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S. A. CLARKE

Born in Gibara, Cuba, March 8, 1827; went to Oregon in 1850.

611 p

PIONEER DAYS OF OREGON HISTORY

By

S. A. CLARKE



VOLUME I

100191
8/11/70

CLEVELAND
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY

1905

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BURR PRINTING HOUSE
NEW YORK

NOTICE

TWENTY years ago, I devoted several years to studying the story of pioneer days, getting facts from the actors who were then living, thus saving much of value that might have been lost by the passing away of those I interviewed. I have always intended to revise this matter—of which several hundred columns appeared in the *Oregonian*—and compile the story, to leave as my last tribute to the readers of the Pacific Northwest, who for half a century have been my kind and indulgent friends. Having utilized my leisure time while Law Librarian of the General Land Office, I can offer two handsome volumes, well illustrated, at a price that will bring it within reach of every home in the region that was the original Oregon.

To avoid the charges made by publishers, I have become my own publisher, and am having the work done by the Burr Printing House, one of the greatest printing houses in New York City, to be able to offer it for less than half any popular publishing house would charge. I desire to bring it within reach of every home in this Pacific Northwest, and attract many of those who will visit the Lewis and Clark Exposition, where I hope to meet many of my old friends among the pioneers and their families, as well as those who have come of later day.

S. A. CLARKE.

AS TO ILLUSTRATIONS

WHEN it was decided to have this work published there was no time to secure illustrations, but I found a few that are choice pictures as works of art. I hope readers will bear in mind that I have done the best possible under existing conditions, as I took cold and had a fearful turn of the grip that made me incapable to read proof properly. Under the circumstances the work has been very well and carefully done by the Burr Printing House.

S. A. CLARKE.

PREFACE

A FEW words will explain the conformation of the region known, from the earliest time, when the far Northwest had a history, as Oregon. It embraced all the territory of the United States north of the 42° of latitude, and west of the Rocky Mountains. This region is naturally divided by the Cascade Range, that is a continuation of the Sierra Nevadas of California, reaching to the Arctic Circle. Their summits average about an hundred miles from the ocean, presenting a barrier that retains to the coast valleys the warm breath of the ocean currents of the Pacific, also holds back the colder conditions that prevail in the Inland Empire, to the eastward. East of the Cascades much of the country is arid, or semi-arid, with fertile valleys that are immensely productive, producing to-day the tens of millions of bushels of wheat that the Inland Empire sends to the world's markets. There are also extensive ranges—too dry for cultivation—where graze the immense flocks and herds that form the wealth of that region.

Between the greater Cascades and the coast mountains are rich valleys in Washington and Oregon, also California, that possess a mild and salubrious climate and are as beautiful and fertile as the vales of Araby the Blest. These have a well-defined rainy season from October to May. Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming are west of the Great Divide and complete the area of what is known as the Inland Empire.

This imperial region—500 miles from north to south, and 1,000 from east to west—from the Western Ocean to the Continental Divide—formed the original Oregon, the home of romance and scene of adventure.

One who went there when the pioneer era was but commencing to fade, and civilization viewed its earliest dawn; who camped and sojourned with the trader, the trapper, the mountaineer, and with the earliest pioneers; who devoted years of his prime to acquiring, publishing and preserving the graphic features of that time and of the men and women who gave it lustre, in his old age has resumed the pen to complete the labors of those bygone years and weave a connected narrative that shall include features of Indian legendary, life and manners, with the story of early voyages, travel, hardship and adventures; to be full of mishaps, as well as fortunes and romance, that deserve to be pen-pictured and preserved for generations that are to come.

If rapt interest and soulful intention can deserve success, then this work should succeed, for these blend in the endeavor. The field is only too extensive; to weave its parts together in brief but definite and graphic form and sense, requires a mind and pen with more qualifications than can readily be called into existence.

As it is, I hope to put into brief utterance the interesting story of that early time: to bring it down to the period when the United States—after years of impatient waiting—at last recognized the pioneers of Oregon and honored the wisdom, courage and prowess of the men and women who preserved this imperial region for their country, made their own laws, founded their own government, fought their own battles, paid their own expenses, and so created a page of

history, full of fact and romance, that has no parallel in American life and time; at last dividing into great States the original domain that was Oregon.

My work as a writer had the encouragement and assistance that association and inspiration with another soul can afford, and for forty years had depended on. She, who had aided and inspired whatever success had been attained, planned that we should work together to mould the historical labors of the past into connected form. It was a beautiful suggestion, that our labors should close with such effort, and the result remains a joint tribute for posterity. Death sundered that alliance and left me for years discouraged as well as suffering from nervous prostration. But there comes to me, after all these years of waiting, the ambition to complete the work as she had planned it; to leave the product as an humble monument to the past of which it will treat, also as remembrance of the lovely character and beautiful soul of the woman whose life was blended with mine, and was a blessing to all who knew her.

SOURCES OF THIS HISTORY

IN preparing this work I have had the benefit of various reports published by explorers and those connected with the Fur Companies, also statements taken from all those sources that constitute H. H. Bancroft's History. I also find, in a volume published before Bancroft, by A. G. Walling, of Portland, purporting to be a History of the Counties of Southwestern Oregon, a very excellent résumé of early history made by writers he employed, probably the most creditable historical work done to that date in Oregon. It seems to be complete, so far as it pretends, and written in classic style and with graphic force that compares favorably with any work done since. It is also fair, and does not "set down" on characters whose worst fault seems to have been that they put faith in this region, worked disinterestedly for years, throwing away fortune in vain effort, receiving only abuse because they failed—as was the case with Hall J. Kelley.

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PIONEER DAYS OF OREGON HISTORY

CHAPTER I

THE NAME OREGON

THE earliest explorer of the far west—who evidently had followed where traders and missionaries led the way—was Jonathan Carver, a native of Connecticut, who had served Great Britain in the French War, and when Canada fell into British hands made an expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi. As he stated it, his object was “after gaining knowledge of the manners, customs, languages, soils, and natural productions of the different nations who inhabit the banks of the Mississippi, to ascertain the breadth of the vast continent which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean in its broadest part.” Had he been successful, he intended to propose to the British Government to establish posts along the west coast, especially on the Straits of Anian, which he erroneously supposed had been discovered two centuries and a half before by Gaspar Cortereal. He hoped thus to facilitate the discovery of a Northwest passage, from Hudson’s Bay to the Pacific.

He left Boston in 1766, and his narrative was published by his friends, many years after, to relieve his needs. His work seems to have been mostly translations from the writings of French explorers. His name would probably never

have been remembered with consideration but for a single paragraph that makes the first mention in all history of the word "Oregon." He also alludes to the fact that the fountain head of the great rivers of this continent lies in the same group of mountain summits; it reads as follows:

From the natives, as well as by my own observation, I learned that the four most capital rivers on the continent of North America—the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the River Bourbon (Red River of the North) and Oregon, or River of the West—have their sources in the same neighborhood. The waters of the three first are within thirty miles of each other; the last, however, is further west, showing that these parts are highest in North America. It is an instance, not to be paralleled in the other three-quarters of the globe, that four rivers of such magnitude should take their rise together, and after running separate courses discharge their waters into different oceans at a distance of two thousand miles from their sources.

All that is reliable and veritable in Carver's story he could have gathered from French explorers, and probably did so derive it. But the mention of the name Oregon, so confidently, as that of the River of the West, must be accepted as romance or genius, as by its invention, or mention, it has been handed down, and connected with his own name one of the world's greatest rivers as well as regions.

The farthest limit of Carver's travels was the sources of the Mississippi, almost a thousand miles east of the sources of the Oregon, or Columbia. Maps published prior to his journey had defined such a stream, so its existence was known, but all that gave his narrative force, or even excuse, was the use of the name Oregon, that thus became the designation of the North Pacific region and the christening of a great State. He claimed to have acquired the Chipewewa language and learned his facts from them after full

discussion. It is possible that these Indians had knowledge of the west coast and knew by hearsay of such a river, for there was always communication between Indians east and west of the Rocky Mountains; they exchanged products, and Flatheads, Nez Percés, and even Klickitats of old used to go east of the range to hunt buffalo; those east of the Rockies made trips west for similar purpose, so the Chippewas knew something of the Pacific.

It has been suggested that early Spanish voyagers found the plant organum growing on the shores of Puget Sound, and so named the region; but that would be far-fetched. The late Bishop Blanchet in 1863 contributed another opinion, after spending two years in Bolivia, where he met an English scholar who suggested that the early Spaniards saw the natives with elongated ears, caused by wearing heavy ear ornaments. The word for ear was oreja, and for big ear orejon, so they may have named the country, as well as the natives, to correspond. This seems far-fetched, especially if carried by Indians and passed from one tribe to another until it reached the Chippewas in far Dakota. But such suggestions are absurd; it is more reasonable to believe that Carver had a genius for invention and used it here.

Having, during a life of work, written much concerning the early history of the Northwest of the Pacific—the same region which Jonathan Carver, in 1766, named “the region of the Oregon,” or “River of the West”—I have gathered much desultory material, and am so interested in the times and incidents related, that I have determined to weave in connected form available information as to the prehistoric as well as the known history of the Northwest Coast.

There was a time of adventure when companies, by sea and land, outfitted from the Atlantic shores of Europe and America for trade in furs with Indians of the North Pacific, with as much avidity as adventurers of Spain and Portugal made their expeditions to spoil the Antilles and the Western Main of their treasures of gold and silver three centuries before.

At that time there was wealth of romance, as well as of purse, in developing the New World; then many wrote, for eager readers' enjoyment, their tales of adventure, and from these, and what direct information can be acquired of the early days of the present century, it should be possible to find matter of connected interest to please the world of to-day. My intention is not so much to write tedious details as to group together incidents and features of that age, blending character with events, having no prejudice, no desire but to do justice to the eminent persons thus developed, whether British or American actors, so that, while giving the reader veritable truth of history as the ages have told it, yet garnishing history with the flavor and vivid coloring such times have for one who was, in some sense, a participant, or, at least, saw the curtain fall on the last act of the drama and witnessed its closing scenes.

There was glamour left on the boards when I came on the stage; I traded at Vancouver when the Hudson Bay Company was yet in possession, and landed at "Fort George" when the name was yet in use. Before that time, in New York City, I had seen John Jacob Astor, the author of the enterprise that ended so disastrously. Here, in Oregon, I somewhat knew Dr. McLoughlin and other leading men of the Hudson Bay Company, who were yet in active life.

Years of life's prime were devoted to working up the story of Pioneer Days, contributing hundreds of columns to the leading journals of the nation.

It is, then, a labor of love for me to gather the scattered and wandering data of which history is made, leaving the dry-as-dust work of the thorough-going historian to be done, as time shall direct, by those who are to come; not ignoring the great work done by Hubert H. Bancroft, to which I shall be greatly indebted.

I invite the expectant reader to join in this congenial research, not waiting to build the exact proportions of the comb that shall contain the fragrant honey. It shall be history, too, but glimpses that shall resemble the busy bee's gleaning as it extracts from the most luscious of all the flowering world the richest nectar.

The theme is waiting, and is inviting. It is only necessary to bring to it the artist's ability to pen-picture and do it justice. The poets of the future will be inspired by it. Romance will find full play there when the shores of the Columbia shall have become classic ground. Artists need not wait for coming ages to appreciate its graphic features, for they invite both pen and pencil now.

CHAPTER II

STRAITS OF ANIAN

THE discovery of the Straits of Magellan, by which vessels circumnavigated the continent and found what Balboa named the South Sea, proved that another continent lay to the west of Europe, between the Atlantic Ocean and Asia. It also caused explorers to believe that a similar passage existed on the north and induced them to search for straits by which to reach the same western ocean, to the north of America. As early as 1500 Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese navigator—who first explored the coast of Labrador—claimed to have discovered what he called “The Straits of Anian,” by which he passed through to a western ocean, then returned and made his way back home. The particulars of this voyage were published and explorers tried vainly to locate these same straits without success. If Cortereal really made such a voyage, it was by some strait that entered Hudson Bay from the north, and if he had kept on he would have left this great bay by the greater southern entrance, by which Hudson, the English explorer, made his discovery.

In 1609 another Portuguese, Maldonado, claimed that twenty-one years before, in 1588, he passed through these same Straits of Anian, and modestly asked to be rewarded for his enterprise. There is proof that Maldonado was a tremendous liar; no attention was paid to his claims.



MALDONADO'S STRAIT OF ANIAN, 1609

The mythical story of Juan de Fuca comes next. He told Michael Lock, an Englishman, in Venice, in April, 1596, that in 1592 he made a voyage on the Pacific, for the Viceroy of Mexico, and about the 47° of latitude entered straits and sailed through them for twenty days until he came out into a north sea; thinking he had found a solution of the problem of the North Passage he returned to Mexico. Not receiving the recompense he deserved, he was willing to lead another expedition for England. Correspondence passed on the subject with Lord Cecil and Sir Walter Raleigh, but the old man died and nothing came of it.

