday) while making out the bill of articles to be purchased at Mc's house, I told him that he should not make one unnecessary hour's delay in returning -- and informed him why I was in such a hurry -- in fact I blunderingly told him I was going to be married this fall, and when I told him who I was going after he fairly jumped with joy. This was the first time, dear love, that I betrayed our secret or my intentions.

Tomorrow evening I will write to your father, and tell him of my intention of visiting you; I will also inform him of our correspondence and pledges, and formally ask permission to bear his darling away from him.

I feel most happy that if such a misfortune as the destruction of so much of my property was to happen, that it came before our wedding day, for it might have a tendency to cast a gloom over the first bright hours of our wedded life. The loss was great, but I can soon retrieve all for in the "bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." ...
The formal letter to my father asking his consent to our marriage followed three days later; it concluded:

I suppose you have heard of the heavy loss I met with recently by the destruction of our office, but it has not crippled me so much but that I can soon retrieve the loss by close application to business, and if I gain your consent, I will go to Capistrano in the course of four or five weeks, or just as soon as Major Maginnis returns from New York, where he goes tomorrow morning to purchase our new material. Give my kind regards to your family and love to Mollie. Hoping this will meet with a favorable answer, and trusting soon to greet you

I subscribe myself respectfully and truly yours

Peter Ronan

Though my father, with equal formality, gave his immediate consent, those "four or five weeks" had extended to four months before the presses and other new equipment had arrived and been installed under "the skillful hands of Mr. Ronan."

Among the local items in the Gazette of December 24, 1872, appeared the following paragraph, in the jocose vein of the journalism of the period for such items:

Peter Ronan has gone off to California facing the blinding snows and fierce inlement weather in search of a more genial clime. Some of the boys say that his destination is Southern California, where verdurous spring reigns all the year, love wanders through bowers of perpetual verdure, and the Orange blossoms are always in bloom.

216. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, December 16, 1872.
As Pete has been prompt enough to make similar remarks to the above in regard to others of the boys when business or pleasure called them away, we hope that if the above is a mistake he will only consider it a standoff.

Among all the other things he did and was, in Capistrano, Judge Egan had established a telegraph office and was himself the operator. On the wire from Los Angeles one Sunday afternoon in January he took the message from Mr. Ronan to me saying that if it were agreeable to me he would come down on the next coach. I was in the mission chapel practising with the choir when Judge Egan came and beckoned for me to come into the arched cloister. I found him sitting waiting for me on the old stone bench, the identical one which is still there nearest the chapel door. I dropped down beside him and read the telegram. I felt faint. Suddenly, terrifyingly, all my old distrust in myself and my fear for the difference that the years might have wrought in us possessed me.

"It calls for an answer, Mary," said Judge Egan gently after we had sat for some moments in silence.

I could not speak.

"What do you wish me to say in reply?" he asked.

"I don't know. I can't answer. You answer it," I whispered.

"But I can't," he insisted, "unless you give me some idea whether I am to tell him to come or not."
"Come. Tell him to come," I managed to decide, well knowing that I had made the first move to start the cycle of events which had led me to this crisis; well knowing, too, in anguish of spirit, that if the consequence of our meeting was for me to realize that I no longer loved Peter Ronan, I must have the courage to send him back on his long way alone.

He arrived in the stage coach the next evening at early candle light. My father went to the hotel to meet him. I waited in our field by the bars and watched them walking toward me over the hill trail in the gathering dusk. Mr. Ronan took me in his arms and kissed me, saying in the same dear, dear voice, "At last, Mollie, at last."

Then for the dusk and my tears I could not see his face. When we went into the house I found that he had not changed at all in any way, not even in looks, during the interminable four years and a half that we had been separated. (I did not know then, as I do at eighty, that in the brief period between thirty and thirty-four years of age scarcely any one registers a marked change.) I knew that "for better, for worse" I was ready, eager to go with him to the end of life's journey and on beyond the portals.

Later that very evening while we were walking in the Capistrano moonlight, he took a ring, a plain gold band, our wedding ring, from his pocket and asked me to try if it
fitted. He had bought it, he said, in Los Angeles just before the coach was due to start and had not waited to find out if it were the measurement for my finger. I slipped it on. It was perfect.

An intense feeling swept over me of having been through this scene, before, every detail of it, the setting, with us two standing alone together by the fence in the ambient moonlight.

I knew: I said, "A few weeks ago I dreamed this, every bit of it just as you have spoken and acted and looked."

I have related this merely as a fact, as one of the odd coincidences of life which I remember, and without attaching to it any significance or superstition.

Mr. Ronan took from his little finger a heavy gold ring, set with a square-cut diamond solitaire, and slipped it on my finger, the while laughing and saying, "Here, Mollie, is another engagement ring; this you will keep; this you are not going to return to me ever."

When I exclaimed that it was indeed handsome, much handsomer than the one I had returned to him, but for all that I would dearly love to have again our first ring, he said that it could not be because he had given it to his sister Margaret along with the little gold cuff-buttons monogrammed "M" which he had had made for me from gold he had himself panned. The new ring, he said, betokened
ring
greater love than any he could purchase for me because it
had been given to him by his friends in Helena, and so
with it he wished to replight with me our troth.

If I ever knew exactly why his friends made him this
gift, I do not recall. The paragraph published in The Rocky
Mountain Gazette, found and pasted in the Old Scrap Book,
without the date, long ago by me, accounts for no partic-
cular cause or occasion.

Presentation.— Mr. Ronan, of this paper,
was the recipient last evening of a most beauti-
ful and elegant testimonial of the regard of his
friends in Helena. He was "cornered" in the
parlors of the St. Louis Hotel about ten o'clock
p. m., by a large number of prominent citizens,
bankers, freighters, and business men, and in their
behalf presented with a sparkling and brilliant
diamond ring, as a token of their esteem and friend-
ship, in a few appropriate pertinent remarks by
Captain S. S. Hart on behalf of the donors. Mr.
Ronan expressed his sincere gratitude and appreci-
ation of their kindness and asked the gentlemen
assembled to join him in a glass of wine. As he
was not used to being "stoned" in this way, this
occurred to him as the readiest mode of expressing
his feelings at the time. The ring was from
Bailey & Co.'s jewelry store, and the stone is
a very beautiful and perfect solitaire, brilliant
and pure as the friendship and generosity which
prompted this gift, which will ever be prized in
consequence, as well as for its intrinsic value.

At once I accepted and have always held Mr. Ronan's
idea that for us no other ring could symbolize a greater
wealth of love.

During the week in which we made ready for the wedding
and for my departure, I found time to visit with Mr. Ronan
all the places of interest about Capistrano, the mission, the beach, the homes of some of my friends. When I was busy at home, Judge Egan entertained him for me. Theirs were kindred spirits and a warm friendship commenced almost from the moment of their introduction.

My joy would have been as near perfect as human joy can be had it not been for my father's sorrow at the prospect of parting from me. He could not hide his feelings and some times he did not try. More than once he said in tones so tragic that they frightened me and stabbed me to the heart, "Anne and I can never get along without you."

One afternoon he called me into the field where he was plowing. When we had followed the furrow to the end of the field, he bowed his head upon his strong brown hands and cried aloud, "You will never, never see me plow again, Mollie." As we walked arm in arm to the mission chapel for my marriage, my heart was wrung with his weeping.

For my wedding I had had dreams of a white dress with a train, a bridal veil, and a wreath of orange blossoms, but when the time actually came I considered conventional things inharmonious with the simplicity and unconventionality of our way of living and with our plan to approach the marriage sacrament at an early morning hour. I wore a pearl-gray dress, one of the two new ones that my stepmother and I had made for me; a silver filigree chain with
pendant cross, breast pin and ear-rings to match, Mr. Ronan's gift to me; a plain hat purchased in Capistrano; and a sheer pink silk shawl, the gift of Mrs. McGrath.

The story of my marriage day and of a few days following is told (great emotions compressed in words how stark!) in some pages of a journal written by me at this time, afterwards torn from an old note book, and now for long, long years tucked away with a bundle of old letters.

Monday morning, January 15, 1875. Rose at daybreak. We were all quiet — our hearts were too full for utterance. After having knelt and received the blessing of my parents we all embraced each other and then went our way quietly to the chapel in the ruins of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano where we were joined in the holy bonds of marriage by the Rev. Joseph Nut. The holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered for us and we also received special benediction. Never will I forget the few words addressed to us from the altar of God.

"I know," said the Padre, "my dear young people, that you have complied with every rule of the Church, that is that you have received the holy Sacrament of Marriage in a state of grace, and I believe also that it is not any worldly motive that prompts you to marry, but pure and true love, etc."

How impressive and solemn everything seemed. None was in the church save the priest, my father, sister, brother, and Mrs. McGrath. Every sound echoed through the quaint old rooms, and the statues of the Saints with their great black eyes seemed as if they were alive, standing there to bear witness to the vows we had made a God's holy altar.

On entering the church I leant on the arm of my father, when leaving on the arm of my
husband. We walked some way in silence.
At last — "Mollie darling, God has blessed
us, and a meeting like this has more than
repaid our separation and suffering during
the last four years." — Those were the first
words, I believe, that my husband addressed to
me after leaving the church.

When we reached home Mother met us with
a bright smile and kiss. Breakfast was on
the table. Little brother and sister cried.
They seemed to realize that I was about to leave
them. Pete ran after Brother and I after Sister.
We kissed them and laughed away their fears.

A stranger from Ireland — poor and ragged —
came at our house the evening previous. He told
my father that among the peasants in the old
country it was a sign of good luck to have a
stranger come to the house where a couple were
newly married.

The most of the forenoon Pete and I spent
alone. At two o'clock the guests began to
arrive. We had a nice dinner and many were
the toasts drunk to us both in Spanish and
English. At midnight our Spanish friends
gave us a beautiful serenade. How beautiful
and sad the Adios sounded that calm night.

Our Spanish and Mexican friends were really disappointed
with the simplicity of our marriage; they had expected to
have their customs observed, with everyone in the village
and from the surrounding ranchos invited to the wedding
ceremony and to a day and night of feasting, toasting,
dancing, and serenading. Mr. Ronan entered into the situ-
ation with much understanding, enjoyment, and merriment.
Between him and most of the guests I had to act as inter-
preter of their exchange of compliments, pleasantry, and
attempts at conversation.

January 14 -- Left home at 4 o'clock in the morning. We were in such a hurry that we found little time for tears. Dear father,—
how tenderly he kissed me. As the coach slowly wended its way from the fond scenes of home (my husband and myself the only occupants) tears could not be suppressed, although my heart was filled with happiness, as I felt the fond embrace and the low, half-whispered words of love and encouragement from my devoted husband. As day began to dawn, the coach wended over the familiar and beautiful rancho known as Bosa de la Plata, owned by my friend Don Pablo Fryer. Further on we traveled over the lovely rancho of Marcos Forster, known as Las Flores where I spent many pleasant hours, and at noon we arrived at the Mission of San Luis Rey, where the coach halted for dinner; but my husband and myself preferred to walk amid the quaint old ruins.

Mr. Ronan and I went into the chapel where Tonia Coutts and I had sung and I told him about my visit at Guajome; already, even then, that incident had begun to seem like a sweet, dreamy fancy of my own weaving.

How gloomy and grand those ruins stand, a monument to the zeal and courage of the Franciscan monks who founded it in the palmy days of glorious, old Catholic Spain. But our reflections were cut short by the driver who announced that the horses were changed and all was ready.

After a ride over the country of some sixty-five miles from San Juan, we arrived at San Diego, where we domiciled at the Horton House, the most elegant hotel of Southern California, where we spent the first week of our honeymoon in blissful happiness. During our stay in San Diego we were visited by a number of old acquaintances who came to wish us joy in our new path through life.
Among our callers were Don Pablo Pryor, Don Juan Forster, Col. Couta, Don Marcos Forster, Judge Stewart and family, Don Maguel Padsano, and several others. Our stay at San Diego was very pleasant.

On the 20th of January we took passage on board the steamer Senator for San Francisco. We occupied the bridal chamber, a neat cozy room, and received the attention of officers and servants in a marked manner. At five o'clock we steamed out of the harbor of San Diego and proceeded on our voyage to San Francisco. That evening Col. C. P. Head of Prescott, Arizona, called my husband aside and begged him to take charge of a package for him which contained fifty thousand dollars (217) in green backs. The money was deposited in my little satchel.

On the morning of the 21st we arrived in San Pedro, and the captain announced that we would lie in the harbor for several hours and we concluded to make an excursion to Los Angeles and visit the Sisters' Academy, the scene of my school girl days, and from where I graduated last summer. A nice party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Fisk of Illinois, Col. C. P. Head of Arizona and Mr. Harte of Western Missouri took the cars from San Pedro to Los Angeles, and upon arriving Mr. and Mrs. Fisk, my husband and myself took a barouche and drove to the Sisters' Academy where I was welcomed with tearful joy by my good preceptors, the sisters, and several of my old schoolmates. After having spent a few moments of happy converse and looking over the school rooms, dormitories, and grounds, the latter, with the orange trees bending to the earth with ripe and delicious fruit, were a subject of delight and wonder to my husband and the other visitors who, in their cold northern climates, have never witnessed such gorgeous splendor as the orange trees, the lemons, the limes, and other

217. "I carried this money all the way to San Francisco for him. Why it was intrusted to my husband and me I do not know. It would seem from my journal that my responsibility did not rest heavily upon me." Mary C. Ronan.
tropical fruits and flowers presented on the 21st day of January. After a wonderful parting from the scenes of so many happy hours of innocent school girl days, and a tearful farewell to the Sisters and schoolmates, we took our departure and drove around and visited many places of interest in the city. We stopped at an orange orchard where myself and Mrs. Fisk plucked each of us a beautiful bouquet of flowers while our husbands filled a market basket with oranges from the trees for the voyage. At the depot we were met by the Sisters, who placed under our charge one of their pupils, Miss Ema Flemming, who was returning to San Francisco.

From Los Angeles we proceeded to Wilmington in the cars, where we found a big boat waiting to carry us to the Senator which was lying in the harbor of San Pedro. On boarding the steamer, we found we had several hours to amuse ourselves before steaming out of the harbor, and my husband availed himself of the opportunity to catch a fine lot of fish, while I with some ladies and gentlemen amused ourselves in our room at a game of cards. At six o'clock in the evening we steamed out of the harbor of San Pedro and on the morning of the 22nd at 4 o'clock cast anchor in the harbor of Santa Barbara.

January 22nd, 1873 — On board the Steamer Senator. Left Santa Barbara soon after daylight. In a few miles to the westward came in contact with the asphaltum which, flowing from extensive springs near the coast, runs down into the ocean and overspreads its surface for miles. These springs are worked to a considerable extent and this product shipped to San Francisco and other ports. After breakfast passed some hours ......(218)

We spent a week or more in San Francisco. At the hotel

218. Here at the end of a page the diary breaks off. "I remember that I kept it throughout the journey to Helena and for some time after we had made our home there. It is not strange that the rest of it was lost, but it is strange that these few pages have been preserved through the vicissitudes of these many years since those penciled words were scribbled." Mary C. Ronan.
where we were staying we met our old friend James W. Whitlatch and his wife. With them and other old Montana friends we enjoyed sight seeing, theatres, and supper-parties. Mr. Whitlatch was then at the height of his prosperity; Mrs. Whitlatch was a society woman with much savoir-faire. Under her guidance and because Mr. Ronan wished me to do so, I went to a modiste and had made three beautiful gowns. One was of silk poplin, light brown threaded through with a little gold stripe; it was made with a tight basque and many tiny ruffles running around the full length of the wide sweeping skirt; another was of soft green cloth, with a polonaise; the third was of the same kind of material but black, made with a tight basque, a long training skirt; the flowing sleeves were scalloped at the wrists; with this dress I wore white ruching at the throat and for ornament my filigree-silver set. We must have thought the black dress the most becoming for in it I had my picture taken in Helena. For a wrap I liked to wear, in the Spanish fashion over the left shoulder, a shawl, especially a fringed shawl with rainbow colored stripings

which my parents had given me. Upon the insistence of
my generous husband, the San Francisco shopping expeditions
included the purchase of a black brocaded cloak with a
scalloped cape, a long navy-blue ulster, for coach travel,
which completely covered my dress, a mink stole and muff,
and hats to correspond with my various ensembles.

We traveled by train on the Union Pacific railroad to
Corinne, Utah, and from there by the Gilmer, Saulsbury
and Company stage line to Helena. That was a terrible
trip. Although Mr. Saulsbury had given orders that we be
hurried through and that every courtesy be shown us we
were nine days on the way between Corinne and Helena.

Besides cold, and storms, and the condition of the roads in
February the poor horses were sick with a dreadful epidemic

220. Corinne Daily Reporter, February 7, 1875. --
"Personal -- Peter Ronan, Esq., of the Helena
Gazette arrived here from the West today, and we
are proud to add that he is accompanied by his
beautiful and accomplished bride. They are enroute
to their home in the chief city of Montana."

in 1869; they ran stage coaches over some six
thousand miles in Montana and adjoining territories.
History of Montana 1885, p. 708.

222. The Montana Post, September 24, 1864, advertised a
run of four days by stage coach from Virginia
City, Montana, to Salt Lake, Utah.
called epizootic. We had warm clothes, greatcoats, and were bundled in buffalo robes so that we were fairly comfortable in the coaches when we could not see or could forget the pitiful condition of the horses. Some days, chiefly on account of the sickness of the horses, but also because of the roads and the weather, we could travel for only a few hours and would put up at the first possible place for the night. Stations for changing horses were established every twelve or fifteen miles along the main route and lodging and eating places for the passengers were from forty to fifty miles apart. Some days we did not make even the distance between the stations; I am not sure that we stopped a single night at one of the regular lodging places. One stop I remember as the most distressing of all. The horses were so weary and weak that they could scarcely stagger through the deep snow. It must have been

223. Editorials and articles concerning the epizootic appear in almost every issue of the Gazette and the Herald (Helena) during the latter part of January and February, 1873.

The Rocky Mountain Gazette, February 6, 1873 -- "The epizootic is spreading in all directions. No coach from the south yesterday...The passengers going in both directions are lying over at different stations."

224. H. A. Trelaxer, Missouri-Montana Highways, p. 31 -- Gives a similar statement concerning the distances between stations and lodgings and quotes Granville Stuart as having said (orally), "Meals of bad beans, sour dough bread, and coffee universally cost a dollar along the stage lines."
at a wayside saloon that we spent the night. The pro-
prietor made a bed of buffalo robes for me on the floor of
a bare little room in the ramshackle house. I lay there and
wept, weary and, though Mr. Ronan was with me, frightened
at the sounds of carousel and drunkenness distinctly to
be heard coming from the room beyond the log wall. By way
of contrast I recall one neat, comfortable house where a
pleasant woman served us a delicious breakfast with the
unusual item of waffles on the menu.

We arrived in Helena late in the evening of February
16 and went to the St. Louis Hotel. I was getting ready
for bed when I heard music in the corridor. A number of
Mr. Ronan's friends, who had heard of our arrival, had come

225. Carrie Adell Strahorn, *Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage*,
p. 89 -- "The furniture of a stage station might be
all home made, but attractive and comfortable, but
usually it was stiff and scarce and the seats only
boxes and kegs, which had yielded their contents to
an uninviting table. There was seldom a cloth to
cover the pine boards, but that was better than the
much soiled colored ones that in some places seemed
to do service for a whole season.

"The bottles of condiments with the addition of
an old castor of cruets filling the center of the
table, wore their fly-specked paper wrappings, and
were made worse by dirt and greasy hands. Cups and
plates were of the heaviest and coarsest ware, glasses
were thick and lustreless, if there were any at all,
the snout of the cream pitcher (which never knew cream)
would be gone, the sugar bowl cracked, and over all
in season a swarm of flies buzzed and fought for more
than their share of the provender."

226. *The Helena Daily Herald*, February 17, 1873 -- "Peter
Ronan and lady arrived by overland coach last evening."
with a band to welcome us.

"Are you too tired to meet them, Mollie?" my husband asked.

I was all eagerness to do so. Finally all left except John Caplice and Joseph K. Toole. Mr. Caplice, Mr. Ronan's best friend ever since they had staked their claim in partnership in Alder Gulch, insisted we two would never be married again and that he for one intended to make a night of welcoming us home; he would not let Mr. Toole go; and so we talked over old times, our marriage and wedding journey, and our plans for the future until Mr. Caplice decided to bid us good-morning and to depart at about two o'clock.

The next evening "the citizens" gave a reception in our honor. I clipped and kept in the Old Scrap Book the account of that occasion which appeared in the Helena Daily Herald of February 18, 1873:

Mr. Peter Ronan and bride arrived in Helena Sunday evening, and were received by a host of friends with a hearty welcome. At a late hour in the day on Monday it was determined to have a reception on that evening, and invitations were sent out through the city and suburb

227. Pioneer Helena attorney prominent in Montana politics; District Attorney, member of Territorial Legislature, of Constitutional Convention, United States Congress-man, Governor of the State of Montana.
to that effect. Although an impromptu affair, the friends of both responded in numbers which filled the halls of the St. Louis Hotel to overflowing and not only was there a general exchange of congratulations, good wishes, etc., but a social dance and splendid repast ensued, all of which carried the participants into the small hours of the morn. We shall neither attempt a description of the bride, or her toilette, (228) or the many ladies and gentlemen assembled there and their habiliments. The bride was known to the early residents of this section of Montana as Miss Mollie Sheehan, a modest, handsome, entertaining young lady; and as Mrs. Ronan she appears the perfect matured lady. ....

It was observed that Mr. Ronan was looking exceedingly well, and exhibited a countenance beam- ing with satisfaction and contentment unknown to bachelors. Many fair ladies and noble looking gentlemen graced the occasion, but we doubt if from all the assemblage a better appearing couple could have been selected.

The evening was pronounced one of the most enjoyable had in the Metropolis during the season. ...

The next morning it was, I think, my husband came to me holding out the scrap book which I had returned to him in the long ago; he opened it and, pointing to the blur of pencil marks, laughed and commanded, "Here now, Mollie, I have been wearing out my eyesight for the last four years and a half trying to make this out. Write it in again." And he handed me a pencil.

I retraced the lines beginning "Other skies may bend above thee," while he watched over my shoulder.

"Now we'll begin our scrap book right," he said and pasted on the first page the notices of our marriage.

228. "I remember well that it was the brown silk poplin with the little gold stripe." Mary C. Ronan.
VICISSITUDES A PLENTY

The quiet and peace of truly happy days afford little for the chronicler to record; and so I have little to relate concerning my first year of married life. A newspaper man's working hours do not allow for much excursioning into social life; added to this fact, during the year 1873 my husband was busier even than usual trying to retrieve the fire losses of the Gazette and to reestablish the paper at its former point of prosperity. We did, however, go about a little socially, for I was interested in renewing old and making new friendships; our happiest hours, though, were spent alone together, often reading aloud. Mr. Ronan bought whatever books and magazines were to be had; I particularly remember Harpers; he brought home city newspapers from East and West on the Gazette's exchange,—The Boston Pilot, the New York Times and Sun, The Los Angeles Star, and others that I have forgotten.

After having lived for three months at the St. Louis Hotel, we moved into a three-room house on the upper end of Wood Street. When I went into it, the house was completely furnished and everything in place. Our neighbors on the next corner, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. LaCroix, had

---229---

Wood Street runs up the hillside from the bottom of Last Chance Gulch.

---230---

L. F. LaCroix was accountant for the Gazette.
assisted my husband in selecting the "parlor set" of black walnut upholstered in black "horseshair", the carpets and other things. I thought everything beautiful; to my eyes no house had ever looked so charming; to my ears the very pans and kettles sang for joy; I was blissfully happy keeping house.

Because a newspaper man's acquaintance is bound to be wide and because Mr. Ronan's genial, lovable personality inspired friendship it would be simpler for me to check names on a register of the citizens of Helena during the years 1873 and 1874 than to attempt to list the names of our friends;--among them were always the Maginnisses, Galens, O'Connells, Curtises, Sanders, Hilgers, Powers, Holters, Rumleys, Fisks, Hausers, Cullens, Mings, John M. Sweeney, Sam Richardson, and many others both among those who have been and those who have not been conspicuous in the making of the history of Montana.

Among our near neighbors, interesting for their distinguished connections as well as for their charming personalities, were Major and Mrs. Robert C. Walker and their beautiful sons and daughters. Mrs. Walker was a favorite sister of James G. Blaine, to whom she bore a striking resemblance. She was devoted to her statesman brother and often talked to me of their childhood together. We came also to know her brother, John Blaine, a paymaster in the United States Army,
and his son, whom we always called by his nickname, Finnie, the only name I ever heard for him. Major Walker was over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome.

I do not recall that the social life of our community was particularly different from that typical of town life throughout the country, as I knew it through the vicarious experience of reading and conversation; much as it was during the '70's it continued to be during the '80's and '90's and even into the early years of the twentieth century, until, as everyone knows, the automobile and the World War made of our social order another order.

In an editorial entitled Homes, published in the Rocky Mountain Gazette of December 4, 1875, the following paragraph appeared:

"It is pleasing to note the increasing number of pretty homes which are dotting the suburbs of Helena and the lovely valley of the Prickly Pear. In the language of a contemporary, whether they contain two rooms or twenty, whether the "stately Mansard which covers all the modern conveniences" or the lowly cottage wrung from hard labor by hands,—they are alike homes where families can assemble about the fireside of mutual comfort and improve-ment."

What those "modern conveniences" included, whether inside plumbing, running water,—hot and cold,—and furnaces, I can not remember. Such things came among us gradually, but certainly to Helena, with the wealth that was then flowing from its mines, as soon as to any metropolis. I myself
was long in having any of them, as circumstances kept me pushing into frontiers where "modern conveniences" had not yet been imported.

I do remember that our hosts and hostesses under some of those "stately Mansards" and in some of those low-roofed cottages, for instance the Maginnis's low-roofed, rambling cottage with unexpected steps up or down into equally unexpected rooms, were as refined and cultured and gracious as anybody one meets today, and as clever,—though less consciously clever than is the present-day vogue. Dignity and reserve marked the manner of those who aspired to be known as ladies and gentlemen. Long and intimately as I knew Major and Mrs. Maginnis, thus were they always called by me and by their other intimate friends—never Martin and Louise. At their table, at the tables of others living in Helena then, guests dined amid beautiful appointments though without the variety to the service that is now fashionable.

It was when I came to Helena as a bride that I first met those two great "Knights of the Black Robe"231 so prominent in the early history of Montana, Father Ravalli and Father Palladino. Father Ravalli,—theologian, philosopher, artist, artisan, sculptor, surgeon, physician, linguist—of

231. Mary McCormick Fitzgerald, Lorenzo Benedetto Palladino, a tribute in verse.
Indian tongues even—student of belle lettres!—One grows very humble thinking of the versatility of the man. He was stationed at St. Mary's Mission, Stevensville, in 1873 and journeyed now and then to Helena. I came to know him well later, between the years 1877 and 1884. When I first met him he was already past sixty and somewhat broken in health owing to the sacrifices he made of himself and the privation and the exposure to all weathers he suffered to answer every call to minister as physician or priest to those sick or maimed or in trouble or dying; Indians, trappers, miners, settlers,—he was at the service of everyone with all his skill and knowledge and sympathy. His tremendous energy was still evident in his bearing and manner. Meeting him socially one found his conversation full of merriment. While he was deferential and dignified yet, also, he had a sweetly affectionate way; but most of all one was impressed with his great and fine simplicity. His large, soft, dark Italian eyes bespoke more the dreamer than the thinker.

