

After Mother's death, in a box of old papers, I found these letters from Elizabeth Scott, my mother's mother, written between 1879 - 1900, to her brothers and sisters in New Brunswick. I believe they were sent to Mother by a cousin living there. They were too fragile and faded to duplicate well so I typed them, believing them to be of interest to you all. They give a good picture of early pioneer life in the Willapa Valley. I only edited the philosophical portions and many greetings to friends and relatives in New Brunswick.

George Scott, with his brother Henry and John Dyer, left Canada in 1878 to come West to find a "better life" for his family. In 1879 his wife, Stephen Dyer, Ida, Cynthia, Byrmins, and George, accompanied by Mrs. Henry Scott and her family followed him. The letters tell the story. After the first year they do not speak of the Henry Scotts. I know Uncle Henry lived to a ripe old age and died at my parent's home in South Bend, but feel the two families must have become estranged in some way.

George Scott was killed in a logging accident in 1886 Elizabeth then sold the Willapa property and bought a farm across the river from South Bend, where she lived until 1889. Then she lived "around" with her children, finally making her home with the Fenton Smiths' in South Bend until her death.

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San Francisco, Calif.
Friday Aug. 29- 1879

Dear Brother:

I sit down to write you a few lines to let you know that I am still in the land of the living. We arrived here on Sunday morning last, all well but myself. I was sick on the cars for three or four days, but I still kept up till (sic) I got here. We intended to go on to Astoria Monday morning last, but I took an attack of cholera on Sunday night. I came very near going for it. They sent for the doctor at 9 o'clock. He said to them I could not live till morning. I had passed in to the last stage of cholera and was dying with cramps. The last I remember were the doctor holding me in his arms and pouring the whiskey into me as fast as he could make me swallow it. I begged him to let me die in peace. Thought I might as well die there as anywhere else and God would take care of my children but he said he would try his best to bring life and pulse back to me. There was four of them rubbing me with hot flannels and mustard and whiskey and bottles of hot water in the bed all around me. The doctor stayed with me all night and I did not come to myself till 9 o'clock Sunday morning. As soon as I came to myself the doctor said Thank God -- you will live now, but I was so sick and weak I was not able to sit up till yesterday. I am weak yet but I feel first rate. The doctor gave me some bitter medicine for my appetite and it makes me as hungry as a wolf. We have bought our tickets for Astoria. We go on tomorrow in the boat. When I arrive at South Bend I will write you a longer letter with full particulars about our journey. I did not mind the trip across the continent. I rather enjoyed it. We would have had a jolly time if I had not got sick but still I suppose it might have been worse. Having to stay here this week has put me to about sixty dollars extra expenses including doctors bills, but if I have no more bad luck I will have enough to carry me through all right yet. The weather here is lovely, neither hot or cold but just lovely. Times are pretty good. They tell me wages are good here. Girls doing house work get from 20 to 30 dollars a month. They prefer Eastern girls to them that belong here. I think it a very stirring place. I like the people that I have had any acquaintance with by what little I see of them but remember this --- if you ever cross the continent you will find every thing is different from what it is generally represented --- both places and people. You will hardly realize that you are in the land that we have been reading and hearing about all

our lives. The people are not proud but enterprising. Their only thought is how to make the almighty dollar and everything you do or buy costs like the very devil out here and fare is high for travelling too. I paid 40 dollars for our ticket to go up on the boat tomorrow that only carries us 650 miles. We will have 50 miles to go after. I will write you again as soon as I get there. You must write me and direct your letters to South Bend, Pacific County, Washington Territory. Give my love to Lizzie and all your family and Rebecca Jane and all my friends that enquire for me. From your ever loving sister.

Mill Creek, Willapa
Nov. 22, 1879

Dear Brother:

I received a letter from you some time ago but I was writing it off from one time to another. I am not able to work today and I took my chance to write. I have pains in my limbs so that I cannot sleep nor work. I expect it is rheumatism. It has bothered me all the week but I feel some better this afternoon. I wrote to your wife last week and the girls wrote to Claudia. I want you to write to me once in a while and tell Lizzie to write. I dont expect to ever see you again in this world but we can write each other and let our family correspond, for we are strangers in a strange land and I dont care much to cultivate acquaintance here for I dont like the inhabitants generally. Still I think there are kindly spirits among them if they only kneel enough to act themselves. There are a good many Dutch in this valley. George says they are the best people we have here. I have seen some of them. I have only been in to our house besides our own since I came to the valley. Henry's wife and I went to spend the afternoon with a Mrs. Wheaton. She is our nearest neighbor. She thinks she is something maybe she is. I was out to Sam's camp last Sunday about a mile up the brook. He is hard logging this winter with three other bluenoses. We see Sam about every day. Byrnie was out there all day yesterday. Sam thinks of sending for his family in the Spring. I dont know whether he will settle in this valley or not. There is plenty of land and good land so they say. John and Steve are working here ye I think Steve will stay here for a while at least. They have no hired men now but our own, but they are putting in the big lumber every day.

George is driving the team - five yoke of oxen and Henry and John and Steve are chopping and sawing and getting

them ready. They have a nice lot of lumber in the stream all ready for the run of water which I expect we will have pretty soon now. They have in about two million. They say if they have good luck getting it into the mill it will pay their bills and have something besides. I hope they will for I want to see a good piece of land cleared next summer if I live. I think this is the making of a splendid farm but it will take any amount of labor and capital too, to make a farm but then they would have a farm worth mentioning. I expect you will have cold and snow enough by this time. You get this and you can pile on the wood and imagine us wading through the mud with gum boots on. We have to keep two stoves going in pretty good shape to be comfortable. It is not cold here but very damp and chilly but they tell me they have no snow and very little frost.

The lumber here and growth of lumber is very large. It consists chiefly of spruce and fir and some cedar and alder and hemlock and very little of any other kind. The alders grow to a great size. I see them near our house four feet through. We use it for firewood. There is a tree grows here called vine maple. It is really a curiosity. The branches strike down in to the ground and keep growing and spreading till one tree will cover an acre of ground and you are puzzled to find out the first root of it but the woods are not handsome as they are in New Brunswick. The forest trees are so thick and dense they look dark and dreary and then the moss is hanging in great loads from the trees like great ugly looking horse blankets. The moss is caused by so much wet weather in the winter months. They tell me there is no oak or pine but I look with admiration of the tall trees they are cutting for logs. So tall and straight as an arrow and not a branch on some of them for over a hundred feet from the ground. You think the people must be big too. Well, they are not very bulky but they are generally big feeling and that makes up for the deficiencies in size.

The wild animals are chiefly cougars and bears. The cougars are very savage and a dangerous animal to contend with when disturbed but they are very shy and seldom show themselves if they can help it. The snakes here are small and harmless something like you have them there but there is plenty of them. The land is a loose black loam and soft. You can pull the stumps out quite easy in clearing land and it is very rich and well adapted to farming purpose and I don't think there is any trouble for a man to get a living here after he gets a start if they only half work but the country has its inconveniences. Never fear about that. It has its drawbacks like every other country. I don't want to

represent it all sunshine although I am content. I left my own country willingly and it has never entered my mind to be discontented or homesick for the reason I counted to coast before I left home. I often feel sad when I think my friends so far away but I try to cultivate fortitude enough to drive dull thoughts away. I dare not be too sentimental on that subject. It would not do for me. I am too sensitive to brood over anything of the kind and live and feel as though I should see all my friends again at some future time. You wished to know how we got along after we left San Francisco. Well, on the 30th of August I took passage on the steamer Oregon for Astoria. I was a little afraid of being short of money, my expenses being heavy in Frisco so I took passage in the steerage of the steamer. We got up for forty dollars. The cabin would have been eighty dollars. Well, we had a jolly time for certain. About four hundred passengers in a stifled, devilish dog-hole. It makes me mad when I think about it. Steve and the girls were all seasick but I felt too ugly to be one bit seasick but of all the throwing up of ankle joints I ever seen that was the worst and most disgusting. Every fellow with his dish of chared beans before him. On the way up I rowed with the stewards and ripped them up a high and that helped to keep my spirits up and the rest of them lived through first rate. The weather was fine and was only two days and nights on the sea. I would have enjoyed it first rate if I had now so much care. We arrived at Astoria at 5 o'clock the first day of September. We stopped there all night at the Parker Hotel and had a very pleasant time. It is a pretty little place. We took a little steamer the next morning for a little place called Unity across the Columbia river 21 miles where we took a stage for Oysterville 25 miles right along the beach. Just a hard sand, it would hardly leave tracks of the horses' hoofs. It was very romantic--the wild country on our right hand and the broad Pacific waters on our left, the surf beating up on the sand right under the horses' feet. There was quite a crowd of us, toy staves and a baggage wagon and we enjoyed ourselves very well. We arrived at Oysterville about 4 o'clock where we found a boat waiting for us to take us up the Willapa (sic) but I was too tired to go any further that night. We stopped at the Pacific Hotel all night. They were expecting us and was as close as could be. We left there the next morning in an open boat. They called her a plunger. They will carry about a ton. The wind blew pretty fresh and we got well sprinkled with salt water crossing Shoalwater Bay but I did not mind