While De Fuca's story corresponds in a general way with the lay of the straits that now bear his name and the passage between Vancouver Island and the main shore, so that he may possibly have voyaged around that island to reach the open sea to the north of it, there are too many errors of detail, as he gives data, to leave the story reliable. Instead of being at the 47° , the straits are twenty miles north of the 48° . In many essentials the inland passage he describes proves untrue. However, there is something attractive in his story, and it is not impossible that he made such a voyage and was ignored by the Viceroy of Mexico. Spain had then full possession of the richest parts of North and South America, where treasure abounded, so had no use for the northwest passage while the narrow isthmus route answered all her needs.

The opening of such a route on the north could only work ill for Spanish monopoly. So long as Spain had but the narrow Strait of Magellan to guard, she could possess the Pacific trade in peace; but Dutch navigators soon discovered the open sea around Cape Horn, and then English,

Dutch and French buccaneers entered the Pacific and made prizes of rich galleons trading between Panama and China, or the Philippines, capturing cargoes of silks, spices and teas, as well as silver ingots. The Netherlanders, especially, had cause of hate for the tyranny endured from Spain under Alva.

To be yet more able to cope with Spain, Captain Francis Drake, about 1580, having done his full share at spoiling the commerce of Spain, thought it might be safer voyaging to the north rather than risk meeting Spanish men of war rounding the southern cape or passing through the Straits of Magellan. As we shall see, he failed in this attempted discovery.

When the Hudson's Bay Company incorporated, in 1670, almost a century later, its avowed objects, as set down in the charter, were "those of trade and for the discovery of a passage into the Pacific Ocean." It was believed that such passage existed in connection with Hudson Bay. The desire to achieve this discovery was one of the leading ambitions of that time. The mythical "Straits of Anian" were based on belief that had little foundation, save hope that such straits did exist.

A century passed after the Hudson's Bay Company was chartered and no discovery was made; almost two centuries had gone since Cortereal imagined he had discovered the North Passage, when, in 1766, Jonathan Carver left Boston intending to cross the continent in the widest part, hoping to induce the English Government to establish posts in or about the Straits of Anian.

In 1728, Behring, a Russian explorer, visited the coast of Alaska, saw and named Mt. St. Elias, and passed through

the narrow strait that bears his name, without knowing that it was a divide between two continents. So, when at last the much-looked-for Straits of Anian were found, they were not recognized; they were much farther north than had been supposed. Russian discovery was slow in making use of the knowledge gained. But the Russian title to Alaska was safe by prior occupancy and was eventually sold to the United States.

In 1745, and again in 1776, the British Parliament offered twenty thousand pounds reward to any Englishman sailing through any passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which offer no doubt induced the effort of Drake and other English navigators in that century. This act of Parliament showed that faith still existed in the story of the straits that had originated 276 years before. From the time of Captain Cook's voyage the idea of these straits must have been abandoned, and the old stories current for centuries were relegated to the domain of romance. On the 9th of August, 1778, Captain Cook reached the western cape of North America, entered Behring Straits—only fifty miles wide—and landed on the coast of Asia; then entered the Arctic Ocean and traced both shores of the passage Behring unconsciously traversed fifty years before.

This exploration of Captain Cook solved the long-disputed question of the northern passage so far as to decide that there were no Straits of Anian, and prove that early stories were erroneous or manufactured.

CHAPTER III

MONACHT APÉ

ONE of the most interesting, and seemingly best verified stories of early travel, comes from testimony of a French scholar and writer of the past century—M. le Page du Pratz—who was then trying to solve the question of the origin of the race that peopled America. At that time Louisiana and the region west was claimed by France, and the French occupied the Lower Mississippi region. In his travels there this philosopher, who was inquiring as to all traditions, found an ancient Yazoo Indian, known as "The Interpreter," as he spoke many languages. Among his own people he was called "Monacht Apé," that signifies, "He who kills trouble and fatigue." If there is anything in a name this man should have been a philosopher, and so the French savant found him.

Monacht Apé was a remarkable man, and for his time and opportunity showed uncommon qualities. He studied nature from his own observation, having no education nor teaching, save that of the native Yazoo nation. He determined to see in person and know the world. Having heard of the Atlantic Ocean, he made his way eastward, probably to the Carolina shore, to see for himself. His own story of it is as graphic as words can be put together: "When I first saw it I was so delighted that I could not speak; my eyes were too small for my soul's ease. The wind so disturbed

the great water that I thought it would beat the land to piécés.”

While he stood there the tide was coming in and its movements both worried and puzzled him. He was camped on the sands, and as the tide came up he thought the waves would swallow all. He found food for thought and inquired why the days grew longer as one went north, and shortened as one went south, but no one he met could tell him. Finally, this French philosopher explained those matters by use of his instruments. Thus it was that the two philosophers became acquainted and M. le Page du Pratz drew from Monacht Apé the story of his travels to the Atlantic, and afterwards yet farther, how he journeyed to the farthest west on the shores of the Pacific.

In his inquiry as to the origin of his race, this Yazoo philosopher had invariably been told that native tradition located the cradle of his people to the westward of the Mississippi, so he determined to see for himself the home-land of his fathers. The reader will excuse me for reminding him that the Yazoo country, watered by the river of that name, is in the State of Mississippi and enters the Father of Waters from the east, not far below Vicksburg.

About the year 1745 Monacht Apé resolved to travel, crossed the Mississippi and went north, wintering with the Missouri tribe near where the river of that name enters the Mississippi. There he learned the Kansas language and in the spring took passage up the great river in a pirogue. The Kansas Indians tried to dissuade him from the attempt, considering it visionary; not succeeding, they kindly did all they could to assist him. They said, that if he made his way up stream for one moon he would come to great moun-

tains; then he should turn north and go as they directed for several days, when he would reach a stream flowing west that would be eventually lost in the Western Ocean. They told of a nation known as the Otter tribe that he would come to. When he had travelled up stream as directed he came to the Otters; tarried there three days, conversing by signs; as they were on a buffalo hunt and some were to return home, he went with them.

Monacht Apé must have been an agreeable man and good traveller, as he won the confidence of all the people he met; learned their language, too, which was a passport to their respect. When his Otter friends came to the beautiful river, after tramping in summer heat, they all jumped in, but our traveller had been raised on the Father of Waters and the Yazoo, and had to learn that there were no alligators around before he would venture. When satisfied as to that, he also took a bath. When the others reached their homes he remained awhile at the head-waters of the Columbia, learning the language, so he could understand the people he was to go among. He liked them for their sincerity, for, as he expressed it, he found that "as their hearts were so they spoke" —in other words, they "would do to tie to." As he was bound to go west his friends gave him a canoe, stocked it with deer meat and dried camas, then gave an earnest "God bless you," for farewell.

Then he went sailing down the western slopes of the Pacific world, no doubt having a rough time on the riffles and rapids and needing all his skill as a canoeist. The first village he came to the chief called out roughly, "Who are you? Whence come you? What seek you with long-haired people?" for it seems that the Yazoos did not wear their hair

long. Then this dignified stranger said: "I am Monacht Apé. I come now from the Otter nation on search for knowledge. I wish to know, so came to you. My hair is short for convenience—but my heart is good. I ask no favors. I have far to go, for I seek the western sea, but my right arm and well-strung yew win my food as I go my way. I sleep all winter as the bears do. Like the eagle, I fly in summer to see what I can see. Are you afraid here of a single man who comes to you in open day?" So it seems that our travelling Yazoo was plain spoken—if he was a long way from home.

The chief on the upper waters of the west did not take kindly to this pursuer after knowledge and answered unkindly; then Monacht Apé, as he was about to push off and try his fortunes farther down the stream, called out: "Even bears will rub noses when they meet, but some men are ruder than bears."

He had relieved his mind and was about to push off and go on when he shouted again: "Salt Tears told me to see the Big Roe Buck, for he was a great chief!" Then there came out of the house close by a very old man; he was so old and blind that some one had to lead him—this was the famous "Roe Buck," father of the young chief, but if he was old he was yet supreme. He told Monacht Apé to come ashore, and kept him two days, explained to him how he was to manage with all the people he would come to; gave him food and told him all the password he needed was to tell the people below that Big Roe Buck was his friend.

So he went floating down, a wanderer on the River of the West—that could well be called by the Otters "The Beautiful River"—until at last he came in sight of another ocean,

where he found a people who were in terror of their lives, because of white, bearded men who came every year in a great vessel to steal slaves and cut and carry off a yellow, stinking wood that grew near the ocean.

It was then about time to expect the pirates, so they were hiding, and had sent away all the good-looking women and pretty girls, so these pirates should not carry them off. Those people had guns, and that made the natives afraid of them. As a precaution they had been trying to kill off all that yellow wood the pirates came for. They received Monacht Apé because he was of their race, and had travelled so much they hoped he could do something for them. He told them he had smelt "villainous saltpeter" and was not afraid, but believed he could make those people willing to let them alone.

He helped them plan and they waited seventeen days; then, sure enough, a vessel came sailing up and sent ashore two boats loaded with men. According to his plan, the Indians ambushed them while they gathered the yellow wood they valued so much and were scattered through the forest, and killed eleven of the thirty who landed; then the rest went away. This Yazoo philosopher held a post-mortem and found that the pirates had short bodies, were thick and their heads heavy, their hair cut short, turbans wound around their heads, and dressed with cotton cloth.

This story of the pirate ship, that landed so far back as 1745 on the coast of Oregon, sounds a trifle problematical; the yellow wood may have been some medicinal growth.

Monacht Apé was gone from home five years and seems to have been a veritable character. Other Indians have been known to travel, but none are known to have made such ex-

tensive journeys as did he. No other went from ocean to ocean.

This interesting story is told in H. H. Bancroft's History of the Pacific Northwest, taken from the works of M. le Page du Pratz, published soon after his return from Louisiana, in Paris, 1858.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY VOYAGES ON THE NORTH PACIFIC

LESS than twenty years after Columbus discovered the Western Hemisphere, Balboa, the adventurer, from some salient point of the Isthmian Andes discovered the great Pacific Ocean—or, as he called it, the South Sea—and not long after performed the dramatic act of wading into the waters of the Bay of Panama, to wave his sword over that farthest ocean and claim all its shores as the future empire of Spain.

Then commenced a career of discovery that swept the shores of America. Spanish patriotism—as well as enterprise—was bounded by the greed that tore three thousand millions of gold and silver in the succeeding century from the rich provinces of Mexico and Peru, supplanting the peaceful rule of the Montezumas and Incas by the inexorable terrorism and heartless cruelty of Cortez and Pizarro, and the terrors of the Inquisition.

In 1534 the peninsula of Lower California was discovered. Eight years later—in 1542—the navigator Cabrillo sailed as far north as latitude 44° , on the Oregon coast, naming Cape Mendocino and the Farallone Islands, off the Bay of San Francisco. But through that century Spain made no further successful exploration on those northern waters. She was hungry for treasure, and the bleak shores of Southern California offered no inducement when she had Mexico and Peru to extort tribute from.

Spain was then enterprising in trade and her commerce with Asia soon became important. Vessels went across the great ocean to China with rich freighting of silver to barter for silks, teas, and other oriental wares. These were unloaded at Panama, conveyed across the isthmus, and then reshipped to Spain. But at that time Spanish enterprise had the world's freebooters to antagonize, one of the most efficient being Captain Francis Drake, of England. Drake had lost his vessel and cargo by unlawful act of Spain; failing of redress, as soon as he secured another outfit he proceeded to get even for this loss by depredating on Spanish commerce on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. He passed into the west, around Cape Horn, in 1578; levied contributions on Mexican seaports, captured treasure ships bound for China, as well as galleons loaded with what was then the world's richest merchandise. Not caring to return by the Straits of Magellan or Cape Horn, where he knew that war ships of Spain watched for his coming, he voyaged to the north, hoping to discover the fabled "Straits of Anian," that should afford him a northern passage back to Europe and give him fame as a world's discoverer. He had on board a Spanish pilot; it was reported that this pilot was landed at some harbor—supposed to be on the southern coast of Oregon by the latitude given—who then made his way to his home in Mexico as he could. Spanish sources state that he did so return. The story was published in 1626, long afterwards. The padres said he was put on shore near the Straits of Anian. His name was Morena, and he was "very sick, more dead than alive." Recovering health, he wandered through many lands for four years, travelled over five hundred leagues, witnessing wondrous countries and strange

people." This seemed to describe Southern California and its gulf, but there were no such people as he described in existence.