Father Palladino was sent to Helena in 1873 as assistant to Father Van Corp, whom he later succeeded as parish priest. Father Palladino's wisdom, tolerance, broad basis of common sense, and tender sympathy for humanity made him seem old at thirty-seven, his age when I first met him. He was only a little less versatile than Father Ravalli, if not
a sculptor or physician, he was a musician and a writer. He loved children; to give them surroundings which would aid them in developing healthily, happily, and normally was a special interest. In each parish where he labored, he carried out a sort of "playground movement" of his own, though to label what he did by any such phrase was unthought of by him or anyone else. In winter time he used to make a rink for the children, which he would himself flood, scrape, and keep cleared of snow and smooth for skating. In summer the rink became a playfield and there again he organized, coached, and umpired various games and contests.

"He sleeps today, the old Crusader weary,

Close in our hearts we hold his name...
Paladin-priest who walked our sunlit valleys,
The Fingers of the Master in his own."

Father Van Corp, whom I have already mentioned so many times, was also much beloved. He was a Belgian, a man of splendid physique and strikingly handsome; many remarked his resemblance to pictures of George Washington, especially to Stuart's famous portrait. Because he was familiar with the ways of men of the world and because of his genius for business, he was much sought after by prominent, successful,

232. Fitzgerald, op. cit. L. B. Palladino died in Missoula, Montana, August 19, 1927, at the age of 90. "The crucifix carried for seventy-five years by my beloved Father Palladino is now in my possession." M.C. Ronan.
a certain merchant, whose home was threatened, brought in
proof not that, I had little time for thinking, only time.
not about the plant which was housed in a
sueded life.
I was threatened for Mr. Honan's personal safety but

therefore with fear.
not our home at the upper end of Broad Street, people were
disturbed and threatened much of the residence distant, but
and a peculiar collision was developed, the business
true enough in a few moments, famed to jury by the

therefore, like the cannonade.

In days like this likes of down at sea
the mercantile at the zinc marking went, and proceeded,
the shatter attack the zinc marking to the wind, drew aside the counter, struck a
sentry, went to the wind, drew aside the counter, struck a
one of the preceding, Friday, 9, 1879, Mr. Honan got up
improvised me as a man of broad views and gentle speech.
I was the principal of the principal, the Reverend D. C. Twigg, he
addressed, and when I went with Mr. Honan to hear lecture,
whom many of my contemporaries and friends took with great

saw many in attendance, whom I never knew personally, of
a splendid address of another following, joining in

Good People.
determined and resolved, he was none the less a great and
and worldly people, for all he was the Grand Gentlemen.
wife and two-days-old baby and placed them in my care. I put Mrs. Ronig and the baby in my bed. Several other people brought their children, bundled in winter wraps, and left them in my yard under my charge.

After hours of fighting the fire, Mr. Ronan came home weary, looking wan through the smudge and scorch on his face. He told me what had happened. The Gazette building had melted down in the flames, leaving nothing standing but the interior brick walls; all was lost, equipment, material, books, files,—everything,—lost irretrievably, for over the telegraph wires came the news that, as an aftermath of the panic of 1873, the company with which the Gazette was insured had been declared bankrupt on January 9, 1874! As I recall the plant had been insured for $35,000, though the estimated loss to the Gazette quoted in the History of Montana, 1885 is given as $15,000.

In all the fire had consumed a million dollars worth of property, burning about a hundred business houses and twenty residences. The greatest estimated loss was to the mercantile firm of Gans and Klein, $160,000; the loss not to be estimated in money value and never to be retrieved was of the manuscripts, notebooks, diaries, and pamphlets in connection with the history of the Territory, which Colonel W. F.

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Sanders had collected in his library,--totally destroyed; and the files of the Rocky Mountain Gazette, those day to day chronicles of the times,--a double loss this, since in the fire of October 1, 1871, the files of The Helena Daily Herald had been destroyed. 234

Stricken as he was, Mr. Ronan felt that many had suffered even more. At least our home had been spared and could afford shelter for those less fortunate, and he found it full to overflowing with refugee friends and neighbors. However, by evening the fire had sunk to ashes and all at our house except Mrs. Renig and her baby were able to return either to their own homes or to some other shelter from the bitter cold of winter.

Although I, too, was in delicate health, for I expected my first child within four months, it was necessary for me to take care of Mrs. Renig and her baby for several days. While they stayed in our little house with us, I made a bed on our "parlor" floor for my husband and me. In those early days we had to resort to all sorts of expedients to help one another.

Major Maginnis was in Washington serving the first of his twelve terms as United States Congressman from Montana; 235

235. The Rocky Mountain Gazette, Feb. 26, 1873, "Major Maginnis, Delegate to Congress, left Helena on the 13th for Washington."
for some time Major Wilkinson had not been active on the staff of the Gazette. Mr. Ronan was not willing to undertake a third resurrection of the paper though friends came forward and offered to loan him the money to do so. Fred

236. History of Montana, 1886, p. 1263, "In December, 1875, he took charge of the Bozeman Times. He continued the publication of the Times until August 27, 1876." Major Martin Maginnis, a toast delivered before the third annual meeting of the Montana Press Association, 1886, -- "I see also in the list of my honored colleagues, the Nestor of the Association, who has probably had more of the experience which the press has exercised by advancing the building of the frontier and extending westward the line of civilization and development than any other man now in the United States of America, my honored friend Major Wilkinson, who before we were born stood by his press in the mountains of Virginia; who kept it on the shadowy line between the advance of civilization and the setting of the sun, across Ohio and Indiana, where his venerated father and yours came from, and Illinois, and across the Mississippi, until finally he set it up here in these valleys of the Rocky Mountains and amid the granite ribs of the mighty backbone of the continent itself. A type of the old-time editor and the old-time printer, who did his own thinking, set his own type, and did his own work, and was always ready to do his own fighting on this rough and troubleous frontier; a type of the man who made America, who developed it, who pushed forward into its wilds, who made its capabilities known to all the world; who invited its immigration from abroad; and who, not perhaps having flourished himself, added peculiarly to its wealth and prosperity; for, alas, it is the course of humanity that men who sell beef and beer make money while the man who furnishes the brains to enlighten mankind and to lead them not only to the better paths in this world, but point them to the good that is beyond, have a hard struggle and a hard time, and go down in poverty to well, at least an honored grave."
Cope offered him liberal inducements to transfer the Montanian from Virginia City and to establish it in Helena. Hugh McGuaid and J. C. Kerley endeavored to interest him along with L. F. LaCroix, former accountant for the Gazette, in joining their partnership as publishers of the Helena Daily Independent, which moved its offices from Deer Lodge to Helena and appeared as the successor to The Rocky Mountain Gazette on March 23, 1874.

Mr. Roman refused to consider any of these proposals; what with the failure of the insurance company and the debts still accruing from the reorganization following the fire of August, 1872, the further obligations that any of these plans involved looked staggering. Perhaps, too, a little superstition influenced his decision, for in an explanation of his refusal published years later, he concluded, "I had now had enough of journalism or it had had enough of me."

He determined to go back to prospecting and to mining, and he purchased, in partnership with J. R. Quigley, from L. Matlock, a hydraulic placer mine on Nelson Hill in the vicinity of Blackfoot City. This investment, he said

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237. History of Montana, 1885, p. 236, Fred Cope established The Montanian in Virginia City in 1870. In 1876 it was merged with its rival, The Madisonian.

238. L. F. LaCroix entered the partnership. The Independent was originally founded by Frank Knyon at Deer Lodge, October 12, 1867. Ibid., p. 328.
laughing, was less likely than a newspaper "to light out in a cloud of smoke."

Early in the spring Mr. Ronan went to Blackfoot City to start operations on the mine and to prepare to take me there to live. I remained in Helena for the coming of the child, a son, who was born on May 1, 1874. Some days before this event my husband had returned to Helena to be with me in my ordeal. Dr. J. S. Glick and Dr. W. L. Steele attended me; the latter had been the physician for my stepmother when my brother Jimmy was born and also long before that in Alder Gulch he had been with her when a little girl was born, only to die within a few days. Trained nurses were unheard of; to care for me and for the baby Mr. Ronan had employed a woman named Sarah, who had had experience in obstetrics.

Father Palladino christened our first born son Vincent Rankin; the first name was, of course, for Mother Vincent, that grand woman so long a mother to Mr. Ronan and one, also, to me ever since he had brought me to Helena as his wife. Rankin was for a dear friend of Mr. Ronan's, David

239. N. P. Langford, *Vigilante Days and Days*. Dr. Glick operated on Henry Plummer after he was shot in the arm by Hank Crawford. —p. 158. Dr. Steele was appointed judge of the impromptu miners' court at Alder Gulch, 1863. —p. 210.

240. "We never, in those days, used this word." Mary C. Ronan
Rankin, who had mined in Diamond City in its boom days, made his stake, and returned to his old home, St. Louis.

Vincent was a beautiful, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired baby, as healthy as he was beautiful. When he was five days old his father had to go back to the mine, leaving me in the care of our good neighbor and devoted friend, Mrs. L. F. LaCroix. By May 11, I was writing, "Thank God I am up today, sitting in the parlor with my good, good baby. There could not be a better child; he sleeps nearly all the time. ... The morning he was five days old he laughed and has every morning since." My husband's letter, written on May 12, was just as optimistic: "Everything looks prosperous for my mining interests and I will soon be taking out plenty of money."

At the end of the month he came and took the baby and me in a spring wagon the thirty odd miles from Helena to our new home. It was a four-room log cabin situated on the side of a mountain, near a spring, and a mile or so from the mine. All our furniture had been freighted out from Helena. Soon we made the log cabin cozy, comfortable, and attractive.

We were thankful for the four miles that intervened between our home and Blackfoot City, a shabby mining camp that

241. In Meagher County. Rich placer mines were discovered here and in the vicinity in 1866.
had seen its boom days. The "city" was built where Ophir Gulch widens into meadow land and rolling hills. It consisted of two rows of weather-beaten log cabins, about thirty or forty rods in length, with a street between them. More of the cabins were saloons, gambling dens, and houses of ill-fame than the homes of families. Mr. Quigley, Mr. Ronan's partner, was proprietor of a general merchandise store. There may have been another store or two and a couple of butcher shops. The one hotel consisted of a bar and a restaurant on the first floor and on the second floor a few dark, evil-looking little cubby-holes of rooms for lodgers.

For us the days of summer and autumn passed like the incidents in a happy pastoral. While Mr. Ronan was busy at the mine, I was occupied with my baby and with my house work. It never occurred to me to be lonely or frightened. Once a week, when a meat wagon from Blackfoot City came down to the mine, I carried my baby out to the wagon to have him weighed while I was discussing with the vendor my purchases. Throughout the summer the baby gained regularly a half a pound a week.

My husband always loved a garden and had a way of coaxing things to grow, and so in our paradise in the wilderness he planted flowers and vegetables. He was also an enthusiastic fisherman and hunter. For our table we had a variety of fresh vegetables, fresh eggs, chickens, fresh mountain
at home so remove from a doctor. Before much set in high

Abbreviation: Interpersonal baby-sitter. I never had a worry

A recent thread and grey! Gay day was registered some

\[laughter\]

concentrately tech, serious or Gay, plane and hopes and

peek could be seen stepping into the blue. They couldn’t do the south, a jagged white

skyline. On closer view, far to the south, a jagged white

canyons. Jagged lines of black forested strands and dark shadows of

snow or somber with black forested patterns and dark shadows of

can be the gradesh very last of the last, otherwise with

which, I was conscious of no herder, of no monotonous

My husband and I spent the winter in complete seclusion

on, so effortlessly.

was such a chore. That little person, the a new dot, but'

Illness, but my husband always called her doty because she

came and then she moved to elsewhere of Her native was

hubbard and I exchanged calls now and then until cold weather

was always called, had an interest in the mine. He

He, my husband lived at the mine, with his husband and, as he

know absolutely after, I select few a woman, etc.

From Helena to visit us

read the directories of our mountain resort and drove out

veast I learned to make salt rise bread, Pruned dressing

front, and with ease. Because it was difficult to keep

222
Ronan bought a fresh cow from Tom Foley242 and had it driven the hundred miles to Blackfoot, from the Foley ranch, which covered much of the suburb of Missoula now known as Orchard Homes.

Freezing weather put a stop to all work at the mine; so Mr. Ronan was at home with me most of the time. He read *Josephus* aloud to me and all of Shakespeare's plays; we had papers and magazines, for once a week Mr. Ronan would tramp out on snow-shoes to Blackfoot City for the mail. We had horses and a sleigh, which he drove when he went for supplies. Sometimes if the roads were not too difficult, I bundled the baby in warm blankets and went along and had a visit with Mrs. Quigley and Mrs. Hubbard. Two or three times during the winter we drove to the "city" to attend a dance. One of the mothers in Blackfoot City, and it was usually Mrs. Quigley, stayed with the children, or we hired a nurse maid for the evening.

As early in the spring as the ice broke and the water ran, operations at the mine were reopened. During the latter part of June my husband started with Vincent and me for Helena, for I was to have another child and we had made arrangements with Mrs. LaCroix that I was to be taken care of in her home. At Blackfoot City, where we stayed over

242. Tom Foley had been a friend of Peter Ronan's in Alder Gulch.
night before starting on the journey, we met Father Ravalli, who was also on his way to Helena. He was in ill health and was glad to accept our invitation to travel with us and to have advantage of the superior comfort and speed of our spring wagon over his own conveyance. It renewed our confidence to have him with us, for we did not know exactly how soon I might require the assistance of a physician. Father Ravalli rode on the front seat with Mr. Ronan; Vincent and I, in the back seat. At a ranch house about half way between Blackfoot City and Helena, we stopped for a meal and rested for two hours.

Mr. Ronan saw me comfortably settled with Mrs. LaCroix and then returned to the mine. In less than two weeks, on July 9, 1875, a daughter was born. Dr. Glick attended me. Everyone loved Dr. Glick. He put his profession before all other considerations,—prompt at every call no matter what the weather or what the distance. How splendid he looked on the beautiful, spirited horses which he kept for riding about on his calls. Once in his sad, broken, last years when his mind was beginning to fail, Mr. Ronan brought him to stay for a time at the Jocko Agency, hoping that happy surroundings might restore him somewhat. Though sick in mind he was not a difficult guest for he was gentle and tractable and childish play amused him. The pathos of his condition was intensely poignant to those of us who had
known him in his vigorous days of supreme service.

Father Palladino baptized Mary Ellen, whose name had been chosen for months in advance of her coming,—Mary for the mother of Jesus, Ellen for my own mother. She was healthy, happy, "good, good," and beautiful with red hair and dark, starry eyes; she bore and still bears a strong resemblance to her father.

On the day that Mary was born a terrible storm raged at Blackfoot. The flume that brought the water to the mine was blown over, a bolt of lightning struck the tool shop where Mr. Ronan and a hired man were working. They were both knocked over and stunned; as a consequence the man was permanently crippled.

Mr. Ronan used to tell with relish how a friend, hearing of the circumstance, said mournfully and in all seriousness, "Pete, you are the most unfortunate man. Think of it,—flume blown down, struck by lightning, and a baby girl all on the same day!"

I was so anxious to go back to my home that when Mary was a week old I got up and dressed, determined to demonstrate that I was able to take care of myself and my babies. It happened that Mrs. Maginnis, just returned from Washington, D. C., came to call upon me that very day. She was beautifully dressed in the latest mode, and joyous. I shall never forget how pitilyingly she looked at me, weak and
pale, holding my tiny baby in my arms and trying to soothe the toddling boy tugging at my skirt. I was too happy with my lot to resent her pity. It amused me then; but the memory of it came back to me with sadness in the lonely, childless, latter years of Mrs. Maginnis's life; yet with gladness, too, for her that once she had thought hers the happier lot.

When Mary was a month old, Mr. Ronan took the children and me back in the spring wagon to our home on the side of the mountain. We hired a young girl to help me with the babies and the house work. Throughout that summer and fall I remember nothing but days of health, happiness, and hopefulness.

Every six weeks or so the sluice boxes would be scraped of their treasure. Always there was a fair "clean-up". Late in the autumn every indication pointed to a last big "clean-up" of several thousand dollars worth of gold dust. Early in the morning of the day that was to conclude the season's work, the men went to the boxes and found that thieves had emptied them in the night and made away with all the precious dust. In that remote and inaccessible place stationing a guard at night had never been considered.

At breakfast that morning Mr. Ronan had said, "We will have lots of gold today." I was surprised when I saw him coming back before noon. To my questioning, he replied, try-
ing not to look dejected, "Well, Mollie, we’re not going to have so much gold after all. The boxes have been robbed."

Much as I realized that the robbery meant the coming to nothing of days and days of hard work and eager expectation, sorry as I was for my husband and for his partners, I was not oppressed with the feeling that a calamity had befallen. I can remember the very attitude that I assumed to give emphasis to my words, "Well, we have left all that is sweetest and best. We have Manhood, Womanhood, and Childhood, united, loving hearts and willing hands!"

Just as I was uttering this high sounding and entirely sincere speech, Mrs. Hubbard stepped in and interrupted, "You are a very foolish girl and show that you don’t know what life is."

She was thirty then, enough older than I was to realize the struggle of trying to live and to bring up children on slender means or none at all.

The theft had been so carefully planned and carried out that scarcely a clue could be discovered; some Chinamen were suspected but not with enough evidence to prosecute. The robbers were never apprehended. Long years afterward Mr. Quigley happened accidentally upon a train of evidence that proved to his satisfaction, at least, that the prime mover had been a man with a wife and child who was prospecting a claim over the hill from ours. He was not sus-
pected in any way at the time and even managed to get out of the country with his stolen gold dust without bringing the slightest suspicion upon himself. He had made neighborly calls on us now and again and had stayed for an occasional meal. He was not the sort of person to interest us at all, but we never thought ill of him.

Before the winter closed down upon us we moved, household furniture and all, back to Helena. With that last big "clean-up" the vein of ore in the mine had pinched out. Friends, members of the Democratic Party, wanted Mr. Roman to enter politics, to accept the nomination for sheriff of Deer Lodge county. He refused. However the sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, a man named Clark, appointed Mr. Roman his under-sheriff.

Major Maginnis conceived the idea of having Mr. Roman appointed Surveyor General of the Territory of Montana, and set in motion the political machinery which, he thought, would turn out such a result. In the stormy Presidential election of 1876, when Tilden was counted out 7 to 8, his champions in the Democratic Party lost prestige, among them, in Montana, Mr. Roman and Major Maginnis. So nothing came of the Major's idea with regard to a Presidential appointment. Meanwhile we had spent an interesting and exciting year in Helena, a hotbed of political activity.

The arrival of our second son on March 17, 1877, was
heralded thus by the local press:

The Boy

Yesterday an enthusiastic youth invaded the mansion of our friend Mr. Peter Ronan, and insisted on celebrating "St. Patrick's day in the morning!" As the street was too muddy for a procession, "Pete" managed to restrain his enthusiasm, and the younger is still on exhibition at the Ronan mansion. In giving a strictly "unpartisan" account of the youth, Mr. Ronan stated that he weighed 160 pounds, but a Commission of gentlemen, to whom the matter was referred, decided by a unanimous vote of 8 to 7 that "Pete" might be mistaken a few pounds.

He was a little individual quite different from his brother or his sister,—a brown baby, olive skin, dark hair, and eyes that even when he was tiny began to have the flash of his father's eyes. As when Vincent was born, again Mr. Ronan was determined that his son should not be called Peter, and so this boy was named in memory of Gerald, my little brother "whose eyes were dark and deep," lost tragically in the long, long ago, and for the Saint Patrick on whose feast day he was born.

Out of a clear sky, without any solicitation on his part or on the part of any of his friends, came an appointment to Mr. Ronan from Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, to go to the Flathead Indian Reservation as Agent to fill out the unexpired term of Major Charles E. Medary, who had been suspended and summoned to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Ronan did not know whether he wanted the appoint-
ment or not, but as it came at a most opportune time when he was undecided whether to go on prospecting some other mining claims he owned or to go back into the newspaper game, he reported at once at the old Agency in Jocko Valley. From there on May 31, 1877, he wrote:

My darling Wife,

Tomorrow will be my birthday, and tomorrow I assume the reins and will commence the discharge of the duties of the Agent for the Flatheads and confederated tribes. It has taken over since Monday morning to get up the papers and make the transfer of government property to me.

I am very much taken with the place and I know you will be delighted. I snatched up time enough the other day to gallop over to the Mission and as the day was wet I remained all night with Father Van Corp who accompanied me back to the agency and visited the Sisters' school and hospital, and I will not attempt to picture to you the delight and pleasure my visit gave me, as I was astonished at the extent of the Mission and the beauty of the surroundings. As one evidence of your liking the place I will state that one of the Sisters told me that thirty-two strawberries from the garden last year weighed one pound. The season is far in advance of Helena and we have vegetables of nearly every kind for the table already. There are three bed rooms, a parlor and dining room, a large and convenient

243. Palladino, op. cit., p. 70. St. Ignatius Mission was established by Fathers Adrian Hoecken and Joseph Menetrey in the autumn of 1854, in the valley called by the Indians Minielem, which means meeting place or rendezvous.

244. Four miles east of Arlee, the station in Jocko Valley on the Northern Pacific. It was a ride of twenty miles by the wagon road from the Agency to the Mission, or fourteen miles by the trail over the range of hills separating the two valleys.

245. Palladino, op. cit., p. 188. The Sisters of Providence of Montreal arrived at St. Ignatius Mission on October 17, 1884.
kitchen (furnished) with one of the finest cook stoves that I have seen in Montana, with all the furniture thereto attached. There are also two store rooms off the kitchen; a good cellar, several closets, and a stream of clear, sparkling water running through the yard which looks like a "silver streak in a vale of green". We have four fine government milch cows which will furnish the milk and cream we want. Harry will have a nice little cottage opposite us. The doctor's office is well stored with all the drugs and medicines of a well appointed country drug establishment, and yesterday I received an invoice of drugs and medicines (including wines and brandies,) which are on the way from New York for the agency.

I have strung this hasty scrawl out longer than I intended. The messenger is waiting for it and I must close. You will need your mirror, pictures, carpet, and parlor furniture, also your dishes and bedding, but you can dispose of everything else in the shape of stoves, closets, wardrobes, bedsteads, washstands, etc., etc. I am almost certain that I will be able to leave here for you about the first of the week. I will take over a nice spring wagon belonging to the agency, which will convey you and Mrs. Lambert and the children in a very comfortable manner. Kiss our darlings for me.

This letter was the prelude to another trek and to setting up household gods anew on another frontier.

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246. H. A. Lambert, son of Judge W. H. Lambert, one of the pioneer founders of St. Paul, Minnesota, had come to Montana in 1871 as clerk in the paymaster's department of the United States Army. He had been appointed as agriculturalist or "head farmer" for the Flathead Indians.
BOOK III

LIFE AMONG THE FLATHEAD INDIANS

"Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

John Milton, "Lycidas"
THE HAPPY VALLEY OF THE JOCKO

"On a small tributary of the Jocko River, and distant about two miles from that stream, at the head of the Jocko Valley, is situated the Flathead Agency. One mile to the rear of the Agency buildings a chain of lofty mountains rises abruptly from the valley--forming no foot hills--and towering grandly above the scene. The mountains are covered with a dense forest of fir, pine and tamarack. In this lofty range, and in close proximity to the Agency are several clear mountain lakes, abounding in speckled trout, and from one of those lakes a waterfall or cataract over one thousand feet high, of great beauty and grandeur, plunges into the valley, forming one of the tributaries of the Jocko River. The valley is about five miles in breadth and twelve miles in length. Along the river and tributaries there is excellent farming land, cultivated by Flathead Indians and half-breeds. Following down the Jocko to its confluence with the Pend d'Oreille river the valley closes, and for a few miles the Jocko rushes through a narrow gorge, but before joining its waters with the Pend d'Oreille river, and at the junction of those two streams, the valley again opens into a rich and fertile plain, where a large number of Indian farms are located. Good log houses and well fenced farms, with waving fields of grain everywhere give evidence of
husbandry and thrift.

"Leaving the Jocko to the left and passing through a narrow canyon and over a low divide of hills, which form the north side of that valley, the road leads to St. Ignatius Mission, some seventeen miles from the Agency, where the Indian boarding and manual labor school is established. This Mission is one of the largest institutions of the kind in the U. S. and is presided over by a number of Jesuit priests, lay brothers and Sisters of Charity. A large convent, church, school house and dwelling are surrounded by a picturesque Indian village of some seventy snug log houses, where principally Pend d'Oreille Indians dwell and cultivate the rich soil in the surrounding valley. The Mission valley is a broad and extensive plain, well watered from streams which flow from the lofty and broken ranges of mountains that rise on both sides. From the Mission to the Flathead Lake—a distance of thirty miles—and around its borders there are farming lands enough for thousands of settlers. The Indian name for the lake is Skalt-Koom-See, which means wide or big sheet of water.

247. Exact words of Duncan McDonald. Throughout these memoirs Indian words and names are spelled phonetically, just as we learned from the Indians to pronounce them, without any reference to Father J. Giorde's Dictionary of the Kalispell since his key to pronunciation is based on foreign tongues. For instance for "g", he says, "As in Hebrew, heth; for ä as in the Polish language."
"Flathead Lake is embosomed in one of the loveliest and most fertile countries that the imagination can well picture. Surrounded by towering cliffs and ranges of mountains broken like the sea lashed by a furious storm. It is some twenty-eight miles in length, and has an average width of ten miles. In the center of the lake is a chain of beautiful islands, and upon its clear, broad bosom wild water fowl of every description, even to sea gulls, disport themselves. Around the foot of the lake, and amid the most delightful scenes, is grouped another Indian settlement where snug houses, well-fenced fields, grazing herds and waving grain, give evidence of the rapid advance of those Indians in the ways of civilization and thrift. Here it is that the Pend d'Oreille river takes its rise, rushing and leaping through narrow gorges, and again widening out into a broad and placid stream, winding through lovely valleys for hundreds of miles, when it falls into the Pend d'Oreille Lake, a sheet of water larger than the Flathead Lake."

In these paragraphs my husband enlarged on his brief statement to me in his letter of May 31, 1877, "I am much taken with the place and know that you will be delighted."

248. Taken from the first annual report of Peter Ronan to the United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, August, 1877.
I have quoted at length not so much because his description of the general features of the landscape is as true now as it was then as because his words reveal a situation for the Indians quite different from the present situation. I bear witness to the fact that at that time many of them did have snug log houses, well-fenced farms, waving fields of grain, and grazing herds of horses and cattle; and there was evidence of husbandry and thrift and of the advance of the Indians in ways of civilization.