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that. We arrived at South Bend about 4 o'clock and being just sbb time we stopped at Jim Miller's all night. They was as kind to me as if I had been their own sister and Bob Miller went with us to our home. We went seven miles up the river in a boat and then hired an oxteam for the other 5 miles. We arrived home just dark on the 4th of Sept. a tired worn out crowd, dirty and lousy, or next thing to it. I did not try to do anything for two weeks after I arrived here. George Scott and John are well and send their love to you. Write as soon as you receive this.

Willapa, Mill Creek
February 27, 1880

Dear Brother:

A few lines to let you know that we are all well at present. Hoping this will find you and yours enjoying the same blessings. I received a letter from you sometime ago dated Dec. 28th. I was glad to hear from you but I have put off answering it till now. I am getting very careless about writing since I came here. I have a good many friends to write to. I have nothing particular interesting to write for we are living all most out of humanity's reach. Still we are not lonesome. Henry's family and ours and the hired men, and there are six men in the camp with 3 am.

We see them most every day. I don't feel a bit lonesome as far as company goes. We have enough of it. I speak for myself. I like living here well enough. The weather is altogether different. To what I have been used to for winter w eather. The inhabitants of this valley say this is the hardest winter they ever knew here but I don't call it winter at all. We have had some high winds and two snow storms but no freezing. This day has been like a day in June I expect it is getting fixed up to rain again for it has rained the most of the time since October. You can't begin to imagine the mud of this country but our men worked almost every day this winter. They say they would sooner work in the wet than in the cold and deep snows of New Brunswick. I think this is a healthy climate. It's a rare thing for anyone to have a cold like you have there in the winter season. I often think of my friends in that country. I feel that I have parted with them for the last time but it is some satisfaction to correspond with absent friends. I want you to write as often as you can and I will do the same. Tell Rebecca Jane I will write to her soon. Give my love to all that enquires for me. John and Steve send their love to you. John says he will visit that country again if he lives. You speak of Lead (?) trespassing on our old place.

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I would like that some of you would see to it. I wrote to Nat about it some time ago. When you write again tell me what or how long has fixed up them graves for me. Give my love to Aunt Lydia and Aunt Hester and all my friends. I will write Aunt Lydia soon. My love to Glaudiva and the boys and little Esufe and a good share to yourself from your ever loving sister. I will send you the cabbage seed as soon as I get some. We have not got any yet.

On Back Of Some Letter

To Mrs. E. Stratton -- Dear Sister:

I received your kind letter with George's some time ago. Excuse me for not writing sooner but I have a good deal of work to do to look for our crowd and when they come in at night I hardly get a chance to write. They are all over to Henry's tonight. One of the men is playing a fiddle and the youngsters are dancing. They are having a good time and Georgie is the biggest toad in the paddie. They must do something to excuse themselves. I often think of you and would like to see you so much but the distance forbids the luxury. We must be content to speak to each other through the silent medium of pen and ink. You speak of old age awaiting on. What a significance, it is an honour to be old. We will put in our little time in this world and death is the end of all our ambition. Write again soon and give my love to all that enquire for me. I will write a longer letter next time.