Drake went as far as north as 48° , but June 5th, 1579, gave up this quest and sailed south again. He made the remarkable excuse that it was too cold to be comfortable. His chaplain was historian of the voyage. We must admire the Christian zeal and consistency of this old-time sea-rover, who was so careful of the welfare of the souls of his pirate crew. That was the first introduction of Christianity—perhaps—on the North Pacific. The unusual wintry season of that June seems to have given it a chill reception.

As they bore southward Drake entered a bay that yet bears his name, on the coast a few miles north of San Francisco. It was June; the veracious historian says the surrounding hills were covered with snow; the weather so cold that their hands were numbed; meat—in process of cooking—would freeze if taken off the fire. It would not be easy to convince any Californian of our day that this could be true of the middle of June. The worthy chaplain was probably inventing chronicles to excuse Captain Drake's giving up his quest for the longed-for Straits of Anian.

This historian also said, that wherever they went they found the soil full of gold and silver; even the grass roots disclosed fine gold, and all the country was rich in that metal. Drake remained six days in this bay. Adverse winds had driven him back from Cape Flattery, near Puget Sound, or he might have made that discovery. Neither did he discover the harbor of San Francisco, though it was just around the snow-covered hills to the south.

Before that, however, Commodore Anson had discovered,

on a captured galleon, with a million and a half of treasure, a chart of the coast on which were seven dots marked "Farallones," opposite a landlocked bay, indicated on the coast, but not named. Thus we know that the harbor of San Francisco was discovered at a very early time by Spanish navigators in the China and Manila trade. Their vessels were occasionally wrecked on this north coast. They had all the world to contend with on the seas, as buccaneering was then honorable—the world thought—and it was prudent for these merchants to conceal the fact that opposite the Farallones was the finest harbor on the entire coast for freebooters to lay in wait.

Chaplain Fletcher records some incidents of their stay; the Indians there had never seen white men and wanted to worship them as superior beings; ground squirrels occupied the soil—which was about the only time that he found it convenient to tell the truth. He says: "Our necessaire business being ended, our general, with his companie, travailed up into the cōuntry to their villages, where we found herds of deer by one thousand in a companie; being most large and fat of bodie." He also said: "Our general set up a monument of our being there; as also of her majestie's right and title to the same, viz.: A plate nailed upon a faire, great poste, whereupon was engraved her majestie's name (Queen Elisabeth), the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people into her majestie's hands, together with her highness' picture and arms, in a piece of current English coin under the plate, whereunder also was written the name of our general."

We have shown that the Spaniards knew of San Francisco Bay, but the first record of any European landing

on the coast of California, or to the north, was this made by Sir Francis Drake. In 1592, a Greek, named Juan de Fuca, sailing under the flag of Spain, claimed to have discovered the strait that enters Puget Sound from the ocean. But this story is so unreliable that it is not safe as history. It seems to have been told among seamen of that day without any official record being made. If he was not employed by Spain, but voyaging on his own account, such omission was not singular. His claim was so well reported, however, that in the actual discovery of Puget Sound the strait that leads in from the ocean was named for him.

So the century passed away and no further effort was made to discover or settle the north coast. No inducements existed for Spanish conquest, as there were no precious metals to confiscate, no trade to enrich. The value of the fur trade was not appreciated at that time and the only interest Spanish commerce had was to provide harbors of refuge for their vessels voyaging to the Philippines.

Panama and the Philippines, though thousands of miles apart, are in the same latitude; both were in the "South Sea" and near the equator. It would seem that commerce from one to the other, or between China and Mexico, could be direct; but equatorial calms made it easier, and practically a surer and shorter route, to voyage to the north and take advantage of the trade winds in their season.

Thus we find that Puget Sound and the Columbia are practically nearer Japan and Asia to-day than even San Francisco. So the old-time commerce of Spain followed the north coast, circling comparatively near the north shores of America and Asia in preference to making direct voyages across the ocean to the Philippines, or to ports in China.

All the use they had for the north coast was to learn where to find refuge from the fearful storms that at times prevail, and lay in supplies of wood or water, or timber for masts, when they should be needed in times of distress.

In the year 1602, Sebastian Viscaino sailed from Acapulco on the 5th of May, and discovered the ports of San Diego and Monterey, while searching for harbors where East India galleons could take refuge and obtain supplies. Not far above Monterey he could have discovered San Francisco Bay, but kept too far to sea and so passed it by. At Point Reyes he turned in to the shore to look for the wreck of the San Augustine, lost there in 1595; then he continued north, to Cape Mendocino. It had been his intention to sail north to try to discover the fabled Straits of Anian; then sail back to the Atlantic by that route. But his crew were down with scurvy for want of fresh food. Only six were left able to work the vessel; many had died in the greatest distress to be conceived of.

This shows the fearful obstacles that beset the navigator who in that day tried to discover new countries in far-away seas. Viscaino got back to Acapulco in March, 1603; then, for a century and two-thirds of time, no effort was made to discover further, or even to improve discoveries already made. After a century and a half of exploration on the west coast the work was abandoned; the years went on; commerce went by and made no sign, nor did missions of the Church try to reach the native races who peopled the long shore line, until, in 1769, the Franciscans established missions at San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco—167 years after Viscaino discovered the two first named. Every ship that came north buried most of its men as result of

scurvy; no record of human suffering is more pathetic or sorrowful than those handed down of they who manned the ships that sailed this ocean at that time.

In 1774, Juan Perez sailed north to opposite Vancouver's Island. In 1775, he, with Bruno Heceta, went north again; were opposite the Straits of Fuca when storms drove them back to an island, north of the Columbia, where Indians assailed them, killed several of the crew and came near capturing the ship. On August 14th, 1775, Heceta discovered a promontory he called San Roque, in latitude 46° . Close to it he saw an opening he thought was a harbor, or mouth of a river. The Columbia was near being then discovered by the Spaniards. He called it Assumption Inlet. At the same time Bodega, who commanded a schooner that accompanied Heceta, went north to latitude 58° and landed to take possession.

The great English navigator, Captain Cook, in his famous voyage around the world, also made an effort to discover some passage on the north to connect the two oceans. This was in the spring of 1778, but he failed to discern the entrance to the Columbia or to Puget Sound, and of course found no Straits of Anian.

What his voyage discovered to aid the development of the west coast was that there was a mine of wealth in trading for furs with the Indians. While far north his sailors traded for furs to make bedding warmer and clothing suitable to that region. When they reached Canton they sold these furs there for fabulous prices. They wanted to return, and almost mutinied because they could not. On reaching England, they found the country engaged in war, so nothing was done until 1784, when the news was pub-

lished to the world and ships of different nations went there to trade. By this time Russia commenced to traffic for furs at Alaska. The era of adventure on the far northwest may be said to have then commenced.

The entire tale of Juan de Fuca is untrustworthy, for, had he made such discovery, Spain would not have permitted him to leave it incomplete. It would have been the triumph of the age to have perfected that discovery and utilized it before others could.

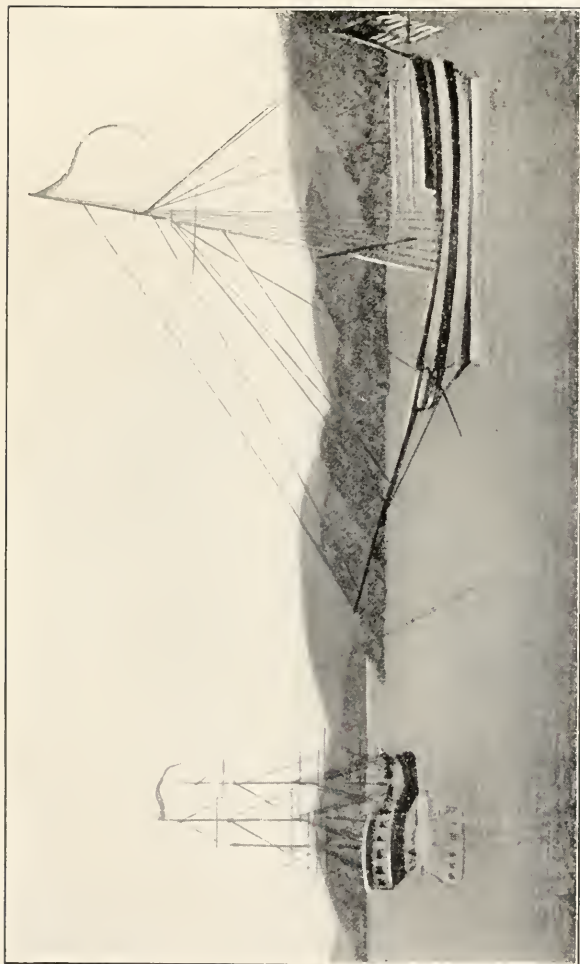
There was a happy mixture of audacity and presumption in the Fuca narrative, for it came within one degree of describing the straits that now bear his name. The name and fame of Juan de Fuca are made permanent for all time, while no authentic proof exists that such a man ever lived, much less voyaged these northern seas.

CHAPTER V

VOYAGES OF THE SHIP COLUMBIA

THE pioneer English—or American—expedition for trade on the Northwest Coast, Bancroft thinks, was that of Captain Hanna, who left China in a brig of sixty tons and traded at Nootka in 1785—seven years after Cook was there; no doubt actuated by news brought by that voyage of the value of furs. This was the first effort for trade by any European. The commencement of regular trade only preceded by six years the voyage of Captain Gray, who discovered the Columbia. After 1785 we may consider that trade was opened and voyages constantly made to the Northwest Coast.

The first American traders for this coast were Boston merchants, in 1788, the first time the Stars and Stripes were unfurled there. John Kendrick commanded the ship *Columbia Rediviva*, 220 tons, and Captain Robert Gray the sloop *Lady Washington*, of 90 tons. Their cargoes were chiefly for Indian trade—iron, copper utensils and implements. The owners were J. Barrell, S. Brown, C. Bulfinch, J. Darby, C. Hatch and A. M. Pintard. They left Nantucket Roads, October 1st, 1787. The owners and other Boston merchants went down to see them off and bid them God-speed. The vessels were parted off Cape Horn, but were to meet at Nootka. It was August 7, 1788, that Captain Gray saw the shores of New Albion. They found a harbor not far from the Columbia and were well received by the natives, to whom



THE SHIP "COLUMBIA" AND THE SLOOP "WASHINGTON"

After an original drawing by Robert Huswell found among the private papers of Captain Robert Gray.

they made presents and from whom they received berries and crabs in plenty, as free gifts. After trading awhile in the most friendly manner for furs, they took wood and water and were ready to leave, when an Indian stole a cutlass, that was stuck in the sand by a Spanish boy, Marcos Lopez, who served the captain. Lopez pursued, and they asked the chiefs to return the boy in safety, but were told to attend to it themselves. If they had taken the chief and held him hostage, they would have been supreme, but they undertook to rescue the lad, found him surrounded, saw him killed with knives and arrows, and the captain and two who were with him had to defend themselves against a horde of savages. Using their pistols, they killed several of the boldest; all three were wounded and escaped with difficulty, wading to their boat and pursued to the vessel, where the swivel gun did some good work on the canoes. All night the Indians howled death dirges on the shore. It was two days before wind and tide served, and it was fight all the time. This was their rather unpleasant introduction to the Indian trade and earliest acquaintance with the natives. Bancroft surmises that Murderers' Bay was Tillamook Bay. The conduct of the natives there was more in accordance with that of the coast Indians north of the Columbia for half of a century after. The latitude given in the sloop's log was a little south of Tillamook; if it was at Tillamook, the natives would have remembered it. The sloop then proceeded up the coast, trading as they went and meeting nothing serious. They passed the Columbia River, as well as the Straits of Fuca, unnoticed, and on September 16th, almost a year out, they anchored in Nootka Sound, towed in by boats from English vessels commanded by Mears and

Douglas, that were anchored there. The Columbia had not then arrived.

In about a week the Columbia also came. They were on the pleasantest possible terms with the English navigators, who were kindly disposed to appearance; helped to make needed repairs, fired a salute on October 1st, when they were celebrating the anniversary of leaving Nantucket, and lied to them, with word of honor annexed, with the most stupendous mendacity. They were told it was madness and sure destruction to attempt to winter on the coast; that they had not been able to buy over fifty beaver skins through the season. It was plain to be seen that they were buying more at that time, for the Indians would not trade with Americans for either food or furs; which they learned was because the English took forcible possession of what the Indians brought them and gave what they chose in return, shooting them down if they objected. When Mears had built a new schooner to leave behind, they helped tow his vessel outside, bound for China, handing him a package of letters for home that he cordially agreed to take and forward, but which was returned to them by the last boat, on pretext that he did not know how to handle them or where he might fetch up.

Later, Captain Douglas's vessel left for the Sandwich Islands and they made arrangements to winter at Nootka. As soon as the Britishers disappeared the Indians came with plenty of food and furs. Nootka was a sad place for thieving; they had some trouble, but lived there until March, 1789, when they commenced active operations. The voyage has especial interest, as it was the first appearance of an American trader on the Northwest Coast. The sloop Washington, now in charge of Captain Kendrick, went trading

north to Queen Charlotte's Island with much success, as may be surmised when they purchased 200 otter skins, worth \$800, for a rusty chisel.

