4 / Mr. Glover's Imbricated City

In the spring of 1878, the *Seattle Daily Intelligencer* announced that a certain Mr. Glover, after making sketches the previous winter, had completed a drawing of Seattle "supposed to be taken from a considerable elevation." According to the newspaper, the resulting bird's-eye view of the town was "at once a map and a picture," portraying "every street, public building and private residence . . . with extraordinary accuracy." Nearly three feet wide, the drawing included not just the city but its surroundings, "Lakes Washington and Union basking in the summer sunlight, and the Cascade range towering over all." The *Daily Intelligencer* also reported that Glover and his business partner planned to embark on a campaign to print and distribute lithographs of the panorama, to specific ends:

> To those who subscribe liberally a very liberal allotment of pictures will be made, and as they convey a truthful and accurate portrait of our city and harbor, they will prove invaluable to friends afar off anxious to know what Seattle is like. To property owners the picture will also prove of the greatest value for circulation amongst investors. There are hundreds of capitalists who would be only too glad to know of so genial a clime and so many natural advantages for a commercial city, and where they could invest their money in good paying railroads and real estate. The promoters of the view should be encouraged to perfect their arrangements immediately, as the city never needed the picture more than at the present time.

In an era of intense competition among young northwestern cities, Glover's portrait and its counterparts representing Port Townsend, Tacoma,

Portland, and other towns played critical roles in urban image making and in the pursuit of immigration and investment.[1]

But panoramic city views from the nineteenth century usually bore little resemblance to the actual places they marketed. Instead, in the words of one urban historian, they "depart from reality so as to emphasize and exaggerate order, progress, prospects for future unlimited growth, and other themes dear to the hearts of urban boosters." Thus, one might expect Seattle's 1878 portrait to be a vision of the city as it wished itself to be: a pastoral landscape surrounding an orderly grid of streets and a bustling harbor, with little evidence of streets filled with thigh-deep mud, stump-cursed lots, noxious effluents from mills and canneries, or undesirable populations. True to the genre, the 1878 panorama did offer a pleasant, idealized image of Seattle that gave little indication of muck, clear-cuts, fish guts, or Chinese boarding houses. But look closely: there, along the waterfront, among the steamers and the tall ships, a small flotilla of dugout canoes approaches a Native encampment on the shoreline at the heart of the city. Glover's bird's-eye-view Indians were matter-of-fact parts of the urban landscape, neither elided nor elevated. And in fact, as their inclusion in Glover's urban imagination suggests, real Indian people still had a place in Seattle's social and economic life in 1878. Despite the Bostons' efforts to craft boundaries between Indians and settlers through laws, lynch mobs, and torches, Seattle remained a landscape where Indians and settlers lived alongside each other, their lives still woven tightly together.[2]

When Charles Kinnear and his parents and siblings arrived a few months after Glover unveiled his panorama, they saw this shared landscape firsthand. After buying a salmon from a Native vendor for five cents through the window of their room in the Occidental Hotel, Kinnear and his brother went out to explore their new home. They soon came across an Indian encampment with canoes pulled ashore and racks of salmon eggs curing over small fires, stretching for more than three blocks along the waterfront. As the boys watched, more canoes arrived "in a constant stream," filled with freshly caught coho salmon, and the

indigenous men commenced to play *slahal,* the "bone game" of strategy and sleight of hand known throughout the Northwest.

> Just beneath our station on the high bank were sixty-three long-haired, nude Indians (all their clothes in one pile) sitting in two lines facing each other, boards on their laps, stones in their hands beating the boards as they sang. . . . In the middle of each line was an Indian Chief with nothing on but a big red handkerchief around his neck. In one hand was a pair of carved bones which—placed under the handkerchief—were changed from one hand to the other, the closed fists then swinging outward, again under the handkerchief, back and forth, and the opposing chief designated the hand supposed to be holding the bones. Both hands were then thrown upward, the bones going from the hand not guessed, and the score keep deposited a stone indicating the loss. The bones then went to the opposite chief who made his trial. Bye and bye all arose, the losing side sneaking along the beach to their wigwams . . . the stack of clothes divided into as many piles as there were victorious Indians.