Mill Creek Willapa Valley
March 31st 1880

Dear Brother:

A few lines to let you know that we are all well, hoping this will find you enjoying the same blessings. I have written to you since I got a letter from you but I thought I would write again and send you a few cabbage seed in the letters. If they grow good let me know. They grow very large here but I think these are small kind but early. I planted my cabbage seed yesterday in boxes. The ground is too wet to plant yet although they have been planting in this valley a month ago. George and Henry and John and Steve are clearing land and fencing and getting ready for planting. The fields and prairies are green and the trees are all leaved out. The salinberries and huckleberries are in blossom. The girl was gathering wild flowers last Sunday for bouquets. I hope my word the wet winter has been as tedious to me as the forest

but the weather is lovely now. I think I will like this place splendid when we get fairly settled and something growing around us. It is such lovely land for farming. Not a stone nor a bit of gravel in this valley but lots of mud. And when the dry weather sets in it is just a black loam and brings good crops especially potatoes. They tell me they turn out great. One man told me that he had raised as high as fifteen hundred bushels to the acre and any amount of them would weigh eight pounds a piece. It may be so, but upon my word I don't believe it myself. I received a letter from Mary Ann Gray this week. They were well. Brother Sam has taken a farm. He went up on it yesterday, about five miles further up the Willapaw river from us. I suppose he will keep bachelor's hall till he can get his family out here. I wish they were here now for his sake. He has cows on the farm. I don't know how many and a team both oxen and horses. He has taken a farm on shares. I understand that he has a very good layout in it. There is about two hundred acres of cleared land for the farm. He has about fifteen acres of orchard, apples, pears, plums, prunes, and I don't know what else but any amount of fruit. It has been left to rot on the ground but I think Sam has his health and he will be apt to take care of it next fall. This is a great country for fruit. They tell me that gooseberries grow well in abundance. They don't think of cultivating them in the gardens at all. But it is a rough country after all. No society for you to care about and I don't think I could ever like the people. We have a few friends that are a little like Christians but I have not been out of sight of my own house but once since I came up here seven months ago. I see all I want to see of them and stay home all the time. I have plenty to do to keep me busy. Give my love to Lizzie and Cleandine and the boys and Esauie, Nat and Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, William Pace and Rebecca Jane and family and Sam's family and all that enquire for me. Give my love to Aunt Lydia and tell her I will write to her soon and to Aunt Keeter if you should see her. Ida, Cynthia and Byrdina are well and enjoying themselves pretty well by the noise they are making tonight. I think they get pretty homesick sometimes. They say they don't like it here a bit, but they will get over that after a while. Georgie is well and as stirring as ever. I can't watch him. His Papa got him a new basket and he goes to the woods with it on his shoulder. You would think he was six foot high. Write as soon as you get this and tell Lizzie to write and tell me all the news.

Willapa Mill Creek
Nov. 28 1880

Dear Brother:

I can't more take up my pen to address a few lines to you to let you know that we are all well at present. Hoping this will find you enjoying the same blessing. It is a long time since I received your letter but you must excuse me for not answering it for I don't get time to write to my friends half as often as I would like to. We have a full crew of loggers yet, and I am cooking for them. It takes me about all the time and at night I am too tired to write to anyone and I don't want you to wait for a letter from me but write to me as often as you can for I want to hear from you as often as I can. I have had no letter from Nat and Mary since July and we have all written to them. I got a letter from Lizzie two weeks ago. Tell her I will answer her soon. I heard from Sam's folks a short time ago. They are well and doing well. I have been up there twice since the family came out here. They like the place well --- not one of them are home-sick to go back to New Brunswick. Cora was down and stopped with us for two weeks and Byralna was up there two weeks. Sam has an awful pile of stuff about him--- about twenty cows, between 50 and 60 hogs and hens and chickens without number and a lot of young cattle. He raised a big crop of oats, wheat, potatoes and vegetables and fruits. I think if he stays on that place he will do well. He can't help but do well if he sticks to it. Well, this is what I call a pretty rough country, but I enjoy myself first rate. The girls have learned to ride horseback and they take great fun out of it. We are never lonesome for there is always plenty to do. Our men has a great lot of logs in the stream this Fall. They have no driving yet. We have the levellest weather that ever lay outdoors, just a little frosty at night and the days are as fine as fine can be. We have no rain yet to amount to anything but just lovely weather for working. I expect you have it cold enough by this time. I would like to see you all but at the same time I would not go back to New Brunswick to live. I think I will be perfectly satisfied when they quit logging and go to farming. George has bought land here that he is working on. He says there is lumber enough on it for two years work yet and then a good site for two good farms. I think it is four hundred acres they have. Henry and family are here yet. She pretends to be discontented but I don't think she has anything to grumble about. I have had no word from Nettie for two months. The last I heard from them Chris was out in Minnesota. I feel uneasy about them till I hear from them.