Later, the *Columbia* sailed for China under Captain Gray, and sold her furs there. She was the first American vessel that sailed round the world, taking a cargo of tea for Boston. As a whole the venture seems not to have been profitable. They had learned the business and concluded to send the ship again, so she was again outfitted.

They left September 28, 1790, and reached Nootka in June, 1791. The same conditions prevailed, and the vessels of the company, that now included material for a sloop, were engaged in the coast trade; the *Lady Washington* had gone to China and was changed to be a brig. They had some success and occasional battles with the natives. In the spring of 1792, while Captain Gray was exploring, the auspicious morn dawned that was to reward his exertions by a discovery that would prove of great importance to his country and of great honor to himself.

CHAPTER VI

DISCOVERY OF THE COLUMBIA

EVEN then, nothing was known of the Columbia, save that in 1775 Perez and Heceta, in latitude 46° , named a cape San Roque, and thought that close to it was a harbor, or the mouth of a river; had they not lacked the genius of discovery they could have located the entrance of the greatest river of the Pacific. The Indians on Puget Sound always had asserted that the flow of a great river entered the ocean not far to the south, but were not believed.

The traffic in furs was then only along the coast, and no exploration of the interior was made for years later. Fur traders were in no sense explorers any farther than interest led them to seek fields for traffic. In 1792, Captain George Vancouver, who had been with Captain Cook when he visited the north coast in 1778, was sent by the British Government to take possession of Nootka Sound, just transferred by treaty from Spain, which point he reached and made besides exploration of Puget Sound, giving to prominent features the names they now bear.

All this while the Columbia was pouring its flood into the ocean, scattering over the broad seas the drift the river had brought down each June, even marking the tides with the yellow washings from far inland shores. But no one stopped to trace these back to their source. Perez and Heceta saw there was a harbor, or river entrance; other sea-goers had named the same cape they saw by the title it popularly bears

to-day—Cape Disappointment—because they did not find there the outlet for the great river they looked for. When they wanted to buy furs of the natives a trading ship would fire a single gun from the offing to let them know they were there; hearing and seeing this the Indians loaded their canoes in Baker's Bay, or on the South Shore of Clatsop, where they had villages, and put off with cargoes of furs to trade. Even then they had no idea that their vessel was lying off one of the great rivers of the world, and that its waters were flowing past them. This was told me by a descendant of the very Indians who then lived there, and was received by him from his mother, who was wife of one of the first American settlers. Though a full-blood Clatsop Indian she possessed some education and carefully gathered from her people all they knew of the past.

In 1792, there came sailing past this cape the ship *Columbia*, Captain Robert Gray, fitted out at Boston for the Indian trade. Captain Gray was only a trader and had no mission from his owners or from his government to make discoveries or exploration. The spring season is often stormy, and it was some time in April that the Yankee captain lay off the coast for nine days in futile effort to enter where he believed was a river—a belief soon after justified by his discovery. The sea must have been rough, for the surf formed an unbroken foam-line and the breakers left no channel where any ship could safely enter.

After that, when channels were known and pilots ready, it was often for weeks—and sometimes for many weeks—that a vessel would lay off and on, waiting for it to be safe to enter. There were three channels, and all were more or less unsafe because floods and tides changed them so often.

It has been one of the greatest triumphs of our day that government engineers, at expense of millions of money and years of endeavor, have built a jetty from the southern shore, for miles out, that removes that danger and makes the entrance of the Columbia as safe as the harbor of New York. By means of this work, the floods of the Columbia are now confined in one channel and made to dig a deep, safe and unchanging way through the inner sands and past the moon-mad surf to the waiting ocean beyond.

After nine days of tossing and waiting, Captain Gray went northward, met Captain Vancouver, and stopped long enough to inform him that he was convinced that the great river they looked for entered the ocean past the same cape that had been christened Disappointment. Vancouver was no trader, but had been sent by his government to explore and do all in his power to perfect the English title to the Northwest Coast. He listened with incredulity to this report, but declined to accept its conclusions, as only ten days before he had sailed there and saw no opening through the unbroken surf where he thought a ship could enter. So Vancouver put his helm hard up and bore away, missing the one event that would have doubled his fame and made the British title very near perfect.

We can imagine that Captain Gray was not a little piqued at this incredulity, and that his Yankee grit was put on its mettle, for twelve days later he took advantage of smoother sea and less passionate breakers, and that evening, carefully sounding as he went, took his good ship through the breakers and furling his sails as he lay at anchor in Baker's Bay. A century later, they who represent the world's progress and the million people who occupy the Columbia region, met at

Astoria, where the site overlooks the scene of that long-gone April day, to honor the memory of Captain Gray and the fact that he made this discovery. So long as Time shall write our records and the great river shall keep its pathway to the sea, the centuries will pay homage to the genius of this sailor, and rejoice that in naming the river for his ship it could receive the so appropriate title of the Columbia. Another coincidence was, that this discovery was made on the anniversary of the discovery of America, three centuries before.

As for Vancouver, he did not even accomplish the object of his voyage in accepting the surrender of Nootka Sound. The Spanish commander there, Quadra, and he could not agree as to what the terms of the surrender were, so nothing was surrendered, and England's title failed to receive that much confirmation. All these circumstances contributed to aid the American claim and were part of that providence that was preparing the future of this Northwest—as territory of the United States—helping the Oregon Question to the fortunate conclusion finally arrived at.

While the natives knew by common rumor—if not by actual association—of the whites, the arrival of the Columbia must have been a great event. At that time the Chinooks had their village on the beach of the point that bears that name. The Clatsops had villages on the Clatsop shore, a peninsula evidently made of sands thrown up in successive sea beaches through the ages that have seen this western shore slowly rise from the ocean. North of the Columbia, the shores are wooded and mountainous and terminate in Cape Disappointment, that projects seaward and leaves Baker's Bay on the east. Chinook Point partly encloses

Baker's Bay and is washed by the Columbia. It is twelve miles from Chinook Point to the outer cape. Smith's Point is opposite Chinook, last of the wooded ridges on the south shore. Young's Bay lies between Smith Point and Clatsop peninsula, that divides it from the ocean. This broadens to wide plains, reaching south to Tillamook Head, twenty miles or more, constituting all the level land at the mouth of the Columbia. Astoria is on the side of Smith's Point and overlooks all the lower river and the entrance.

A few days later Vancouver found his way into the mouth of the Columbia and went sailing up its broad flow, but missed the honor of being its discoverer. He sent Broughton to explore further, leaving his own name on the great island to the north, naming the snowy mountains as they are generally known to-day. So his name and those of the men he selected to honor will be thus blazoned for all time.

CHAPTER VII

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, 1804-6

THIS work contains mere outlines of the most important features of the various expeditions, voyages and incidents of the earlier time that led up to the actual settlement and development of the wide region known as Oregon, that was first made known to the world by the expedition of Lewis and Clark, and the occupancy of the various fur-trading companies that followed it.

Only enough of this is told to form a continuous recital of the most important features of that early time, for the object of my work is to tell the story of "Pioneer Days" as the conclusion of a life spent writing for the people whose American citizenship determined, by their occupancy, the title of the United States to the Pacific Northwest; whose patriotism, courage, energy and enterprise enacted a chapter of history unsurpassed in romance, and hardly equalled in the story of time.

At the time the American colonies gained their independence of Great Britain (1783), France was legally possessed of the territory lying west of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, lying south of 49° of latitude. In 1803, Napoleon, anticipating that Great Britain would conquer this territory, and that he had no ability to defend it while warring with all Europe, conveyed this region to the United States by what is known as the Louisiana Purchase. One consequence of this trade with France was, that our

government immediately sent an expedition, under command of Captain Merriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark, which made the first exploration through the wide mountain region, to discover the sources of the Columbia and follow its flood of waters to the shores of the Occident. The story of their travels has been told and retold, and their journal, that was carefully kept, was published then and has been more fully republished of late.

While the object of this work is to bring the story of Oregon in the early time together, and give graphic picturings of the early day as contribution to current literature and history, it is necessary to review each important event that led to occupation and settlement and afford a connected view of the chain of circumstances that redeemed the wilderness from savagery and made possible this future empire of the Pacific. Others may tell the dull details that make reliable history, mine is the self-imposed task to gather the gems that strew the way—the romance that gilds that past—the heroism that conquered fate and often encountered savagery in its most barbarous forms. Here, tragedy and comedy are strangely mingled; the material is here—if one has the graphic power to weave it into words.

In May 1804, Lewis and Clark, with a company of thirty persons, fourteen soldiers, nine young men from Kentucky, two Frenchmen as water-men, an interpreter, a hunter and negro servant, started on this long journey of trial, danger, adventure and exploration. They wintered on the upper Missouri, near Mandan; the next September they crossed the Rockies and found a westward flow that they named the Clark Fork of the Columbia. Following the Lolo trail to the southwest, they came to the Clearwater, that enters Snake



PORTRAITS OF LEWIS AND CLARK

River above Lewiston, Idaho. Suffering from cold and hunger, they reached a Nez Percés village. At this first appearance of white men the women and children fled, but the men received them kindly and fed them so well that Captain Clark ate too much and was ill as a result. The plain where the village stood was soon covered with Indians, who came to see the strangers and the strange things they brought.

Their interpreter could not understand, but they managed to tell something of their mission and where they came from; to assembled chiefs and warriors they made a few presents, traded some, and had nothing to complain of. They had endured exposure, fatigue and hunger, and as a result of the present abundance many more were taken ill. They determined to leave their horses with the natives, and built canoes in which to navigate to the Pacific Ocean. About October 10th, they had their canoes finished and commenced the long journey down the rivers at a time when the waters were unusually low and rapids frequent. It was especially tedious making portages at Celilo, the Dalles and Cascades; below there they had a broad majestic flow, bordered mainly by wooded heights, and on November 7th, less than a month after leaving the Clearwater, they saw the morning fog lift and in the distance viewed the broad expanse of the ocean—"that ocean, the object of all our labors, and reward for all our anxieties."

They began their journey in May, 1804, and on the first day of January, 1806, took possession of a fortified post built on Clatsop, south of the entrance to the Columbia, and not far from the ocean. They located there because elk, deer and bear were plentiful on adjoining ranges and roamed at will over the plains around them; a pleasant change from

the time when they went hungry for days and were glad to get dog meat as an improvement on wolf and crow—or nothing at all. The dog meat they had traded for with Indians as they descended the Columbia, and were glad to get it. There was abundant fish in the river, and yet more in the bordering ocean; wild fowl were plentiful, and the Clatsops had great store of roots, dried fruits and herbs. They remained at Clatsop until March, 1806; commencing their weary journey of 4,000 miles March 23d, to return by new paths over the continent they were exploring.

At Clatsop they met a man about twenty-five years of age who had lighter complexion and different features from ordinary natives, with red hair and freckles. They record that he must have had white blood in his veins; it was remarkable that they did not investigate further to learn a story whose romantic features form one of the most interesting tales of shipwreck, that long antedated the coming of Captain Gray, or any record kept of the olden time, which will be narrated hereafter.

Lewis and Clark gave the first authentic account of the Indian tribes of the Pacific, but only as they were met on the rivers they traversed, showing little of the country or the people outside that narrow view. They carried back valuable information that was authentic, as made by officers of the government. Before that, mountaineers and fur traders had not crossed the Rocky Mountains and the region beyond was a terra incognita, only known as offering opportunity to trade for skins and furs with the most ultra savages on the continent.

There were some redeeming features even then; Lewis and Clark found little to complain of and much to enjoy. Life

at Clatsop was not idyllic; the Nez Percés had cared for their horses during the winter and treated them with great kindness; but on the way back they had trouble with The Dalles and Des Chuttés Indians, who stole all they could, but the Walla Chief gave them the warmest welcome possible; gave them food and horses, with kindness manifested that was best of all. A Shoshonee woman visited them there who was able to converse with an Indian woman who came with them from the Missouri River, so they explained their purpose in coming, which must have made much difference as to their reception. The kindness and hospitality of these friendly natives formed the pleasantest feature of their experience on the Columbia. This concludes all we need say concerning the coming of Lewis and Clark, or of the existing conditions until, a few years later, the Astor expedition established the fur trade at Astoria.

The interest felt, even at that early time, was shown by the sending of this expedition to traverse the continent and explore its farthest wilds. When it returned, and facts were made known, the greatest interest was manifested.

