

Buttolph

1885 Census

Pg 127 - E. J. Buttolph 45M Farmer Vermont
Albert J " 16M Iowa

1887 Census

Pg 138 - Edgar Buttolph 49M Vermont
Albert 18M Iowa

1889 Census

Pg 60 - A. J. Buttolph 2M Iowa
Pg 61 - Ella " 15F Neb.
S. B. " 12F Iowa

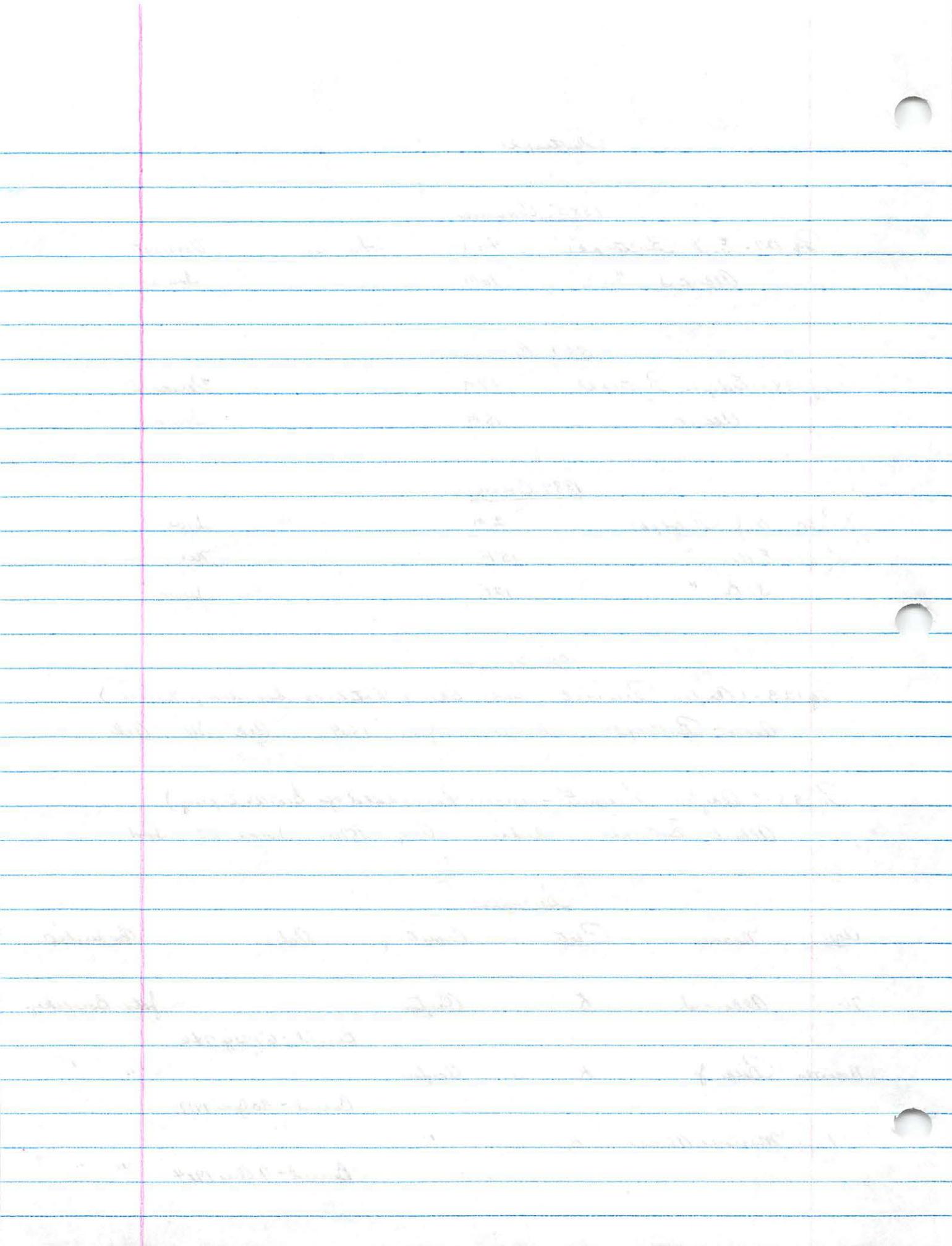
1900 Census

Pg 123 - (Dayton Precinct - looks like a Hotel or boarding house)
Albert Buttolph bdr Jan 1869 Ark Ill Ark

Pg 133 - (Dayton Precinct - under household of Geo. W. E. Play)
Albert Buttolph bdr Aug. 1870 Iowa Vt Ind

Burials

Age	Name	Plot	Cemetery	Date	Cause
76	Albert J	K	Dayton	Buried - 6 May 1946	John Barofsky
11 months	Becky J	K	Dayton	Buried - 30 Jan 1917	" "
1	Marion Alma	K	"	Buried - 7 Dec 1914	" "



Buttolph

Burials (cont.)