Thus the Kinnear boys, who would later become two of Seattle's most prominent citizens, encountered the urban indigenous frontier of Seattle Illahee, where fine hotels existed alongside racks of curing salmon roe and where a growing urban skyline contrasted with an old-fashioned bone game on the cobbles in front of it.[3]

In Whulshootseed there is a word, *yiq*, that describes the process of working designs of bear grass, maidenhair fern, or wild-cherry bark onto the stunning woven baskets for which Duwamish, Lake, and Shilshole women were renowned. Imbrication, as anthropologists have named this process in English, is by nature forceful, with deer-bone awls pressing into watertight cedar bark or spruce root to create images—mountain ranges, men, rain—passed down through generations of weavers. But the word has a second meaning as well; *yiq* can also describe the process of working something into a tight place or, as one elder described it, "worrying" something into place. What an apt metaphor, then, for the process by which the urban and indigenous worlds interacted within the landscape framed by Glover's drawing, with Native and Boston places and peoples woven together in a shared geog-

raphy, with a weave that was often disturbingly tight. Seattle was an imbricated place.[4]

It was also a place on a threshold. Before 1880, many indigenous people with roots in the landscape that was becoming Seattle had remained there, continuing to pursue subsistence activities and traditional cultural practices in and around town. After 1880, the remaining Duwamish, Lake, and Shilshole people would face increasing pressures to leave the city, both because of Seattle's sudden expansion around the turn of the century and because of federal allotment policy that encouraged them to move to area reservations. Meanwhile, a new kind of Native community would take shape in the city. Indigenous people from beyond Puget Sound, having occasionally visited Salt Water in the past, would now make Seattle part of an annual cycle of migration, leading to the formation of a multiethnic urban Indian community outnumbering the local indigenous population. The year 1880 was also a turning point in the rhetorical place of Native people in white Seattle's civic consciousness. Despite their portrayal as markers of urban disorder, real Indians played an important role in daily life during the "village period." But in the urban revolution that would take place between 1880 and 1930, actual Native people would be overshadowed by symbolic Indians in Seattle's urban imagination. The matter-of-fact canoes on Glover's waterfront would be replaced by imagined savages, noble or otherwise, and Indian images would receive far more attention than Indian people. The moment captured by Mr. Glover holds elements of both the past and the future, weaving together two periods in Seattle's urban Indian story.[5]

On the ground, the warp and woof of Native and Boston lives created a shared landscape. Not just on Seattle's waterfront but throughout the young city, along the rivers and shorelines around it, and just over the encircling hills, Seattle Illahee was growing, and the shared world that characterized the village period remained part of daily life. Nowhere is this clearer than in that record of all but the most invisible lives: the federal census. As intrepid enumerators moved through Seattle and its environs in the spring and summer of 1880, just two years after Mr. Glover unveiled his drawing, they captured in their forms and

tables some of the details behind those canoes pulling up to the lithographed beach. They gave voices, if only muffled ones, to Native people who called Seattle home, and their records, along with other accounts of this moment in Seattle's history, highlight the diversity of Native experiences within the urban weave and provide a glimpse into the complexities of a developing urban Indian population.[6]