In 1809, when suffering from mental derangement it was said, Captain Lewis died before he had completed his narrative. Captain Clark lived to be promoted and fill important positions through a long life. Speaking of this wide exploration, Mr. Jefferson said: "Never did a similar event excite more joy throughout the United States. The humblest of its citizens had taken lively interest in the issue of this journey and looked forward with impatience to the information it would furnish. Their anxiety, too, for the safety of the corps had been kept in a state of excitement by lugubrious rumors, circulated from time to time, on uncertain

authority and uncontradicted by letters or other information, from the time they had left the Mandan towns, on their ascent of the river, in April of the preceding year, 1805, until their actual return to St. Louis."

This is but a brief sketch of what has proved to be an enterprise that had the most enduring consequences; that added materially to the fame of President Jefferson, who planned its execution and seems to have foreseen—though but dimly—the far-reaching results, as not only paving the way for future travel, but as strengthening the claim of the United States for the ownership of Oregon, a most necessary link in the chain of American title, for it connected the Louisiana Purchase with the region west of the continental divide.

If it has lent just fame to President Jefferson and added distinction to his administration, it also showed, in the success of Lewis and Clark, the determined qualities of American character and how men of purpose and will can overcome all obstacles. Lewis and Clark will always stand prominent among the able men of early American history.

CHAPTER VIII

OAK POINT SETTLEMENT

THE first attempt to settle the Columbia was projected in 1809 by Abiel Winship, in his Boston counting house. As result, Captain Nathan Winship made a voyage to this river in the ship *Albatross*, for the purpose of building a two-story log house, that should serve for fort as well as warehouse, and to cultivate land close by, using all needful precaution to preserve peace with the Indians. Mr. Winship of Boston wrote the instructions much as Astor did—to buy land of the natives and recognize their rights; thereafter to pursue a course that would be honorable and, it was hoped, insure peace, good will and prosperity. At the Sandwich Islands they took on board swine, goats and some Kanakas to work, and entered the Columbia May 26, 1810—the first settlement ever projected in Oregon.

Captain Winship went forty miles up the river and selected a beautiful location where oak trees were grouped near the bank, therefore called it Oak Point, and that name it bears to-day—the only vestige that remains of that venture. He said it was the first point where oak trees were to be seen near the river. They commenced work, hewed timber and were making progress, when the June floods warned them that the site was too low; also, the Indians told them that the freshets always covered that locality. For this reason, and because the Indians became troublesome, and

what they saw and heard led them to believe that the Chinooks only waited for a favorable occasion to capture them all, they concluded not to build, as was intended, but to trade along the coast awhile and leave for future decision the question of building the fort.

Franchère mentions seeing hewn timbers on the bank there. The ship traded for a year, and then Captain Winship saw the arrival of the Tonquin with the Astor company, and did not like to commence opposition to so well-equipped an enterprise.

CHAPTER IX

THE ASTOR EXPEDITION

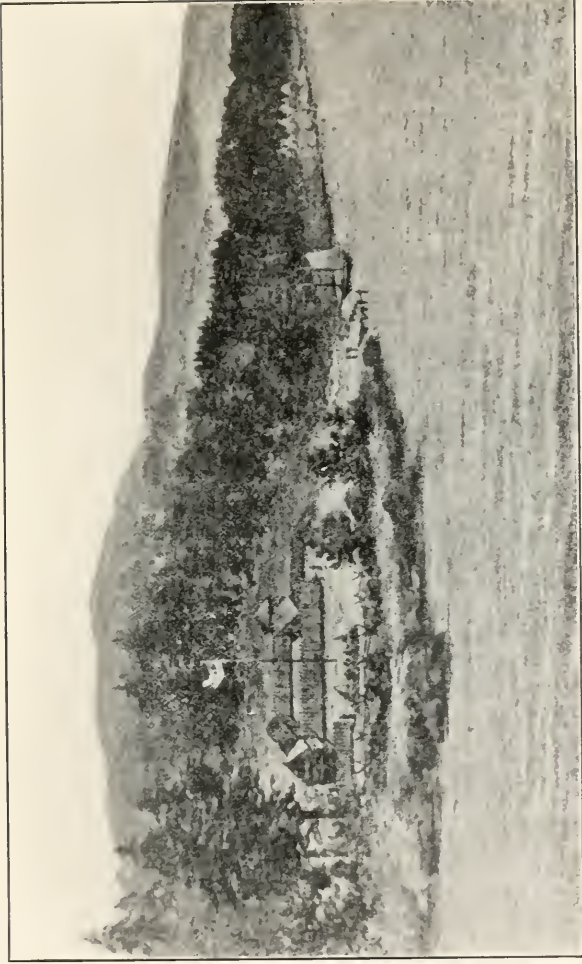
JOHN JACOB ASTOR, having developed wonderful business sagacity in the fur trade east of the Rocky Mountains, conceived the broader view to extend his operations to the shores of the Pacific, making headquarters at the mouth of the Columbia. He took pains to do this under the broad ægis of the nation. Mr. Astor communicated his scheme to President Jefferson, soliciting the countenance of the government, who wrote that he "considered, as a good public acquisition, the commencement of a settlement on that part of the west coast of America, and looked forward, with gratification, to the time when its descendants shall have spread themselves through the whole length of that coast, covering it with free and independent Americans, unconnected with us but by the ties of blood and interest, and enjoying, like us, the rights of self-government."

The Jefferson cabinet endorsed the scheme and assurance was given of such protection as, consistent with public policy, could be rendered.

It would be supererogation to tell over the story Irving has told so well, of that disastrous enterprise and of the expeditions by land and sea that were to open the wide realm of Oregon and make the future empire of the Pacific possible. The broad-mindedness of the originator was shown in its conception, and the success that had previously attended

Astor's undertakings—it was supposed—made it safe. Unfortunately the sea expedition that was to reach the Columbia first, and occupy the field before the rival Northwest Company could reach there, was as fearfully mismanaged as was possible. Its managers proved themselves quarrelsome, fault-finding and incompetent from the moment they left New York.

Captain Jonathan Thorne, commander in the navy on furlough, was supposed to be eminently qualified for command of the *Tonquin*. He proved to be a sea martinet, tyrannical, overbearing, demanding of the partners of the fur company absolute compliance with his whims, while they displayed as much capacity as was possible to aggravate and irritate the ill nature of the commander. Everywhere and all the time it was a game of cross purposes, and never a more ill-conditioned company voyaged together for so many thousand miles. The *Tonquin* reached the Columbia River March 24th, at a season when conditions are apt to be unfavorable and the breakers aggravated by the unkindly sea. Even here the despotic will of Captain Thorne outdid the elemental war, for he forced to their deaths two boats' crews, sent to find the channel against their own consent. The first boat, with crew of four, was seen by those who stood on the deck, lost among the breakers as they looked on. Fox, the chief mate, bade the partners a sorrowful adieu. He said his uncle had been lost at this entrance a few years before, and now he was also sent to meet the same fate; thus, overcome by sorrowing presentiment, he met his doom. The next morning another boat, manned by five good men, had found the channel and when returning to the ship—not a pistol shot away, for the *Tonquin* was following as they



ASTORIA IN 1811

indicated—the boat became unmanageable among the breakers, and nothing could be done to save her crew. Two of these unfortunates were afterwards found alive, having undergone fearful horrors and seen their shipmates meet death. One had died from exposure and exhaustion after the boat reached shore. Here was fatality—just as the harbor was in sight, the haven waiting to welcome them that they had come so many thousand miles to find!

After a time of much disagreement and bitterness between the captain and the partners, a stockade and warehouses had been built on the south side, where is now Astoria. The *Tonquin* went to sea again, to proceed to Sitka, on the Alaskan coast, and open communication with the Russian Fur Company, with whom Mr. Astor had arranged to carry supplies.

At Vancouver Island Captain Thorne took his ship into the harbor of Neweetec, very much against the advice of the Indian interpreter, who told him the natives were very treacherous. When the natives came Thorne found their prices unreasonable and refused to trade; then an old chief followed him up and down the deck, holding out an otter skin and taunting him with offering mean prices, until the irascible captain snatched the sea otter skin to rub the Indian's face with it and dismiss him over the side of the ship ignominiously.

The interpreter and others who had experience urged him to make sail and away, for fear of what the Indians could do; but Thorne relied on his cannon and small arms and treated their advice with contempt. The next morning Indians swarmed to the ship, apparently unarmed, with many peltries, offering to trade on any terms. Thus, as the

ship was getting under weigh, a trade commenced; the decks swarmed with savages, and at a signal yell they commenced to slaughter the crew. Captain Thorne fell at last, surrounded by victims of his prowess. Four men managed to get into the cabin, where they procured firearms, made a brave defence and soon cleared the decks. The interpreter was spared, being of their race, but all others had been killed, save the four in the cabin and Mr. Lewis, the clerk, who was desperately wounded. During the night the four men in the cabin put off in the ship's boat, leaving Lewis, who was wounded unto death.

In course of the next day Lewis induced the Indians to come on board and himself retreated to the hold. In time the deck was thronged with savages, and when the saturnalia was at its height, a terrific explosion destroyed the vessel. Lewis knew he could not live and determined to take a fearful vengeance by exploding the magazine when the deck was crowded with savages. The interpreter, who survived and told the story after his return to Astoria, described the disappearance of the ship beneath the waves, the destruction of over an hundred of the natives, and mutilation of many more. The bay was covered with wreckage, with broken canoes, many dead and many in agonies of death; for days after the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown by the waves upon the land. The four who made the heroic defence in the cabin were captured by the Indians and killed with all the lingering torments of savage cruelty. This was the terrible news the interpreter brought to Astoria.

Of the large number who were on board the *Tonquin* when she arrived off the *Columbia*, thirty-one had met sudden death, six at the entrance to the river, and twenty-five when

the ill-fated *Tonquin* met her fate on the shores of Vancouver Island. Meantime, the expedition by land, under Wilson P. Hunt, was making slow way across the broad continent. What hardships and suffering they underwent is related in full in Irving's "Astoria." Mr. Hunt, with what were left of that expedition, arrived at Astoria, February 15, 1812. Eleven men had reached there a month ahead of his coming. That same season expeditions were started to trade with the Indians east of the Cascade Mountains; the ship *Beaver* having arrived with reinforcements and supplies, the Pacific Fur Company was prepared to commence business vigorously.

At what was long known as Walla Walla—known now as Wallula—the expedition separated, part going to establish a post at Spokane, part to Okanogan, and others to the Nez Percés country.

A successful year's business had been accomplished, and the enterprise—when the force were all reassembled at headquarters, in the early summer of 1813—might have been considered as well organized and inaugurated. Posts were established and commencement made for permanent business through a wide interior, and pleasant relations generally existed with the Indians. Difficulties seemed overcome and the future promised all that the genius of Mr. Astor should warrant. But in the time since these plans were laid war broke out with Great Britain and formed the only cloud on the horizon. The British Northwest Company sent the Isaac Todd letter of marque around the Horn, with orders to capture and destroy Astoria. J. G. McTavish, one of their partners, went overland with seventy-five men, to meet her and take possession of captured stores. The ship had not

arrived, and McTavish and his party had neither ammunition nor provisions, but Duncan McDougal, who was in charge in absence of Mr. Hunt, was a British subject, and though a partner with Mr. Astor, was ready to transfer all the stock of furs on hand to the Northwest Company at one-third the actual value. This he did, and became a partner in the Northwest Company thereafter.

Mr. Hunt returned from the Sandwich Islands, and April 3d left Astoria by sea. The next day all Americans who had belonged to the station—eighty-eight in all—also left to cross the continent to their homes. Thus Astoria was left to the British, and the *Racoon*, a British armed ship, having arrived meantime, the post was newly christened Fort George, and the name Astor for awhile was relegated to the past, to be again revived when Americans settled and possessed the land.

When peace was soon after declared the rights of Astor were restored, but he never claimed them. The adventure had proved too costly, the results were far too uncertain, the scene of action was too far away for him to load his life with a venture so expensive. True, the game was made and uncertainty in a measure was overcome, but Astoria was too distant to be easily controlled; the Northwest Company remained in possession and the Stars and Stripes disappeared from that shore until brought there, thirty years later, by Americans who settled Oregon.

INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED

A chapter from the book of Alexander Ross pictures events happening on the upper waters of Snake River, and

shows the perils of life in that savage region and the fierce adventures that beset the lives of fur traders in the closing months of the Astor Company, when news of war had just reached there.

John Clarke was in charge at Spokane and left there with thirty horses loaded with furs. In six days he reached the Pavilion on the Palouse, where the chiefs had kept his canoes in good condition. Clarke made the chief a present and also a sup of wine out of the silver goblet that was the pride of his heart, expatiating on its value, and that the chief was a greater man than ever before for having drank such liquor from such a cup. The Indians heard his wonderful story, and the wonderful cup passed from hand to hand. The next morning the precious goblet was missing, and Clarke was furious. Search was made everywhere, and when it dawned on Clarke that it had been stolen, he raged and swore, pronouncing sentence on the thief. The Indians called a council, made inquest and found the cup in possession of one in decidedly low repute. It was recovered for the owner, but Clarke demanded the man, and when he was in his hands told him he had to die, and that the fur trader never told lies. They thought it was a jest, until the irate trader hung the man before their eyes; then the friendly chief threw down his robe, a sign of anger, and harangued his people, who all set off to call their tribes to vengeance. Clarke saw the hornet's nest he had roused, loaded his canoes and started for Walla Walla.