I had a letter from Annie Dyer the last mail. She has been well when she wrote. I also received a letter from Brother Jim two weeks ago. They were well. I have never written to John Stratton nor I have not heard from him since I came here. When you write tell me all the news you can think of. Give me a word about all hands. Rebecca Jane never answered the last letter I sent her. John Dyer sends his love to you. He says he will send you a bundle of papers soon. He takes a San Francisco paper. I am glad your cabbage grew well. I raised cabbage seed enough to supply all Pacific County but I raised so many chickens they eat up my cabbage plants as fast as we set them out. Its the greatest place to raise chickens you ever saw. They grow right along without any trouble. I think likely George will go to farming next summer quite extensively. I will be glad when they quit logging for I am tired of a gang of men all the time but they are agreeable. I never had a bit of trouble with any of them. They are mostly Eastern men that work here. We are getting quite a large clearing. We will soon forget that we lived in a woods. George has sowed about six bushels of hay seed this Fall. So I expect we will have lots of pasture next year, then we will get horses and cows. We have only one cow yet and 12 oxen and two colts. We are wintering 50 hens. Give my love to all that enquire for me. Tell Harding I will write to him soon. I expected to hear something from him before now. Perhaps he has forgotten me. Just ask him -- please do. I will write to you. Excuse this short letter. I think of you often enough if I don't write.

Aug. 25 1884

Dear Brother:

I received your letter by last mail - date July 24. Was glad to hear from you and know that you have not quite forgotten me. So you have a streak of the blues come in a while. Now, that's bad - you must not give way to anything like that. It will make you old before your time. Who cares what our enemies think? Their thoughts won't hurt us and as for friends we have none - only they that prove themselves. So I am really sorry for any badly affliction you may have for I am powerless to help you in any way, but as for your mind I don't know anything about it but I imagine you are looking on the dark side of some picture that you have in your minds' eye. Now, don't do that. If there is only one ray of light in that picture and that ever so small, fix your eye on that till it expands and covers the whole surface as it surely will. Live it down, I say. Live

it down. There, that will do for that. Well, I must tell you something else now to fill up the sheet. Cynthia has been and gone and got married the 2nd day of Aug. to a Mr. Leander E. Faine. He is clerk in the South Bend Store. His people live in San Francisco. I think she has a good kind husband. He is 25 years of age - a rather fine looking, strictly temperate, industrious, well educated and good musician. Not wealthy, but I think he will make a good living for her if he has good luck. They have not gone to housekeeping yet but will in a few days. She has been very sick, some kind of fever, but she is better now, so she can go out. She is here with me. She sends her love to you and Aunt Lizzie and all. Nina is in school and Freddie too. John stepped here with me last night. Went to Spring~~break~~ this morning. He works at Robert Miller's there this summer. The mill was shut down for repairs the last month and John took his chance to go up the Willapa on a visit. He has been up to Henry Scott's and Sam Stratton. Sam is about through harvesting. He has a big crop of hay and grain in. In fact, a big crop of everything that can be raised on a farm. I know he will have more fruit than he can take care of this year for the orchards in this valley are loaded down with fruit and Sam has two very large orchards on his place.

Stephen is clerking in a store at Woodward's Landing at \$80 a month. I think he will have a permanent job for as long as he is a mind to stay there. John says he is as fat as a pig. Stephen would like to see you all now, bet your life! They often talk about you. I would give anything to see my friends but NO -- I don't want any New Brunswick in mine. I endured too much hardship there and seem too much hard work and nothing for it. I suffered too much from cold winters. Yes, and you all suffer. I don't wonder you have the Blues with the late Spring and potato bug and cabbage worm and early frosts. Dear oh dear -- I wonder anybody tries to live there. Oh, excuse me. I did not mean to write that. You have many privileges there that we can't have here and we have to live down lots of disadvantages incident to a newly settled country and very few like the country as well as I do.

You say you expect we are so rich that we are above farming. Now that is not so. We are not rich but we have a good living and are getting some property about us. I don't have to work half as hard as we would there but there is no style about us -- not one bit. We don't know what pride is here. Rough and ready -- that's the motto. John Dyer read your letter last night. He had a good laugh about Aunt Lydia and the railroad.