<u>Age</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Plot</u>	<u>Cemetery</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Ownership</u>
7	Olga M	K	Dayton	Buried 2 Apr 1914	John Burafsky
53	Olga P	K	Dayton	Buried - 6 May 1934	" "

Columbia Co. Newspaper Abstracts

1884-1886

Pg 11 - Edgar F. Buttolph: D.S. # 4405 (Apr 1884)

1898-1901

Pg 51 - E. F. Buttolph departed for Monticello, Iowa to visit an ailing brother who is seriously ill. (Free 1900)

Pg 55 - In obit of J. W. Payne - it states she married in 1848 Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Miss Anna Buttolph (Apr 1900)

1903-1905

Pg 12 - Mr. Buttolph spent the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Frank Teackout. (March 1903)

Pg 55 - Veterans of the Civil War Gathering:

E. F. Buttolph, Company 7, 31st Ia., aged 63 years (Mar 1904)

[Faint, illegible handwriting]

Buttolph

1905-1908

Pg 43 - Married in this city 6 June 1906, at the family residence,
B. Buttolph & Miss Olga Barofsky were married.

Pg 60 - Miss Jennie Maye, grand niece of E. F. Buttolph, married
Lawrence E. Eades in this city, Thursday evening (Oct 1906)

Pg 80 - Born in this city, 30 March 1907, to Mr & Mrs. Bert
Buttolph, a daughter.

Found in the Court House

Marriage license #1283

Albert J. Buttolph and Olga Barofsky

Albert born Iowa - Parents: E. F. Buttolph
Ellen E. Webb

Olga born - Parents: John Barofsky
M. C. G. Marquardt(?)
(Hard to read writing)

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

Mrs. E. F. Buttolph Tells Reporter of Her Life During the War.

Apropos of the life of Lincoln shown in film Saturday night at the Dreamland Theatre, come Mrs. E. F. Buttolph's memories of war times and President Lincoln. She said the picture was very true to life in that period, but that Lincoln looked older and more worn in reality than the photo-play showed him.

After the Civil War broke out, Mrs. Buttolph and a girl friend slipped away from their home in Boston, and joined the service as scouts and orderlies. They often carried dispatches to Lincoln, and personally knew Generals Rosecrank, Bragg, Lee, Beauregard, Grant and many others known to most of us only from history. The girls cut their hair and donned boys' clothes so they could get about the country easily. Mrs. Buttolph was sent from place to place and some of the time was stationed in Washington.

Mrs. Lincoln was a Southerner, and had two brothers who were officers on the Confederate side. No one definitely knew that she was treacherous to the faith of her husband, but it was suspicioned, and Mrs. Buttolph won a feather for her cap by proving Mrs. Lincoln's guilt. One day Mrs. Lincoln set out for the Confederate lines with a big bouquet of flowers for her brothers, and Mrs. Buttolph, who looked like a small boy, asked if she might have them. Mrs. Lincoln refused, and Mrs. Buttolph insisted, but it did no good. Finally Mrs. Buttolph snatched the flowers from her hands and in the middle of the bouquet was a note written in some kind of a cipher. She hastened to headquarters on horseback and gave the message, which must have contained some of Lincoln's plans, written for the edification of the Confederates, to a Union leader.

Mrs. Buttolph was sent, soon after she entered the service, to a relay house near Savage Station, and acted as chore boy for the owner of the house. She peddled butter and eggs from camp to camp, and was often inside the Confederate as well as the Union lines. She saw the sinking of the Cumberland by the Confederate's iron-clad Merrimac in Hampton Roads, and was with a crowd of boys who rowed out to the Union flag still waving from the main mast that was left partially above water. The Confederates had been firing steadily until the boys started for the flag, but

not another shell was directed towards the Cumberland until the boys had safely landed from their daring exploit. They had no sooner reached shore, however, than they were made prisoners, and taken in a barred car to Libby prison where they were kept four months. They were then transferred to Belle Isle, and from there Mrs. Buttolph made her escape. Her companion, Pauline Cushman, who had come from Boston to join the service with her, missed her, and set out for the prison, taking along an extra horse. Mrs. Buttolph saw her friend stroll by one afternoon, and that night made her escape. The girls rode a long distance then set their horses free and went in another direction. They stained their faces with walnut juice, and assuming the negro dialect, went as darky boys to a Confederate camp and asked for work. General Bragg was writing notes in a barracks below the level of the ground, and here Mrs. Buttolph and her friend were put to work hauling out sand. The general went out to talk to someone a moment, and when he got back his notes and colored boys were both gone. The "boys" stopped to talk to some of the soldiers as they were leaving, so their departure would not appear to be the flight it was, and one of them said to Mrs. Buttolph, "Say, boy, you're gettin' kind of white."