There was a gathering of several parties at Walla Walla that spring, who were surprised to see the unusual stir and natives assembling from all sides. Clarke came down the river and soon learned that word had come that he had mur-

dered a Palouse, which tribe was related to the Walla Wallas and Cayuses. All united to condemn the act; meantime the Indians were flying about, howling and whooping in wild commotion. An old chief, who had been ever friendly, came and said: "What have you done? You have spilled blood on our lands! What can I do?" Then he wheeled and rode off, very much agitated. They saw it was useless to wait and take chances, so they loaded up and pushed off for Vancouver in all haste. When they returned up the river again they found at least 2,000 Indians gathered to demand vengeance. The old chief, Tum me at a pam, had worn himself out trying to make peace, but Mr. Stuart, one of the most politic of the traders, managed to quiet them with a few gifts, a good smoke with the chiefs, and the pipe of peace. John Clarke learned a lesson, for he had to charge his soul with the deaths of Mr. Reed and eight others who were murdered in that region the following season. While this occurred at Palouse, on the north, McKensie was going through a wild experience on the waters of Snake River, to the southeast, among the Nez Percés.

He had left his goods safely cached—as he supposed—but the cache had been found and robbed. The Indians were quiet and did not come near him. McKensie summoned the chiefs, told his loss and demanded that they secure the return of the goods; if so, all would be as friendly as of old. They admitted the robbery. It was the young men who did it, and they could not control the young men. As nothing could be done in that way McKensie resolved on a bold scheme. He and his men, fully armed, started on foot for the Indian camp with charged bayonets; they attacked the wigwams and cut and ripped as they looked for stolen prop-

erty. When they had searched a few lodges the chiefs offered, if they would desist, to find the goods themselves. While the whites looked on they found and returned most of the stolen property. It was a bold and dangerous move, but that was the way to treat the case, as Indians never fight with wives and children around them. This was the boldest act ever performed in the history of that time.

But the Indians were determined to get even and refused to sell them anything to eat. The traders were living on horse meat and the Nez Percés had immense bands of horses—yet not a horse would they trade, though greater than usual prices were offered. As no Indians came near, McKensie bribed five of them to act as spies, and through them kept well posted; they came at night and gave news of the hostile camp. He thus learned that they intended to starve them to terms or drive them away. When they wanted meat they killed an Indian horse and tied up goods to pay for it in a bundle stuck near by on a pole, and generally it was the fattest and best of the horses that they took. When this got tiresome, the spies brought word that the Indians intended to attack the whites with overwhelming numbers. This was proved when an Indian offered to sell a horse and take powder and ball for pay.

McKensie and his men retreated to an island in the river, and there the Indians besieged them. Once in a while they made a foray to shoot down a horse as meat was needed. This was tiresome to the natives. A parley was called and treaty made to sell horses at the usual price. But the whites were satisfied to leave, and having traded for all the horses they had use for, McKensie and his men left. They reached Walla Walla just in time to meet John Clarke's party, after

the tragedy told of as happening at Palouse. Those were rough times in the fur trade.

AS TOLD BY ALEXANDER HENRY

Mr. Elliot Coues has published the journal of Alexander Henry, commencing when the Astor Company was betrayed in 1813 and continuing under the management of the Northwest Company. December 18, 1813, he mentions that there came with a Clatsop chief a man about thirty years of age who was extraordinarily ugly as to features, with dark red hair and freckles, a face strong in character, said to have been "offspring from a ship that was wrecked south of the river many years ago." There will be occasion to tell an interesting story of that wreck and of the red-haired white man, who was its only survivor. On the same date he records that "great quantities of beeswax continue to be dug out of sand near this spot and the Indians bring it to trade with us." Concerning this beeswax there will also be more to be said.

Ross Cox, in his account of that time, says: "An Indian belonging to a small tribe on the coast, to the southward, occasionally visits the fort; he was *lusus naturæ*, and his history rather curious. His skin was fair and his face partly freckled; his hair was quite red; he was about five feet ten inches in height; slender, but remarkably well made; his head had not undergone flattening; he was called "Jack Ramsby," as that name was punctured on his arm. The Indians say his father was a sailor who deserted from a trading vessel and had lived many years among their tribe, one of whom he married; that when Jack was born he insisted on preserving

the child's head in its natural form; while young he punctured the child's arm in the above manner. Old Ramsby died about twenty years before that; he had several more children, but Jack was the only red head." According to this, the man Ramsby might have been there fifteen years before the Columbia was discovered; then it is a question if there were any white men, even whalers, on this coast in 1775-80.

January 23, 1814, Henry tells of a trip up the Willamette, above the falls. There was a trading post on Barlow Prairie, or near there, planted by William Henry and thirty-five others. The Calipooias were numerous, but small and diminutive and wore little covering. They occupied all the Willamette Valley with several distinct bands; led wandering lives, had no horses, no permanent homes, lived in open air in good weather and under big fir trees in bad weather; deer were numerous, etc. One of their men was pursued by ten men on horses and got behind a tree with his gun. An old Indian dismounted, as if afraid of the gun, and told them they must not come there, for the noise of the guns drove deer away; if they did not leave his people would drive them away. They may have been Nez Percés, or Cayuses, as they came over the mountains to hunt. The Willamette Indians had no horses. They had bows and arrows, and spears and lances, and dressed in leather shirts and leggings; were painted with white clay and red ochre, and painted their horses with same.

Alexander Henry saw deer tracks in plenty wherever they went. On the way they had trouble with Indians at the Falls of the Willamette; their village consisted of one very long house, on the river bank, below the falls in the cañon; this must have been three hundred feet long, divided for different

families to occupy; they could not go near without danger of being defiled, as there were piles of excrement all around it. The houses seemed tolerably clean within, and near the fire—which was always in the centre, with a hole above for smoke to escape—mats were spread where they sat and slept; with great troughs where they urinated.

The Indian women were fair and comely; the men all had sore eyes, and, like other tribes, were scabby all over, because of filthy living. Women's dresses were made of the fibre of cedar bark and leather, fringed; they used the skins of fox, squirrels, wild cat, and wolf for dress goods; lived on salmon, deer meat, dog meat, smelt, camas bulbs and nuts.

At Sauvie's Island, where the Willamette River enters the Columbia, the Indians were catching great sturgeon and staking them in the river; tying them, some way, to posts driven in the river, to keep until wanted. In the river they saw—besides great sturgeon—sea lions, porpoises and seals plentiful. Coffin Rock was literally covered with coffins, or canoes hung in trees, in which people had been buried—just as we saw them thirty years later.

It was deemed good policy to find a location, in 1818, farther up the Willamette, so an expedition left Astoria April 17, 1818, to look for a site. It examined the shores of the Columbia and Willamette as far up as where Portland now is, but found no place that was satisfactory.

The ship Isaac Todd arrived in the Columbia April 17, 1814, from Portsmouth, England. One of the men of the reinforcement brought along a barmaid he came across in Portsmouth, and for a while Jane Barnes was a feature at Astoria, or Fort George, so attractive that Com-com-ly's son tried to capture her heart and person—though he had four

wives—with promise of an hundred sea otter skins; and further condition that the other wives should wait on her as if “to the manner born.” But she felt herself superior, even to the conditions of the white society there, and determined to return to England. On the way back she captured the affections of a rich Britisher at Canton and married him.

One day, when McTavish, one of the chief factors, and Alexander Henry were trying to go aboard the *Isaac Todd*, there came up a fearful squall that wrecked their canoe, and they both—as also several others—were drowned in the bay, which untimely fate ended the diary of Mr. Henry. Mr. Coues found it very redundant in the use of the mother tongue, and says he tried to simplify it. It is interesting by recital of many facts.

Alexander Ross, who came out with the Astor expedition, relates an interesting incident that occurred in the summer of 1811, soon after their arrival in the Columbia. There appeared at Astoria two Indians who passed for man and wife; spoke Algonquin and came from east of the Rocky Mountains. In time there came two mountain men who knew them for two Indian women, one of whom masqueraded as the husband of the other. When Ross went up the Columbia, to locate on the head-waters, these women also went and made considerable trouble by reporting to the different tribes that the great white chief intended that all things should be given the Indians free, and that they were being cheated, that they were not freely given all that they bought of the whites. These impudent Amazons had lived a thousand miles east of Astoria, where white traders were common, and received presents of horses and all they needed from the credulous natives to whom they told these stories. They were prac-

ticed cheats, who traded on human credulity and must have been very adventurous to wander so far and carry on so bold a system of frauds.

That was the first white man's expedition that ever ascended the Columbia; they pushed on up the rocky shores six hundred miles to Okanogan, finding friendly tribes all the way after leaving the junction with the Snake. When they came to what is known as Priest's Rapids, they made acquaintance with an Indian medicine, or priest, who rendered good service, so they named those rapids for him. When they bought horses he took charge of them and pushed on by land. They put full confidence in him until Mr. Stuart missed his watch, that struck the hour. The priest had stolen and hid it, but they heard it strike and found it where he had concealed it—in the sand; so his reverence was paid off and discharged. In those days Indians thronged all the rivers and were very friendly. It seems surprising that so small a party could convey valuable goods in safety among savage tribes who had never seen white men or such articles. Many times there was evidence of trouble brewing, but Stuart was expert among Indians and managed to get leading men's protection by giving liberal presents. When a trading house was built at Okanogan, Stuart took all the party, leaving Ross alone there, while he crossed to the Fraser. Then winter came and snows were so deep they could not return and poor Ross was left alone in that far wilderness for 188 days. The natives were kind; he bought 1,550 beaver skins and other peltries at average cost of eleven cents each, or £35, in all \$175, that would bring in the Canton market £2,250—\$11,250—which was not a very poor winter's work.

Speaking of the loneliness of that time, he says: "Only picture to yourself how I must have felt, all alone in that unhallowed wilderness, without friend or white man within hundreds of miles, surrounded by savages who never saw a white man before. Every day seemed a week, every night a month; I pined, languished, my head turned gray, and in a brief space ten years were added to my age. Yet man was born to endure, and my only consolation was my Bible." One day he heard his little dog—Weasel—bark; and, sure enough! Stuart and the rest were come again!

That same little Weasel was his only companion. To be sure, there were plenty of friendly natives who were around by day and had the grace to retire at night. But they often had alarms and feared assault from their own enemies, so Ross freshly primed his gun and pistol and lay with them between his blankets in case of need. One night Weasel ran and barked until Ross thought some lurking savage must be in the house; half asleep and fearfully alarmed, he seized his arms, and stirring the embers with his ramrod could see the dog in a terrible rage. All the goods, tobacco, etc., were in a small cellar, kept out of sight, save a little to trade on. He imagined the intruder to be in the cellar. He had lighted a candle, and when he got to the cellar door saw a skunk sitting on a roll of tobacco. A shot from his gun blew the varmint to atoms and perfumed the premises so that it was hardly possible to breathe there for a week. It did even worse, for hundreds of Indians who were camped near by rushed to the rescue and saw the rolls of tobacco and bales of goods with envious eyes. For some time they were importunate and troublesome, and he had occasion to regret the intrusion of the offensive night visitor. He placated

them by calling an assemblage of all the chiefs and told them he soon expected Mr. Stuart to come with another large assortment of goods for trade, which put them in good humor.

Alexander Ross touches on the management of Mr. Astor in a way that Washington Irving could not admire, for he bitterly criticises his selection of McDougal for chief trader at Astoria, and Captain Thorne to command the *Tonquin*. He attributes the failure of the expedition to those two men chiefly, as the qualities of Wilson P. Hunt, Stuart and McKensie could not redeem the failures of the other two.

Ross also severely criticises Astor's assortment of goods sent to the Columbia: "None knew better than Mr. Astor, himself what was necessary and suitable for that market, but he had nothing of this kind. Instead of guns we got old metal pots and gridirons; instead of blankets, molasses. In short, all the useless trash and unsalable trumpery which had been accumulating in his shops and stores for half a century were swept together to fill his Columbia ships."

He also asserts that the articles of agreement, and promises for promotion originally made, were violated by him. When war broke out, Boston merchants—at great expense—sent intelligence to their ships on the Northwest Coast of that event, and when they applied to Mr. Astor for his quota of the expense he refused, saying: "Let the United States flag protect them." As a consequence, no definite word of the declaration of war reached them to warn them for their safety.