The confederated tribes of the Flathead, the Selish, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kootenais, at once bestowed upon my husband the title Scale-se-hue-Boi-ime-kum, White Chief. That he was indeed and more; he became their adviser, mediator, patriarch, champion. So concerned was he in their affairs, in counseling them, in seeking to solve their problems, to get justice for them and redress for their many and grievous wrongs, and so successful was he in the administration of his office as Agent of the Government that he spent the remaining sixteen years of his life among the Indians on reappointments through Republican and Democratic
administrations.

Once in council with the confederated tribes General John Gibbon, who looked upon the solution of the Indian question as dependent upon the transfer of the red man to the guardianship of the Army, suddenly put the question to the Flathead Chief Arlee, "Do you like your agent?" Arlee replied, "As Agent of the Government we respect him; as a friend and adviser and neighbor, we love him; and I trust I may never live to see the appointment of his successor."

With a few notable exceptions, that, for instance, of Major John Owen, always the understanding friend of the Indians, the history of the administration of the affairs of the Flathead Reservation under the various agents until the appointment of my husband, had been one of everlasting trouble, of misappropriation of Indian and Government property, and of constant court proceedings. To such a notorious extent was this the condition that Mr. Ronan, in writing to his people in Malden of his appointment as Agent

249. The commissions of Peter Ronan, six in all, are signed and dated as follows: Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, and Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, April 12, 1877; and again the same signatures on December 3, 1877; Chester A. Arthur and L. I. Kukiny, January 31, 1882; Grover Cleveland and S. Q. C. Lamar, November 13, 1885, to go into effect December 3, 1885; and again the same signatures on May 18, 1886, Benjamin Harrison and John W. Noble, August 28, 1890.
of the Flatheads, concluded with this paragraph:

No doubt your reading of "Indian Rings" and thieving agents gives you the idea that it is hard for human nature to withstand the temptation of becoming a public robber, but make your mind easy on that score. I came into the office with clean hands, and with clean hands I shall go out. The conscientious scruples instilled into my mind in my childhood by my good old parents, and the teachings of our grand old religion will prevent me, with God's help, from indulging in any such transactions.

True enough, just as my husband thought, I was delighted with the beauty of the place. There I spent twenty years, the most interesting and difficult of my life. Something stirring, exciting, dangerous, was always pending, threatening, happening.

The old Agency was isolated from civilization, but the situation was so lovely, and fishermen and hunters found

249a. The bond for $20,000 which Peter Ronan had to give as agent for the Indians of the Flathead Reservation was signed on February 18, 1878, by Peter Ronan and John Caplice in the presence of John Sheean and by Christopher P. Higgins and Francis L. Worden in the presence of Alfred J. Urlin. John Caplice signed that he was worth in unencumbered property $20,000; C. P. Higgins, in unencumbered property $10,000; F. L. Worden, in unencumbered property, $10,000. Frank H. Woody's name is signed as the notary public before whom the paper was made out. G. B. O'Bannon, Clerk of the Second Judicial District Court, and Thomas M. Fomency, Deputy Clerk certified that F. H. Woody was at the date of signing a notary public.
the streams and country all about such a paradise for their
sports, that after the first summer, as long as I lived on
the Reservation, I was never again alone in my home with
my own family. As there was no hotel nearer than Missoula,
a half day's journey by wagon or on horseback, and my hus-
band was lavish in his hospitality, all comers were our
house guests for as long as they chose to stay. Keeping
my household organized, attending the needs of growing
children, the insistent demands of a baby,—during the
most of those years there was a child under three years of
age,—counseling with my husband when, in our mutual con-
cerns, we felt that two heads were better than one, all
this combined to keep me in the midst of enthusiastic
activity and burning with a sense of quickened and multi-
plied consciousness. My difficulty came upon me in having
to play the gracious hostess almost continually to members
of Indian Commissions, Transcontinental Surveys and Railroad
Commissions, Senatorial Commissions on appropriation for the
Reservation, Special Agents of the Government, Generals of
the Army and other officers; a Papal Ablegate, archbishop,
bishops, and priests; an English and an Irish earl, a
French count, and other sportsmen from abroad and East and
West; scientists, millionaires, journalists in search of a
story, celebrities, friends, relatives, Indians—chiefs,
tribesmen, squaws with their papooses.
In the background to prepare and serve food and to dispense other necessities and comforts for this multitudinous and very human pageant of guests, was no retinue of trained servants. My "help" usually consisted of a Chinese cook, an Indian laundress, and a young girl to act as nurse maid for the children and to help me with the sewing, for I made nearly all my clothes and the children's.

I am glad to remember that in those busy years I never felt overworked or abused or longed for my little children to be grown up. There was always something especially appealing about the worn little shoes, scattered about in the evening, which made me resolve that the next day I would try to be more patient and sweeter.

If I could, if I had the ability,—the swift penetration, the heart, the endurance,—to capture and to relate the complete story of these years, to tell of the people and of the events that came and passed in perpetual flight into or beyond memory, my story would fill volumes. Since all that is actual is in a moment gone, reducing experiences to groups of impressions, I can only hope to trace faintly the main line of my story and to capture some of what is so fugitive by the aid of my Old Scrap Book with its account, in letters and newspaper clippings, of events as they were long ago recorded.
Mr. Ronan carried out the plan sketched in his letter of May 31, 1877, came to Helena in "the nice spring wagon", and conveyed Mrs. Lambert, the children, and me the hundred and fifty miles to the Flathead Reservation "in a very comfortable manner", according to our ideas at that time. Mrs. Lambert with her little daughter Grace, who was just Mary's age, and I with my baby Gerald, not yet three months old, sat on the back seat. Mary, not yet two years old, and Vincent, just past three, sat beside their father on the front seat. It took us more than three days to make the journey. We spent the first night at Deer Lodge. At the hotel in the evening M. J. Connell, who was at that time a clerk in the store owned by E. L. Bonner, called upon us. During the second day we stopped a little while at New Chicago (hopefully named!)—then a settlement of some ten or a dozen houses—now, I am told, no such metropolis! At the store of Archie A. McPhail, I met his wife, Annie McCabe, with whom as a little girl I had played in Bannack, fourteen years before. We drove on and spent the night at a stage station—at Bearmouth, I think. At

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250. A few years later M. J. Connell made a fortune in his own mercantile business in Butte.
251. E. L. Bonner, prominent business man in Missoula, partner in the firm of Eddy, Hammond and Company, the original Mercantile Company.
noon each day we would stop for a meal and a rest at a
stage station.

Mrs. Lambert and I were young, happy, and forward-
looking. We did not find the care of the children irksome
at all. The weather was pleasant and sunny, so sunny that
my wrist, exposed between my sleeve and glove as I held my
baby, was all but blistered. The country was beautiful
beyond power of description. The spicy fragrance of June
blossoms, especially of wild roses which hedged the road
and of syringas which almost overpowered it, delighted us
into forgetfulness of burned wrists, arms aching from hold-
ing the baby, during hours and hours of jolting over rocky
roads that followed river bottoms or slung along mountain
slopes, of toiling up long, long grades or scraping down
with brakes set, of pitching down steep banks into deep
fords. Between Deer Lodge and Missoula, a distance of eighty
252 miles, Missoula River had to be forded about twenty times.

On the evening of the third day of our journey we
arrived in Missoula and went to the hotel on West Front
Street kept by Mr. and Mrs. William Kennedy. The old friends
were expecting us and greeted us warmly. Fifty-five years

252. Carrie Adell Strahorn, Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage,
p. 122, "From Deer Lodge to Missoula we forded the
Deer Lodge River seventeen times."
ago Missoula was a little village, most of the log houses were clustered around the vicinity of Higgins Avenue bridge, where the Missoula Mills, the property of F. L. Worden, stood; the village extended a block or so east and west on Front Street, and north on Higgins Avenue.

Early in the morning we started on the last twenty-eight miles of our journey to the Agency. At the mouth of the Corriean Defile we stopped at the log ranch-house of Baron O'Keeffe, for through all the years since the Alder Gulch days I had kept up my friendship with Mrs. O'Keeffe, nee Hannah Lester, by letters, and since my marriage Mrs. O'Keeffe and her two little girls had visited in Helena. In spite of urgent invitations we did not stay long enough to get down from the wagon, for we were anxious to reach our new home.

Mollie O'Keeffe, a girl of about twelve years of age, came down the roadway from the cabin and stood beside her mother at the gate of a zig-zag rail fence, on which a bluebird perched and sang. Mollie was radiantly beautiful. Her wavy blonde hair was caught back from her face and hung

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253. O'Keeffe Canyon.
254. Mrs. Kenneth Ross, deceased, wife of General Manager of A. C. M. plant at Bonner, retired. Mr. Ross met Mollie O'Keeffe when he was working on his contract to rear the cement and steel structure for Marent Trestle.
in ringlets about her shoulders. Her eyes were blue as
the bird's plumage, her cheeks delicately pink, her skin
clear as porcelain and smooth as satin. She was tall for
her years, slender, willowy, lithe. My words may sound
extravagant; they are only futile in their attempt to
picture Mollie O'Keeffe as I saw her that morning, looking
like the princess of the old fairy tales, who dwelt in the
castle, -- rather than the pioneer child who lived in the
tiny log cabin in the shadow of the high hills that flanked
the narrow canyon. She stood, a lovely picture; still I
see her so.

The weariest, most wildly beautiful stretch of our
way lay through the narrow Coriacan Defile, now called
O'Keeffe's canyon. Besides following the windings of the
canyon, the road twisted and turned around great boulders;
the roadbed was as rocky as a river bottom, in fact it lay
along what must have been an ancient river bed. We traveled
next for four or five miles through the dense, majestic
Evaro woods, slaughtered years ago; down Evaro Hill to the
255
ford of Finley Creek, then a roaring torrent for none
of the water had been diverted for irrigation. Just beyond
the ford we merged from a grand grove of yellow pines, and

255. Named for Jocko Finley, an early day trapper on the
Reservation.
I saw for the first time the fruitful valley of the Jocko, lovely and lush in June growth, the grass and flowers spread knee-deep across the prairie; here was a great blue patch of lupine; there, a rippling splotch of pink clarkia. A band of wild horses, grazing in this luxuriance raised their heads, startled, whinnied and broke into a gallop. Pitched against backgrounds of occasional clumps of trees, smoke-stained tepees could be glimpsed. Best of all, in the distance, at the end of a road that looped in long curves almost across the valley from west to east, was visible a little settlement, the Agency, our home, a cluster of houses showing white in the late afternoon sunshine.

Directly to the east and to the south of the agency buildings, not two miles away, rose, without approaches, so abruptly that they seemed to lean forward, great, wooded pyramids of mountains, their dark blue intensified by deep shadows. To the northeast, in a gap in the mountains, was a magnificent view of one of the jagged snow-capped peaks of the Mission Range and a glimpse of a waterfall on

256. *New York Weekly Sun*, August 15, 1885, "The person responsible for the name of the Jocko was Jim Finn. He established himself on its banks before the year 1840, and the stream came to be known as Jim's Fork. Then the Jesuit Father DeSmet settled in the neighborhood, and following his own language he called it Jacques' Fork, which was finally contracted into Jocko."
its craggy side, barely distinguishable from the snow.

To the north were rolling brown hills; back of us, to the west, were higher wooded hills and mountains. So beautiful the valley was, it seemed to me that day I had entered a place like unto the garden of Paradise.

At the agency stockade gate Harry waited to welcome us. We went into the house described in my husband's letter and found a delicious dinner prepared and ready to be served to us by the cook whom Mr. Ronan had hired, a clean efficient white woman, the sister of Ovando Hoyt, the agency miller. We were tired, but not too tired to be gay during our house-warming dinner. Then Harry took his wife and little daughter to their cottage just across Mr. Ronan's "silver streak in a vale of green".

When Mr. Ronan had had sufficient time to make improve-

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257. Mount Ronan was the name given this peak by the Transcontinental Survey Commission; Peter Ronan always called it Finnett's Wart for J. T. Finnett, editor of The Irish Citizen and special correspondent for The Chicago Times, who, when he visited the Agency, once said in his rich Irish brogue, pointing to the peak, "Ronan, does not that look like a great wart on the face of nature." The Montana Mountaineers have had this peak officially named Grey Wolf. The falls Mr. Ronan named Meagher Falls for General Meagher, because the General had called the falls on the other side of the range of foothills Elizabeth Falls for his wife.

258. When Ovando Hoyt left the Agency, he took up a farm in the vicinity of the present town of Ovando, which was named for him.
ments, the agency settlement, built in a hollow square, covering in all about an acre of ground, consisted of our residence in the center of the south side of the square; on the west, a building including the Agent's office and a storehouse for Government supplies for the Indians, a cottage for the Government clerk, a granary, a long narrow building with living quarters for the Indian interpreter and the agency employees (miller, sawyer, carpenter, stableman, etc.); on the north a barn, a carpenter shop, and a blacksmith shop; on the east a grist and saw mill; in the southeast corner, a house which included the residence, office, and drugstore of the agency doctor. In the yard back of the Agent's residence were various small buildings, --an ice-house, milk-house, smoke-house, chicken-house, wash house, etc. All the residences were weather-boarded and enclosed with low picket fences; the yards were planted with flower gardens and shade trees. All the buildings and fences in the settlement were painted white or whitewashed, except the sawmill, which was red; the roof, too, of the big barn was red. A picket fence six feet high enclosed the whole agency square; in the center of each side --north, east, south, and west--was a gate wide enough for a wagon to drive through. At night these gates were closed to keep out wandering stock. A fence-enclosed vegetable
garden, a pasture with a zig-zag rail fence, cattle
sheds, houses for the Sawyer and blacksmith were outside
the stockade to the north and the west.

In time Mr. Ronan set out an orchard on the ground
between our house and the doctor's. In it were several
varieties of apple trees, among them the McIntosh Red,
wild plum trees, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, and black-
berry bushes and strawberry plants. In the midst of the
orchard he had built a little cottage for the gardener,
back of it was a big root cellar, and still further back
was a pond for water storage in the summer time and from
which to cut ice in winter. He devised a system of water
works; a cold stream was run through the milk-house; cold
water was piped into the kitchen sink; a bathroom, with a
big tin tub, was improvised in a small room off the kitchen.
Hot water had to be carried in pails from the large tank
attached to the kitchen stove and emptied into the tub;
cold water, in pails from the sink; but the water could be
drained out through a rubber tube into a narrow irrigating
ditch,—a truly great convenience!

259. The variety of apple for which the Bitter Root Valley
is famous.
After a number of years a sufficient appropriation was allowed by the Government so that additions were built on to several of the residences. On account of the numerous official guests that it was necessary to entertain, the two-story addition to the Agent's house was somewhat pretentious for the times, consisting of a large "parlor" and several bed rooms. The house came to have, during most of the years that we lived in it, eleven rooms, besides a fair-sized storeroom, pantry, bathroom, and three hallways. The largest of these the children named "the hall of death" because in it were many mounted trophies of the chase, a black bear, a mountain goat, elk, moose, deer, and caribou heads. Practically all the lumber used in these buildings was turned out in the agency mill and most of the building was done by the agency employees, with the carpenter as head contractor.

Mr. Ronan's scheme for educating and making useful citizens of the Indians was to use all the Government facilities in giving practical demonstrations in building, farming, dairying, stock raising, and various handicrafts.

We kept hearing stories of the trouble which had been rife since May among the Non-Treaty Nez Perce, led by Chief Joseph, and the white settlers in the Wallowa Valley in Idaho, backed by the United States soldiers under the
command of General O. C. Howard. Except for an uneasy feeling when I listened to these rumors, the first weeks at the Agency passed like a happy dream. When I sat by the "parlor" window or on the long, narrow porch across the west side of the house, rocking my baby or sewing, I could see my husband going about the agency square with hired men or colorfully blanketcd Indians. When he was not off on trips of inspection, he could be home for every meal.

Straight across the prairie to the north, scarcely two miles away, out of Big Knife canyon, came tumbling and roaring the cold, sparkling waters of the Jocko. Often in the late afternoon Mr. Ronan would walk, ride horseback or drive to the Jocko and return in perhaps an hour with twenty or thirty trout hanging from the crock of a willow branch, in plenty of time to have them cooked for supper. All about just outside the agency stockade were quantities of prairie chickens and pheasants. We would drive out a little way with the children in the spring wagon and Mr. Ronan would shoot the birds from the wagon. The children loved to be lifted down to run to get the birds. Even that first summer sturdy little Vincent did this sort of retrieving. In season for each we went on gay expeditions to gather huckleberries, chokecherries, wild plums, Oregon-grapes, and elderberries. These I preserved or made into
jelly or jam in great quantities and put away in gallon-
earthen jars.

We had need to use every resource. We were provided with shelter, heat, light, some staple supplies such as flour and sugar, and we were privileged to utilize for our own household products from the Government demonstration farm, garden, and orchard. My husband's salary was $125 a month, payable in quarterly installments. Often, however, until the railroad came through, the payments were delayed a month or two or three. The currency to pay the salaries of all the Government employees on the Flathead Indian Reservation and allotments to the Indians was expressed to Missoula, where my husband had to go to receive it and then to drive back with a pouch containing thousands of dollars over that lonely, twenty-five-mile stretch of hill country, mountain, forest, and canyon to the Agency. The trips to Missoula for the money were always made secretly. Sometimes Mr. Ronan took with him a trusted guard, but oftnest he made the trip alone, always armed. He was never accosted by robbers, but I was never a moment at ease until his perilous errand was done.

In those happy-go-lucky, idyllic days before a household budget was heard of, we would have regarded it as a
breach of hospitality to have submitted to the Department of the Interior an expense account for the ubiquitous inspectors, special agents, and other officials on Government business who stayed at our house and sat with us at table for days, weeks, and sometimes months at a time. As a matter of fact it never occurred to either of us to do so. I suppose we were simple, unsophisticated, and unbusiness-like. We were products of our times. Every stranger was welcomed like a "worthy, bidden guest". Our latch string always hung out.
Storm clouds began to gather, the terrible red clouds of war. Every day brought us new rumors that the trouble between the Indians and whites in Idaho was spreading. The Nez Perces and Flatheads were friends and allies. Many Nez Perces lived on the Reservation. Arlee himself, the war-chief of the Salish, who lived not a mile west of the Agency in the old log house that was built for the first Agent of the Flatheads, was the son of a Nez Perce mother.

One morning, a few weeks after our arrival at the Agency, I was sitting on the porch drying my hair, which was heavy and wavy and hung below my knees. Arlee stalked up the steps followed by one or two of his men and the interpreter, Batiste Marengo. They inquired for Mr. Ronan. I arose, shook my hair back from my face, and started into the house to find him. I heard a moccasined tread behind me and felt my hair gathered together by a hand at the nape of my neck. I was terror-stricken. There flashed to mind my childish fears when I was trekking across the plains and the awful tales of scalpings related by emigrants around camp fires at night. Fortunately I did not have time to cry out or to show my fear in any way, for quickly I felt a second hand below the first, and so hand below hand the length of my hair,—my first experience with the
Indian way of measuring. While the measuring was in progress, Baptiste spoke, saying to me that the Indians liked long hair, that Arlee had never seen any so long as mine, and that he wanted to tell the tribe how many "hands" long it was.

Though abrupt on this occasion, Arlee sometimes displayed the deferential manner of a courtier. One day when he was holding a council with my husband, my little auburn-haired Mary, who talked quite plainly from the time she was toddling, broke in upon the conference. Arlee patted her benevolently on the head,--no people ever loved children more than did the old Indians. The war-chief said in his own language, "We call her Ich-i-queel-kan (Red Hair)." Baptiste repeated to Mr. Ronan what Arlee had said, and he told Mary what the chief was calling her. She stamped her baby foot and cried pettishly, "He is Red Hair himself. Me not Red Hair!" Arlee asked what displeased the little girl. When he was told that she did not like to be called Red Hair, he said in Indian, with a gallantry that Lord Chesterfield himself might have envied, "Tell the little girl, then, that after this we will call her Khest Koom-kan (Pretty Hair)." And so they did always.

260. Arlee was the Indian attempt at the French pronunciation of Henri, the name by which he had been christened by the Jesuit missionaries. His Indian name was Red Night.
At once, indeed, the Indians had given us all names and by them they called us and spoke of us always. I was No-ko-no Scale-ee-hue Kel-i-me-kum (the Wife of the White Chief). Because of his blond hair Vincent was called Ich-i-pee-a-kun (White Hair). Gerald's flashing dark eyes gained for him the name of Kel-i-kan-coop Cha-kloca-tas (Eagle Eye).

Eagle-of-the-Light, a Nez Perce chief, with eleven lodges of his people, arrived at the Agency unannounced one day. He had kin upon the Reservation. He said that he had broken with Thunder-Travelling-Over-the-Mountain (the Indian name for Chief Joseph) and with White Bird and Looking Glass, that at the last council which the Nez Perces held to decide whether they would commence a war of revenge by massacring the usurpers of their home land, the settlers in Wallowa Valley, he had pleaded against this action. The braves gathered in the council lodge received his advice with scorn and derision. Eagle-of-the-Light then tore off his insignia of rank as a Nez Perce chief, trampled it under his feet and strode forth. He called together his family and the few Indians who held to his views and they left the Valley of the Winding Waters. They had traveled

261. "My grandmother was a relative of Eagle-of-the-Light, says a cousin." Duncan McDonald, August, 1932.
over the mountain trails of the Idaho Clearwater, through
Lolo pass, Missoula valley, O'Keefe canyon to the Flat-
head Agency. He requested that he and his band be allowed
to remain on the Reservation. Mr. Ronan granted his re-
quest, not without grave misgivings, but during all the
bloody scenes that were to follow for his tribe, Eagle-of-
the-light remained encamped with his followers near Arlee's
house true to his promise of friendship.

One day a runner came with definite information that
Chief Joseph and his band, flushed with victory over the
United States soldiers in Idaho, were on the war path and
were headed to Montana on their way to Canada. Mr. Ronan
was away from home on business. Cyando Hoyt, the miller,
really a better carpenter and painter, was doing some ren-
ovating about our house. He was a spiritualist. Whenever
I passed him, going about my household affairs, he would
stop his work and, embellishing his revelations with much
waving of arms and gesticulating with a paint brush, re-
late to me the visions that had been vouchsafed him of the
Nez Perces sweeping in carnage across the Reservation and
over the entire state of Montana. Without my husband to
reassure me, this was distressing, to say the least.

Excitement possessed us all. The very air was charged
with fear when a runner brought us the news from Missoula
that on July 20 the Nez Perces had appeared in the Bitter
Boot Valley, forty miles from the Reservation, and that on July 23 they had actually appeared in war array outside Captain Rawn's encampment in Lolo Pass. The Missoulian issued an extra on July 25 which carried the headline, HELP! HELP! WHITE BIRD DEFIANT. COME RUNNING!

The New Northwest, of Deer Lodge, dated July 28, 1877, came to us several days late, carrying a story of the presence of Chief Joseph, White Bird, and Looking Glass in Lolo canyon, with three hundred and thirty warriors; of Captain Rawn, the Seventh Infantry, and a volunteer force being entrenched in the canyon; of the call for more troops; of the coming of the Deer Lodge Volunteers; and of Governor Cott's arrival at Missoula, twelve miles from Lolo canyon, to ascertain the true situation. Mr. Ronan was in the midst of the stir, riding back and forth between the Agency and Missoula to keep informed, and here and there about the Reservation, to check on the whereabouts and activities of the Indians under his charge, especially of Eagle-of-the-Light and his following.

My baby Gerald became suddenly very ill. No doctor was at that time assigned to the Agency; there was no one to send to Missoula for a doctor, so Mr. Ronan went himself

with a team of fast horses. While he was gone a runner brought the news that the Nez Perces were headed through Missoula and across the Reservation into Canada over the Kootenai trail; that all the women and children in Missoula had been gathered in the courthouse, with guards picketed; and that already the Indians had launched their attack on Missoula.

I have no words to express the intensity of my feelings. I scanned keenly every Indian that chanced into the agency square, trying to pierce their stolidity and to detect a look or an action that betokened friendliness or enmity. When, in the morning, I found that the baby was much better and could be left with Mrs. Lambert, I went about among the agency employees to see what news or hope they could give me that my husband was safe and that the march of the Nez Perces was not in our direction. My terror was increased, for I found that the men had all stopped their work and were putting their firearms in readiness for use.

By noon Mr. Ronan returned with reassuring news. He said that there were no Nez Perces in Missoula and that there was no fighting. The women and children had been gathered in the courthouse under guard merely as a precaution. He was assured, he said, of the friendly attitude of Arlee, "the renegade Nez Porce," as Charlot, Chief of
the Bitter Root Flatheads, called him. Furthermore, Mr. Ronan declared that among the two hundred volunteers entrenched with Captain Rawn were many Flathead Indians.\textsuperscript{263}

For all he said, that night I saw him, when he thought I was asleep, slipping guns, ammunition, and even a hatchet into the wardrobe in the bedroom. We only pretended to sleep that night; our ears were alert for sounds of hoof-beats and warwhoops. At last morning came and runners from Missoula to say that still there was no sign of the Nez Perces.

That morning old Michelle, chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, and a band of his warriors pitched their tepees just outside the agency square. He and a group of his head men came ceremoniously into Mr. Ronan's office. Through an interpreter Michelle announced to the White Chief that he and his people would stand with Arlee and with the whites against the Nez Perces. He had sent a message, he said, to Joseph, that should he try to cross the Reservation, it would mean the annihilation of his band. If the wife of the White Chief was frightened, he would picket a guard of his warriors around the house until all danger was past.

I was summoned to the council. The Indians sat about the office, some in chairs, some squatted upon the

\textsuperscript{263} \textit{Montana History, 1886}, p. 138.
floor, solemnly passing around the circle a tomahawk with a bowl and pipe stem, each one drawing and puffing in that slow, enigmatic way that I came to know as typical of the Indians. I stood beside by husband. I could scarcely conceal my trembling. The interpreter repeated to me Michelle's message. In the Pend d'Oreille chief's rugged old countenance and kindly attitude was that which commanded belief and respect. My courage was restored. My selfpossession returned. After a brief consultation with my husband, I asked the interpreter to thank Michelle and his men and to say that I would not require a guard. The encampment of Pend d'Oreilles so near the Agency and their chief's pledge of friendship was assurance to me of safety for my little children and myself.

After his next trip to Missoula, Mr. Ronan brought back the news of the ultimatum that Charlot, though the Flatheads and Nez Perces were friends and kinsmen, had issued to Chief Joseph. Charlot rode with a guard of warriors into Joseph's camp. He refused to shake the outstretched hand of Chief Joseph; the hand of Looking Glass he spurned, saying, "No. Your hand is reeking with the white man's blood. I will never shake hands with you

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L. B. Palladino, Indian and White in the Northwest, p. 65.
Helen F. Sanders, History of Montana, p. 265.
again." To Joseph he turned and spoke, "Joseph, I have something to say to you. It will be in few words. You know I am not afraid of you. You know I can whip you. If you are going through the valley you must not hurt any of the whites. If you do you will have me and my people to fight. You may camp at my place tonight, but tomorrow you pass on."