In the 1880 census, Indians tend to appear in groups, suggesting that attempts to create spatial boundaries between whites and Natives, if not successful in banishing Indians from the city altogether, had at least resulted in a handful of small enclaves within Seattle's urban geography. One such enclave existed along the waterfront near the city's center and was home to several families of local indigenous people. John and his wife, Stosach, lived with the elderly Goleeaspee; the men both fished for a living, while Stosach was a washerwoman. Samson, another fisherman, lived with his wife, Julia, while their neighbor Moses (likely the man whose son had died of smallpox three years before, his body discovered in a tree trunk on the outskirts of town) hunted to support his wife, Quitsalitsa, and their daughters, Julia and Amelia. The best-known resident of this enclave was Kikisebloo, or "Princess Angeline," the eldest daughter of Seeathl and mother of Betsy, the woman who had committed suicide to escape her husband's abuse back in the 1850s. Together, these families represented the continued presence of local indigenous people in an urbanizing landscape, who combined traditional resource use with opportunities afforded by the new urban economy. One Seattle resident recalled Indian traders and vendors in the 1870s, writing of "many Indian canoes landing at the foot of Seneca Street and Madison Street, and many Indian women [who] brought us 'oolalies' [berries] and clams and mallard ducks." The small settlement where Kikisebloo and the others lived was one site for these activities, allowing local Native people to maintain connections to places and resources that reflected pre-urban patterns of settlement.[7]

Meanwhile, on the tidelands just south of Yesler's sawmill and the Lava Beds, another small enclave of Indians reflected a growing pattern in Seattle. At the beginning of the 1880s, the Puget Sound hops industry was reaching international prominence, thanks in part to a

devastating blight in Europe. In a seasonal circuit that would become part of Seattle's urban cadence in the years to come, Native people from British Columbia, Alaska, and elsewhere in Washington Territory traveled to the fields of hops ripening in the valleys around Seattle and typically included a stay in Seattle. Listed mostly as laborers (with the women listed, significantly, as "keeping camp" rather than keeping house), the people the enumerator found on the tideflats were likely partway through this seasonal round. Indian Wallace lived with Indian Jennie, Indian Jack lived with Indian Sallie, and Indian Peter and Indian Annie shared their camp with their son Indian Sam; all were from British Columbia. Nearby, young indigenous Alaskan women named Indian Kitty and Indian Rose camped with Kitty's infant son, Indian Tommy, while a camp close by sheltered Indian Jennie and Indian John. Not unlike the "Chinaman John" system of nomenclature that rendered Asian immigrants anonymous in many historical records, this "Indian" naming practice relegated many Native people—particularly those not connected to local families or communities—to anonymity, lacking even a tribal designation. But their origins far from Seattle suggested that a new kind of urban development, the creation of a far-reaching Indian hinterland, was under way.[8]

And, of course, there were the Lava Beds. Here, mixed-race households of white men and Indian women existed among the saloons, brothels, and Chinese hostels. Two such households were those of cook William Milton, who lived with British Columbia Native Mary Murphy, and sailor George Hill, whose wife, "Indian Mary," also hailed from the north. As Milton's and Hill's occupations suggest, many of the white men in such relationships were on the lower rungs of the urban economy. Sometimes, economic circumstances required mixed-race couples to share homes, as unemployed laborer Thomas Scott and "Indian Jennie" did with out-of-work Canadian James Holt and Ellen Dillon, Holt's Indian-Hawai'ian partner. Others, such as Julia Lowar, the daughter of an indigenous woman from Washington Territory and a French father, who lived on the Lava Beds with Joseph Francis, a Hebridean laborer, could afford to keep their own homes. The backgrounds of couples like these also reflect patterns associated with the fur trade of previous

decades; many of the men were from Canada or Scotland, while most of the women were of mixed parentage, their fathers from France, Hawai'i, Canada, or the Celtic fringe.