"Well he ought to be," replied Pauline, who was a few years older than she, "his mother was a white woman," and no more thought was given to her streaked complexion, which the hot afternoon and her well meaning coat sleeve had almost eradicated.

Shortly after that Mrs. Buttolph was thrown into Andersonville prison, where she spent nine horrible months before she managed to escape in company with some other youngsters. As soon as they were at a safe distance they jumped into a river in all their clothing, then proceeded to a house where a woman kindly outfitted them with dry things, which also would act as disguise, should any of the prison officials happen along.

Mrs. Buttolph found herself still at a great distance from the Union lines, so put on an old wrapper over her uniform, and as an old apple peddler attempted to get through the enemy's lines. She was taken prisoner again, and the soldiers, thinking to have some fun with the old woman, put her into the saddle backwards, and made her ride that way. The soldiers soon turned their attentions elsewhere, and by the time the Union camp was in sight Mrs. Buttolph had removed her wrapper, and righted herself on the horse.

"Tra la la, General Rosecrank, I'll see you later," said Mrs. Buttolph, as she rode away, but she was cut across the hip by the general's saber, and was wounded in the knee, before she could get away. She carried angry scars from these wounds for years, and still has marks that remind her of those epoch making days.

Mrs. Buttolph used to carry dispatches in the heels of her shoes, and when she was captured, her important messages were not discovered. Her heels were hollow, and the lower lifts were held in place by screws, and as the notes were written on tissue paper, they were easily carried in those small compartments.

Mrs. Buttolph arrived in Gettysburg the night of July third, and was present during the four days' battle. She slept in a cemetery while there, and was thankful for a crust of bread to eat.

During her three years of service she became a skillful horsewoman and could ride any kind of a horse, saddled and bridled or not, and could change a saddle with twice the facility of the average round-up relay rider, who is viewed with wonder today. Whenever she saw a horse in a field fresher than hers, she took it, leaving her own in exchange. She swam the Potomac twice, once on horseback, and once a-foot. She saw her own father in the Union lines, and called him by name, but he did not know she was in the service, so did not recognize her in the habiliments of a boy. She talked to him about the people at home, and still he didn't know her. He died not knowing he had lately met his own daughter, and she never saw him again. Mrs. Buttolph's family did not know where she went when she left home, and were not aware of the dangers she courted until she returned to Boston at the close of the war.

Mrs. Buttolph was in Washington when Lincoln was assassinated, but not in Ford's Theatre that night, though she afterwards visited it. She saw Lincoln as he lay in state, but did not stay for the funeral as she had not yet been discharged, and had to go to an outlying camp at the command of an officer.

Mrs. Buttolph has long been a resident of this country, and has worked faithfully in the W. R. C. to keep alive the loyalty due those faithful veterans whom she saw in their youth shedding blood for the country that today is a light among nations. She is chaplain of the order, and she reads the sacred ritual with the understanding and expression that only her years of service, living the heart-throbs of the Grand Army, could give.



Edgar Fletcher Buttolph

Josephine "Josie" S. (Short) Buttolph

picture taken about 1913 in Weyton

June - 9 May 1946

A. I. Buttolph

A. I. Buttolph, 75, died at his country home near Dayton Friday 3:50 a.m. from a heart ailment. Funeral services were held from the Rogg and Watson chapel Monday at 11 a.m., with the Rev. Everett Groves of the Methodist church officiating and the Odd Fellow lodge having charge of graveside rites.

Albert Ira Buttolph was born at Monticello, Iowa August 13, 1870. In 1972 he went to Oregon with his parents and came to Columbia County with them in 1882.

Bert Buttolph, as he was familiarly known, rode the ranges in early days, later operated a livery stable and for many years prior to his retirement he engaged in farming. He built a beautiful home on his ranch, and when he sold the place several years ago he arranged to hold this house as his residence for the remainder of his life.

He was married to Miss Olga Borofsky and to this union four daughters were born, all of whom died in very early life. His wife died about 15 years ago, and when he found himself bereft of all close ties, his affection naturally returned to his first love, his saddle horse and he made of this understanding creature, a close companion during his last years. His horse was always one of the finest in the county, and in early days he took delight in teaching young people to ride and in showing them how to appreciate and care for their horses. For the horse shows of 40 years ago before there were any Dayton Days, and the exhibition depended to a great extent upon local talent, he taught the boys and girls of that day how to do quadrilles on horseback and how to demonstrate the gaits of their mounts. His last horse was Old Buck, a beautiful animal with almost human intelligence, but unfortunately he died before his master, and Bert spent his last months grieving for this faithful friend who seemed to him like a fellow man.