When the *Tonquin* sailed for the north, most of her cargo had not been unloaded, and was to be discharged at Astoria on her return; but as she was lost at Nootka, there was but small supply of goods left for the Indian trade. This was

due to the headstrong will of Captain Thorne. Certainly, Astor could not have managed other business as he did this expedition to the Columbia, or he never could have succeeded as he did.

Early in Astor's time there was trouble to get supplies at Fort Astoria; the natives there thought they had a sure thing, until a bargain was made with skilled hunters who ranged the Upper Willamette for meat as well as skins and furs. They loaded their game and peltries into canoes and made a portage at the Falls of the Willamette. Young McKay went through there with his father in 1838; they found all game abundant and the grass was as fine as could be grown.

CHAPTER X

ALEXANDER ROSS AND ROSS COX

ALEXANDER ROSS, who was at Okanogan in 1811, had been brought up in the fur trade, and seems to have been of a religious temperament. In his book of adventures he says: "The paramount evil that frustrates the labors of the missionary arises from sects of different persuasions interfering with one another, an evil that tends rather to destroy than to promote religious feeling among savages. It is no uncommon thing in the wilderness to see the pious and persevering evangelist, after undergoing every hardship, to open a new field for his labors among the heathen, followed often by some weak zealot of another sect who had not energy nor courage of himself to lead, but who no sooner reaches the cultivated vineyard of his precursor than he begins the work of demoralization and injustice by denying the labors and creed of his predecessor, clothes some disaffected chief and infuses animosity and discord among all parties, in order to get a footing and establish himself."

To illustrate. He cites an Indian village of 300 souls on the frontiers of Canada, where they had a neat chapel and missionary who taught a school and all seemed comfortable and happy. Three years later all was changed; they were less numerous, less thriving, and instead of one missionary there were three, and as many chapels. Religious animosity ran high and one of the churches had been burned by religious fanatics; another was despoiled and abandoned, and

the third remained a sad monument to Christian hate. The schools were deserted, and this desolation and demoralization resulted from the unhallowed practice of one sect of religion interfering with another.

Ross Cox was contemporary with Alexander Ross, but stationed in a different region. The Flatheads, who dwelt close to the Rocky Mountains, he describes as superior to all other tribes in physique, character, and the women as perfectly chaste. They came near the ideal of life in primitive conditions, but their fathers hunted buffalo east of the range, and they claimed that right, while the fierce Blackfeet resented it.

As a consequence, there was war on the most savage lines, the Flatheads getting the worst of it, as they were least numerous, only kept up by their bravery. Their war chief lost his wife, captive to the Blackfeet, and mourned for her, refusing to be comforted or to marry again. The picture given is touching, but the next year he made a raid and captured the chief who had been their bravest enemy—who took his wife prisoner and tortured her. Cox looked on while he in turn was tortured and butchered by inches, making no sign of distress, taunting his tormentors that he had done them fearful harm “You don’t know how to torture. Try it again! We make your relatives cry out aloud for pain—like children. It was to my arrow [to another] you lost your eye.” Then the warrior referred to rushed at him and scooped out his eye and otherwise hacked him; but this did not stop him. Looking to one and another: “I killed *your* father, who was a fool”—and was scalped by the man addressed. Then to the chief: “It was I made your wife prisoner last fall—we put out her eyes—we tore out her tongue

—forty of our young men——” But before this last sentence was ended a ball passed through his heart.

Atrocious cruelties were practiced on the women captives, such as cannot be described. Cox remonstrated as a young girl of fifteen was led to torture, but they seemed inflexible in their hate. Finally, he promised that if they would send back the remaining prisoners he would bring them guns and ammunition in trade, that would make them superior to their enemies. This was listened to, he urged it on the ground of humanity and Christian teaching. There was a fierce debate; an old priestess, who was conducting the girl to sacrifice, taunted them for being cowards and fools if they would forego their revenge, summoning them in name of their mothers, sisters and wives not to yield, but the promise that the traders would live among them and supply all their wants if they would yield to this—and would leave them alone if they did not—had force. Even the widowed war chief acquiesced.

The promises were mutually performed. The prisoners were returned to their tribe, and the Flatheads were well supplied with arms, so that they held their own and the annihilation of their tribe was prevented. The Blackfeet retaliated on the whites, however, for having supplied their enemies with arms, and thereafter many whites became their victims. The Flatheads possessed many virtues: were honest, brave, virtuous, truthful, cleanly, handsome in form and feature, well made and rather slender; dressed in good taste, and possessed native modesty and fairness of character, to which the majority of the Indians of the lower country were strangers. They and their relatives—the Nez Percés, the Cœur d’Alene, and kindred tribes—seem to have been the

most amenable to civilization and disposed to be friendly to the whites.

The narratives of Ross Cox and Alexander Ross have romantic interest, showing the conditions that prevailed as to Indian character and belief of that period. They appear to have been educated gentlemen who wrote their stories in pleasant and graphic style. Also, Franchère's narrative is well told, and Franchère himself is well spoken of by all his companions, as commanding their respect for his delightful ways and kindly nature.

Mr. Cox suffered severely from rheumatism, and was relieved finally by an old Indian, who induced him to take a morning bath. As it was winter, they had to break the ice, but the two of them jumped in, the other rubbing him down well while in the water till his hair became fringed with icicles; as they emerged, his limbs were covered with ice. Wrapping in a blanket he ran back to bed, and after twenty-five days of treatment was not only well, but never had another touch of rheumatism. An old Canadian, who had chronic rheumatism, desired to try the same treatment, but the old man said it would do him no good; instead he made a sweat house, put him in it—and it was none too large—then threw water on hot stones placed around him and let him swelter until nearly suffocated. A few such baths didn't radically cure, but relieved the veteran so that he could live by day and sleep by night, as he had not for many a day.

Mr. Cox says he saw no reason for the name Blackfeet, as the feet are not black; nor for that of Flathead, for the tribe so named did not flatten the head, which was only done by the tribes of the Lower Columbia. While the Flatheads allowed no intermarriage with whites and were more virtuous

than usual among natives, an exception had to be made in one instance. Pierre Michel was the son of a respectable Canadian by an Indian woman. As interpreter he was valuable to the company; as he had accompanied the Flatheads on two of their campaigns, where he was distinguished for courage and had an undaunted aim, as well as bravery, he had won the affections of the whole tribe. Michel fell in love with a girl of sixteen belonging to one of the first families and proposed for her. A council was called to consider his offer, but the girl's mother had promised her to a young warrior, who also loved her ardently, and naturally enough opposed her union with Michel. But the war chief especially appreciated Pierre Michel; asking him if the girl had promised to be his wife, he said she had not; then the chief showed Pierre's great services and the good policy it would be to ally him with the nation. He appealed to the Indian lover and his friends to not oppose; then the rival shook hands with Pierre and told the girl she could always count on him as a brother—if he couldn't be her husband. Michel made suitable presents to his late rival, now his friend, and to the relatives of the bride, and in the evening went to her uncle, the heredity chief, to talk and smoke. Here she was lectured by father and mother on her duties as a wife, exhorting her to be chaste, obedient, industrious and silent; when her husband should be away to stay at home, and not be at any time too fresh with strangers. Then the mother of the bride took her away to undergo ablution and dress for her married life. The leather chemise was exchanged for gingham; she had a calico gown added; a green cloth petticoat and a blue gown completed the outfit; then she received further advice at her uncle's lodge; a procession was formed,

where two chiefs and warriors carried torches and marched to the fort to deliver the blushing bride to the happy and waiting Pierre.

They sang war songs in praise of Michel's prowess and their own triumphs over the Blackfeet. She was serenaded by a group of old and young women, some of whom laughed while others wept. In this order they reached the fort "chanting their warlike epithalamium." There was dancing and singing again, then the calumet of peace went round, when Pierre again shook hands with all, embraced his late-rival and the chiefs, and then the bride was his and accompanied him to his quarters. It is pleasant to know that they lived happily as a result of this forest idyl, but no other applicant not to the manner born ever succeeded in persuading the Flatheads to give him a wife—for love or money. Happy Pierre!

In the course of the winter at Spokane (1814) one of the younger clerks resolved to take a wife. The interpreter was told to make inquiry, and a pretty looking girl of seventeen was the applicant. The father had died, but the mother and brother settled the terms and received blankets and kettles; other relatives were remembered with lesser values. She was taken in hand by one of the men's wives, scrubbed, to be rid of paint and bear's grease, the leather chemise exchanged for civilized dress—and in this renovated form proved to be one of the most engaging females ever discovered in the Spokane nation. Scarcely had a week of the honeymoon passed when a number of young warriors, all armed, galloped into the courtyard of the fort. This was almost warlike, quite extraordinary, but as soon as the bride saw the foremost rider she vanished from the scene. Dis-

mounting, the new arrivals asked for a conference; the leader made his case that from the first his people had treated the whites well; supplied their wants when in distress and been brothers to them, certainly had not robbed them—with a burst of passionate eloquence he narrated how his company had gone on a hunt and coming home all the others found their wives waiting to see them, but his home was empty. He never should put faith in a white man again, for one of them had taken his wife away from him. This gives his remarks but in brief; it was a masterful appeal. He didn't want the girl for a wife any more, but insisted on having her to make an object lesson of.

The interpreter explained that the girl's relatives made the trade, and she would not have been taken had it been known she was his wife. Fearing her life would be sacrificed, the old chief tried to pacify him; finally, he was given a gun, an hundred rounds of ammunition, two kettles, three blankets, a spur, a dagger, ten fathoms of tobacco and other articles to compensate for lacerated feelings; so the young man at last had a clear title to his young spouse and her ex-husband had property to pay for several of the best damsels Spokane could furnish. When this exorbitant trade was completed there was a general smoke, for smoking is the emblem of peace among Indians. When the young woman in controversy saw from her hiding place that the pipe went round, she knew that the trouble was compromised and she was paid for, so she came unblushingly forth and switched her new-fashioned skirts, as well as her newly washed face, past the very person of her late proprietor. This is quite a different incident from the love match that Pierre made with the Flathead maiden.

In 1815 Mr. Stuart wrote Mr. Cox from British Columbia, and it is interesting to note the frequent quotations from the classics made by these gentlemen in the wilderness. Alluding to his remoteness, he says: "Messrs. McDougal and Harman are with me; they are not only efficient officers but—what is a novelty in this country—are real Christians. I sincerely wish their pious example was followed by others. We are at separate posts, but as we feel great delight in each other's company, we visit as often as the condition of the country and our business will permit. In their conversation I enjoy some of the most agreeable moments of my life." He describes the natives of the north as very different from those on the Columbia, in all important respects.

CHAPTER XI

THE NORTHWESTERS

WE have seen the great enterprise of Mr. Astor terminate in the surrender of the post at the mouth of the Columbia to the Northwest Fur Company, with transfer of the property and business of the Pacific Fur Company. Then the flag of Great Britain was hoisted on the same staff that had floated the Stars and Stripes, and the captain of the British war vessel broke a bottle of wine on the same staff as he rechristened the place Fort George, instead of Astoria.

The treachery and disloyalty of McDougal—Astor's Canadian partner—is charged with this surrender of Mr. Astor's interests; one rather amusing feature of the affair was the conduct of the old Chief Com-com-ly, father-in-law of the thrifty McDougal, who saw the proceedings with infinite disgust. He soon discovered that the *Racoon* was not an American vessel, but hostile to the old management. He took note of the equipment, the large force of men on board, and all the paraphernalia for naval war, so calling his warriors together they made the journey of five miles across the broad river from Chinook Point to Astoria, and he addressed his recreant son-in-law and others there in a set speech, wherein he set forth the good will that existed on his part for the people of the fort and made the brave and liberal offer to aid the defence. He and his warriors would ambush the invaders as they landed, while the Americans

should use the guns of the fort; so they would destroy the common enemy—for the Chinooks were hostile to all who were enemies of the Americans.

Meanwhile, two boat loads of armed Britons were coming in to take possession, and the unworthy McDougal scarce had time to assure his colleague and ally that there was no occasion for fear, as he was all right with King George's men as well as with the others, before the boats landed. With the aid of that Chinook contingent a good defence could have been made; old Com-com-ly looked on with dissatisfaction to have missed so great opportunity for renown. When, later, he saw the place rechristened in form and possession taken, he expressed regret that he had not done as he suggested and made the fight on his own account, for he was satisfied that henceforth the Americans were no better than slaves. It is some satisfaction—as matter of history—to know that from thenceforth the Chinook chieftain was always ashamed of his son-in-law.

Our purpose only needs a glimpse at each period of the history of that region. The Astor Company being disposed of, we will chronicle a few features that intervened from the surrender of Astoria to the time when the Hudson's Bay Company took possession under the able management of Dr. John McLoughlin, about ten years later.