While some of the mixed-race households on the Lava Beds in 1880 appear to have been marriages (if only *à la façon du pays*, considering the miscegenation laws of the time), others hint at the reason this district was called the Lava Beds in the first place. Nova Scotian barkeeper Thomas Asgood, for example, rented rooms to Nancy McCarthy, the daughter of a Frenchman and a Washington Indian, and to another "Indian Mary," this one a full-blood member of an unspecified Native community. Nearby, Louise Woolene, Annie Powers, and Maggie Murphy—all young, mixed-race women, likely from British Columbia—lived above a tavern owned by Welshman Richard Prichard and his partner, William Cheney. Nearby, twenty-five-year-old Indian Katie Hays boarded with barkeep George Behan and his bartender, Thomas Barry; and Native seventeen-year-old Nellie Hilton roomed at the establishment of German immigrants Jacob and Mattie Wirtz. Meanwhile, Cecilia Thomas, a twenty-nine-year-old woman of Hawai'ian and British Columbian Indian descent, was listed as the sole occupant of her household. While specifics about each of these women's lives are lost to history, it is quite possible that some or all of them participated, at least casually, in the sex trade for which the Lava Beds was reviled by Seattle's voices of urban order. Surely, a number of Indian women working in the sex trade were missed by the enumerators, having avoided the census taker or having been hidden by their employers. Pinnell's Illahee may have burned in 1878, but the "sawdust women"—whether prostitutes or not—were still around.

Urban Indian enclaves along the waterfront and on the Lava Beds reflected civic leaders' desires to segregate indigenous people from "respectable" settler society, but the distinction between them broke down as Native men and women went uptown to work in the homes of middle-class and elite white families. In particular, Indian women played an important role as domestic servants and live-in laborers in 1880. Throughout Seattle, enumerators found young Indian women living and working in the homes of white families. Fourteen-year-old,

mixed-race Hannah Benson helped minister's wife Mary Whitworth keep house for her husband, their civil-engineer son Fred, and their daughter Etta. Meanwhile, nineteen-year-old Lois Hilderbidle, also the daughter of a white father and Indian mother, worked as a servant in the home of physicians Alvin and Herman Bagley and Herman's wife, Kitty. However, Indian servants could also be found in more modest homes: Irish laborer John Christopher and his wife, Bridget, employed fifteen-year-old boarder Lizzie Whitney, a full-blood Washington Territory Indian; and single-mother Henrietta Minks, a resident of the Lava Beds, received much-needed assistance from a British Columbian woman known as "Indian Kate." Nothing remains to illuminate why Elizabeth FitzPatrick, a young mixed-race woman, chose to live with and work for mill owner George W. Stetson's family, but we might guess: money, a bit of prestige, and a ticket off the reservation. Even a handful of young Native men took advantage of such arrangements: Willie Henry, the fourteen-year-old son of a Nova Scotian father and a local Indian mother, was living with James Carpenter and family when the enumerator came to visit in 1880.

Writing in the 1920s, Mrs. E. E. Heg, a member of the Trinity Church congregation, emphasized the importance of these Indian domestic laborers to the white women of Seattle during this time. Noting that the only kind of domestic help available in Seattle came from Native women, she pointed out that such workers freed her and other Episcopalian women to help organize Seattle's first parish. High-status Indian women, meanwhile, were sometime employed by high-status white families, as in the case of Kikisebloo, who did laundry at the parsonage of the First Presbyterian Church throughout the 1870s and whose impatience with the minister's young children became something of a running joke in town. Her regular journeys between the indigenous enclave on the waterfront and the parsonage up the hill illustrate just how permeable boundaries were between white and Native Seattle. It also suggests a certain kind of congruency between two status-conscious societies: high-class Duwamish working for high-class Boston.[9]

Indigenous fishermen, hop pickers from Alaska and British Columbia, the saloon crowd, and domestic servants—these were the roles into