By the way, I was out last evening to hear a spiritualist lecturer. I liked him very much. I could not form an idea about the doctrine but his logic was good and his reasoning clear as far as he went, but that is one thing I am bound to investigate if I ever have an opportunity. I belong to the Temperance Club here. We meet every Saturday evening in the hall. We generally have a good time, speaking, reading, recitations, dialogues, drama to make our meetings interesting. We number 120 members now. We have succeeded in driving the whiskey saloon out of South Bend, and we will try to keep it out too. I guess we can do it too.

Well, George, I think I see that the railroad is going across that country. Please send me word when you hear the first whistle of the locomotive. Make a note of it, but I hope it will happen if it will be any benefit to the country. It needs something.

I don't know if John will go for Nettie this Fall or wait till Spring opens again. You see, it would take a good deal of ready cash to go there and bring that family --- more than he has by him at present, but as soon as the needful can be raised he will go to New Brunswick for her. He says it is no love, he has for the place that will take him there but if he goes he will make you all a flying visit. I don't expect it will be anything more than that. Chris is working in the logging camp with Lewis Graham. He is the same old fuser he ever was. I wish his family were out here and settled. I don't hardly dare think about them at all. I would surely get the blues. I do hope and trust Nettie can come out all right yet. I expect Anne has gone back to Boston. I would like to see her so much but still I think her wise to retain her place for awhile yet.

There. Nina has come home from school and she is practising music. Her Papa bought her a nice organ and she is taking lessons. The teacher says she will learn real fast. Most everyone learns music here. I have a great mind to try it myself after awhile. I have pretty good health and spirits. I am some troubled with rheumatism in my knees but I have to be on my feet a good deal. Lots to do. I preserved four bushels of plums last week. Maybe you think that was not hard work over the stove, but they are nice to have in winter. Write soon.

South Bend
Pacific County, W.T.
April 1 - 1887

Dear Sister:

I received your letter in good time - date Feb. 1st. Also the verses - thanks. Glad to hear from you. I am indeed sorry to hear that Jim is so afflicted with fits. Can't the doctor do anything for him? Have you any idea what causes the fits? He was all right when a child, I thought.

You speak of your cold winter and we have had an old winter of a winter too. The rain set in the first day of Nov. Just kept it up and piled it on, you might say, almost without cessation -- rain and wind and lots of it. About the first of Feb. we had a snowstorm and some hard frost. We had to bring our cattle off the tideland and feed them about two weeks -- 40 head of them altogether. Then the rains set in again and kept it up till about two weeks ago. We got some fine weather, got some ploughed and planted. We have in a bushel of peas. They are coming up now. We have 12 bushels of potatoes planted but are a month behind this Spring on account of the rains. Its raining today and blowing great gusts. I don't know if it will keep up this lick or not all summer. If it does, we'll never get our planting done. I have been out awhile today in the storm setting out some slips of cherry trees and planted my dahlias. I threw a half a bushel over the fence to the hogs. You wanted me to send you some flower seeds. I'm sorry I have none yet. If I got some in time I'll send some in a newspaper. We send to New York for our garden seeds every Spring. We get hardly any seeds ripe here. They grow right along till the rain sets in.

Our cattle has lots of feed now -- grass a foot high on tideland. I don't expect the grass has started yet with you. It makes me feel sad when I think of it. I have sixty-five hens to look after this Spring. I have gathered 159 dozen eggs from them since New Year's. We get "two-bits" (25 cents) a dozen for them the year around. It pays me pretty well. We pay a dollar a bushel for wheat. They'll get about five bushels in a month. I have only one cow giving milk yet. I expect will have three more next week. Belle Sowers has been with me six weeks. Went home yesterday with John. Noble and family are well and doing nicely. John has been to Aberdeen visiting Cynthia. He says they are doing first

rate. Cynthia is coming home to stop the summer. Leander will be away because a racad they are building up the wishkah. It will take them three months so she will come home while he is away.

April 6.

I suppose you think it takes me a long time to write a letter and so it does at this way of working. I have had company for three or four days so your letter lay unfinished, but I'm all alone in the house today so I'll try to finish up and send to the PostOffice. I sent a bundle of papers to the Office for you yesterday. I sent a little packet of cabbage seed rolled up in the paper, some I raised myself. I think they are mixed to two kinds - but they were raised from splendid cabbage and early.

