It takes more than a good resume to get a government contract.

Francis Henry (1842-1893)


JUDGE FRANCIS HENRY, a resident of Olympia, and the pioneer abstracter in the Territory of Washington, was born in Galena, Illinois, January 17, 1827.

His parents, William and Rachel (McQuigg) Henry, were natives of Connecticut and New York respectively. William Henry took an active part in the war of 1812, being a Lieutenant of artillery. After marriage he moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and engaged in the milling business. In 1825 he was one of the first settlers of Galena, where he engaged in the mercantile business, continuing the same until 1836, when he removed to Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and there passed the rest of his life.

Francis Henry was the first white child born in Galena, Illinois. He was second in the family of four children and is now the only surviving member of the family. His education was secured at the old log schoolhouse, often walking several miles distant to improve the simple facilities then offered by the short winter schools. His early manhood was passed in lead-mining and clerking, being thus employed up to 1847, when he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Third United States Dragoons for the Mexican war, serving at the city of Mexico under General Scott. After his discharge he joined his family at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and engaged in the study of law in the office of S. J. Dunn. In the summer of 1851 Mr. Henry started for California, via the Panama route. Duly arriving, he proceeded to the mines at "Hangtown," now called Placerville, and commenced placer mining, making good wages but not realizing the sudden wealth which he had anticipated. He proceeded from camp to camp, visiting Yankee Jim and Weaverville, where he passed his first winter, suffering many deprivations and hardships. They were snowbound for two months. Supplies gave out and barely (sic) became their only food. With the opening of spring, he commenced
mining with good success. In the fall, with a few friends, he proceeded to Sailor diggings on Smith river, and, later, to Gold Beach at the mouth of the Rogue River. In anticipation the prospects were always rich, and the reality proving a failure their changes were frequent. In the spring of 1855 he crossed the mountains to Jacksonville, southern Oregon, where he found profitable diggings; but, with the mining excitement of eastern Washington, he started for that locality, from which he was driven by the Indian outbreak. Returning to Oregon, he located at La Fayette, Yam Hill County, where he was admitted to the bar and engaged in the practice of law.

He was married in 1857 to Miss Eliza B. Henry, daughter of Dr. Anson G. Henry, an Oregon pioneer of 1852. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Henry went East and located at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, where he engaged in the abstract business with his brother, William T., and also in a general law practice.

With his early enthusiasm over gold excitements, Mr. Henry returned to this coast in 1862 to visit the Cariboo mines, but instead was diverted to the Florence mines of Idaho, where he passed an unprofitable summer. In the fall of 1862 he came to Olympia and engaged in Government surveys, under Dr. Anson G. Henry, Surveyor General, working along the Sound and in eastern Oregon for five years. In 1867 Mr. Henry made an abstract of titles of Thurston County, the first ever attempted in Washington, and since then has continued in the abstract and real-estate business, also conducting a general practice of law.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry have five children: Mamie G., wife of George H. Foster; Francis D.; Rebecca B., wife of Albert Waddell; Rufus W.; and Fay O.

In political matters Judge Henry has been very active, having served eight years as Probate Judge, several terms as a member of the Territorial Legislature, besides minor local offices. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention which assembled at Olympia, July 4, 1889, and in advancing and supporting the interests of the new State he has been an active participant.
Old Settler's Song (Acres of Clams)

From: Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

"Old Settler's Song (Acres of Clams)" is a Northwest United States folk song written by Francis D. Henry around 1874. The lyrics are sung to the tune "Old Rosin, the Beau." The song also goes by the names; "Acres of Clams", “Lay of the Old Settler,” “Old Settler’s Song,” “Rosin the Beau,” "Old Rosin, the Beau,” "Rosin the Bow,” "Mrs. Kenny,” “A Hayseed Like Me,” "My Lodging's on the Cold, Cold Ground.”

The first recorded reference to this song was in the Olympia, Washington newspaper the Washington Standard in April 1877. Although no official record exists, The Old Settler's Song was thought to be the state song of Washington according to the The People's Song Bulletin until it was decided the lyrics were not dignified enough.