which Seattle's urban Indians were expected by their Boston neighbors to fit. Each category came with its own respective space on the margins of society: waterfront, tideflat, Lava Bed, laundry room. However, few spatial expressions of power are pure or complete, and elsewhere in Seattle, other Indians, and Indian women in particular, had become part of settler society, not as washerwomen or camp-keepers or Lava Bed wives, but as members of mixed-race families scattered throughout Seattle. There was Jacob Harding's wife, Lucy, the daughter of Washington Territory and British Columbia Indians, and Jennie, the British Columbian wife of German immigrant John Drummerhouse. An eight-year-old mixed-race Indian child named Hattie, perhaps adopted (or perhaps a disturbingly young house servant), lived with the logger Francis Guye and his wife, Eliza, both of them white; and Andrew Castro, sixty years old, shared a home with his twenty-two-year-old Native sister-in-law Annie and her son John, age five. The occasional marriage between a white man and a Native woman appears in King County's official records as well. The 1876 wedding between Peter Brown and an anonymous "Indian woman," Robert M. Stewart's 1878 marriage to "Helen, an Indian," and the 1881 nuptials of Louie Henry and Ellen Hatlepoh suggest that the antimiscegenation laws of the 1850s and 1860s were only haphazardly implemented. Even though enumerators' schedules and marriage records tell us little about these people, these brief glimpses of lives, and perhaps even loves, nonetheless speak to the ways that Native and settler histories had become intimately interwoven.[10]

Pioneer daughter Sophie Frye Bass recalled another mixed-race family enumerated in the 1880 census, that of John and Mary Kelly and their daughter Maria. Living in an immaculately kept little house on Fourth Avenue between Pike and Pine streets, Washington Territory–born Mary did laundry at home for her white neighbors, while Irish immigrant John was a skilled blacksmith. Maria, fourteen in 1880, was a schoolmate and friend of young Sophie Frye and other settler children, once holding a "potlatch" by handing out candy hearts bearing inscriptions such as "Do you love me?" and "Be my girl." Like Mr. Glover's bird's-eye view of Seattle, in which indigenous people were a part of everyday urban life, memories of families like these attested to

the ways in which everyday relations between Indian and settler called into question those very categories. The mixed-race family of Maria Kelly was just as much a part of settler society as that of Sophie Frye.[11]

While Indian and non-Indian lives interwove at the fine-grained level of the census schedule, on a larger scale Indian and non-Indian spaces beyond the city limits were also beginning to interweave in 1880. After the slumps of the 1860s and early 1870s, Seattle at last began to grow in accordance with its founders' imaginations, leapfrogging over enclosing hills, marshes, and waterways in the late 1870s. One newspaper editor described Seattle's growth spurt in a call for any doubters to "go out over the hills to the real front of action and progress," where they would see the signs of urban development: "fires smoking in the distance on every hill, new roofs peeping out through vistas of vanishing foliage, trim garden fences routing out the old logs and debris." These changes in the landscape told "the story of extending dominion, and the beginning of the new regime of solid growth for Seattle." Residents living "on the outskirts this year," noted one observer, "find themselves next year right in town." This was no less true for Native people living in and immediately around Seattle. As the city spread across the rugged landscape between Puget Sound and Lake Washington, outlying settlements—indigenous and settler alike—were imbricated into the urban fabric.[12]

Seattle's sudden expansion in the late 1870s took place on many fronts and often uncovered glimpses into the indigenous landscape it would soon obliterate. To the south, a terrible beach road, "broken and demoralized" after each winter's rains, made its sloppy way past the oxbows and marshes of the river valley to the settlement of Duwamish, which had recently celebrated the opening of a lyceum, a sure sign that change was on the way. Not far away, county officials had chosen "one of the finest pieces of land in the county . . . over one hundred and sixty acres of land of a black alluvial character" as the site of a farm and hospital for the poor and indigent. Previously leased by Illahee entrepreneur John Pinnell to several Chinese truck farmers, the farm stood on deep shell middens created by generations of indigenous harvests, which explained the remarkably fertile soils.[13]