I hardly know what Sam is doing. You will see by the Journal that he is up to his eyes in law, and she has a case in court too, against the constable. Something about attaching her property for Sam's troubles. I hardly know. I don't see them at all but I heard that the children are all up on the farm with their Mother while Sam still runs the saloon in Oysterville. He has rented the Hotel part to a man from Astoria.

No, I don't weave any more nor I don't want to. Not that I despise any kind of work but weaving is hard earned money. I would sooner work outdoors. Fact is it would not pay here. I could earn more in one day washing than I could in a month of weaving at the rate I used to weave there. Still I think you are right to make your own cloth. It's economy sure. We don't keep any sheep here yet. Henry has some up on the farm but they sell the wool just as they shear it. Send it down to San Francisco on the schooner. Nina has been away now five weeks taking care of a lady in her confinement. The baby is three weeks old now. I think Nina will be home next week. I hope she will, however. I hate to be all alone. Besides I have too much to do. I get too tired to sleep. Just had a letter from Cynthia. All well. She's tickled to death about coming home. She will be home the first of May. Well, our weather is stormy yet. We have not planted any this last week. My cabbage is big enough to set out when I can get around to it.

It is hard to raise children and then be left alone in our old days but there -- its the way of the world. I'm about the same as above after all my toil. I hope Nina won't leave me while I live but I suppose she will if she takes a notion to. I would not blame the young men for leaving that country. It is a hard country to live in. I know all about it myself. I think its the meanest place on

continent to get a living. Now on this coast there is lots of work and there is nothing without work and plenty of it but then you can get something for your work, pretty good wages for men and they get their pay. The soil is good. If you put in a crop and take care of it you get good returns for it. Cattle very near get their own living, although there are times when they ought to be fed a month or two. They would be better for it but they do live through without any. But this has been a hard winter up east of the mountains. Thousands of cattle has died. Also sheep. It has weeded out in good shape. They had deep snow and uncommon cold weather for that country. They never lay in any feed for their stock. Consequently they must die in a winter like this has been. But we are so near the coast we have no winter to speak of - only this everlasting rain, rain, rain and blow but that's nothing when you get used to it. I don't mind it one bit. We get lots of wild ducks and geese here in the winter months. They come in on the tideland and George has killed about three hundred this winter. I tell you they are fine eating and I have made a splendid feather bed and a lot of pillows from the feathers. This Bay abounds tin oysters and clams and salmon. There are two canneries on the Bay. One in sight of us. Makes lots of work in the summer seasons. So you see there is nothing to hinder any one making a living if they look for it. Well, my love to you all.

South Bend
Pacific County W.T.
May 30 - 1889

Dear Sister:

..... You will see Annie Dyer's marriage in one of the papers I sent you. She was married in April to a Mr. John Burgess. They are living in Aberdeen at present. He has bought a house and lot there. They came home to visit us after they were married. Ninn went to Aberdeen with them and brought Jennie Faine home with her. We have ten cows this summer - makes lots of work. Our strawberries are ripening. We have to go through them every other day to pick the ripe ones. We have picked thirty gallons this week. They will last till the first of July, maybe longer. We sell them for fifty cents a gallon rough and 67% cleaned. The raspberries will be ripe in about three weeks. We have plenty of them cultivated. I will pick my gooseberries next week. They are about full grown now. John and Steve are setting out turnip plants and cabbage today. It's raining. John brought in some nice new potatoes this morning but we have plenty of old ones yet. Our peas and

14.
potatoes are in blossom quite a while ago. Our early cabbage are nearly big enough to use. I sent you some papers some time ago. Did you get the cucumber seed? Did they grow? What we planted did not half come up, just one here another there..... Nettie was down on a visit for a few days. She is quite well now. She thinks of going back to New Brunswick again but I think if they do they will rue it just once. I had enough of that country. I want no more of it in mine. I staid there just fifty years too long. Give my love to Aunt Lydia -- I never light my old pipe but I think of her.....