After several days we heard that Looking Glass had made an offer to Captain Bawn to surrender all Nez Perce ammunition if his band was allowed to pass in peace. Next we heard that early in the morning of July 28 Joseph had broken camp and with his entire following of warriors, squaws, papooses, the equipment and stock belonging to his band of non-treaty Nez Perce, had skirted Captain Bawn's entrenchments and had pushed northward along the wooded slopes of the Bitter Root Mountains. For more than a week couriers kept bringing us news of the leisurely march of the Nez Perce through the Bitter Root Valley. "In view of all the circumstances, it was the boldest, most fearless, audacious, and confident tactical movement we have

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265. Looking Glass was killed in the fight with General Miles in the Bear Paw Mountains, Oct. 1-5, 1877.
known." Then came the news of the terrible carnage of
the Big Hole, beginning at daybreak on August 9, 1877. By
little and little the news reached us of the retreat through
the Yellowstone Park, across the Missouri, and north across
the state toward Canada, of the encounters with General
Miles and with General Howard in the Bear Paw Mountains, of
the escape of Chief White Bird and forty bold warriors
across the British line, and finally of Chief Joseph's sur-
render to General Miles on October 8, 1877, to save the
sad remnant of his tribe, "eighty-seven warriors, of whom
forty were wounded, one hundred and eighty-four squaws and
one hundred and forty-seven children." He was reported
to have stated, "I said in my heart that, rather than have
war, I would give up my country. I would give up my
father's grave. I would give up everything rather than
have the blood of the white men upon the hands of my
people."

My husband, as a result of his conferences with the

266. History of Montana 1885, p. 141, "Joseph moved his
entire possessions of effects and families between
the forces of Rawn and those at Missoula, within
gunshot of the former, crossed his line of communi-
cation, camped almost upon the trail, and with un-
paralleled intrepidity on open ground in the face
of superior numbers and in the enemy's country."
267. Near the Canadian line, about the center of the state,
south of Havre.
268. Joseph's Own Story, p. 3.
Jesuits, who knew the Indians so well, and also because of the acquaintance and investigation among the Indians that he had been able to make even during his first two months of office, believed in the sincerity of Chief Joseph and regretted the course that was being pursued with him. Hostility had been forced upon Joseph. Many whites began to realize that he was indeed a man with a grievance, a man greatly to be respected and admired.

We followed with interest all that befell Joseph, his removal with his people to Fort Leavenworth, later to Baxter Springs, Kansas, where many of the Indians sickened and died. Through all the years of Mr. Ronan's service among the Indians echoes of this tragedy kept coming to him; and more than that, he listened frequently to poignant appeals from Nez Perce friends of Joseph's on the Reservation, to do all in his power to bring an end to that tragic exile.

"Take me back to my old home," the broken warrior chief kept pleading, "where I can see the tall mountains and can count the stones in the bottom of the mountain streams."

Because my husband believed that the plea of Chief Joseph and the pleas of his friends were based on just claims, he did exert his utmost in behalf of the dispossessed Nez Percé.
Among those who came to him was Tukalikshimei (No Hunter), the brother of Looking Glass, with the proposal that the Nez Perces be released from their exile and assigned to the Flathead Reservation.

Tukalikshimei was a splendid, big, upstanding Indian, of the finest, most clean-cut type of Nez Perce. He wore a handsome fur headdress, fitted tight about his forehead, with a lynx tail hanging down his back. At the close of their conference Mr. Ronan asked Tukalikshimei if in exchange for money he would give the headdress to him as a reminder of their mutual esteem. The Nez Perce agreed to do so. His headdress may still be seen displayed among the exhibits in the Peter Ronan Indian Collection in the State Historical Library at Helena.

Among Mr. Ronan's papers are two sheets headed "Tukalikshimei -- No Hunter," and numbered 3 and 4; in Mr. Ronan's handwriting the speech of the Nez Perce is written as follows (to my knowledge it has never before been published):

"Tukalikshimei, though that is my name I am old Looking Glass's son and brother of the one who was killed.

"My friend, I hear very well what you say. You speak indeed very well. My friend, you are truly an Agent Chief. Though I do not know you personally, you have a good name among your people. Look at me, my friend, and look at my breathing and you will see that my breath is not right, and, therefore, my friend, have pity on my heart on account of its sorrow. As you speak well, so you have a right to expect that I
should answer well. It seems that my friends, the whites, should hear me through you. Would that we should hear well each other? You speak well of my children, that they might grow in this world, and therefore together we send a letter to Washington and now both of us are giving news about our people. Peace and friendship are good and we should love them. I think that your proposal of having a place to live is very good. You think so and I also think so, and we should have a place where our children might grow. My heart is seeking to find a place to stop for good. Now do I not wish any more to have a great many breaths, though now I am very glad of hearing what you told me; yet I do not know if things will be that way, my breath will be one and light; this I manifest in my heart. You know that the soldiers and Nez Perces had a war and a number were killed and my body was as it were dead for sorrow. I was as it were deaf. My eyes became almost blind. I am so as not to see any more either the whites or Indians.

"Then General Howard said now we are done fighting, then I heard the white soldiers and chiefs say truly, now we are over. Then and there I was very glad, so much so my body had life again; my ears could hear and my eyes could see. I was then glad, because now we only hear of peace and friendship. Then I thought, now I will meet whites as friends and have trouble no more, and that good word I keep always in my heart and I keep in my heart only that good word. If anyone would give me a bad heart, I would not take it. If anyone would do anything with a bad heart, I would not follow him, but if any of my friends do an action out of good heart I will follow him. So I show my heart from both sides.

"If my people came in, where do you think they would be settled?" (That depends on the Government, etc.)

"You are our friend. I want another word -- my heart aches every moment of every day for the death in battle of so many whites and Indians, and I beg you and all white friends to make my heart live again, and I should like that the chiefs in Washington would see my heart and I
would be glad. I do not hide anything. I show my heart as it is."

Another who, when peace was restored, came to plead this same cause was Eagle-of-the-Light, the Nez Perce chief of whom I have already spoken. He had first presented the case to Brigadier General O. O. Howard and to other commanding officers in the United States Army. With their somewhat non-committal letters, in general reading "I am not prepared to judge of the advisability of granting the petition... Possibly the remnant might be gathered to the Flatheads", and each one passing the decision on to the next, Eagle-of-the-Light sought the Agent of the confederated tribes of the Flathead in council assembled. The speech which he there delivered my husband preserved as the interpreter repeated it to him:269

"You do not understand the Nez Perce Indian language, but Baptiste Marengo is a good interpreter. I do not want my words to be lost and ask that they may be taken down and sent with your words to the Great Father in Washington. I listened to all of the words that you wrote to the Great Chief and understand, and in turn I want to be understood. My heart is sad now because I lost all my children, all my brothers, all my women, in the war. It was not my fault that my children and my tribe were killed in war and made prisoners. I was opposed to war, and because I opposed it in the councils of my nation I was compelled to leave my tribe and to come

269: The story of Eagle-of-the-Light, written by Peter Ronan, was published in The Anaconda Standard, May 14, 1893.
here and ask permission of you to live among the Flatheads until peace would come. Now I will speak as clear as the light of the morning, as in the morning the sun is clear after the darkness of night—so will my words be clear. I speak as it were from the earth and from heaven, because both the Indians and the white people are made strong or weak from Him above. I know that all of the Nez Perces that are now prisoners in the south, among whom are some of my children and relations, are very sad because a great many are already dead and the rest are fast dying in a climate they are not used to; so I beg of you, Great Father of the white people in Washington, to give them back to me. We are now, as it were, in midday—there is the sun in the heavens very bright. It is by the law of that brightness that I ask from you to give me back my people. I am sorry that it is said that they cannot go back to Idaho, but they can live in the good air at the Flathead reservation, while all will die if they are kept in the warm air of the south. I am a chief, as well as you, and when war is over we should agree that brave men and women and children should not die if it can be helped. That is the reason I say again—give my back my children! I speak for Chief Joseph and his fellow prisoners. I was chief of those Indians before Joseph was, and left my people because I believed in peace. . . ."

Mr. Roman recommended to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that Joseph and his band be sent to the Flathead Reservation. His recommendation was not acted upon in every detail, but at last, in 1885, the broken Chief Joseph and the sick and impoverished survivors of his audacious tribe were sent to spend their last days on the Colville Reservation in northern Washington, near, at least, to their old home and where they could "see the tall mountains and count
the stones in the bottom of the mountain streams." 270

In the very midst of the furor and excitement of the Nez Perce trouble, the first of our long series of distinguished visitors arrived, Bishop O'Connor of Omaha, whose diocese then extended into Montana. Accompanied by Father Palladino from Helena and Father Van Corp, superior at St. Ignatius Mission, the Bishop drove from Missoula and reached the Agency at noon on July 22, 1877. The members of the party spent a few hours looking over the mills, workshops, office, storehouse, garden, and farm. They were our guests at dinner before they proceeded to St. Ignatius Mission. Mr. Ronan had dispatched Indian runners the length and breadth of the Reservation with the message that the "Chief of the Black Robes" had arrived and would say Mass and speak to the Indians at St. Ignatius Mission on Sunday morning, July 23. Mr. Ronan went to the Mission with the Bishop and his party. This is his account of the occasion, preserved in the Old Scrap Book:

The chiefs and head men of the three confederated tribes -- Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais -- accompanied by their warriors, squaws, and papooses, came flocking in. At nine o'clock Sunday morning his Grace celebrated Mass in the commodious Mission Church, which was crowded to excess, and some hundred and fifty

Indians and squaws received Holy Communion from his hands. The Bishop addressed the Indians in English, which was interpreted to them by Father Bandini.271

"I am very happy, my dear friends, to be with you today. When a boy, with glowing enthusiasm, I read of your tribe. I remember your first deputation sent to St. Louis to ask that Catholic missionaries be sent among you to preach the Gospel of Christ and to spread the word of truth. I also remember of their departure and of their having been killed on the way. I have read of the other deputation which followed and heard of the readiness with which you embraced the faith. One of the principal objects of my long journey from the East was my hope of visiting this place, and I assure you, my dear friends, I am not disappointed. I am truly edified by your devotion to your religion and the duties it imposes. Your chief business at the Mission is to glorify God. Men of the world spend their lives in seeking gold. You are more wise in spending your time in adoring God. Your daily occupation is the wisest, the holiest, the most sublime. Having come far to see you my advice is this: Love one another, remain united in charity, have no hatreds, no quarrels among yourselves. God tells you this in the Gospel of the Mass today. We are all children of God. It would make your hearts sad to see your children hate each other. If you know and feel that your children should love each other, why should not all people love each other?

"As Christians you are bound to love even those who are your enemies. It is hard, indeed, to love our enemies, but the Great Spirit in Heaven commands us to love each other, and in order to be Christians and to be saved we must obey His commands. When our divine Lord came down from Heaven to save us, He had His enemies. They reviled Him, they insulted Him, they nailed Him to the cross, and they put Him to death. Did

He hate them? No. He prayed for them. He blessed them. He forgave them.

"To love our enemies requires courage. A coward can hate. It requires a brave man to forgive. The Indians are brave in the chase; they are brave in battle; they are brave against all danger. Show your courage and your bravery by forgiving your enemies. Misunderstandings will arise; quarrels will come up. You will find men who will behave badly to you; but you have the Fathers here to advise you. For love of you the black-gowns left their homes and far-off country and came to dwell in your midst and to teach and advise you. You can rely with confidence on what they tell you. Come to the black-gowns for comfort, for solace, for advice. I will not ask you to love them, for I see you do love and revere them.

"I am very happy to tell you that your Catholic brethren in the East love you, and that the great heart of the American people and the Great Father in Washington love you and regret the wrongs you have had to suffer. The American people condemn the action of bad men. I am glad to inform you that you have a good Agent, Major Ronan, one of your own faith, loved and revered by his friends, and respected by all who know him, without regard to creed or country.---Goodbye; God bless you all, my children."

It interests me to note how the Bishop studiously avoided any direct reference to the Nez Perce war and even more any reference what ever to the news that three days before Nez Perces had been seen in the Bitter Root Valley and that it was being whispered that the selfish would not remain true to the pledged words of their chiefs to protect the white settlers and to take no side with Chief Joseph. Indeed on the very day Bishop O'Connor was pleading for peace and brotherly love, the Nez Perce, in war
array, were warily skirting the entrenchments of Captain
Hawn.

After the excitement following the surrender of Chief
Joseph had subsided, except for minor troubles with police
discipline and the necessity of expelling some whites from
the Reservation, peace reigned in our little domain and
the year rolled happily around to July 1878. One sultry
day a trooper from Fort Missoula galloped into the Agency
with his horse in a lather. He bore a message for the
Agent that the band of warriors under White Bird, who had
escaped into British Columbia, were on the march over a
trail of blood on their return to Wallowa Valley. Mr.
Ronan sent out trusted Indian runners to ascertain the
facts. Meanwhile good riders and fleet horses were kept
in constant use between the Agency and Missoula. Each day
added to the excitement. Messages came that the Indians
had killed some men on the Dearborn River and others on
Deep Creek, which was a day's travel from the Dearborn in
the direction of Missoula. They were reported to have come
through Caddotte272 pass and to be headed through the Swan
River and Blackfoot country for the Jocko trail on to the
Reservation. Next a messenger brought word that they had

272. Through the main range of the Rockies, south east of
Elk fork of the North fork of the Sun River.
taken a trail to the Bitter Root Valley by way of Rock Creek, where they had murdered three more men.

The rumor spread that the murderers were from the Flathead Indian Reservation, probably from among the band of Eagle-of-the-Light, and that a general uprising of the Indians was about to take place with the confederated tribes of the Flathead joining in the revolt; even the Columbia River Indians, under Chief Moses and Spokane Garey, were said to be on the war path and marching toward Montana. People on isolated farms and in small settlements like Philipsburg were deserting their homes and thronging to Missoula for protection.

While these wild stories were spreading and growing, the runners sent out by Mr. Ronan had brought back the information, which proved to be true, that the hostile Nez Perces were from White Bird's band and that they numbered not more than nineteen, seventeen men and two women. They had crossed the north fork of the Sun River and were following an Indian trail leading through the Bitter Root Valley to Lolo pass and thence to Idaho. Mr. Ronan dispatched this information to the commanding officer at Fort

273. Called also Spokane Garry, sent by Hudson's Bay Company to Red River to be educated. Learned English and French, acted as interpreter for the Protestant missionaries. He died in Spokane in 1892. Governor Stevens said of him, "a man of judgment, foresight, and great reliability."
Missoula together with a description, which he got from trustworthy Indians, of the route which the Nez Perces would likely follow. Soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Tom Wallace were sent to intercept the Nez Perces; and this they did on July 25, on the north fork of the Clearwater. Six of the Indians were killed and three wounded. Later official messages announced that "authorities of Idaho had hunted to death" the ten Indians who made their escape.

Immediately when Mr. Ronan had heard of the rumored disaffection of the Indians on the Reservation, he called a general council. He gave the particulars of the murders that up to that time had been committed by the Nez Perces, presented the situation of the Indians as he saw it, and predicted the disastrous outcome. Michelle, chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, was the spokesman for the Indians. He renewed the words of friendship that he had spoken the previous summer when he had offered to be personally responsible for the safety of my little ones and me. He rose among his confederates, supporting himself on his

274. Major B. L. Chipman, Third Infantry.
275. "Handsome Tom", as he was called, was drowned a short time after while attempting to cross Missoula River on horseback a few miles below the fort. The Anaconda Standard, March 6, 1892, "Some Scraps of Indian History in Montana's Early Days," by Peter Ronan.
crutches, shook his grizzled looks back from his sad face, and spoke with convincing earnestness:

"A few days ago a messenger came to me from the camp of Sitting Bull with word that if I valued the lives and welfare of my Indians to gather them together and leave the Reservation, if I did not feel like joining him and making war upon the whites; that after he had done his work among the settlers, myself and my people could come back again and occupy our lands without fear of obstruction from the whites, as they would be wiped away."

"What reply did you send to Sitting Bull?" Mr. Ronan asked.

"I told the runner to say to Sitting Bull and his council that the Pend d'Oreilles, Flatheads, and the Kootenais of this reservation were friends of the whites -- that years ago when I was young the Indians of this nation had met the Sioux in war and were enemies. We are now quietly upon the land assigned to us by treaty with the whites, supporting our children as well as we can; our homes we love, our lands are beautiful, the crops are ripening and we will soon be gathering them in. We are not well armed and have nearly forgotten the modes of war; but a mouse though small if trodden upon will turn and bite! Tell your chief if he comes this way we will give them battle, and make common cause with the white people."
"What do you think about the murders just committed by the Nez Perce band?"

"I think," Chief Michelle replied, "that White Bird, the Nez Perce chief who escaped from the surrender of General Miles, and whose voice was always for war, has arranged with Sitting Bull and has sent out this small marauding party to pass through Montana and onto Lapwai Reservation in Idaho, committing in their route murder and outrage, with an endeavor to incite another uprising among the Nez Percos and all other Indians west of the mountains, with a view to joining forces with Sitting Bull, who has promised to help them in their war against the whites. This is only my opinion. Perhaps this band of murderers broke away from White Bird without his consent. I am now ready to pick out Indian scouts to accompany white settlers or white soldiers and assist in the capture of this band of Nez Perce murderers."

Eagle-of-the-Light spoke on behalf of himself and of his followers and promised that the attitude of peace and friendship which had persisted throughout the year would continue. Thus we always found our Indians loyal and true. Seventeen Nez Perce warriors, in desperation to get back to their homes in the Valley of the Winding Waters, had terrorized the people of three states, Montana, Idaho, and Washington. I am not condoning the murders that they com-
mitted, but it was my experience always to find the Indian more sinned against than sinning.

One day in mid July when this excitement about the Nez Perces was at its height, two strange Indians, heavily armed, dismounted at our gate, tied their horses to the white picket fence, and stalked into the sitting room. I was alone in the house with my three little children and the nurse maid, Minnie Sullivan. Minnie at once recognized that the warriors were Nez Perces. One of them, who walked with a limp, a grim, bruised, battered-looking man with a soiled and bloody bandanna bound around his forehead, asked in English for Major Ronan. While Minnie hastened away to find him, the Nez Porce told me that they had come from a camp on the Jocko lakes. I was terrified. In my mind this confirmed the rumor that White Bird's hostiles (we did not then know how few in number they were) had indeed come over the Jocko trail and would soon surround the Agency. In a few moments Mr. Ronan entered the room.

The Indians greeted him and then sat in silence for some time before the spokesman took three letters from his beaded pouch and gave them to Mr. Ronan. When my husband finished reading Captain George, for that was the spokesman's name, told his story. He had not joined the retreat of the Nez Perces from Idaho the previous summer. A young warrior of Joseph's band had carried off his sixteen-year-old
daughter from his home at the crossing of the Camai in Idaho. She was with the Indians in all their battles, including the Battle of the Big Hole, where fifty Indian women and children were among those killed; she was among the fugitives in the retreat across Montana. Her abductor was one of the band that escaped with White Bird, and he took her with him to the camp of Sitting Bull. Captain George had traveled in search of his daughter on horseback more than two thousand miles before he arrived at the Agency that morning of July 14, 1878. One of the letters which he brought related part of the pathetic story.

The bearer 'Captain George' (so-called) is a Nez Perce, who came through with General Howard to get his daughter, who was in the hostile camp. He was very useful as an interpreter at the surrender of Chief Joseph and his band of warriors, and after the Nez Perce camp was secured. I sent him to Sitting Bull's camp for his daughter, and with a message to White Bird and the band who escaped. He secured his daughter, got as far as Carroll, or near there, where he was foully dealt with by miserable white men -- was shot in several places, as his unhealed wounds will show, and his young girl used worse. I presume he was left for dead, but succeeded in reaching the Crow camp. His daughter was taken, I understand, to Benton, where she remained at last accounts.

For his good service, and to repair, as far as possible, the wrong done, I send him with two government ponies to you, and one other Nez Perce, hoping that he may yet recover his child. Should he do so, please send him back to his home, or make such disposition of them as you deem best. The ponies I would like sent back, as they belong to my regiment.

If the white men who committed the crime
are caught I would suggest that you report to department headquarters, as the department commander ordered the affair investigated. I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

Nelson A. Miles
Colonel Fifth Infantry, Brevet Major General
United States Army, Commanding.

The second letter was from Major James T. Brisbin, the commanding officer at Fort Ellis, Montana. It was dated July 5, and read:

To Whom It May Concern:

The bearer of this, 'Captain George,' a Nez Perce Indian, arrived here, and goes to Benton to find his daughter who was stolen from him by some white men. Citizens along the road between here and Benton are forbidden to harm Captain George and his companions, and should give him every assistance in their power in recovery of his child, as he has been badly treated by the whites.

The third letter was from an officer at Fort Benton and commanded safe passage for Captain George from there to Flathead Indian Agency; it enlisted the assistance of the Agent in searching for the Nez Perce girl and restoring her to her father.

Mr. Ronan found quarters for Captain George and his companion. He directed them to remain on the agency grounds while he made investigations among the Indians. He knew that it was dangerous for them to travel through Missoula County, as they might be taken for members of the hostile Nez Perce band which only the week before had passed through the country leaving death along their trail. In a few days some Selish Indians reported to the agency
office that early in the spring a young squaw answering to the description of the daughter of Captain George had been rescued by members of their band from her white captors near Fort Benton. They had brought her with them over the Indian trail through Caddotte pass to the Reservation and had sent her, under Indian escort, over the Lolo pass to her home at Camai. Mr. Ronan sent out runners to gather more information about the girl and he himself started to Lolo to meet a camp of Indians who were reported coming over the trail from Idaho. On the way he met one of the Bitter Root Flatheads, John Hill, or Tah-hetoht, which in Indian means Hand-Shot-Off. He said that eight days previous he had camped at the lodge of Captain George at the crossing of the Camai, beyond the Bitter Root range of mountains; the girl was at home with her mother, to whom she had been brought by a band of Selish braves who took her from the white men at Benton. When Mr. Ronan returned with this news, Captain George's impassivity gave way to emotion. He was wild with delight. He said that Tah-hetoht was his friend; he would not send a lie to him; he knew that it was true that his daughter had been restored to him. With a trusted guard, Mr. Ronan sent Captain George to Fort Missoula and from there Major Chipman sent the brave, devoted Indian father safely home under military escort. I wish I had kept the letter of thanks that he
himself sent back to Major Ronan, to conclude fittingly this true story of a "noble redman".

This incident and the continued and growing friendliness of the Indians, including Eagle-of-the-light and his band, during all these turbulent times, sealed our trust in my husband's charges. That trust was never betrayed in all our years among the Indians, not even was it betrayed in small matters. Indeed, as the years passed, we came never to shut a window or door in our house except against the weather, and no door or window was ever locked. The Indians might stalk into the house at any time of the day; they never came with sinister intent, nor took anything, nor did any harm; they either stated their business to some member of the family or told what their "hearts wanted", and their hearts wanted many things but they accepted denials with stoicism, or they squatted down idly in silence until the spirit moved them to depart. If I requested them to go they did so quietly and without offence; of course, I always endeavored to put such requests tactfully and to accompany them with little gifts, a bit of sugar, a piece of bread, or an apple.
"To those who are not familiar with the duties of an Indian Agent, it might seem that those duties are light; but he who spends a few days on the Reservation will find that the man who listens to the never-ending complaints brought to him by rude minds; who adjudicates local disputes; who supplies the petty wants of thousands of Indians, and settles the claims ever recurring of Whites against Reds and vice versa, has his hands and head about as full as they can carry of straight-forward business. And the agent who listens to their troubles, and uses his best judgment in all business transactions with them receives the reward of their respect and filial love, which they show in various ways."

Hugh McQuaid of the Helena Independent wrote this paragraph after a visit in our small domain.

In order to keep up with his numerous duties, and ahead of the demands upon his time, my husband used to rise very early to plan his day's work, to audit accounts; especially he liked the early morning hours for writing, -- his monthly reports to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, lengthy annual reports, and such publicity as he had time to prepare for the papers. When we were alone in the evenings, now and then, he would read me for criticism his reports or articles, and sometimes, as in the old days in Helena and at the mine, we had leisure to read poetry and other things.

Truly, when winter came we were isolated, but not nearly so much so as we had been at the mine at Blackfoot, for living right within the Agency square were two agreeable women neighbors, Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Choquette, the wife
of the doctor who had been appointed for the Indian Service. With my three little ones, it was a comfort to me to know that the doctor's home and office could be reached within two minutes.

Picnics and fishing expeditions to Josko River, Finley Creek, or the "big woods" north of the Agency, were favorite diversions when the season permitted. Sometimes in the years that followed we packed our camping equipment in covered wagons, ourselves and the little ones in spring wagons, mounted the older children on horseback, and cavalcaded daily across the Reservation on a two-days jaunt to Flathead Lake, where we would camp for several weeks, usually on Polson's point. Once or twice Mr. Ronan had our outfit ferried across the Pend d'Orielle river and established our camp on Dayton Creek, in order that he might make of the summer outing an opportunity to get better acquainted with Kootenai tribe, the most of whom lived in that vicinity. He built and equipped at this place a storehouse and distributing

276. Dr. Lawrence H. Choquette, after a few years in the Indian Service went into business in Missoula. Found among the papers of Peter Ronan: "Lawrence H. Choquette mortgages to Peter Ronan drug store standing between the Missoula National Bank Building and the hardware store building of J.P. Reinhard, on main street in the town of Missoula, payment of $2,061 on or before the 25th of October, 1885, with interest at the rate of ten per cent from date. Done before Washington J. McCormick, notary public."

277. In 1828 the little old storehouse was still standing on the knoll where Peter Ronan had it built.
place for the Government rations for the Kootenais. Once Mr.
Ronan chartered an old-fashioned steam-boat and took the family
on a tour of Flathead Lake. We made an over-night stop at
Demersville, the settlement at the head of the Lake which
ceased to be when the Great Northern Railroad built through
and missed the then thriving town of Demersville from its
right-of-way.

In the winter we entertained and were entertained by the
Agency families at dinner, supper, or an evening gathering.
The bachelor employees were frequent guests at our firesides.
Sometimes we danced among ourselves with Dave Polson to
furnish the music with his fiddle. These dances were always
held in the dining room of the Agent's house, an attractive
old-fashioned room, as was the sitting room, both of them
having wide open fireplaces, low mantelpieces, and wainscoting
around the walls.

Before the little church was built at the Agency, on
such Feast Days as Christmas and Easter, if the weather and
other considerations permitted, my husband and I took the
children and drove to St. Ignatius Mission. He and the boys
would stay at the house of the Jesuits and I, with my little
daughters, and the baby, for there was always a baby, would
stay with the Sisters of Providence. Thus I came to know so

278. Dave Polson, an old Hudson's Bay Company man, who re-
signed from the Company to conduct a store at the foot
of Flathead Lake on what is now the townsite of Polson.
well those noble, sweet women who founded the school for girls at St. Ignatius, Mother Mary Infant Jesus, Sister Mary Edward, Sister Paul Miki, Sister Remi. 279 Sister Jane de Chantal and Sister Mary Trinity, though not foundresses, were there during the period when I went oftenest and were among my best friends in the community. Mother Infant Jesus, — what an efficient grand woman she was and what a loving mother to me! Those visits shine in my memory as bright incidents and precious; for me the sweetness of them is comparable to the experience of the young matron who takes her children and goes into the peace and order and freedom from household responsibilities that a devoted mother's home affords. Always I was transported back to the dear days of my girlhood in the convent in Los Angeles, to such a sense of quiet well-being.