Meanwhile, to the north, urban outposts seemed to be springing up everywhere. In 1878 Belltown, immediately north of Seattle along Elliott Bay, boasted sixty-eight houses, one school, a grocery, and a boarding-house for shipbuilders, while more houses were under construction. As the townscape took form, builders often unearthed bodies wrapped in cedar bark, the remains of an indigenous cemetery. At Lake Union, "quite a town" now surrounded David Denny's sawmill, with close to two hundred residents. After a sidewalk was built to the lake from Seattle's northern city limit in 1879—following the route of an indigenous trail—residents expected streetcars, water lines, and "the villas of our wealthy townsmen" to follow in short order. To the northwest, families had begun clearing land around Salmon Bay in 1877, and by 1879 farms could be found along both sides of the bay, with a population "sufficiently numerous to sustain a district school." And to the northeast, along the no-longer-distant shores of Lake Washington, families began staking claims—and more importantly, moving to them—in the late 1870s, banking on an eventual canal connecting the lake with Puget Sound.[14]

Here was Seattle's first urban sprawl, and it caught both Native people and Native places in its weave. The Duwamish River offered evidence of an indigenous past in the middens at the County Farm, but it also offered evidence of an indigenous present in the form of several large indigenous settlements along its banks. In Belltown, where growth disturbed graves, living Native people camped along the beach near where longhouses had once stood amid gardens of salal. At Salmon Bay, where a dozen Shilshole families had been living in the 1850s, some still remained. Doctor Jim, "manly, fine-looking, and intelligent," according to one observer, lived at the mouth of the bay near where Hwelchteed, known to most settlers as Salmon Bay Charlie, owned ten acres. Meanwhile, in the Salmon Bay settlement itself, Alonzo Hamblet managed the West Coast Improvement Company while his Tsimshian daughter-in-law Mary concerned herself with the local church; and the Scheurmann family's ten children—along with those of other mixed-race families like the Ryersons and Tollens—helped fill the seats at the small schoolhouse. To the east on Lake Washington, Native people camped on Union Bay with the permission of settler Joe Somers, while close

by, Chesheeahud, called Lake Union John, and Dzakwoos, also known as Indian Jim Zackuse, worked their respective five and ten acres at the eastern end of Lake Union. And south of there, "Indian Jack" and his wife, Eliza, owned an acre in Columbia City, a new suburb at the head of a slough along the lake.[15]

Some of these Native men and women, like Mary Hamblet or those camping in West Seattle on their way to the hop fields, were new to Seattle, themselves emigrants in search of urban opportunity. Others, like Chesheeahud and Dzakwoos, were local people with attachments to local places. These were the Indians that an 1879 *Daily Intelligencer* reported "had severed their tribal relations, taken homesteads, quit their nomadic life and gone to farming, and who didn't care to lose their places on account of unpaid taxes." Far from vanishing, these were indigenous people who had chosen to stay near traditional territories and make a go of it in an urbanizing landscape. And although they had "severed tribal relations" according to American law, they and their homes would remain important landmarks for indigenous people traveling to and from the city.[16]

However, staying in the old places was getting more and more difficult in 1880. The urban imbrication was getting tighter, as indigenous towns turned into poor farms, burial grounds became basements, and fishing sites became waterfront real estate. For some Native people, the pressures were simply too much. Doctor Jim, the healer living at the mouth of Salmon Bay, was one of these. Like many other indigenous doctors in Puget Sound, much of his social standing had been swept away by epidemics and American medical practices; unlike some, though, Doctor Jim had become fluent in English and had chosen to live close to the settlers. But things reached a breaking point for Doctor Jim one morning in 1880, when he hanged himself in his house, within sight of the old Shilshole town of Tucked Away Inside.[17]

As bad as things had gotten for Doctor Jim, the challenges facing indigenous people in and around Seattle were small in comparison to what was to come. In many ways, 1880 was a brief interlude between two dark periods in Seattle's Indian history. The chaotic violence of earlier decades had largely quieted, the epidemics had waned, and the legal-

ity of Native homesteading allowed for some semblance of independence and economic stability. But the urban ambition reflected in Mr. Glover's bird's-eye drawing of Seattle, and the changes attendant to it, were about to reach new heights, and indigenous people who had worried themselves into the tight weave of the city's rapidly urbanizing landscape would face challenges on a completely new scale. Fire, water, and iron would soon change everything.