South Bend

Pacific County

Wash. (State)

May 7 1889

Dear Sister:

... The time I received your letter in January I was at the Brookside Hotel taking care of Nina. She was very low at the time, did not expect her to live at all for a month but thank heaven she has pulled through for this time but is not strong by any means. She and Stephen are still running the Hotel but they are going to give it up in about two weeks. Cecessa (Stratten) is with them now helping Nina in the dining room. Freddie is there too helping them and Steve. I have sold my place but have not left it yet. I hear Sam Stratten has sold his place for \$8000. Frank (Stratten) is working here with John Dyer -- they have the summer's job on this place, slashing, or what you would call chopping trees for clearing lands. They say they can make five dollars a day a piece at the job. It will take them about four months to get it all slashed. Everybody has had the La Grippe. I had it about a month ago, but I did not take to my bed with it. I took lots of quinine and whiskey and kept going till I wore it out.... Jim Gray staid with Freddie and me in March to help with the cattle while John was gone. I don't know what I would have done for I was so nervous bent staying alone. Just about that time there was a horrible murder committed right handy to us. A man and his wife, young people, were murdered at their home -- were missing about a month before they found out what had become of them. They found the woman's body buried in the dung pile behind the house and man's body out on a cow trail. They have the murderers in jail, will have their trial in July. The murderers are our near neighbors. We have been neighborly with them ever since we came to the country, they are a rough crowd but no one ever expected them to do such a horrible deed as they have. The young fellow made a confession -- told all about how it was done. So I think

there will be no doubt some th them will swing. I hope so anyway. It caused a terrible excitement here in the vicinity. Everybody was up in arms about it. Was it any wonder I was nervous and fidgety about that time? Kattie was down to see me last week, they are getting along nicely. They sold their place for a thousand dollars and bought forty acres from John for five hundred so I guess they will stay here for a while yet. Aberdeen with Cynthia going to school, has been there since July last. Bell is a big girl now tall as her mother. I must stay here until I can sell my cattle to good advantage. I have forty head of cattle. They ought to bring me fifteen hundred dollars. I'll try to get that out of them anyway. There is a big boom here this Spring. Everything is way up -- property selling at fabulous prices, wages way up to the highest notch -- and lots of work for everybody. Carpenter wages from 3 to 6 dollars a day and everything else according. Girls get from 25 - 35 dollars a month and can't get them for that. You can't get a day's washing done for anything short of two dollars -- and hard to get them at that.

Foster House
S.S. Dyer Prop.
South Bend, Wash.
July 9th, 1890

Dear Sister:

I am stopping now at the Hotel with Steve and Nina. They are running a big business here. They feed from 50 to 100 every meal at 50¢ a meal. They are at a big expense but they can save about a hundred dollars a week but of it, that is pretty good wages. I wish Claudia was out here to do chamber work. She would get from twenty to thirty dollars a month according to the work she could take up -- the work is not so very hard. I could do it every bit myself in the forenoon if they would let me. We have a girl here now for chamber work but she is too slow for any use it takes her all day long to make up thirty beds and sweep the rooms, where she out to do the whole business before dinner. It is so difficult to get help that will give satisfaction. It takes Nina in the office about all the time when Steve is away. Steve is away now to look for a cook. We expect him back tonight. We have two Negro cooks now. They are good fellows but they are too slow for a house like this.

We are having a very wet summer. I have seen nothing like it since I came to this country. There has not been

A week of dry weather this summer. Grass is abundant but whether people will be able to cure any for winter use is the next question. Fruit of kinds is plentiful this year, but it dont stop raining long enough to pick a berry.
Sam is not with his family now. I hear transiently that he is in a place called "Coos Bay" running a saloon.

I was up visiting Nettie a while ago. They are doing very well. Her girls are growing. Bell is taller than her Mother. Myrtle is home now. She was in Aberdeen all winter going to school.

South Bend, Wash.
Sept. 16 1900.

Dear Brother George:

.... The Sowers family are doing well. Nettie works awfully hard to keep things moving. They seem to get along all right. She has only Charly and Nina home with her. Belle and Jennie are in Tacoma settling for themselves. George is working in Kelso in a mill. Harris is working on a steamer in the S. and. Annie is visiting with Nettie now. That gives Nettie a chance to get out. She cant leave Grandma Sowers alone. She is 89 years old but real smart....
John Dyer is working for Bob Miller in British Columbia for two years. He writes me that they are all burnt out from forest fire, Mill, Shingle mills, lath mill, planer, and a million feet of lumber. A clean sweep, a total loss....
Freddie is on a coal steamer running between San Francisco and Tacoma. With love to all and write soon to your everloving sister Elizabeth Scott