Occasionally we spent a day or two in Missoula. We visited oftenest with the Kennedys; sometimes in later years, when I came to know them well, with Mr. and Mrs. F.L. Worden or with Mr. and Mrs. A.B. Hammond. On one eventful visit during our first year at the Agency we were tendered a reception by the citizens of Missoula. Indeed I kept the newspaper notice of so notable an occasion:

The past week has been a gay one in Missoula social circles. On Friday night a complimentary party was given at the courthouse to Major and Mrs. Ronan, and the attendance must have been particularly gratifying to the Major and his accomplished lady, evidencing as it did, the esteem in which they are held by our citizens.

Among our most frequent visitors were the Army officers from Fort Missoula, — Col. John Gibson, Major Jordan, Captain Thompson, Captain Fremont, in the early days, — all of them charming, cultured men, — and a host of others later. In those days members of the Army circles were regarded as "America's aristocracy." Indeed, in the hurly-burly of frontier life, Army officers were the only group of men who had any leisure in which to cultivate themselves.

Once when we visited at Fort Missoula, my husband and I were guests of honor at a supper given by Lieutenant and Mrs. Cook in the log house which still stands at the Fort.

The climate of Jocko Valley was much milder than that of any of my other Montana homes, — Alder Gulch, Last Chance Gulch, and the wind-swept mountainside at Blackfoot. In Jocko Valley, as in Goldsmith's Auburn,

"Sweet smiling spring its earliest visit paid
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed."

As Mr. Ronan had to drive about the Reservation much on business, at least two teams of spirited driving horses and several excellent saddle horses were always in the barn

280. The building which is now used as a clubhouse at Fort Missoula.
or in the pasture just outside the stockade. Mr. Ronan was a good judge of a horse. Endurance and speed were essential qualities; — speed, as estimated over fifty years ago, was essential to his directing efficiently the affairs of the Reservation. Sometimes he would come in from one trip to find that he had to take a fresh team or saddle horse and start out at once upon another. As I look back on it now, it seems to me that in mounting saddle horse, wagon, or sleigh, one almost had to make it in a flying leap, so restless and prancing were the horses Mr. Ronan chose.

Sometimes, depending upon the distance and other circumstances, the children and I made these trips with my husband, in a light spring wagon or, in winter time, cozily bundled in buffalo robes in a sleigh with jingling bells.

I drove and rode these spirited horses; but a safe old reliable was, also, always on hand. All of the children learned to ride as soon as they could sit on a horse and handle the reins, usually by the time they were five years old. Most of the children learned on Nig, a blooded horse gaited, swift, high-spirited, and so intelligent that he understood that he was to be gentle with the little ones. Old Brown, slow, safe and sure; Cherry, treacherous little bucker; Buckskin, wild, beautiful, noble; Daniel Lamont and his identical Sorrel teammate were a few of a long line of equine attaches and favorites.
Ovando Hoyt, Agency miller, and spiritualist, was frightened away by the Nez Perce trouble, and with him went his sister, our cook. Her place in our household was supplied by Jack Griffin, who had worked for us in Helena, and whom I had taught to cook. Between Jack’s erratic comings and goings we had various Chinese cooks; Gee Duck stayed with us four years; and after him Nah, a splendid character, stayed for five years. Women never stayed. They were nervous about the Indians and also found the place too isolated; only two others besides "Miss" Hoyt stayed longer than a day or so. Bridget, true descendent of Brian Boru, was a haughty creature when we had company and swept about the dining room in long, rustling trains to show her equality with any among "thim przunt". Matilda Swanson was an ideal Swedish housemaid, and a sweet, lovely, character.

The old mill whistle blew and punctually thereafter and bountifully the meals were served. Breakfast was at eight o’clock; the usual menu was oatmeal, fried potatoes, ham or bacon (home cured), and pancakes or waffles served with hot cane-sugar syrup or cold chokecherry syrup. Maple syrup we had occasionally and as a very special treat. Twelve o’clock was the dinner hour and six o’clock the supper hour; these two meals were to be distinguished from each other only by name not at all by menu, which consisted usually of soup, meat from our own storage, chicken, or
wild game of all sorts, vegetables, fresh from the garden
or from the winter store in the root-house, and of dessert.
Just as surely as the bread box was kept supplied so was the
cake box. I taught each cook in turn a quick easy receipt
for a gold and a white cake which required for the two
cakes a dozen eggs from the constant supply yielded in our
own hen-house. With fresh cows in the pasture and our own
store of ice, ice-cream was frequently on the bill of fare.
Raspberries, blackberries, and strawberries grew in the
orchard; most aromatic, delicious wild strawberries grew in
profusion along the irrigating ditches in the fields. The
orchard supplied apples, but peaches, pears, bananas, and
oranges were rare delicacies. I made quantities of mince-
meat that was so much praised by my husband, children, and
guests that I became very proud indeed of my ability in this
particular cuisine, and delegated the making of the mince-
meat to the cook only as an extraordinary evidence of trust.

Our table was usually spread with a white cloth, al-
though when red-and-white cloths were in vogue I used them
for a time on the breakfast table. The children did not
like these cloths. To me, also, heavy, satiny damask gave
an exquisite satisfaction. We used napkin rings. A dozen
ivory ones, numbered, I still have. Mrs. Thomas H. Carter,281

281. T.H. Carter, deceased, was United States senator from
Montana, 1895–1901; 1905–1911.
then Nellie Galen, bought them for me in New York to increase the supply of silver napkin rings, gifts to various members of the family on various occasions and from various people. Our silver table service was plated; I never had solid silver until the children grew up and began making me gifts. I had one beautiful set of dishes which we used upon gala occasions. They were white trimmed with wide bands of cerulean blue and a narrow line of gold. My husband and I sat across the table from each other, not at the ends, that separated us too far since the usual number at table was sixteen. My husband served the plates from the big tureens, platters and vegetable dishes placed beside him. He was never impatient or hungry. He always found pleasure heaping the plates and heaping them again for our hungry hordes.

Indian women proved to be satisfactory laundresses; even the ironing they learned to do well. First came Milly, a Kootenai woman, who, when she was asked each week what her wage should be, always turned to her two little girls to seek their advice and to learn their wishes. "Tish" (Sugar), they invariably demanded. Sometimes I was able to persuade Milly, against the demands of the little girls, that money or something else than sugar would be good for a change. Usually the little girls triumphed. Milly finally went back to her tribe. She had many successors through the years, each one serving faithfully or less faithfully until some personal
or tribal vicissitude took her away. A few stand out distinctly in my memory.

Tok-a-pee, a Spokane Indian, had wandered onto the Reservation. She had two little girls to support, — Qui-a-maw and Chew-chew-cha-some. She could never tell me what these names meant in English. Tok-a-pee was a truly lovable creature, beautiful in her dusky Indian way, light and graceful as a fawn. Poor Tok-a-pee! Tuberculosis took her swiftly, — but not before Qui-a-maw had reached her teens, married, and could care for Chew-chew-cha-some.

Agatha Granjo was a mixed blood, a shade fairer than most mixed bloods, a large, benevolent, clean-looking woman, with beautiful wavy hair. She loved my children and was most affectionate with them. Even when the girls were well grown, she used to take them on her lap and caress them. In later years we were "washed and ironed" by Old Sophie, who used to flit about as if her moccasins were winged, her shawl never drawn tight as is usual with the squaws, but always slightly a-flutter in the breeze. Last of a long line was Katherine Barnaby, many-times married, open-hearted, honest soul, who is still living on the Reservation and often visits me. Her daughter Felicitas served us as second

282. The widow of John Matt, now married to Clark. Felicitas lives near Ewaro. She has been screened at Hollywood and has traveled about the country with groups of Indians who have been asked to appear in various places. Her Indian costumes and beadwork are beautiful.
girl for a short time during my last year on the Reservation.

From the time of our first going to the Agency it was possible
to get Indian girls, beautifully trained by the Sisters at
St. Ignatius, who helped me with plain sewing and who
could be trusted as nursemaids with my children.

A few weeks after we were established at the Agency, we
engaged as nursemaid Minnie Sullivan, a white girl about
sixteen years of age, who had been brought up by the Sisters
of Providence. Hers was a pathetic little story. As a tiny
child she had lived in Missoula with her parents and a
brother. Her young mother fell ill with tuberculosis;
Minnie's father placed his wife and the children in the care
of the Sisters. He disappeared. When months and months had
passed and nothing had been heard from him, the Sisters took
Mrs. Sullivan to St. Ignatius Mission to see if the change
would benefit her; there she died and was buried in the old
Mission cemetery. The Sisters brought up the children.
They let Minnie come to us on condition that we would assume
entire responsibility for her until she should reach maturity.
This obligation we assumed. Minnie was a great help to us
in those first days. As she had grown up among the Indian
girls at the school at St. Ignatius, she understood and spoke
the language well. When Indians opened the door and stalked

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283. The Sisters' School at St. Ignatius was established in
1864, by the Sisters of Providence of Montreal.
into the house and sat down for long periods of silence, she would find out if any want of theirs that I could fulfill would terminate the ordeal. One instance stands out distinctly because it was among my early experiences before I began to take the ways of the Indians quite for granted, and also because it is typical of their poetical way of begging. One cold, rainy day an old, grizzled,blanketed, be-feathered warrior stalked in, and after a guttural "Ekest-kul-kul" (Good day or greetings), planted himself beside the fireplace. He sat so long in silence, and got so thoroughly dry and warm that he became intolerable in more senses than one. Minnie had been reiterating at intervals, "Stem-a-spa-sap-ness?" (What does your heart want?) -- the only way, according to Indian custom, to put the abrupt question courteously. At length, after due deliberation, he replied in Indian, "My throat is thirsty for sugar and my heart is hungry for fifty cents."

A strange-looking Kootenai, with a stranger name, the gutturals of which we could never achieve, whom Mr. Ronan hired to help about the yard and the house, scrubbing floors and beating rugs, Jack Griffin, dubbed "Man Friday," -- and Friday he was called by all of us.

Like children the Indians expected to be given gifts, but seldom, if ever, gave gifts; and when they did, it was with the expectation of immediate return of the courtesy. Old Andre was second chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, chief of
the Indian police, and, when his health failed, a sort of tribal supreme-court judge. One day an Indian messenger arrived from St. Ignatius where Andre lived, leading on a leash a fine looking dog. He delivered from Andre the message that he had long desired to show respect for the Agent in some fitting manner. He was now poor and old and getting blind. He had probably not long to live upon the earth. He therefore, sent as a token of the regard in which he held the white chief, his favorite dog, Chew-shoo-nooks. He desired the messenger to say that Chew-shoo-nooks was a white man's dog. Mr. Ronan accepted the gift with due formality and asked the meaning of the dog's name. The messenger could not say, Chew-shoo-nooks was the dog's name, that was all. Perhaps he was under the same difficulty that we would have been had he asked us to explain the meaning of Fido or Toby.

Chew-shoo-nooks was duly installed as keeper of the dooryard and as comrade and protector of the children. He was an intelligent dog and seemed to understand the transfer. We always called him by his Indian name, unabbreviated. He lived to an old age, ripe with fruits of service and loyalty. The children were more devoted to him, I think, than to any other of a long succession of canine favorites, some of them of pedigreed stock, gifts to the children from their father's "white" friends and illustrious visitors.
Mr. Ronan did not neglect to call soon upon Andre at the Mission to extend in person his thanks for the gift, to inquire into the old man's health and his needs, to supply the latter, and to make Andre as happy and comfortable as possible during his last days.

To a newspaper reporter, to whom Mr. Ronan gave the story of Andre and his favorite dog, he added these anecdotes: "An Indian values his dog; and about the worst form of insult to the red man is to destroy his canine companion. An Indian cur at the Mission recently killed a pig, and the owner thereof shot the unfortunate dog. The owner of the latter got even by killing a cow belonging to the slayer of his dog, and stating in his defense that the dog had only killed a miserable pig. An employee at the Agency shot and killed a mangy specimen of an Indian cur, and was compelled to offer restitution to the owner by payment of a new blanket, costing the shooter six dollars.

"We have been accustomed to look upon the Indian as totally devoid of sentiment; but the following incident shows them as human as any of us. I noticed an Indian recently looking at my flower bed, and out of curiosity asked him what he was looking for. The red brave said that last year he saw some very beautiful flowers growing there; he wanted to get some of them to plant on a grave; the flowers of the prairie were too common; and he wanted to
get something more unusual to place on the grave of his loved one.

"The question is often asked why the Indian goes to dig bitter roots and camas. A chief recently came to the agent for permission to leave the Reservation to dig camas. To a volley of questions his reply was that camas grew only in a few localities; that it was valued highly by all the Indians; that when the Flatheads went out to trade with the Blackfeet they could get more in exchange for a few bags of camas than for anything else; that they often got a buffalo robe for a few handfuls of it; it was a luxury delectable to the Indian palate (though he did not phrase it that way) and he would deprive himself of almost anything to obtain it."

In the spring time at the season for digging camas and bitter root the Indians moved all their belongings and went to localities where these plants were to be found; the former grew on the Reservation in abundance but for the latter it was necessary to go to Missoula or to the Bitter Root Valley.

The bitter root was dried, pounded up and used as a condiment. The camas root was put in some sort of container or even in a hole lined with rocks and baked for a number of days, buried under-ground beneath the campfire. The dry outer skin, like that of an onion, was peeled off
and the same root eaten whole. It was sweetly insipid, with a sort of pungent smoky taste. Huckleberries, service berries and chokecherries were dried and stowed away in bags for winter use. *Chem-a*, a favorite spring delicacy among the Selish, was the peeled stem of the tender young silken-sunflower, of the variety known as balsam orrhiza. They gathered and dried for smoking kinnikinnick and red willow, though, of course, they preferred tobacco.

I learned from day-to-day meeting with the Indians and the need of understanding their wants and of making mine known to speak the language of the Selish, though never fluently. Even during the time that I was living among them, I observed the change in the language which association with the whites was causing. Whereas the older Indians spoke with deep gutturals and gave emphasis by a prolonging and intense accentuation of syllables or sounds, the younger generation spoke in softer tones and with less color and contrast. I always hoped sometime, and never found that time, to study their language and customs and legends, what I came to know was by way of casual observation.

In the summer months many of the tribe would cross the

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284. The Selish called the Bitter Root River In-schew-te-schew (red willow). Montana Raimin, March 12, 1929.
286. Flathead is a misnomer. Selish means The People, and is the correct Indian name for the tribe whose home for generations was in the Bitter Root Valley and in the Mission and Jocko Valleys.
Rockies and spend several months hunting buffalo. Each year they would report a greater and greater scarcity as a result of the slaughter of the buffalo by the whites. My husband suggested to them the idea of trying to herd some of the buffalo from the plains onto the reservation and to raise them, for he felt that the industry for which the Indians were most suited was stock raising, and tried to encourage them to follow this occupation. After one of the hunts a halfbreed drove in a buffalo bull and two heifers through a pass in the mountains. They were purchased by Charles Allard and Michelle Pablo; that was the beginning of the famous Allard-Pablo buffalo herd. 287

When the tribes on the Flathead Reservation followed their own nomadic way of living, moving their tepees from place to place on root-digging, berry-picking, and hunting expeditions, they were a clean, healthy, picturesque people; most of them could not learn clean and hygienic ways of living year in and year out in the same house.

The Salish were by nature a superior tribe of Indians. 288 The Christianizing and civilizing of them had begun thirty-

287. Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Aug. 15, 1893, -- An Interview with Major Peter Roman.
288. General Thomas James, Three Years Among the Indians and Mexicans, p. 55, "The Flatheads are a noble race of men, brave, generous and hospitable." (The author of this statement was with Manuel Liza in 1809).
seven years before we came to live among them. I found them most uncommunicative with regard to their tribal and family histories and customs. It was not so much that they would not tell as that they did not know; theirs was a fast-fading culture, a culture handed down by word of mouth. I found that the older men and women of the tribe could tell me scarcely anything of the lives of their fathers and mothers. I think that this condition would have existed anyway, but that with regard to their customs and legends, among the generation of Indians that I knew, the condition was particularly acute. The memories and traditions of the generation just before were being more quickly lost because of the eager interest in the new ideas and ways of living that the missionaries brought among them; because, at this time, and for a number of years previous, the policy of the Department of the Interior was rather to do away with, than to foster, the language, traditions, customs, and handicraft of the Indians; and because the influx of white settlers tended to overwhelm the Indian himself as well as his culture.
Michelle, chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, had been given that name when he was baptized by a Jesuit missionary. His Indian name was Whee-eat-sum-khay (Plenty-Grizzly-Bear) — a name to be proud of, because of all the animal kingdom the grizzly bear is the most to be respected and feared, — and emulated. To say "he has the heart of a grizzly bear" was the greatest compliment that could be paid a brave. Michelle's Indian name had not been earned in combat with grizzlies, but had been bestowed upon him as a tribute to his acknowledged courage by the Lower Kalispells, the name of whose hereditary chief had been Plenty-Grizzly-Bear.

The first white child born on the Flathead Indian Reservation was my third son, on November first, 1878. We christened him Matthew James, for his two grandfathers. When the baby was a few days old, Michelle, accompanied by five or six important tribesmen and by the agency interpreter, stalked into the sitting room, just off my bedroom, where Mr. Ronan was seated. All the Indians were dressed in their brightest blankets and be-furred, be-mirrored, beaded best, betokening a particular occasion. They squatted in a semi-circle and the pipe-of-peace was brought forth. Michelle took a long-drawn puff and passed it on; and so it went around until it reached the White Chief; he, too, took his
long-drawn puff, -- thus completing the circle of peace. Michelle broke the long silence, speaking solemnly in Indian. When he ceased the interpreter translated. The Indians had heard of the birth of the white papoose. They rejoiced for now they knew that their friend the white Chief had, indeed, established his home among them. It had been agreed in council that if the papoose were to be adopted into the tribe and to take the Indian name of Chief Michelle there would be perpetual peace and friendliness between the family of the White Chief and the Selish and their allies. Mr. Ronan ceremoniously requested that he be excused to inform me of the honor which they wished to bestow upon our son.

How we laughed! Such a beautiful baby -- blue eyes and soft brown curls -- and to be called Plenty-Grizzly-Bear! Major Ronan returned solemn-faced to the council. In my name as well as his own he accepted the honor proffered. Each member of the delegation expressed individually his gratification; the interpreter repeated each speech. The long ceremony closed with a request to see the papoose. The savages filed respectfully through my bedroom and passed the dainty blue and white crib of little Whee-sat-sum-khay. As each looked into the crib he said, "Shay!" (Good, or I approve.)

"And now," said Michelle sadly as he took his departure, "I have no name."

Mr. Ronan was puzzled but found the explanation the next
day when he went with the interpreter to Michelle's camp. The Pend d'Oreille chief was sitting in his tepee in dejection, his head bowed and covered by his blanket. He wore squaw leggings. In answer to Mr. Ronan's question he told that his fringed leggings, arms, and pony had been taken from him because he had made himself nameless in giving his name to the white papoose the day before, and that so long as he remained nameless he must be in this dejected and reduced state. When Mr. Ronan protested that they could be friends without this sacrifice on his part, Michelle replied proudly that he made the sacrifice of his name with a big heart, that relief would come presently, for the Indians had that morning dispatched two runners to the camp of the Lower Kalispells whose principal chief had lately died, and whose name, interpreted into English, was The-Man-Who-Regrets-His-Country, requesting that Michelle be permitted to assume the dead chief's name.

Within a few weeks the answer came from the Lower Kalispells that if the Pend d'Oreilles and Flatheads would send them six ponies in payment for six which had been stolen from them by members of one or the other of these tribes, some eight years before, they would look favorably upon the request for the loan of their dead chief's name. The ponies were sent and the transaction was terminated in a satisfactory

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289. The Lower Kalispells occupied a valley beyond the Pend d'Oreille Lake and on the river of that name about forty miles from Sand Point.
manner. On Christmas Day, 1873, Mr. Ronan was summoned to St. Ignatius Mission, and amid much form and ceremony the proclamation was made before the confederated tribes of Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais that henceforth the son of the White Chief should be a member of the confederated tribes and bear the name, Plenty-Grizzly-Bear; and that Michelle, the chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, should henceforth be called in Indian the Man-Who-Regrets-His-Country.

As a result of the teachings and influence of the Jesuits, the festivities of Christmas and Easter were celebrated with great tribal gatherings. An account of one of these celebrations, which was given by Mr. Ronan to his kinsman, Bernard Corr, a Boston newspaper man, for the Boston Pilot, I shall quote in part:

"At least a thousand children of the forest were gathered at the reservation. The square in front of the Mission church was crowded with people of every age, from the oldest to the youngest, from the well-clad and thrifty-looking cultivators of the soil, in suits of black, to the wild followers of the chase, some in scarlet blankets, with broad beaded belts, others in gaily-trimmed buckskins, with gorgeously-beaded leggings, and headdresses of eagle feathers. Some had their dwellings around the Mission and the Agency, while others had come long distances to perform their Christmas duties. The dwellers by the Pend d'Oreille river, and around Flat-
head Lake, in far-away glens by sparkling waterfalls, now
gleaming through their icy bondage, lonely wigwams in narrow
gorges, wild, remote spots, outside of civilized intercourse,
had heard from the missionaries that on this day a Savior was
born.

"At twelve o'clock, as the large Mission bell rang out
on the clear crisp air, a volley from the rifles and pistols
of forty Indian police, ranged in a line in front of the
church door, was given, while the doors were swung open, and
the Indians, squaws and papooses, commenced crowding in. The
church was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and a large
number, unable to gain admittance, knelt in the biting air
outside the church, not a murmur, not a whisper of disappoint-
ment escaping them. Four Jesuit missionaries officiated at
the altar, which was richly decorated and festooned. The
responses to the chanting of the High Mass were sung by Indi-
an girls from the Mission school.

"After Mass, a feast was served by the Indian women,
consisting of boiled meat, vegetables, and bread; the food was
carried around the seated circles in huge baskets, and served
to the hungry multitude. Before they commenced their repast,
Andre, second chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, one of the most
eloquent Indians of the tribes, stepped into the center of
the circle, knelt down in the snow, made the sign of the cross,
then, rising, addressed himself to the multitude. From the
deep pathos of his voice, which was loud and clear, and the
graceful motions of his arms and body, I would judge that it
was a masterpiece of Indian oratory. The day closed with
benediction in the church and then all the Indians retired
to their houses and wigwams; and now, as I write, their hymns
are being sung in their camp.

"On New Year's Day many Indians of the reservation --
men, women, and children, filed through the Agent's house,
where he, his wife, and little ones were each one shaken by
the hand by the passing file, and wished a Happy New Year.
In the dining room a table groaned under the weight of boiled
beef, boiled ham, roast pig, bread, and vegetables and an
attendant served each one as he filed out into the yard, where
guns were fired and other demonstrations of joy were indulged
in. A feast was prepared at the house of Arlee, the Flathead
Chief, about a mile from the Agency, and thither they all
repaired to eat, make merry, and renew their friendships for
the coming year."

Our contribution to the New Year's festivities was not
always so bountiful as described in the paragraph above, but
we always had something for each one who came, -- if it were
only an apple. They all could say "Happa-Noo-Yi!" Usually
our well-wishers began to arrive before we were up in the
morning. They thought nothing of walking into our bedrooms
and shaking hands with us while we were still lying in bed.
I think I may truly say that the most beloved of our Indian neighbors was Michel Rivais, the blind interpreter, who was officially appointed to that position and came to live within the agency square during our second year at the Agency. He was a born linguist, with a really remarkable command of Canadian French and many of the Indian tongues, for as in appearance and habits so in language the Selish, Pend d'Oreilles, Kootenais, and Nez Perces differed distinctly from one another; Kalispell was a patois somewhat commonly spoken among them, and the term Kalispell was used by the Indians to refer to a number of confederated tribes. Michel's English translations were quaintly phrased. His natural intelligence and gift for language had been cultivated by the Jesuit missionaries. By them he had been taught to sing and to play his violin, a really fine old instrument; where he got it I do not know. On summer evenings he used to sit on the sill of his open doorway and play softly and plaintively — sometimes improvising. At church he led the congregational praying and singing of the Indians; they sang in Latin simple masses, the Gloria, the Credo, and hymns like O Salutaris and Tantum Ergo; the praying was in

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290. The Dictionary compiled by the Missionaries of the Society of Jesus and edited by the Reverend J. Giorda, S.J., St. Ignatius print, Montana, 1877-89, is entitled A Dictionary of the Kalispell or Flathead Indian Language. The Roundup Tribune, August 3, 1929, quotes Duncan McDonald, "There are really just two tribes of Indians, the Kalispell and the Selish."
Indian; some of the psalms and other portions of the old and new testament the missionaries had translated into Indian and set to tunes of old tribal chants, for it was their custom to adapt whatever they could of the Indians' own to the observing and celebrating of the religious rites which they had introduced among the Indians in Christianizing them.

Michel's voice was melodious and true. It was inspiring to watch the rapt expression of joy and true devotion on his saintly face when he prayed and sang. In general this congregational singing and praying had a wild and savage sound; especially when the men joined in, it was as Bishop O'Connor remarked "as if a pack of harmonious wolves were scattered among the congregation." Their mourning song, which they would chant and howl all night, each night until the funeral, in the tepee where a death had occurred, the missionaries adapted to the services at the church on Memorial Day and on All Souls' Day (November 2). It was one of the most haunting of the tribal songs. It had the wanton rhythms of the winds and the weird sounds one hears at night in lonely places in the forest.

Michel Rivais was born in 1837. He was the son of Antoine Rivais, a French Canadian trapper and Emilia, a Pend d'Oreille squaw. Michel's wife was a clean, kindly Nez Perce squaw. They had lost two children, and were devoted to the son and

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291. *op. cit.*, p. 130 (Palladino)
INTERESTED &R;nb;P, and other trilaterial storables which are.
I'm retired to me many of the legends of Coyote, a sort of
hallowed treasure to molecular track in the quantum way.

For their Indian tunes and legenda,
and a most atrractic and varied assortment of vowels and sttaves
the purchase of Gay plenates and spades, still handkerchives
most of which, except a couple of government interpreters went
agreed? mother and daughter did the beautiful bread and hardork.

Segregation and beautyfull adress of the Indiann around the
Knewett whites and ohthian were always the most prontt-

Womenhood.

One another when they had separately reached young men and
the tooking son and daugther deal within a short time of
alone. The devoted white woman that already who is about
enough this Indian name was CHIN-CAH-SHEE. The man who was-

and to lead the white settlement. The next day
For Instance, he was quite heterogeneous in the pittance and always
first became interpreter, but within two years was in total
He could see dearly and expose the way to the office when he
of Senator C.O. Veet or President, to restore national egargon.
at government expense, through the efforts of Mr. Iowan and
preincarnation. Overriding that mediant sentence could do was done
five years or a few he became totally attayd as a result of

"To know seemed to examine this aether. Before he was forsy-
daughter that remained. wound the lord loveth, he #hissteha."