Survivors include two sisters, Mrs. Ella Caldwell of Everett, Wash. and Mrs. Ada Teachout of Los Angeles, California, a niece Mrs. Lulu Aston of San Mateo, Cal. and other relatives.

14 June E. F. Buttolph. 1914

Mr. E. F. Buttolph, a respected pioneer of this county, a soldier of the Civil War, died at Retsil, Washington, June 4th, aged about 78 years.

Mr. Buttolph is survived by his wife of Retsil and son, Bert Buttolph, of this county, and two daughters.

The funeral was held at Retsil and the remains were placed in the soldiers plot.

Mr. Buttolph had been failing for several years, and was here only a few weeks ago to visit his old friends, who will regret to learn of his death.

Mrs. E. F. Buttolph arrived from Retsil, Washington, Thursday and immediately went home with her stepson, Bert Buttolph.

20 Oct Algever-Buttolph. 1920

The Chronicle has received the news of the wedding of Mr. Augustus Algever and Mrs. E. F. Buttolph at Retsil, Washington, a short time ago. The exact date was not given. Mrs. Buttolph is 81 years of age, but the age of her husband was not learned. Congratulations.

8 July 1911

Widow of Veteran Again a Bride.

It is not usual for such a secluded spot as the study of a Methodist parsonage to be draped on short notice with the Stars and Stripes. But such patriotic garb the Methodist Episcopal parsonage of this city was called upon to adopt last Tuesday evening, when standing beneath the flags Mrs. Josie L. Short, aged 65, was married to Edgar F. Buttolph, a few years her senior. Both had a special wish for this decoration, for both of them had given their country loyal service in the days of battle.

Mr. Buttolph is one of the gradually diminishing number of the country's veterans, and is a proud member of the local post of the G. A. R. His bride enjoys a double honor, and even more. Not only is she now married to an old soldier, she is the widow of A. L. Short, a Union soldier, gone to his rest within the last year. She is still more proud of the fact that she, herself, served, by commission from Abraham Lincoln, as a spy in behalf of the Union army.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Buttolph have lived in Columbia county for many years, and the old soldier couple start out on their pilgrimage together with the respect and best wishes of the entire community. The Rev. A. W. Roberts performed the ceremony.

1911

Marengo Store Destroyed.

The old store building at Marengo was destroyed by fire a few days ago. Of this ancient building the East-Washingtonian says:

The building, which was erected by its former owner for a small store and dwelling combined, had served this dual purpose ever since 1876.

The late Mr. Short, who occupied it during nearly all these years, built it with his own labor, having no tools except a broken hand-saw, an axe and a hatchet. He hauled the lumber from Eckler's mill on the mountain south of Dayton.

It was valuable only as an old landmark. The present owner, Mr. Allen Short, says he feels a loss in this respect only, and that the neighbors seem to regret the destruction of the old house as keenly as he does. He will rebuild next fall. The old trees were not badly injured, which after all, is the important thing so far as Mr. Short's interests are concerned. The building was older than any house in Pomeroy or Dayton today.

BUTTERFIELD

COLUMBIA CO., WASHINGTON TERRITORY MARRIAGES 1876-1899

Ella Butterfield-Married-Emmett H. Taylor 1/5/1882

	<u>Witnesses</u>
	Emil Bories
	M.P. Charles

Burials

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PLOT</u>	<u>CEMETERY</u>	<u>DATES</u>
Benjamin H	D	Dayton	1883-1970

COLUMBIA CO., NEWSPAPER ABSTRACTS

1882-1883

Pg 14-Sudden Death - Mrs. M.C. Butterfield died suddenly Wednesday night at the residence of D. H. McBride below town. Her relatives were notified as soon as possible and her body removed to Pataha City. Mrs. Butterfield was well known in this and Walla Walla counties. She has three daughters living in Portland. Capt. Gorman, proprietor of the Norton House is her son-in-law - Pomeroy Republican. On Monday the corpse was brought to Dayton and put on the train to be taken below. Her remains will be interred at Corvallis, Oregon, the old home of her family. (Oct 1882)

Pg 20-Marriage Licenses during 1882:
Emmett E. Taylor and Ella Butterfield (Jan 1883)

Pg 25-Married at the residence of Miss Butterfield in Pataha City,
14 Mar 1883, Mr. J.H. Walker and Mrs. S. Palmer. (Mar 1883)

Pg 31-Married in Pendleton, Oregon, 8 June 1883, J.H. Ross of Montana
and Miss Bettie Butterfield.