The song achieved prominence decades later when radio-show singer Ivar Haglund used it as the theme song for his Seattle, WA radio show. Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie claimed to have taught the song to Ivar. Ivar Haglund went on to name the Seattle restaurant "Ivar's Acres of Clams" after the last line from the ballad.

Old Settler's Song, Version 1:

I've traveled all over this country
Prospecting and digging for gold
I've tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled
And I have been frequently sold.

For each man who got rich by mining
Perceiving that hundreds grew poor
I made up my mind to try farming
The only pursuit that was sure.

So, rolling my grub in my blanket
I left all my tools on the ground
I started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound.

Arriving flat broke in midwinter
I found it enveloped in fog
And covered all over with timber
Thick as hair on the back of a dog.

When I looked on the prospects so gloomy
The tears trickled over my face
And I thought that my travels had brought me
To the end of the jumping-off place.
I staked me a claim in the forest
And sat myself down to hard toil
For two years I chopped and I struggled
But I never got down to the soil.

I tried to get out of the country
But poverty forced me to stay
Until I became an old settler
Then nothing could drive me away.

And now that I’m used to the climate
I think that if a man ever found
A place to live easy and happy
That Eden is on Puget Sound.

No longer the slave of ambition
I laugh at the world and its shams
As I think of my pleasant condition
Surrounded by acres of clams.

"Lay of the Old Settler" version 2

I’ve traveled all over this country
Prospecting and digging for gold;
I’ve tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled,
And I have been frequently sold —
And I have been frequently so-o-old,
And I have been frequently sold:
I’ve tunneled, hydraulicked and cradled,
And I have been frequently sold!

For one who gained riches by mining,
Perceiving that hundreds grew poor,
I made up my mind to try farming,
The only pursuit that was sure —
The only pursuit that was su-u-ure,
The only pursuit that was sure,

I made up my mind to try farming,
The only pursuit that was sure!
So, rolling my grub in my blanket,
I left all my tools on the ground
And started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound —
For the country they call Puget Sou-ou-ound,
For the country they call Puget Sound,

I started one morning to shank it
For the country they call Puget Sound.
Arriving flat broke in midwinter,
I found the land shrouded in fog
And covered all over with timber
Thick as hairs on the back of a dog —
Thick as hairs on the back of a do-o-og.
Thick as hairs on the back of a dog —

And covered all over with timber
Thick as hairs on the back of a dog!
When I looked on the prospects so gloomy,
The tears trickled over my face
And I thought that my travels had brought me
To the end of the jumping-off place!
To the end of the jumping-off pla-a-ace,
To the end of the jumping-off place:

I thought that my travels had brought me
To the end of the jumping-off place.
I staked me a claim in the forest,
And sat myself down to hard toil:
For six years I chopped and I labored,
But I never got down to the soil —
But I never got down to the soi-oi-oil,
I never got down to the soil:

For six years I chopped and I labored,
But I never got down to the soil!
I tried to get out of the country,
But poverty forced me to stay —
Until I became an old settler,
Then nothing could drive me away!
Then nothing could drive me away-ay-ay,
Then nothing could drive me away!

Until I became an old settler —
Then nothing could drive me away!
And now that I'm used to the climate,
I think that if a man ever found
A place to live easy and happy,
That Eden is on Puget Sound —
That Eden is on Puget Sou-ou-ound,
That Eden is on Puget Sound —
A place to live easy and happy?
That Eden is on Puget Sound!
No longer the slave of ambition,
I laugh at the world and its shams
As I think of my pleasant condition,
Surrounded by acres of clams —
Surrounded by acres of cl-a-a-ams,
Surrounded by acres of clams,
As I think of my happy condition,
Surrounded by acres of clams!

\[\text{\footnotesize \textsuperscript{1}}\] Hines, H. K. (Harvey Kimball), 1828-1902, “An Illustrated History of the State of Washington”: containing a history of the State of Washington from the earliest period of its discovery to the present time, together with glimpses of its auspicious future, illustrations and full page portraits of some of its eminent men and biographical mention of many of its pioneers and prominent citizens of today: Chicago: Lewis Publishing Co. 1893.