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was intending to set down verbatim and never did so. Best of all he liked to tell how the Flatheads were the first Indians in Montana to embrace Christianity and civilization. He would grow so eloquent and his fervor would send such a light into his eyes that they seemed to regain their lost sight as he told the well-known story of the expeditions that were sent to St. Louis, Missouri, in search of the black robes, of the arrival of Father De Smet, of the building, by Father Ravalli, of the first mill in Montana, of the planting at St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root of the first wheat, potatoes, and other garden produce, of how the black-robbed had befriended and taught him from the time he was little more than a baby. Michel was about medium height, slender, with the fine features of the French father and the bronze color of the Indian mother; his straight black hair he wore in the long bob we associate with a page or herald of medieval times. His costume was quaint and all his own. It was neither the dress of the white man nor that of the Indian, but a nondescript assortment of the two modes.

Another interesting character of whom I saw much was Arlee, a Nez Perce, whose Indian name was Red Night, who had married a woman of the Selish tribe, had settled in the Bitter Root Valley, had agreed to the Government terms, and had, to the bitter and never-ending indignation of Charlot, the hereditary chief of the Flatheads, moved to the reservation with a following of Flatheads whose war chief he had
long been. Arlee came of a long line of fighting men. His father had been killed by the Blackfeet in 1817, when Arlee was only two years old. While he was still a young man, Arlee had achieved a great reputation as a "brave". In carrying on the family tradition, no less than three of his sons were killed fighting against the Crows and Blackfeet. Arlee was sixty-three years of age when we came to the Agency. He was a fat and pompous old monarch of the forest; and, if not "the mould of form", he was, at least, according to Indian taste, "the glass of fashion" with his fringed buckskin shirt and leggings, his fantastically beaded vest, belt, pouch, and moccasins, and his bright colored blanket folded around his protruding stomach; topping all this magnificence, he always wore, with the air of its being a crown, a brass dog collar around the crown of his hat. I never saw him, nor for that matter some of the other chiefs, without an eagle's wing in his hand; this he bore with a grandeur that endowed it with all the symbolism of the sceptre, --

"The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings."

Luison, a sort of tribal judge, lived just outside the agency square to the east. He was a self-important individual who elaborated his beaded and fringed Indian costume with a tall beaver hat of the kind modish for evening wear for gentlemen of fashion in the late seventies and eighties.
Luison's superiority-complex was due to his having married a wealthy squaw, as the Indians computed wealth in horses and cattle. After church, Sunday after Sunday, when the church had been built at the Agency, he would assemble all the Indian congregation around him out of doors and deliver a long harangue; harping always on the same theme and bewailing, "Oh the times, Oh the manners, Oh the customs!"

My observation led me to the conclusion that when an Indian was chief he was so by virtue of being a chief among men. This was true of every chief I knew well personally; of none was it more true than of Eneas (the Indian way of pronouncing Ignatius), the Kootenai chief. Though his tribe was the poorest, the most miserable, inferior, and dirty of confederated tribes on the Flathead Reservation, Chief Eneas was otherwise. His Indian name was Big Knife. He was tall, handsome, clean, commanding in his brilliant striped blanket and decoration of weasel skins pendent from his right shoulder.

One day when he and Michel Rivais were waiting in the sitting room for Mr. Ronan, I said to the interpreter, "Tell Eneas that I want him to tell me some story of his youth while he is waiting for the White Chief. The paragraphs which follow, written on two torn sheets of the Government foolscap paper which were lying at hand, I attached to an old photograph of Eneas and put away long ago, just as I
a word. In 1877-8 Duncan McDonalz, then a handsome young
prominent clerk in Bay business men, went

He concluded.

Thirty years since the history of the brave act.\"

ended the ride.\"

wrestlers came near our campround, a shortfrom one of my men

that the Blackfeet tried both creeks.\" In one of the

where eighteen of my men and I were camped.\" We did not know

The Blackfeet camped on both creeks. On one side was a ridge

where they camped were two streams of water, not far apart.

me. There was a large party of Blackfeet on the mainpath.

from my body; I knew not.\" I eighteen of my people were with

Once my life was in great danger.\" My life was not taken

With the approach of the Cree I fell around me.

not, I took him upon my back, running as well as I could

when I found my friend answered me

with a friend of mine, when I found my friend answered me

come we had a fight with the Cree.\" I got on one side

around me like battlements

do not know now to shoot hit me when the butterflies were falling

I never had a little old Hudson Bay gun, I

not excuse him, I only had a little old Hudson Bay gun, I

firing at me, throwing objects and arrows of my noise. I could

take, I met a party of Blackfeet, who surrounded me, all

once I saved my life when surrounded alone in the moon

more them that day;
man of twenty-eight, was conducting a trader's store just outside of the agency square. We saw a good deal of him and also of his father, Angus McDonald, a splendid, intelligent old Scotchman, who came to Montana in 1838 and established a trading post for the Hudson's Bay Company on Post Creek, about half way between St. Ignatius Mission and Flathead Lake. He remained on the reservation after the Company had abandoned the post by right of having married a squaw who belonged to the confederated tribes though her father was an Iriquois and her mother a Nez Perce. So devoted a friend was Angus that once, when I made a trip to California, he rode horseback the thirty-five miles from his home on Post Creek to the Agency just to bid me good-bye and to wish me a happy journey. Another time he presented me with a gold nugget which was shaped like a harp and so, he thought, particularly appropriate. Then Duncan, who has of late years been so much sought and questioned by those who would make a study of the tribal customs, history, legends, and language of the Selish, was not aware of the advantage to him of making capital of his Indian ancestry and inheritance. He was anxious to appear to be a pure-blooded Scotchman like his father. As his father had done, so he took unto himself an Indian wife and was, so long as she did live, a devoted husband to her. In Louise's veins ran the blood of Selish, Nez Perce, Kootenai, Iriquois, and French forebears. Her
Indian name was Queel-socc-e, meaning Red Sleep. One of the peaks in the Bison range near Dixon has been given her Indian name.

A great event of the year 1879 was the coming of Archbishop Charles John Seghers of Oregon to the Flathead Reservation. He and his party were guests at our home for a day and a night. As there was then no church at the Agency the Archbishop said Mass in the mill, which was the custom whenever a large number of Indians was expected to be in attendance. On most occasions, when a priest came to the Agency to say Mass, I arranged an altar in our living room.

At St. Ignatius Mission, on the following day, the Archbishop was received with much pomp and pageantry. "Two miles from the Mission the party was met by a cavalcade of some two hundred mounted Indians of the Flathead Reservation, who arranged themselves in a line and, as the carriages containing the Archbishop, missionaries, Agent, and others passed, fired a salute, and ranging themselves in a sort of wing or skirmish line on either side of the Archbishop's carriage, whipped up their horses, and the whole cavalcade came over the hills to the Mission at racing speed. They were halted by Father Giorda at the Indian burying ground, some five hundred yards from the beautiful Mission Church, where a procession was

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293. Duncan McDonald is the source of these facts.
others and heard men, some of the speeches being delivered
the determinate of the season they were addressed by the
all the Indians present, and white officers the speakers upon
response of the Jesuites a public feast was then given to
the procession was re-formed and the Crows assembled to the
the Indian children and Indian persons. After the assembled
white
the construction was commenced to one hundred and
some fourteen hundred Indians present and a appointment of
the sound which filled the place by large edifices, but incapable of
for the church, a large edifice, and all marooned
forty Indian postillion, known among the Indians, and all marooned
the archbishop passed to the front a salute was fired by
the procession was then o' clock, a procession was
formed by the mission school children and the Indians, and as
Sundays morning, et aliae oratores, a procession was
the seventh hundred Indian, who hast to receive the blessing
the archbishop's wife and the children of the Jesuites, a number of Indian girls,
the archbishop was given and the procession, at eight
the mission school children, just ahead of the archbishop two little ducks
rendezvous at least seven hundred Indian men, women, and
true rendezvous in which women, and a procession
formed by your men, the archbishop marched, following other
formed, and beneath a stick and twenty additional canoes.
in the grandest style of Indian oratory. 294

Celebrations of this sort were arranged for the Indians as a substitute for their war and scalp dances, which my husband was under Government orders to prohibit. It was the opinion of officials in the Department of the Interior that observation of such tribal rites tended to undo the work of civilizing the Indian. As a matter of fact, sometimes they danced themselves into a frenzy; then they would chant their wild war songs and howl out their grievances against the whites and against each other until they were in a bad and dangerous mood. Oftener, though, the dancers endangered their own than the lives of others. They would dance until they were in a state of uttermost exhaustion and susceptibility to cold, pneumonia, and other diseases. Whenever the weird beating of the tom tom resounded my husband went, alone sometimes, into the midst of the dancers and by sheer weight of courage dispersed them.

When Archbishop Seghers returned to the Agency, July 25, 1882, to lay the cornerstone of the little church which still stands, 295 another grand gathering of the tribes was arranged.

294. From an article written for The New Northwest, August 8, 1879, by Peter Ronan. The New Northwest was edited and owned by James H. Mills of Deer Lodge.

295. The church was not built until several years later; it was blessed and dedicated under the title of St. John Berchmans, August 4, 1889, by Right Reverend J.B. Bolland, Bishop of Helena, assisted by Father Jerome D'Aste, S.J.
The Archbishop's party coming from Missoula was met at Finley Creek by a procession. At the head was Mr. Ronan in a carriage. Next came Arlee on horseback, in habiliments of state, brass dog collar and all, and majestically bearing his eagle's wing. Beside the Chief eight-year-old Vincent skilfully reined a pony that pranced and pawed and tossed his head as if proud to display his own and his rider's festive caparison, beaded, fringed, glittering with tiny round mirrors, and ajingle with bells. Indians and halfbreed followed on horseback, for the most part, though some drove in wagons.

The procession presented a fantastic appearance; the thrifty looking halfbreeds in their best clothes, dark trousers, shirts and broad-brimmed black hats, lent contrast to the wild followers of the chase in bright-colored blankets with beaded belts, or elaborate buckskin costumes, and headaddresses of eagle feathers. A halt was called. The Indians dismounted and knelt for the Archbishop's blessing. When they had re-mounted a salute was fired from their guns. Then they ranged themselves on each side of the carriages and the whole party proceeded to the Agency, where the American flag waved from a flagstaff and a continuous roar of explosions from anvils, which were improvised for artillery, saluted the Archbishop as he alighted from the carriage. From the porch of our residence, the Archbishop addressed the Indians. He remained as our guest over night.
The next day Major Ronan accompanied the Archbishop to St. Ignatius. When the party topped the last hill where the enchanting panorama of the Mission valley spread out before one, a group of four hundred mounted Indians waited to extend their greetings. Then the cavalcade dashed down the hill to the mission. Horses were tethered all about and the Indians crowded into the church to receive the benediction and salute the pontifical ring.

296. Archbishop Charles John Seghers resigned in 1884, the Arch Episcopal See of Oregon to return to his former diocese of Vancouver Island. After an extended tour through Europe he was returning to Victoria when, on November 28, 1886, at a point not far from Nulatto, sixty miles from any inhabitants, he was shot dead by his attendant.
To my great happiness, in the fall of 1879 my dear father came from old San Juan Capistrano and spent a year with us. My joy had its poignant intermixture of pain; my father had suffered much since I had last seen him on my marriage day. A few months after I left San Juan my stepmother had developed tuberculosis and after a lingering illness had died, in June, 1878. Soon after her death my father had a dreadful accident. He was coming home from Anaheim, driving, as usual in his high-seated wagon, the six mules with one line. On a steep grade he put his foot on the brake; it gave way; he was pitched forward onto the road; the wagon passed over his right arm and crushed it. He was picked up unconscious by a passerby. He had to be taken to the hospital at Anaheim, and there his arm was amputated. Though he was ill during most of the year and a half until he came to me, he carried on with the same indomitable spirit that had been characteristic of him through all the vicissitudes of frontier life; — he even learned to write with his left hand, which also was a little crippled as a result of the accident. With his poor left hand my father drove, his only companion my young sister Kate, all the way from San Juan Capistrano to Sheridan, Montana. There he and Kate visited Cousin Allen Tiernan. They came on to
the Agency by stagecoach.

When my father went back to California he traveled by stagecoach to Corinne and on to Los Angeles by railroad, for Kate did not return with him. She had become engaged to Philip Hogan, a rancher living near Missoula, whom she married in January, 1881.

A prepossessing stranger appeared at the Agency one day and announced that he was Minnie Sullivan's father. So, indeed, he was identified as being. Minnie was delighted. Her father seemed happy to be restored to a daughter so pretty, so blooming, so sweet-mannered. After the visit he went to Butte to work in the mines. From there he wrote to Minnie often; he sent her occasional presents, among them a compendium of English poetry, which I still have. At last he wrote her to come live with him. He sent some pretty blue material for a dress, which I had made up by a dressmaker in Missoula. Minnie was delighted and anxious to go. On one of the first warm days of the spring of 1879 we went for a picnic on Finley Creek. Minnie waded in the water. Next morning she had a severe cold; from that day she was never well; she developed tuberculosis. We wrote her father of her illness; he never answered the letter. She was ill for a year and a half before she died. I gave her a room just off

mine so that I could tend her at night. I knew so little of tuberculosis in those days; I had no realization that I might be endangering the health of my family or my own. I took every precaution for cleanliness and for sanitation, as we then understood sanitation. As a matter of fact not one of my children has ever had the slightest tendency toward tuberculosis.

One day Minnie seemed much better. She got up for dinner and dressed in her pretty blue dress, but how pathetic she looked, how different from the rosy, healthy girl for whom the dress had been made to go to her father! Two nights later she called me; when I went to her I realized that she was sicker than usual. During the few minutes that Mr. Ronan was gone for Dr. Choquette, she expired, murmuring softly, "Oh, if I ever get well, I will stay with you and work for you always." She was buried beside her mother in the cemetery at St. Ignatius Mission. We sent a notification of her death to her father's address, but never heard from him.

A month after Minnie died in my arms, on March 18, 1881, twin daughters were born to us, Louise and Katherine Josep- phine. Lovely little Louise lived only fifteen days. The Indians named Katherine Es-Ness-e-lil (The Twin). When she grew up, pretty, fair-haired, brown-eyed, low-voiced, sweet-

296. Mrs. K.C. Trask of Santa Cruz, California.
mannered, she was more often called Soo-i-Noompt (Good-Looking or Attractive).

As in Helena in my first years of married life, so at the agency no trained nurse was to be had when the babies were born. The agency doctor attended me; his wife or Mrs. Lambert spent a few days with me until I was able to be up. These services we exchanged, for Mrs. Choquette had a baby, and three babies were born to Mrs. Lambert while she lived on the Reservation. After Dr. Choquette went into business in Missoula, a Dr. Adamson came to the agency. He was an Englishman, a very fine doctor, with a splendid practice in Lake George, New York. He had sought the appointment as doctor for the Flathead Indians, thinking it would be an interesting experience and also because he needed a rest and change. With him came his wife and child and his wife’s sister, a Miss Jackson.

My nursemaid now was Anastasia Mourjou, a mixed-blood, a prize pupil of the Sisters. She had learned to love the white people’s way of living. She was refined, serious, dignified and religious. Father Joseph Guidi, S.J., once told me that he had written the story of her life and had sent it back to Italy to be published, as an example of what it was possible for Christian education to accomplish for an Indian girl. Jack Griffin, the cook used to tease Anastasia, by drawing pictures of her as Psyche with a lighted taper in
her hand, for one of her duties each morning was to carry
the lamps and candles into the kitchen and clean and renew
them for the coming evening.

At Christmas time, 1882, she went home to spend the
holiday season with her parents. She never came back to me,
as she became sick and died within three months of "quick
consumption". During her illness Mr. Ronan and I would drive
to her father's ranch house often to see her and to take her
little delicacies from the table and other things to please
and to amuse her. At that time we were all excited about
the building of the Northern Pacific railroad. The last
time I saw Anastasia, "Nana", as the children called her, I
could not keep back the tears, she looked so wasted and so
pathetic. She noticed and said, "Don't cry, Mrs. Ronan.
You know, I'm sure if I have a ride on the railroad train
I'll get well right away." She did not live to have this
quaint wish gratified.

Anastasia's last wish reminds me of another anecdote
of Mr. Ronan's about the coming of the railroad. While
the Northern Pacific was negotiating with the Flatheads for
the right of way across the Reservation, an old Indian, well-
known for his shrewdness, came to Mr. Ronan and said he
hoped the bargain would be closed and the money paid over
before the track got to Bad Rock, an enormous rocky promon-
tory jutting into the bend d'Oreille river. This rock gave
the Indians a great deal of trouble in their journeys and they were obliged to get over it by a precipitous trail. The old Flathead was sure the railroad would have to stop there. Mr. Ronan told him to go and see how the railroad would get by Bad Rock. He went and saw an explosion of giant powder, which threw the whole rock into the river and opened the road around the promontory. The Indian returned to say that he was ready to believe anything the white man might tell him since he had seen the mountain jump into the river.

A third nursemaid, one whom the children especially loved, was gay, pretty, curly-haired Agnes Polson, the daughter of Dave Polson and his Nez Perce wife Mary. Nothing in the appearance of Agnes suggested the Indian.299 She looked like a French girl and a very pretty one. Her pert little ways amused Mr. Ronan and furnished him with many of the stories people used to ask him to repeat and repeat. Once when Agnes had returned from a trip to Missoula with

299. I went to see Agnes in Polson in 1928. I did not find her at her neat, cozy little cottage. I was told that I might find her down on the bridge fishing, that she usually went there to fish every afternoon. There, true enough, I found her. She wound up the long line. As we strolled back to her cottage, she told me how good her husband had been to her throughout the years of their married life, of his sudden death, of her unutterable loneliness. She ended with a deep, deep sigh, "I forget a little sometimes when I am down at the river fishing; soon huckleberries will be ripe; I'll get my pony and go out into the mountains and camp and gather the berries; that will make me forget a little too."
her father, she told us that he had taken her to the theatre.
In answer to Mr. Ronan's query as to how she enjoyed it, she
replied, staccato, "Oh, very much, Major. My father got us
reversed seats!" Some ladies were visiting at our house one
day. We happened to be comparing the ages of our children.
Agnes, who was omnipresent, for she loved company and gaiety,
interrupted to mention the year in which she was born.
Intending to convey a reminder of her manners by the hauteur
of my tone, I said, "Did your mother tell you so, Agnes?"
"Oh, no ma'am," smartly, and looking very bright-eyed, "she
wasn't there." Agnes would have the limelight. When the
officers came out from Fort Missoula, she always hastened
to put on her most becoming frock, to dress the baby in
daintiest array, to send the other children to play out-of-
doors; then she posed herself and the pretty baby, in the
summertime on the clematis-embowered piazza or under the
silver maple tree on the front lawn; if the day were cool,
she set herself off on the red bricks of the hearth of the
wide fireplace in the sitting room, through which it was
necessary for guests to pass into the dining room. She
never failed to be noticed and to have herself and the baby
admired. Agnes's little ways never grew tiresome or annoy-
ing; she was amusing, not bold. After a time Agnes married
a brother of Anastasia's, Joe Bourjou; they were separated.
She married again L.C. Hitchcock, a business man in Pelson.

My children were taught at home, Vincent and Mary, at first, by me; next by Robert McGregor Baird, a Scotchman of refinement and of scholarly attainments, who had come to clerk in the trader's store. I engaged him to teach the children in the late afternoon and early evening hours. I can see that group now, -- handsome, black-haired, black-bearded Robert McGregor Baird, sitting in the low rocking chair with one of the children standing on either side of him. "These," he would say gently and engagingly, as he pointed out the vowels, "are little men. They can stand alone." Later Mr. Monan had Mr. Baird appointed Government clerk, and Miss Jackson, Doctor Adamson's sister-in-law, taught the children.

Robert McGregor Baird shrouded his past and everything about himself in mysterious silence. Others besides my husband recognized his ability; in 1884 the Eddy, Hammond Company offered him inducements to leave the Government service. He was robbed and brutally murdered in British

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300. Mr. Hitchcock was very kind to Agnes's mother. He provided for her during her last years. He always catered to her Indian customs, and even when she was a very old woman, provided her with ponies to go on her hunting, fishing, berrying and camping expeditions. Agnes went often with her. Until old Mary Pelson lost her sight, she occupied herself weaving Nez Perce bags of mountain grass. The last one that she wove, Agnes presented to Joseph L. Dixon, Assistant Secretary of the Department of the Interior.
Columbia in October, 1884. Something of his life story we
came to know through the broken-hearted letter of his aunt,
Charlotte Balfour, of Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh, Scotland,
written in answer to Mr. Konan's letter to her, telling of
her nephew's tragic death. Mrs. Balfour's name and address
my husband had chanced to notice in an advertisement which
appeared in one of the Helena papers inquiring the whereabouts
of one Robert McGregor Baird. But this romance of mystery
and crime is another story.

Isabel Clarke followed Miss Jackson as the children's
teacher. Her life story, too, is one of great interest. She
was the sister of Helen B. Clarke, first county superintendent
of Lewis and Clark County, and was sent by her to me as a
teacher for my children. Helen and Isabel were the daughters
of Malcolm Clarke301 and his full-blood Blackfoot wife; they
had been sent east, had grown up among their father's kin,
people of culture and means; they had been educated in a
convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. For years "Syvie,"

Life of Malcolm Clarke, by Charlotte Wisconsin Van
Cleave.
as the children called Isabel Clarke, was a beloved member of our family. After her followed A.M. McVie, an old newspaper man; Glen V. Carter and Anna J. Carter, a brother and sister, cousins of my husband's.

When they were in their teens, Vincent and Gerald were sent to Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington; Mary, to St. Vincent's Academy, Helena. Later Mary and Vincent had a year in the public high school in Oak Park, Illinois.

As with the house servants, Indian neighbors, teachers, so the Government employees, special agents and others that circumstances brought into our lives, furnished endless material for comedy, tragedy, romance. Especially was this true of the Government clerks, whom we knew most intimately, since each in turn, on account of the situation at the agency, had to become a member of our family circle. Most interesting, best loved of all was Thomas A. Adams, scion of an old and honorable Kentucky family, -- handsome, gallant, to sketch even a little the strange and direful events which happened his would lead me too far, would make me to sad.

302. Isabel Clarke married Tom Dawson, the son of Major Andrew Dawson, for whom Dawson County, Montana, is named. Tom Dawson's mother was a full-blooded Cos Ventre. Tom was sent to Scotland to be educated. He and Isabel are living on their Indian allotment at Glacier Park, Montana. In features and color Isabel Dawson shows her Indian blood; in every other way she reveals the blood and breeding of her father's people.
Though I have practically abandoned the order of the chronicler since I have been endeavoring to tell something of the numerous cross-currents that entered into my life among the Flatheads, I shall here include two of Father Ravalli's personal letters to me, because I have in mind that there is a faint chronological connection; because I wish to include them some place for sake of the glimpse they give of the sweet, affectionate, humorous, genial man, as well as of the patient, long-suffering, saintly priest; and, also, because of the bit of hitherto unwritten history in one of the letters about the naming of Ravalli station on the Northern Pacific line through the Flathead Reservation.

Stevensville, 19 of February, 1882

My Dear, Respected Lady!

Very happy indeed I should be if I could with appropriate words explain the surprise, the agreeable sensation, the immense gratitude which I felt a few days ago in receiving your dear letter, all sympathy for me in the suffering, with which our loving celestial Father is pleased to treat me. The impulses of my warmest obligations toward you were urging me to a grateful display of the sentiment with which I was animated, and praying to do it without delay; but such was not the will of God, and gladly I acquiesced to it. A few particular reflections increased by far the pleasure I received from your favor. I know it, I have many of my friends knowing the painful condition in which I am dwelling, feel moved to feel sorry for it. But you, you alone, went so far as to manifest by letter, what you feel in your heart! I see moreover in it a particular act of love from God toward me, and it is, the exciting of your will for a sweet
letter, just as such a time that your letter should reach at hand, when several miseries of my body, when the loneliness of my unattended cell, when the never interrupted permanence in this bed for the annoying lapse of fifteen months, and finally when a slight congestion of the liver, all together were acting on my wearied mind, giving particular and fantastic shapes to her operations. Your opportune and consoling letter acted on me as a charm, and so I thank God for his merciful providence. I must repeat to you my thanks for the readiness in following and consenting to the inspiration open by Him.

It is more than just that I should manifest the proceeding and happy result of your friendly letter; but by the expansiveness of my gratitude for it, pray do not infer that the cross on which my dear Sacred Heart of Jesus keeps me, should be against a resistant will of mine. No, no, far from that! Can it come from such a heart, anything, which is not a blessing for me? I certainly can not deny that Nature's prone to groaning, and that not seldom comes to my mind some kind of despondency, some fear that I may not be able to resist to the suggestions of the flesh, and of the devil. But in the same proportion, I see my absolute inaptitude for a sweet, filial, loving patience. I see also that I was absolutely not, and that I cannot expect elsewhere any real help, besides that hand who keeps me on the cross. He says in the canticle that He is asleep, but that His heart is always awake, and such thing is all my comfort. So, my dear Lady, instead of your kind sympathy for me, pray, thank earnestly the Sacred Heart for me, and with all the power of your spirit pray that His holy will be done on me, be it in one way, or in another.

I see that my self love has taken me by surprise, and that I expatiate on my concerning, so as to leave me scarcely the chance of saying a few words on each of the things, which you merely touch in your dear letter. Anyhow it comforts the thinking that I shall find you an indulgent judge of my selfish doing.

First of all, I must say that every time I
think of my dear Hogan and of his lady, your sister, I feel a kind of sweet commotion in my heart, because in them I see a clear example of Christian union, blessed with all the graces which flow directly from the marriage sacrament on such persons who approach to it with all the required dispositions of body and heart. God is in a particular manner dwelling in their house, and with Him all the blessing of domestic peace, connubial sincere love, and without their thinking of it, a silent inspiration of vigor and fortitude in their heart daily increasing to make them strong to encounter the trials which sooner or later God sends us to His greater glory, and our greater sanctification. But now I will make a little complaint against the doing of my dear old rascal toward me. When he was single he had taken a kind of custom to come here and see me at least once in a year, and treat me as a friend, as a father. But since united in blessed marriage began to pass between the two expressions, -- my old woman, my old man, -- behold, all his customary visits came to a stand. Don't you believe, dear lady, that he deserves from me a good shaking of the ears?

What I have said of dear Hogan and lady, I hope I can apply to Mr. and Mrs. Grace Demers. I say I hope, because though I remember with complacency of the good sister of Lambert, I can not say so of her husband, not being acquainted with him personally. I must say however that he enjoys of an excellent reputation. May God bless them, with His most selected and particular graces, so that the miseries of this life, without damage to their souls, be felt by them the less possible in our present appanage. I hope that you will on any proper occasion send them with my sincerest congratulations for their little ones. My wishes that their tender jewel be the joy of their old

303. Philip Hogan.
305. Louis Demers, one of the partners in the Demers Mercantile Co. at Arlee.
old age, and the comfort of our Holy Catholic Church, so much afflicted by the perversity of the present generation. They will obtain from God such happiness, if by their earnest prayers, and by constant solicitude during his tenderest age they try to keep him far from the corruption of little companions, instilling early in his little heart the love of the blessed Virgin, virtuous maxims also before the development of his mind. Blessed are the parents who do not follow the present insane notions upon the training of the innocent Childhood!

I was aware, my dear Lady, of the great joy of you and dear seat for the gift bestowed upon you by God of a twin offering, and then of your subsequent sadness in losing one of them. But how edified and pleased I am in perceiving in the expressions of your letter the magnanimity of your heart in offering with true and loving submission of your will such sacrifice to God! Yes, you have already in heaven her who continually repeats to the tender emotions of the Sacred Heart the powerful words -- my dear papa, my dear mama -- But did you ever pay particular attention to the fact that both of you have in heaven not only your babe engaged in your spiritual and temporal welfare, but also the good and innocent Minnie Sullivan, to whom you were like parents and friendly guardians of her pure soul from the contaminations of this wicked world in an age which was in her full of danger all around! Can you doubt for a moment of her intense gratitude toward benefactors and friends as you were to her?

Scarcely have space to sign my name. Anyhow I cannot omit to recommend myself to your fervent prayers. My end is not far, it is evident, and my spiritual need is poignant. Ask, please for me lowly submission, patience, and my love to Him. Oh, what will be my gratitude to you! A warm salutation to dear papa; thousand caresses to your children.

306. See page 326
Remember me to my friends, the Doctor, etc., and believe me yours respectfully affectionate friend

A. Ravalli, S.J.

Stevensville, 1st July, 1883

Mrs. Ronan

My dear Lady!

I would gladly in these few words I send you indulge in some innocent mirth, as distant echo of the joyful moments of your hospitality, moments already far passed away for me; but I feel obliged to let them aside, and in order not to abuse your time, which I am told now to be very busy in many occupations, to go directly to the principal cause of my addressing myself to you. My motives are of course to ask favors of you.

The first is to let Frank Decker have by the surest way the inclosed letter to him, and certainly there is no better way then to trust it to your kindness.

The second wish of mine, though regarding an object quite different from the former, I cannot see in what manner I could satisfy to it, than by intrusting it also to your delicacy and feeling.

Col. Lamborn of the R.R. Co., out of kindness for me, though personally unknown to him, has called the R.R. station at the bifurcation of the main road with the trail to the Mission after my name. Such attention on his part deserves from me some grateful acknowledgment of the fact. But wishing to present him with my thanks by an indirect way, I would it be done in such a manner as to avoid either a show of private complacency from my part, or of some kind of depreciation of

307. The miller at the Agency, successor to Ovando Hoyt.
his favor in his choice and preference. As I am informed that occasionally he accepts the offer of your hospitality at the Agency, you have at hand the opportunity of bestowing on him in the proper shape what I ask you for favor.

Oh, my dear Lady, for how much I may be obliged to you for the two above favors, a third, for which I pray and entreat you from the deep bottom of my heart, will report the palm over all, and such favor is that of your fervent prayers for me! How much I am in need of help for my poor soul in the long trial in which Providence keeps me! I shall not be ungrateful to your endeavors for me, when by the help of your prayers I shall enter the eternal place of bliss. Oh no, indeed, no.

My love to my dear friend Pete, and my most tender careess to your sweet children. Please remember me to Mr. Baird, and to all my friends at the Agency. Believe

Dear Lady
Your truly friend
A. Ravalli, S.J.
Among my mementos of Father Ravalli I have a muzzle-loading, double-barreled shot gun. The metal parts of the gun were found by an Indian on a hunting expedition in the Mission Mountains, back of the old Hudson's Bay Company's post on Post Creek, and brought by him to Mr. Ronan. The Indian said that the gun had lain so long that when he picked it up the wooden part crumbled. The gun was of fine workmanship, with scrolled silver work around the breech and stock; behind the double hammers was a plate bearing the inscription "Lord S." in gold letters, and, also, in gold letters, between the barrels immediately in front of the breech, the makers name, "A. V. Lebed-Ano-er-Privi-Aprague."

Mr. Ronan often speculated about the ownership,—and the mystery, the tragedy of which the gun might be the mute evidence. Because of my husband's romantic interest in it, Father Ravalli took the gun to Stevensville, assembled it, adding to the parts a wooden stock, beautifully carved by himself with a deer head on the grip and fine scroll work along the sides of the stock; on the right he set in a silver name plate with ornamentation of filigree; on it he inscribed "Peter Ronan--1879". All this he did when confined by illness to his bed.

For the lapse of another fifteen months after he wrote
me the second of the letters, dear Father Ravalli continued to suffer on his cross, the bed of a paralyzed. He died, October 2, 1884. At his request he was laid to rest in the old burying ground at Stevensville among those with whom he had lived and labored during forty years.

The coming of the Northern Pacific railroad brought us in closer touch with civilization, with kin and friends, with medical and military aid, but put an end to the old idyllic days.

"An immense crew of railroad constructors is now at work west of the Reservation, consisting of 7,400, with camp followers, gamblers, ex-convicts, and lewd women. They are rapidly advancing to the borders of the Reservation, accompanied by portable saloons, gambling houses, etc.,” was the information dispatched by Mr. Ronan to the United States Indian Office, Washington, D. C. "Merchants and traders of all descriptions also advance with the construction party, and when the border of the Reservation is reached, the question will arise whether this trade can continue in Indian country."

The question did arise. Trouble and contention followed. The drama of the laying of the "iron trail" and of the sending of the "fire horse" thundering across the Reservation is not for me to give. In that drama I played a role almost entirely behind the scenes,—that of the wife,
—mother of many children,—watching, listening, waiting, fearing, hoping, coming front stage sometimes in the mask of the smiling hostess.

An anecdote, apropos of place names along the railroad right of way, was related by Major Evan Miles, of the Twenty-Fifth Infantry, in a letter written to my husband, July 27, 1891;

In connection with my effort to obtain the origin of Indian names, I will relate an incident that occurred in 1882 in Oregon. ...Three engineers in the service of the C.R. and N. Company, named Mix, Kennedy, and Chalk, camped for some time at the mouth of Meacham Creek in Umatilla county, and when the camp ground was laid out as a station the name of "Mikecha" was given it—

Mi-x
Ke-nnedey
Cha-kl

When the name was announced, The Oregonian reporter, fond of a good joke, stated its origin was uncertain, but that it was evidently Indian, and called upon the old timers to give its significance. Various replies were received. One said it meant "running stream"; another, "a place of peace"; another, "fertile lands", etc., etc.

Three months after the golden spike was driven that marked the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad with my husband and our baby girl, who had been born on that momentous day, September 7, 1883, I had the happiness of going to visit my father in San Juan Capistrano. We traveled on the Northern Pacific to Portland and from there by steam—

309. Margaret Theresa Ronan, the Indians named her Ich-i-quesl-kan, Red-Hair.
boat down the Columbia river, across the bar into the
Pacific ocean, and down the coast to San Francisco; thence
by train to Santa Ana and by carriage to San Juan. I
pleaded with my father to return and make his home with us.
With sturdy independence he refused. "No, Mollie," he
said, "I must stay and keep the old place. Some day you
and the children will need it."

But Jimmie, my half-brother, came back with us. He
brought an exotic air into our home, for he had grown up
among the Spanish and Mexican people in San Juan and had so
completely assimilated their customs and language that he
sarcely seemed the American-born child of Irish parents.
His speech never lost its suave Spanish accent.

A pretty little story is connected with the Indians'
310
naming of Isabel, my fourth and last daughter. They
called her Sku-ku-leil (Sunshine). It was on February 5,
1887, that Sku-ku-leil came to gladden our hearts. For
weeks previous to her birth the weather had been cold and
gloomy. The sun seemed to have vanished from his accustomed
place. The Indians said, "The heart of the sun is sad or
angry, and he has turned his face away from the earth."
The morning after the little girl's arrival the sun shone

310. The namesake and god-child of Isabel Clarke Dawson.
See page
out gloriously all over the land; then the Indians said, 
"Behold! the sun is pleased again since God sent upon the 
earth this little child; she has brought joy to the home 
of the White Chief; she has brought back to earth the sun; 
we shall call her Sunshines."

Well suited is Sku-ku-leil to the name the Indians gave 
hers--a warm ray rests in her chestnut hair, soft is the 
light shining in her dark-gray eyes, and never did a child 
have a birthday gift of a nature more tender and sunny.

In October, 1887, I took my eldest, Vincent, and my 
youngest, Isabel, and went again to visit my father. He 
met me at the railway station in Santa Ana. The conquering 
spirit of the pioneer was manifest as of old. With his 
crippled left hand he was reining to control a team of 
horses that champed their bits, tossed their heads, and 
pranced in the harness. He was still living in the adobe 
I had helped him build, Casa Blanca, and there the children 
and I stayed with him although Judge Egan had insisted on 
turning over to my father, for our entertainment, his roomy, 
comfortable brick house. Again I begged my father to return

311. This story was written, almost word for word as it has 
been told here, for Indianland and Wonderland, at 
the request of the author of that booklet, Olin D.
Wheeler, for the issue of 1894. See page 28.
to Montana to make his home with us, but he repeated his sturdy refusal. When I bade him good-bye, we had seen each other for the last time. Within less than a year, October 1888, after a brief illness, he died. He was right about the ultimate value of his ranch, which, for various reasons, he left to me but which I chose to share with my sister and brother. We sold it to Judge Egan in 1899 for $7,000; this we considered a fair price at that time. In 1917, when my daughter Margaret visited Judge Egan in San Juan Capistrano, he told her that he had refused an offer of $100,000 for my father's property. "Only a lonely, old fool could sit here year after year holding on to his property and letting prices soar and the world turn itself topsy-turvey," he said.

One more child, and the tally of my family will be complete;—my youngest son Peter, was born September 22, 1890. I had my way and named the boy for his father; the "little Major", the agency employees called him. After all the years of protesting against the name of Peter, how proud the baby's father was to have a namesake! As with all the children, except Matthew and Isabel, so Peter got his Indian name for a characteristic of his personal appearance; his deep-blue eyes, Cha-cha-maska-chick-e-kloostas, meaning, to his intense chagrin during all his funny little boyhood,
Heavenly-Eyes. The whole family was under dire threat if ever the secret were revealed to his gang!

I said that I had accounted for my whole family. This is not quite true, for since 1886 one dear, dear boy, not yet named, had been making his home with us much of the time, William L. Murphy; Willie we called him. His mother had died when he was little more than a baby; and when he was nine years old his father died. My husband attended the funeral of his friend Con Murphy and there he saw the stricken, sensitive, delicate boy. His heart went out to the lonely orphan and he brought him home for me to mother with my vigorous brood.

Since murder and rapine have furnished front-page copy and by-line feature for newspapers yesterday, today, and will continue to do so, no doubt, as long as human nature is as it is, I need not add another telling to the many-times-repeated stories of a series of Indian murders which occurred previous to 1890; yet they so filled my days and nights with fear that I cannot pass over them without a word.

Imagine the terror of the wife of the Agent who walked alone into a council of forty sullen Indians and demanded

312. Prominent Missoula attorney.
that they surrender to him the Indian desperado, Koonsa, handcuffed the prisoner, and, accompanied only by a driver, set off to deliver the murderer safely at the county jail in Missoula, and did so.

A loud, startling knock at the door awakened us from sleep one dark December night in 1886! Joseph T. Carter, the agency clerk, delivered the message that there had been trouble with two drunken Indians at the trader's store at Arlee railway station, that V. B. Coombs, the trader, and the postmaster, a man named Beder, had killed one Indian and wounded the other, that the friends of the two Indians had assembled and were threatening vengeance, and that an armed posse had been summoned from Missoula.

Major Ronan had Chief Arlee and several head tribesmen notified to meet him at the scene of the tragedy. After several hours he returned home to say that all was quiet. The Indians had agreed to let the wounded Indian be taken along with the white men to Missoula for trial. We had scarcely settled down to try to get a little sleep when again a more startling knock echoed through the house. The messenger had come to report that no sooner had Major Ronan left than a party of armed Indians, accompanied by the father and relatives of the dead Indian, had assembled at the station and informed the sheriff that he could take the white men to Missoula, but that they would hold the Indian
this introduction amount the Indian, he sent my brother, because, in the judgment, it was wise to settle for myself. I knew that I was sincere in my attempt for him, and heart he was assured that he could command the wards. Be to prevent the command of the soldiers, that within the move I knew it was on my account that he was not making the move. I told my husband that I was not afraid to take that risk. Why not trust them as we wanted them to trust us? During these years and fifteen years, we had been pulling up some out indications, that the break for ever, and that command would surely. I feared the blood and earnest our command would succeed. The trouble reached everywhere, a determination of soldiers, and he knew what would happen, as soon as the news of perturbed, the settlement was abandoned.

All the telegraphic operators took their positions at the station and held the telegraph wires and cables at their best. The telegraph wires did not dare stretch. Return to the station. What the men did not dare disturb. The deputies were there, and ordered them on to the train to Indian gate, the Indian gate. The man who was placed upon a horse behind another Indian, who was wounded, instead of the deputies were discharged. When the sheriff and tie him according to trial law.
James Sheehan, on a fleet horse to Evaro with orders to
the operator to forward these telegrams:

Colonel Gibson,
Commanding Officer,
Fort Missoula.

Indians prevented the sheriff from arrest-
ing prisoners. There is no excitement here
among the Indians, neither do I fear any trouble
from Indian source. In fact, I apprehend neither
trouble or danger. The fact of the railroad
employees leaving the station will no doubt create
excitement. I hope to be able to turn the prisoners
over to civil authorities myself.

Robert Land, Sheriff,
Missoula County

I think there will be no trouble. Indians
excited on account of Coombs being taken to Missoula.
Let the matter rest until you hear from me. I am
of the opinion that I can turn Indian prisoner over
to you when excitement is over.

F. W. Gilbert, Superintendent,
Northern Pacific Railroad.

The excitement occasioned by the shooting of
the Indian at Arlee has subsided. I apprehend no
trouble. Send your men to the station.

Peter Ronan,
U. S. Indian Agent.

The telegrams reached Missoula just in time, for the
soldiers were already entrained.

Meanwhile Joseph T. Carter had ridden back to Arlee and
had taken charge of the trader's store. He was the only
white man left that day at the railway station.

The Indians proved worthy of our trust. They brought
the wounded tribesman to a house near the Agency, where his
wounds were dressed by Doctor William Dade, the agency
physician. A council was called. My husband explained
the trouble that might have arisen from their defiance of
the officers of the law; that unless they agreed to turn
the prisoner over to civil authorities trouble would surely
ensue. After ten hours of heated discussion, they sur-
rendered the wounded Indian. A few days later, when the
prisoner had regained some strength, my husband delivered
him to the authorities at Missoula, where he was discharged,
as were Coombs and Bader, on grounds of self-defense. The
two white men never again risked returning to the Reservation.

I have given so much space to this incident because
of my part in it, a part of which I am proud, for I was
really timid and when the safety of my children was at
stake, ever found it difficult to let my head rule.

This was not the end, however. Revenge rankled in
the hearts of the relatives of the dead Indian. The bodies
of two murdered white men were found near the mouth of the
Jocko. Lerra Finley, a half-breed desperado, killed an
Indian at the head of Flathead Lake. He was captured, con-
fessed to the murder, and reported that Pierre Paul,
Lala See and Antley were the murderers of the two white men,
whose bodies had been found at Jocko. They had committed
the crime to even the score of the Indians on account of the
tribesman whom Coombs had killed. These three Indians were
hunted far and wide; they eluded capture, even when three companies of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry had been called to Ravalli. All were, at last, tracked down, tried and hanged along with a fourth Indian, Pascale, who had murdered a man for plunder on the lonely road between Dayton Creek and Demersville.

This fourfold hanging in Missoula on December 19, 1890, was observed with the pomp and circumstance attendant upon a great civic ceremony. It was attended by invitation only, and invitations were issued to dignitaries all over the state of Montana. The Missoula Weekly Gazette of December 24, 1890, scarcely in a spirit of goodwill, devoted almost its entire eight-page issue to a rehearsal of every detail of the event, even to the distinguished list of "those present".

DEATH'S DEGREE

THE MURDERED WHITES AVENGED

THE DEVIL HAS HIS DUE

Pierre Paul, Lala See, Pascale, and Antley are good Indians now. They were hanged this morning.

The spirit which led the newspaper reporter to use these headlines and this lead to his story grieved Mr. Ronan, as did all the grim details of the awful occasion. He felt the deep heart-gash for the simple children of the forest under his charge, who had fallen in evil ways as a result of drinking the white man's firewater.
LITTLE-CLAW-OF-A-GRIZZLY-BEAR

In his little book entitled History of the Flathead Indians, Their Wars and Hunts, my husband has told from first hand knowledge the story of the grievances of Charlot, Elen-hak-kah (Little-Claw-of-a-Grizzly-Bear), the hereditary chief of the Bitter Root Flatheads; of the various treaties with the Government which bereft him of his ancestral domain in the Bitter Root Valley; of the Senatorial Committee, headed by Senator G. G. Vest, of Missouri, and Congressman Martin Maginnis, of Montana, that held council with him in the fall of 1883 and offered him inducements to move with his tribe to the Flathead Reservation; of his refusal to go alive.

"We are only a few. We are poor and weak," said Charlot, gazing steadily at Senator Vest. "You would not talk to us in this way on the plains when we were many and strong."

"We do not come here to threaten you," replied Senator Vest. "We come as friends to act fairly and honestly with the Indians. We know you are the white man's friend, and we came here to see how you and your people could be benefitted. Your brothers want you and your people to come with them upon the Reservation and to cultivate the lands and become prosperous."
"My hands and those of my people are free from the white man's blood," retorted Charlot. "When the Nez Perces came here we protected the whites. Why does the white man take his heart from us now?"

At this juncture an old gray-headed Indian, one of whose eyes was blind, stood up, and with his hands stretched out toward the Senator, cried out, "I am old and nearly blind. When the Nez Perces were here, I was told they were going to abuse a white woman. I got my revolver. I placed myself in front of her. I told them they would have to kill me before they injured the white woman. My friends will tell you this is true."

Again Senator Vest assured the Indians that he knew they were the friends of the whites and that the Great Father in Washington wished to deal fairly with them.

"We do not wish to leave these lands," said Charlot. "You place your foot upon our necks and press our faces into the dust. But I will never go to the Reservation. I will go to the plains."

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313. Joseph's Own Story, p. 24—"On the way we captured one white man and two women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly. The women were not insulted. Can white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners, and held three days and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Perce women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect? I deny that a Nez Perce was ever guilty of such a crime."
"Joseph, the Nez Perce Chief, and his band attempted to
go to the plains," replied Vest. "Look where he is now. There are no more plains. The white men are as thick as
leaves. Either get a patent to your land here or go upon
the Reservation, where you can raise plenty to eat."

Charlo then made a speech, saying that the Indians
would not take out patents, would not pay taxes; he referred
to the terms of early treaties, which had not been fulfilled,
to the forging of his mark to the Garfield Treaty of 1872;
he concluded by taking off his old battered hat, throwing it
upon the floor, and shouting, as he glared into the eyes of
Senator Vest, "You may take Charlot to the Reservation, but
there will be no breath in his nostrils! Charlot will be
dead! He will never go there alive!"

Before the council broke up Charlot did agree to go to
Washington, D. C., to talk the matter over with the Great
Father. Arrangements were made; he, Michel Rivais, the in-
terpreter, and four of Charlot's head men, Antoine Noise--
Callup-squel-she (Crane-with-a-Ring-around-his-Neck),
Louis--Llcoot-swa-hkay (Grizzly-Bear-Far-Away), John Hill--
Tah-het-chat (Hand Shot Off), Abel or Tom Adams--Swam-ach-ham
(Red Arm) accompanied Mr. Ronan to Washington, D. C. On the
sixteenth of January, 1884, the delegation took its departure

314. Joseph was not sent to the Colville Reservation until 1885.
from Missoula.

Every day during his stay in Washington, Mr. Roman either wrote me or sent me clippings from newspapers about the Flathead Delegation, their appearance, reception, entertainment, and futile counseling. The newspaper clippings were read to tatters by the agency employees. The letters I have preserved; they tell an intimate personal story of my husband's experiences:

Willard Hotel,
O. G. Staples, Proprietor,
Late of Thousand Island House
Washington, D. C., Jan. 23, 1884.

My Darling Wife: At eleven o'clock last night we arrived in Washington. Commissioner Price had a man waiting for us at the depot; and Maginnis, Hugh McQuaid and Al Hamilton were also there to meet us. The Indians were provided for at the Tremont House and I was taken to Willard's Hotel, where Major and Mrs. Maginnis have always had rooms since Maginnis resided here as delegate.

Of course I was tired after the long journey, but this morning I was up with the lark, and after a nice bath and shave felt fresh as a daisy. After breakfast in company with Maginnis, I reported to Commissioner Price, who received me very cordially and informed me that the President and Secretary Teller were both out of town and would be gone for several days, and to show the Indians the sights and enjoy myself as well as I could as no business would be done until their return. I was then introduced to the Indian office clerks and visited Mr. McCammon, who really exhibited both friendship and pleasure at our meeting, and inquired

315. Joseph K. McCammon, Washington attorney, had come to the Agency as a member of the Transcontinental Railroad Survey Commission.
very particularly about you and the children.

From Mr. McCammon's Maginnis and myself went to the Senate Chamber and met Senator Veste, who received me in the most cordial manner. Tomorrow Maginnis, myself and other guests are invited to dinner at the Senator's residence. The dinner is to be given in honor of the Indian Delegation and Charlot and all the Indians are to be present.

Today I took the Indians to call upon Father Brouillet, but we could not see him, as he was not expected to live through the night. On Friday we are to be escorted through the halls of Congress and all the public buildings. Saturday's program is not yet laid out; but the program for Sunday is, which is no less a treat, than to have seats reserved for us in the church for mass and to listen to a sermon from Monsignor Capel, who is now in Washington. I anticipate my greatest pleasure on Sunday in listening to the great Catholic prelate.

I took Michel and Charlot to a doctor today, who says there is a chance, and only a chance, of restoring Michel's sight. Charlot he says will, in the course of a year, be as blind as Michel if an operation is not performed on his eyes. After the return of the President and the Secretary, when their business is settled, I will see what can be done for them.

Major and Mrs. Maginnis....are out to a party tonight, given by a congressman whose name I forget just now. I had an invitation but I concluded rather to retire to my room and scratch off a few lines to sweetest love -- my darling wife, and my dear little children. ..... 

Before I close I must tell you what Senator Veste said about my standing in the Indian Department, for I know it will please you. He said, in a conversation with Commissioner Price, that gentleman told him that there were only three Indian Agents in the Service, that were up to the standard of what he considered fit men for their positions and that I was one of the three and stood at the head of the class. ..... 

* * * * *
Willard Hotel, January 27, 1884.

..........This being Sunday morning I arose early to write first to you, and then to prepare myself and the Indians for Mass at the Jesuit Church of Saint Aloysius..........I am just beginning to get uneasy and restless to hear from you......

President Arthur and Secretary Teller returned from New York last night, and I expect my Indians and their affairs will be brought before them on Monday. In the meantime I have been enjoying myself immensely.

Just now (I suppose for lack of other beasts) Agent Roman and his Indians are the lions of Washington. I am actually over-run with invitations for myself and the other animals. Senator Vest, on account of the rush on me, postponed his entertainment until yesterday, when we spent a delightful day with the Senator, his family and invited guests, among them were Major Maginnis and other acquaintances of mine. I attended a garden party, a hop at Willard's, a masquerade, and Senator Vest's dinner party since I wrote you, and my memorandum book is filled with engagements up to Saturday next, when we dine with Captain Mullen, who has taken the place of General Ewing at the head of the Catholic Indian Bureau..........            

* * * * *

Willard's Hotel, January 29, 1884.

..........In company with Major Maginnis and Senator Vest I had an interview today with Secretary Teller, and tomorrow I will bring Charlot and the Indians before him to talk business. With filling engagements and visiting with the Indians my time is constantly occupied. This evening I took them to Ford's Opera House to witness a grand performance by a troupe of "sure enough Negroes", and the Indians enjoyed it very much. They are all well and Charlot is in the best of spirits. Tomorrow night I must take them to the "Council Fire", residence of a Dr. and Mrs. Bland, where we are to have a reception. I know this will be an infliction—but as I am on the rounds with the Indians I cannot afford to act discourteous with any-
February 3, 1884.

غا...I feel as gay as a young colt.

Darling, you ought to have seen your dude of a husband yesterday at Mrs. McElroy's reception at the President's house. He was compelled by force of circumstances to order two suits of clothes; one an evening dress suit -- "claw hammers" coat, white kids, white satin necktie, a beaver hat, etc., etc. The other is an afternoon calling suit--a four button cut-away coat with everything else to match, and if you think I have had an idle moment since I arrived here you are mistaken. Every night I have to make a list of engagements for the next day and evening.

Yesterday I took the Indians to the Smithsonian Institute where we were all photographed in groups and singly. I say "we" because an order was issued from the Secretary's office for me to have my photograph taken with the group. I have been informed that I will be supplied with a dozen copies of each of the pictures. After that was over I had an interview with the Secretary, then an interview with the Commissioner of Pensions, and then made my call with Major and Mrs. Maginnis at the President's, and in the evening took dinner with Captain John Mullen and his interesting Catholic family in their magnificent mansion. So you see how yesterday was. The day before I had a similar round and wound up with a dinner party at Mr. McCammon's, where I met a young Frenchman who is a great grandson of Lafayette. He conversed in French with Michel and was delighted with the Indians at the McCammon's table, who ordered fish for dinner because it was

316. Chester A. Arthur.
317. A copy hangs in the State Historical Library at Helena, Montana. In Missoula copies of the picture are in the possession of Mary C. Roman, F. T. Sterling, and Elmer Hershey.
On Monday we are to have a final talk with the Secretary and make a call on the President. I do not know how Charlot's business will turn out. He has had most tempting offers to remove to the Jooko, but he still clings to his wish to remain in the Bitter Root. However it will terminate, the visit will result in great good to the Indians and most beneficially to me, as I have been thrown among and formed a personal acquaintance with all the officials in the Indian Department, who, from the mightiest to the lowest, have treated me in such a marked and courteous manner, that I have excited the curiosity of Inspectors Benedict and Howard, who are both here settling their accounts.

Besides other engagements on Monday, I am going calling with Mrs. Maginnis, in a carriage which has been placed at my disposal by the Indian Office. Oh! they do things up here in shape, and a government official is "some pumpkins", but I am afraid you will think I am drifting into the same groove with the Virginian who held a position here, and was so elated over his honors that he wrote to his friends that he was "a bigger man than old Grant." ..........

I feel happy because I stand so well with my superiors and because my present position, humble as it is, seems to me to have opened up a bright and prosperous career, and will enable me to educate and bring up our little darlings and fit them for a life of usefulness and morality. .......... Our expenses here will fit up something like forty dollars a day, but as they are all paid here by the Government, and as it seems to be the disposition of the Department to give me plenty of time, and to go to the trouble to inform me that as far as I am concerned time is not pressing! ....

I had a letter from my sister Theresa enclosing a letter of introduction to Congressman Collins of Boston, who is the brightest man in Congress. ..........

* * * * *
February 5, 1884.

..........I will have to remain fast some three weeks longer to have operation performed on Michel's and Charlot's eyes. ..........I have only time to write a few lines this morning, as I am very busy today. At eight tonight Maginnis and I will attend the President's reception, accompanied by the Indians.

* * * * *

February 6, 1884.

..........It is strange that it takes a letter three days longer to reach here than a traveler. ..........I assure you that I have either written or sent you marked newspaper notices of my movements every day since my arrival here.

I attended the President's reception last night and was requested to bring the Indians along. Our position was opposite the President and Mrs. McCloy and the ladies of the Cabinet, who assisted in receiving. We were placed there by wish of the President so that we could hear each name pronounced as introduced and view the callers as they passed. The night was oppressively hot, and after an hour's gazing upon the most gorgeously dressed and beautiful women, and fine looking gentlemen, that I ever saw congegated together, I made my exit, followed by the Indians, who received a perfect ovation.

Charlot is the hero of the day, and although there are four other Indian Delegations now in the city, he and his people receive most exclusive attention from the government officials and citizens. Most of this has been brought about through the courtesies shown them by Maginnis, McCoomon, Captain John Mullen, Major Blake, Captain Clark, and a host of others, who have been in Montana, and have social influence and standing in Washington.

The operation which was to take place on the eyes of Charlot and Michel has been postponed until tomorrow, on account of lack of accommodation in the hotel and they will be transferred to
Providence Hospital tomorrow, where they will be
operated upon. Chloroform will be administered,
and Charlot has particularly requested that I be
present. In a day or two after the operation I
will go to Boston and leave the Indians here. I
will stop there a few days with my mother and
then return here. It will probably be three
weeks from date before I can leave for home. ....
This city, with all its charms and gayities of
society possesses no nook or corner in my heart
and I long for my quiet home......... Tell Michel's
wife that he will soon be home and I trust with
his eyesight restored, at all events he will not
lack for skill and money.

* * * * *

February 8, 1894.

.........Yesterday the operation was made on
Michel's eyes and also on Charlot's, and of course
I had to be with them. Today with the other
Indians I attended the funeral of Father Brouillett
at the Church of St. Matthew and witnessed one of
the grandest pageants of the church. I will not
attempt to describe it, as it will be published.
After service myself and the Indians in a car-
rriage attended the funeral to the cemetery. ....
Our carriage was placed next to the hearse. I
will send you the full account as soon as it is
published.

Now that the operation has been made the In-
dians will be kept in a dark room for about two
weeks and then we will return home. .... I at-
tended a brilliant party tonight at Willard's, and
tomorrow I will attend Mrs. McLlroy's reception.

* * * * *

February 10, 1894.

.........I must tell you what I have done since my
last. Saturday morning I visited Michel and
Charlot, who are in a darkened room. Charlot will
be entirely restored to sight, but there is only
a hope that vision will be restored to Michel in
one eye, sufficient to go around without being
led. 318 I then visited the Indian office and then went out with Mrs. Maginnis to make some little purchases....for you and the children, which will be forwarded...tomorrow. I then attended Mrs. McElroy's reception, and in the evening went to the theatre with Major Maginnis. Today I attended mass with the Indians at St. Matthew's church and listened to the finest music and the finest sermon you can imagine...... After luncheon I was invited to drive around the city with Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis. After dinner I retired to my room and here I am for the night.

* * * * *

February 12, 1884.

........Tomorrow night I expect to be in Boston with my mother..... You may depend upon it I will start for home the very next train after the doctor informs me that the Indians can travel.

* * * * *

Washington, D. C.
February 26, 1884.

I found the Indians, Charlot and Michel, with their eyes still bandaged and the doctor told me they could not travel for at least four days. What a disappointment, for I hoped that I could take the train at least one day after my arrival here and speed away for home. What a dull and heavy thing it is to be homesick. Here I am tonight in the great city of Washington—with all its glare and amusements—actually sad and homesick—within a block of where the great Italian opera troupe holds forth and I have no wish to attend. In fact I did not go to the opera since I came East and only attended the theatre three times—once in Washington, to see Florence, once

318. The operation failed to do Michel's eyes any good whatever; that on Charlot's eyes was successful.
in New York to see Mrs. Langtry, and once in Boston to see Booth in Hamlet, but tomorrow night I expect to go and hear Neilson, as it will be the last chance I will have.

The Indian matters are virtually settled. The Flatheads will occupy their lands in the Bitter Root. Flows, harrows, wagons, etc., will be issued to them, at least are promised, and I will have charge of their affairs. I will not go into details as I will start for home probably--yes, early on Saturday, and will reach there a few days after this reaches you. Do not let anything trouble you about my affairs. It is enough to say that I am assured by Secretary Teller, himself, that I stand in the highest notch in the Indian Department. I will tell you when I get home why those inspectors came so thick--it has all been explained--one reason was to give them a chance to spend all of last year's appropriation--so that no money would go back into the treasury from that fund. Their going to the Agency was connected in no way with any distrust or suspicion of management at the Agency. I have learned a great many useful things here, and one of them is that the visit of an inspector at the Agency again will neither give me concern nor annoyance any more. ... I will telegraph about the day of my arrival at Missoula, and if you can, take the baby and meet me, telegraph to the Arthur house to reserve nice rooms for us.

* * * * *

After all that had been said and done in Washington,

319. "The play was stale and dry--it is entitled The Wife's Peril--and Mrs. Langtry did not come up to my expectations of the English beauty I have heard of. My darling, in figure, form, face, and carriage I have seen nothing in this vaunted beauty that would bear comparison with my own sweet wife. She is tall and well-proportioned, graceful, but to my notion, entirely too large, and, if I may use the term, too coarse, for the real beauty I expected to see. Well, enough of Langtry." Peter Ronan, The Hoffman House, Boston, February 13, 1884.
nothing was really accomplished toward the removal of the Flatheads from the Bitter Root to the Jocko Valley. No pecuniary reward, gifts, blandishments, or persuasions of the Honorable H. R. Teller could shake Charlot's resolution to live out his days and to die in the homeland of his forefathers.

On the evening of March 7, 1884, my husband arrived in Missoula with the Flathead Indian Delegation. He procured wagon transportation and sent them home, sent runners into the mountains to call the members of the tribe to meet in council, for most of them were hunting game, their only resource for food. After many consultations, backed by authority from the Department of the Interior, Major Ronan was able to promise to each family that would consent to move to the Jocko reservation, regardless of what Charlot did, a choice of 160 acres of unoccupied land; assistance in the erection of a house; assistance in fencing and breaking a field of at least ten acres; two cows, a wagon, a harness, a plow, and all other necessary agricultural implements; seed for the first year; provisions until the first year's crop was harvested; and the right besides to sell lands in the Bitter Root Valley, to which any had patents, and the improvements thereon.320 Twenty-one fam-

320. Peter Ronan, History of the Flathead Indians, pp.70-71.
families agreed to move and did so. The Department of the Interior fulfilled these promises to the letter and, furthermore, authorized the construction of an irrigation ditch to cover the lands settled upon by the Bitter Root Flatheads. To Charlot and his band in the Bitter Root Valley, the government issued supplies and assistance to get their farm lands in condition to yield them a living. Ten more families, seeing the prosperity of the twenty-one that had moved, appeared, unheralded and by no prearrangement, in the Jocko Valley with all their goods and chattels. For these ten families Major Ronan had no authority to do anything; that authority could have been granted to him only by an Act of Congress. No Act caring for these destitute families was ever, to my knowledge, passed. My husband did all in his power for them; from then on until his death, they became his special charges. Even when Charlot and his band finally consented to come to Jocko Valley, by some unfortunate oversight in the offices in Washington, D. C., no provision was made for the poor, wandering ten families.

Arlee died on August 8, 1889. He was buried in the Indian cemetery behind the little church of St. John Berchman's at the Agency. His funeral was a grand occasion. Indians gathered from far and wide to attend. His body was borne in state from his home, a mile west of the Agency, to the church. Hundreds of Indians and half-breeds, on horse-
back, in wagons, on foot, formed the motley cortege and
chanted the Salish song of mourning all the way from Arlee's
house to the church. At the head of this fantastic funeral
procession, in front of the funeral cart, rode Mary on Nig,—
prancing, dancing, champing his bit, and tossing his black
mane. Mary's long, unbraided, auburn hair, so much ad-
mired by the dead chieftain, rippled in the wind.

After the high requiem Mass and the funeral orations,
by the side of the open grave the coffin of Arlee was
opened, the hundreds of mourners passed in single file and
each one shook in farewell the cold hand of the departed
chief. When the coffin had at last been closed and lowered
into the grave, the long file again passed and each one
stopped for a handful of earth and dropped it in; the
boards of the coffin gave back a hollow echo. Following
the burial a great feast, lasting for a day and a night,
was held at Arlee's house at the expense of his heirs and
relatives. Mighty was the eating, accompanied by great
howling, orating, chanting, muffled beating of the tom tom;
all the debts and credits of the dead chief were settled
and all his earthly effects distributed among his heirs.

A funeral feast was always held by the Indians when a
tribesman or woman of property died; also, the opening of
the coffin at the grave side, the farewell shaking of the
hand of the corpse, and the dropping of the handful of earth
into the open grave were typical of all funerals among the Salish.

Immediately following Arlee's death, Major Ronan entered into negotiations with Charlot. If he would agree to come to the Reservation, all the promises that the government had made to him in Washington, D.C., in 1884, would be fulfilled; furthermore he would again become Chief over all the Flatheads,—as he had been in the days before Arlee accepted the terms of the Garfield treaty and was made Chief of the reservation Flatheads.

Charlot never recognized the chieftainship of Arlee and never again spoke to him after he deserted the Bitter Root Flatheads and went to the Reservation. The chance of having to face Arlee or of humbling himself to speak was gone forever. Arlee was dead. Charlot was impoverished. His once great and powerful tribe was reduced to scarcely three hundred poor individuals. He wavered in his decision never to leave the Bitter Root Valley alive.

In reply to Major Ronan's report to this effect, in the autumn the Department of the Interior sent as Indian Special Commissioner to make the final arrangements with

321. Ronan, op. cit., p. 68.
Battles of the American Revolution, etc. On the fly leaf of the autographed copy of the fifth edition of the volume named is written: To my esteemed friends, Major Peter Ronan and wife, Jocko Reservation, Montana. You have made my official sojourn among the Flathead Indians, who are under your care, a period of delight. Your labors for their progress in moral, religious and civilized life are appreciated and successful. Please accept this volume, which cost long and patient labor, as a feeble expression of the author's regard for each of you and your family of happy children, who will learn from its pages of our country's first struggle for National Independence.

Henry B. Carrington
U. S. Army

Born Stallingford, Conn., March 2, 1824. At the Agency, Dec. 18, 1839. Margaret I. S. Carrington, author of Ab-Sa-Ra-Ka, Home of the Crow, was the first wife of General Carrington; his second wife was Frances C. Carrington, author of My Army Life and the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre.

The Weekly Missoulian, November 27, 1899.
A letter of Gen. H. E. Carrington to Major Peter Ronan, dated Jocko Reservation, October 22, 1889. Victor was Charlot's father.
has the courage to conquer his own opinion, when change comes, for his people's sake."

These words fell persuasively on Charlot's ears, since they lent a semblance of magnanimity to a reversal of his decision; but really dire necessity drove him to abandon to the whites the Bitter Root Valley. The historic letter which records this decision is dated:

Stevensville, Nov. 3, 1889.

Dear Agent Ronan, Flathead Indian Agent,

Charlos has given me his hand and his signature. He says that "he will go to Jocko with 'Big Heart' and take his people with him there. He cannot longer refuse."

I have only time to say this and start on my appraisals. I wish I could express my thanks to Michel as I think he deserves.

To Francois, the noble, discreet, and Christian man, who has been my interpreter since Michel left, the Government can never do too much honor. There are thirty-two families in the Bitter Root valley, Charlos says, who will need provisions to bridge them over the winter. He says that their horses are worn down, and he wants supplies sent by Rail Road, to Stevensville, where they can be distributed under his direction.... The welfare of the entire valley as well as of this band of deserving Indians is involved in prompt response to this requisition. I esteem it one of the pleasant-

325. Michel Rivais.
326. Francois Saxa, son of Ignace who was the leader of the party that went to St. Louis in 1835 to get the Jesuits to come among the Flatheads. Francois accompanied his father. Months after the death of Major Ronan he came one day to Mrs. Ronan and handed her $2, which he said the White Chief had loaned him some time before.
est events of my life to have the new name "Big Heart", given me by the hereditary Chief of the Flatheads.

To have part in doing them justice, after so many whites have suffered, is a great privilege, indeed.

Sincerely your friend,
Henry B. Carrington
U.S.A.Special Agent, Int.Dept.

Though Major Ronan and General Carrington made every effort to induce Charlot to come at once to the Reservation, he did not do so until 1891. His coming was, under the existing circumstances, best for himself and best for his people; the persuading him to do so was a triumph in diplomacy for my husband; yet I have scarcely witnessed so utterly sad a scene as that historic spectacle of October 17, 1891. Of my impressions that day I wrote:

It was a unique and, to some minds, a pathetic spectacle, when Charlot and his band of Indians marched to their future home. Their coming had been heralded and many of the Reservation Indians had gathered at the Agency to give them welcome. When within a mile of the agency church, the advancing Indians spread out in a broad column. The young men kept constantly discharging their firearms, while a few of the number, mounted on fleet ponies, arrayed in fantastic Indian paraphernalia, with long blankets partially draping the forms of the warriors and steeds, rode back and forth in front of the advancing caravan, shouting and firing their guns until they neared the church, where a large banner of the Sacred Heart of Mary and Jesus was erected on a tall pole. Near the sacred emblem stood a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, the
Reverend Philip Canestrelli, S. J., with outstretched hands the good priest blessed and welcomed the forlorn-looking pilgrims.

Chief Charlot's countenance retained its habitual expression of stubborn pride and gloom, as he advanced on foot, shaking hands with all who had come to greet him. After the greetings were over, all assembled in the agency chapel for the benediction of the most Holy Sacrament. The "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo", chanted by the un-tutored children of the forest, told better than any other words could of the patient teachings of the Jesuit fathers. Every word of the beautiful Latin verses sounded as distinct as if coming from cultivated voices. If the poor creatures reflected upon the meaning of the words:

"Bella praemunt hostilia, \\
Be robur, fer auxilium," 329

they must have felt that the touching sentiment truly expressed the feeling of their hearts. After benediction, the good, and learned Father Canestrelli, who has spent many years laboring among the Indians, striving to enlighten their hearts, addressed them in their own language. The good words seemed to console and comfort them, if the peaceful expression of their countenances indexed aright their minds. 329

327. L. E. Palladino, S. J., Indian and White in the Northwest, p. 160—"Father Philip Canestrelli is in charge of this missionary station, and these poor, simple Flat-Heads are far from dreaming, that he who is today their spiritual guide and who works so zealously to teach them the rudiments of Christianity, had been singled out as worthy to succeed a Cardinal Franzolin in the Divinity chair in the Gregorian University at Rome." Bishop J. B. Brondel said that during his time in Europe, Father Canestrelli was considered one of the most eminent mathematicians.

328. "Our foes press on from every side; \\
Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow."

329. Vincent and Gerald were attending Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash. Vincent gave this letter to one of his teachers to read. The teacher requested that he be permitted to give it to a Spokane paper to be published. From the old files of the paper it was copied by Father Palladino and included in Indian and White in the Northwest, p. 60. A. L. Stone has quoted it in Following Old Trails, p. 89.
A house was built for Charlot a few hundred yards north of the agency square. He came often to sit upon my hearth or to be served a meal at our dining room table. He was taciturn; years of hopeless brooding upon his grievances had left a sullen stamp upon his dark, heavy-featured face. I came to know that he liked me and my family; often a look of benevolence lighted his face when my children spoke to him with courtesy befitting a king in exile, for so they were taught to do. Sometimes he broke the long silences to request that one or the other or all of my three red-haired daughters, Mary, Margaret, and Emabel, be called into his presence and bade to unbraid their long hair for him to feast his faded eyes on its bright color and to feel with his bronzed, old hands its soft texture. The little girls, for all the chief's admiration, did not enjoy this ceremony but they always played their parts in it graciously.

Charlot bore himself with reserve, dignity, and pride of race; as I have said, like a king in exile. But, alas, sometimes,—perhaps not unlike many another monarch of an elder day,—he was dirty! Once when he visited me in a most unusually dirty shirt, I erred so far in the delicacy and taste becoming a hostess as to get one of my husband's clean shirts and to tell my guest of far and high lineage, to change his shirt. Said he proudly in Indian, "The white man may like a clean shirt, but the Indian likes the dirty
"When I apologized he relented so far as to put the clean shirt—on top of the one which he wore."

I made the mistake of discouraging my children from speaking Indian. In the days when we were so isolated, when the children heard so little but Indian and broken English, I was fearful that they would never learn to speak their own tongue correctly. By constant association, however, the children could not but pick up some knowledge of the Selish language, the names of all sorts of common things, phrases of greeting and farewell, of approval and disapproval, queries and answers pertaining to all sorts of every day happenings.

On account of their years of friction with the white settlers in the Bitter Root Valley, the Indians of Charlot's band were less tractable than those whom we had been living among since our coming to the Reservation. Nevertheless my children continued to be free as free as could be to wander afoot or on horseback, alone or in groups, as far as their fancies led them. Never once in all the years was one of them frightened, or accosted in any but a friendly way. Mary even camped alone for days with her brothers at such remote and lonely places as Finley Creek Lake, Jocko Lakes, and Lake Mary Ronan.

An incident which has here no chronological connection
I shall relate because it corresponds with my earlier im-
pressions of the innate goodness and honesty of Indian
nature. One day in May, 1932, I answered a knock at the
door of my home in Missoula. A white man said that some
Indians were asking for Mrs. Ronan. I stepped down to the
side walk. Screened by a large lilac bush lush with
blossoms were two miserable, dirty, feeble, old Indian men.
One was blind, shockingly so, with empty sockets and
shrunken eye-lids. His companion was so stupid looking
that the thought flashed at once "the blind leading the
blind"; he handed me a crumpled, soiled piece of paper. It
read: "Sisters of the Sacred Heart Academy\textsuperscript{331} blind Michel
wants to see Mrs. Ronan." When I assured him that I was
she, blind Michel put two silver dollars in my hand and
clasped it with both of his moist, withered hands. I had
difficulty in understanding him or making him understand me
because he and his companion were Kootenais and because he
could not see my signs and his companion was dull about in-
terpreting them. At last, however, what he was saying be-
came clear. More than forty-five years ago he had stolen a
blanket and a hammer from me. (I had never, that I can re-
member, missed these articles.) He was old now and was go-

\textsuperscript{331}. The Sisters of Providence of Montreal, two blocks away.
ing soon to Kolinzooten (God). He let go of my hand, pointed upward, and turned toward the sky his suffering, sightless face. He wished to go with all his earthly accounts settled. He had come to me to make restitution for his theft. We passed the money back and forth between us a number of times before I made him understand that I thought him a good man, hkest seale-ee-hue, that I liked him, my heart was good toward him, hkest-lu-i-spee-oose, that his restitution was accepted, and that now I, because I liked him, gave him back as a present the two dollars. He knelt on the cement walk and sobbed and prayed aloud, asking God to bless me. Finally he went down the street as happy as a child, with one hand on the arm of his now smiling companion and the other clasping his two silver dollars.

The years from 1890 to 1893 marked a period of peace and the highest point of prosperity for the confederated tribes of the Flathead Reservation since the coming of the whites among them. Major Ronan's troubles were mainly with unscrupulous white men who sold whiskey to the Indians, who tried to infringe upon the rights of the Indians and the lands set aside for them, and with those who objected to Indians hunting off the Reservation.

The railroad had made the Agency more accessible. The older children had formed friendships at school and had begun to invite their visitors, and so our procession of
guests doubled and trebled. Among those of the latter years
I shall name only two, both of them charming women and gifted
writers, now deceased. Their memory is kept fresh by the
warm, affectionate, beautiful letters I have from them ex-
pressing appreciation of such hospitality as my husband and
I extended to them, and by an autographed book from each of
them. Boots and Saddles was presented with the compliments
of the author, Elizabeth B. Custer, whose husband played so
tragic a part in the history of Montana's Indian wars, and
Rainbows End, by Alice Palmer Henderson, a correspondent
for St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Chicago papers. In one of
her articles she published this impression of her visit with
us:

A train man hoarsely yelled 'Missoula'. So
we were somewhere. The hour to Arlee was easily
passed fussing with my belongings, and at some-
thing like one of the clock I stood in the cool
night air and followed a tall figure, through a
darkness which was palpable, to a carriage. Five
miles of mystery and Montana's electric air, then
the barking of dogs from an Indian's tepee, then
the cheery lights from the agency, then the cordial
voice of Major Roman himself welcoming me to the
Flathead Indian Reservation; lastly, a homey room,
strung with the beautiful, long-haired white skins
of the Rocky Mountain goat, with white curtains at
the windows swaying invitingly, and an old-fashioned
feather bed to whose embraces I yielded myself with
a sigh of content and immediately lost myself in
that unknown which is ever so near us. This was
the beginning of it all, a week so novel and de-
lightful that-- 'Lord keep our memory green.'

The next morning was Sunday. Just as the sun
ray had laid his fingers across my eyes with
"Guess who--it is the Day", the sweet little brown-
eyed daughter of Major Ronan brought me in some hot water, and the sunny haired one timidly handed me a bouquet of the exquisite wild flowers which grow in such profusion thereabouts. Afterwards, I found those two little acts to be the keynote of the household harmony—"Helpfulness and courtesy".

What New York club man sat down to a better breakfast? Mountain brook trout just out of the icy water and venison, not to mention plenty of gay conversation and fun over Wah, the Chinaman, who was constantly rushing in and out noiselessly like a celestial Mercury. "Wah likes meals conducted on strictly business principles," laughed Mrs. Ronan; "hold to your plate until you have done, or he will whisk it off while you are talking. I cannot break him of the habit. Often in the midst of a story he will swoop down on the Major's plate and before you realize it his cue is disappearing through the door." "Glough?" broke in Wah at this juncture. Yes, we were and went out on the porch to view the landscape o'er.....

Without the large fenced enclosure, on a little eminence, stands the little white mission church.... As we sat on the porch, the Indians began to gather for service. They came afoot, the squaws carrying their papooses on their backs, or on small Indian ponies which they tethered here and there. They all wore the brightest yellows, purples, and reds obtainable, and the braves, especially, strolled along wrapped in their striped blankets, their long hair in tiny braids, with all the superiority of mind that consciousness of being well dressed confer. As well be out of the world as out of the fashion. 334

332. Mrs. E. C. Trask see Katherine Ronan.
333. Margaret Theresa Ronan.
334. "The name of the magazine, long ago clipped from this fragment, was, I think, The Northwest, the date, August, 1890." M. C. Ronan.

Both Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Henderson visited the Agency in 1890. Hamlin Garland visited at the Agency for a few days in the summer of 1897. An autographed copy of A Spoil of Office occupies a place of honor beside the two books named above.
Newspaper men besieged Major Roman for copy. For The Anaconda Standard he wrote a series of articles entitled *Stories of Life, Some Scraps of Indian History in Montana's Early Days*; several of them I have embodied in part in these memoirs. Another series of articles, written for the Helena Montana Journal, the editor, George D. Boos, transferred from the galleys of the paper into a slender volume, which was issued in 1890 under the title *Historical Sketch of the Flathead Indian Nation from the Year 1313 to *to 1890.* Among many letters, in an old file, asking for or acknowledging the book are letters from C. W. Halford, private secretary, on behalf of President Grover Cleveland; John W. Noble, Secretary of the Interior; Joseph K. McCammon, attorney, Washington, D. C.; Charles L. Lusk, the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions; Elizabeth S. Custer; Alice Palmer Henderson; Major Evan Miles, U. S. Army; Father H. Allaens, with the request that he be permitted to translate the book into Flemish for publication in Belgium, and from others.

My husband's always robust health broke. He had lived so abundantly, had crowded so much thought, activity, sympathy into every day that it is little wonder he had ex-

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335. I bought all the remaining copies and distributed them to members of the family, relatives, friends, the Missoula Public Library, and the Library of the University of Montana.
haunted his energy. Some of his mining claims had begun to look promising; he had homesteaded a tract of land around Lake Mary Ronan, and had entered into plans with his friend Henry Bratnober to form a partnership to raise cattle. He felt that he could provide for the growing demands of a large family better out of the Indian service, and had decided to retire at the expiration of his term of office in 1893.

In June of that year he attended the World's Fair at Chicago and accompanied Vincent and Mary home from school in Oak Park, Illinois. A physical examination revealed such an alarming condition of the heart that the doctors recommended an immediate change to a lower altitude. Since I was too ill to go with him, Major Ronan took Gerald and spent a short time in Seattle and Victoria. He arrived at home unexpectedly on August 20, 1893. He seemed to be much benefited and in the best of spirits. That evening he died suddenly. He was laid to rest in St. Mary's cemetery in Missoula.

Thus I found myself thrust upon a new, a dim and desc-

336. The Indians who guided Major Ronan to this remote, beautiful lake northwest of Flathead Lake could tell him no name for it, and so he named it in honor, at the same time, of his wife and of his eldest daughter. He, originally, stocked it with fish.
337. Henry Bratnober had realized a large fortune from the sale of his interest in the Drum Lummson mine at Marysville, Montana.
late frontier,—my life partner gone, four boys and four girls to rear and to educate, slender means and many legal entanglements. Such a frontier as this, indeed, many another lonely woman has had to find her own way through.

My husband's clerk, Joseph T. Carter, was appointed to finish Major Ronan's term as Agent of the confederated tribes of the Flathead Indian Reservation; he was then reappointed for a term of four years with Vincent as his clerk. And so with my children I continued to live at the Agency.

Scarce a day passed but some of the Indians came to our house and asked to see Major Ronan. This meant that they wished to be admitted to the room where hung a large portrait of him. Sometimes they knelt before it and prayed, sometimes they wept, oftenest they sat impassively for a long period gazing at the picture of their beloved friend.

In the quaint church of St. John Berchmans, just outside the stockade, on August 21, 1895, Mary was married to Joseph T. Carter. When Joe's term as Agent ended, in 1898, I brought my family to Missoula and made my home because here the State University of Montana had been established and thus a college education was a possibility for some of the children. I have lived ever since in the little house on Pine Street where I now reside. I have spent some

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338. Died in Los Angeles, October 20, 1930.
months with my married daughters at various times in Salt Lake City, in San Francisco, in Santa Cruz, and in Los Angeles. To the east I have never traveled farther than Helena, Montana.

Vicariously I have lived wherever the fortunes of my children have led them and thus I have lived more deeply than ever I did as an individual. In the joy, in the success of my children I have risen to rapture unknown before; in their suffering, failure, and sorrow I have felt anguish unutterable and not to have been endured but for the faith that

"Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God." 340

ABBREVIATIONS

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