The treaty of peace provided that all territory taken by either party during the war should be restored. Mr. Astor was anxious to recover his rights at Astoria and resume trading operations on the Pacific, so applied to our government for the restitution the treaty demanded. In the fall of 1817 the sloop of war Ontario was sent for this purpose and to assert the claim of the United States to the country

adjacent to the Columbia. This led to discussion of right of sovereignty, the British Government claiming that purchase from the Astor Company and continued occupancy gave the British permanent rights. Captain Biddle, of the Ontario, however, took possession of the Columbia in August, 1818. By agreement between the two countries Fort George was surrendered to the Americans, and as the title to the country was in dispute joint occupancy was agreed on, leaving the British in actual possession of Oregon.

During the five years of possession the Northwest Company made much improvement at Astoria, better stockades, larger enclosures, more ample warehouses; the population was twenty-three whites, twenty-six Kanakas and sixteen Canadian half-breeds. Mr. Astor could not get the business in shape to handle it, as there was no government protection possible, such as he deemed necessary, and it was not advisable to found a rival company. Possession was nine points in the law, and the Northwesters had possession.

On the 20th of October, 1818, a compromise was signed by which all territories and waters west of the Rocky Mountains should be free and open to vessels and citizens of both nations for ten years to come, and that during this time joint occupancy existing, no rights should accrue by reason of such occupancy. On the 22d of February, 1819, by the Florida treaty, Spain ceded to the United States her province of Florida and all her claims to territory on the Pacific north of the 42° of north latitude, which was then the north boundary of Mexico—then as now the north line of California.

The rivalry existing for many years between the North-

west Company and the Hudson's Bay Company for the trade in furs had been implacable, resulting in actual war to the death. When their expeditions met they fought, and the most powerful robbed when they did not slay their rivals—or did both. This began in 1806; the Northwest Company had 2,000 men, and in its sense of power invaded the territory that the Crown had conferred on its great rival, the Hudson's Bay Company, which never went beyond its own limits and had never been able to explore that much. As the Northwesters gained wealth and numbers they became aggressive. It was the law of the wilderness, where might was right; there was no other law, no principle to go by and no government near enough to enforce law—if it existed. The aggressive conduct of the Northwest Company roused the Hudson's Bay Company to assert itself; there was as absolute and unholy war between them as between hostile Indian tribes. It was war of extermination—to destroy the Hudson's Bay Company, and make them abandon the field—or else sell out at low price. Without royal charter or legal right, the Northwest Company having no grant of territory, had become great and powerful because of its success in trade; therefore, its managers determined to claim the entire northern wilderness, from ocean to ocean, as theirs by force of arms.

This fearful strife continued from 1806 until 1821, when Parliament consolidated the two as the Hudson's Bay Company. Then the vast domain of the north of North America passed under the control of the consolidated forces. The fierceness of their war may be understood when we know that the Northwest people destroyed settlements made and killed Robert Semple, Governor of the Territories of the Hudson's

Bay Company, and twenty-five or thirty men with him. At that time the Hudson's Bay Company had no ventures west of the Rocky Mountains in Oregon; so the war only existed to the east, and I refer to it as showing the character of the times. From January, 1814, to 1821, the Northwest Company had possession on the Columbia and experienced a great variety of adventures in intercourse with different tribes who occupied the many regions on the coast and in the interior.

A very interesting narrative was told by Ross Cox, who had been one of the Astor Company, and remained for nearly half a century connected with the different companies. I condense to give an idea of conditions prevailing, as well as views of life and religious belief of the Indians. The Okanogans, with whom he was stationed much of the time, occupied a region of the Upper Columbia, nearly 200 miles north of the junction of that river with the Snake, close to the British line. The Okanogan River rises to the north, in British Columbia. They were a brave and independent race and may be accepted as a fair average of the Indians the Fur Company had to deal with.

The Cascades of the Columbia, where he shows there was continual trouble with the savages, is the well-known wonderful gorge where the river is hemmed in by mountain heights and rushes through in fierce rapids that made a portage necessary. It was a famous fishing ground for the Klickitats, who were independent and warlike until placated by good usage. Under the later management of Governor McLoughlin they became allies and many were employed as workers by the company. This famous pass was occupied from 1850 by shrewd white men who levied far greater trib-

ute on the world's commerce than the native Klickitats ever did.

As Mr. Ross says: The Astor expedition had a continent of unfriendly savages to contend with and overcome by alternate force and strategy. It is not easy to imagine the hardships and dangers that beset their course and called for all the tact, as well as courage, possible to human nature. The various tribes were jealous of each other and at times were treacherous toward the whites. It is really matter for surprise that the invaders were received so well and had so little cause for complaint, when it was so easy for the natives to misunderstand them and so many interests were arrayed against them. But the Indians were not their worst fear; as they extended their excursions inland they found their unscrupulous competitors—the Northwesters—on the headwaters of the Columbia.

They found the Indians in possession of the great gorges—or natural passes—at both the Cascades of the Columbia and fifty miles above there, at the Dalles, as also at the Falls of the Willamette, twenty miles above its junction with the Columbia. They found, also, that in all these passes they understood their advantage and were prepared to demand tribute, or toll, for use of their monopoly. These adventurers risked and dared much for the privilege to trade in furs, and endured untold hardships as well. During the three years the Astor expedition lasted sixty-one lives were lost—mostly on land excursions.

Mr. Alexander Ross was one of those who went from the Pacific Fur Company to its successor and former rival; he gives a history of its career until it, in turn, was absorbed with the Hudson's Bay Company. But he did not admire the

ways of the new company, and delights to tell how the egoism of its all-sufficient leaders was at times taken down by the misfortunes invited by bad management. The "Northwesters"—as they proudly styled themselves—tried to improve on previous management, but miserably failed, and were often obliged to follow the ways of their predecessors. The traders had not succeeded in conciliating the savages, as men in their employ continually invited danger and fomented trouble. Large companies were sent out, composed of the most heterogeneous material, often thieving, unruly and even mutinous; withal, as careless as possible in securing and caring for the property in their care.

As soon as the Northwesters had secured the Astor equipment they fitted out a company to go to the company's headquarters at the east to carry back the important news. Kieth and Stuart went with only twenty men. They made light of a word of caution as to the danger in passing the Cascades and Dalles portages with a small company; they said if the Indians were ever so unruly they would take no liberties when they found they had "Northwesters" to deal with. When baggage and supplies were being transported at the Cascades the Indians—who were there in great numbers—rushed at them when they were scattered at the portage, pounced on their valuables, and a sharp battle ensued. Stuart was wounded and two of the Indians were killed. It was raining; the flint locks would not work well, and the trusty "Northwesters" were not much account among such a horde of savages.

After a hard time they abandoned the gorge and went very ingloriously back to Fort George. When they re-

turned again it was with an increased force, and had two Chinook interpreters with them to lend assistance. For a week war's clarion sounded and the clang of arms was heard, but not the arms they took on the first expedition, as most of those were left in possession of the Cascade band of Klickitats, as well as the goods they were taking to the upper country. This time they had two large cannon, and six swivels were rigged in the boats, with guns, swords and pistols, cutlasses, hand grenades, and hand-cuffs. With flags flying, eighty-five men set forth on January 20, 1814, filling ten river craft, full of victory in expectation. Tribes along the river were terror-stricken, and the two Chinook interpreters could not sleep for grieving over the fearful fate that was to visit their friends and whilom allies at the Cascades.

The third day they reached the foot of the rapids and sent the interpreters to summon the Indians to give an account of themselves. The Northwesters assumed a lordly air and commanding tone. It was necessary to show these marauders that they had no longer the easy-going men of the Astor type to deal with.

But the Cascade chief met the demand that they surrender all the captured property with counter-demand that sounded just as well. Your savage is a native diplomat. They seem born to negotiate, and the wilder they may appear the more diplomatic they manage to be. It was a mortifying fact to the Northwesters that these Cascade infidels were not the least alarmed at sight of their great armament, or at sound of their great cannon—were not the least intimidated by their formidable appearance and magnificent array. "War's magnificently stern array" was an every-day

business with them. With paint and feathers on they had no occasion to play second fiddle to anybody.

So they sent back for answer: "The whites have killed two of our people; when they send us the murderers we will send them their property." Then the savages had the humanity to send their wives and children to the thick woods close at hand, to be out of danger's way, and in full panoply of war took their places for battle.

McTavish, the leader, sent them word to come and have a smoke and talk it over, but the only answer was: "When you pay us for the two men you have killed we will smoke—and not before." So went one day. Another day came and the Chinook interpreter went to see them again. They sent back some cotton cloth, that had been torn to tatters, and said: "Here! Take your property and give us the murderers!" In the evening two of the chiefs brought some more rubbish and boasted of their loyalty to the whites. So went another day. When the interpreters went on the third day they were told that if they came again and did not bring the murderers they would be fired on—and must take the consequences.

The fourth morning they discovered that in the night the Indians had come into their camp and stolen guns, kettles and clothing. They became insolent, adding insult to injury, and whooped and yelled as if intending to attack. All this time the savages were under shelter and the whites were exposed. The interpreters said the Indians had received reinforcements. So, after five days of ignominious pretence and inglorious palaver the Northwesters actually backed down and carried their formidable armament home again. Nobody was hurt and no goods were recovered. If they

had kept the chiefs who came to them as hostages, they could have commanded the situation. The fact was they could not afford to go to war; that was only pretence. What they needed was diplomacy; and that was finally accomplished by the aid of two Chinook chiefs, so that they at last got some of the goods back and forgave the remainder as a compromise for the deaths of the men killed in the outset.

In the year 1816 a party was fitted out to trap beaver in the Willamette, but the natives warned them not to continue up the river unless they paid tribute for the privilege. This was another instance of utilizing a river gorge, or pass, where a portage was necessary, to exact tribute for the privilege. The hunters resented the demand and determined to force their way rather than establish a precedent that could not be easily evaded. If they had been better versed in Indian diplomacy they would have assented and established an inoffensive precedent, that would have been no disadvantage, as we shall see; but as it was, the next day they found the river bank lined with natives on both sides. They assumed menacing postures, but the traders determined to push on. The advance called out a shower of arrows. One man was wounded and in anger they fired back, and a native—a chief at that—was killed. The expedition could not succeed against hundreds of savages in arms, who were in ambush, while they were in open day; so they returned to Fort George, sadly discouraged.

Afterwards the chief's death was compromised by payment of agreed value and peace restored. When the next effort was made to hunt in the Willamette a more efficient officer was in command who understood Indian character. On being summoned to stop, as they passed the falls, he

headed his boats for the shore, landed, inviting all to smoke a friendly pipe, in that manner paid all the tribute they expected and went on his way. Thereafter the same practice was continued and the natives were happy and satisfied, feeling that their rights had been respected.

After the return of Stuart and Kieth from the Cascades, discomfited, Stuart wounded and much goods and fifty guns left behind, a council of war was held at Fort George and native chiefs invited to attend. The Chinooks were glad of a chance to become allies of the whites; soon McTavish, with sixty-two men and a small brass cannon, were embarked in six canoes, the two Chinook chiefs as negotiators, on their way to the Cascades—to find the villages deserted. They sent word by stragglers that they were prepared to annihilate the tribe if their goods were not sent back. The chiefs sent word declining to even smoke, or talk, or make any terms, until McTavish succeeded by strategy in seizing a chief to hold as security. It was rather hard on them to see their principal chief held captive, in bonds, tied neck and heels, and be told: “Now bring in our things, or your chief dies!”

They howled dismally for awhile—but that was waste effort. The guns all came back and most of the goods, when it was agreed that the balance could offset the two men killed in the outset. It was understood that goods in transit were to be let alone or the violators would be shot, and they need expect no recompense for those killed in act of transgression. The Chinook chiefs assisted in negotiation, but thought their white allies acted cowardly in not creating havoc by waging war. The Cascade Indians were occasionally troublesome under the Northwesters, but were far more

tractable; so much so, that McKensie, when conducting a valuable cargo over that portage, consigned it to the care of a chief who had a very doubtful reputation, and found every article accounted for. The Indians appreciated being treated with confidence, and if judicious firmness and kindness had been used would have been more tractable from the first.

But the Northwesters were not successful in inspiring confidence and had to fight their way. The same year several more were killed at The Dalles; in the fall an affair occurred on the upper river, as a party was on the way to Okanogan. They were poling against the current when Indians came in canoes and tried to rob them. As blows did not answer, they tried powder and ball, when two Indians were killed and one wounded. They intrenched on an island and the hills around blazed with signal fires. They prepared to fight to the death, and many wrote messages that they hoped would reach their friends after their fall. They concluded it was best to buy a peace, and pay for the dead; so forty-eight went ashore with a flag of truce to ask a parley. Then came an hundred and fifty warriors and forty mourners for the dead, all armed and chanting a dirge; behind the half-naked and painted mourners were a multitude of mounted men. The chiefs refused the calumet of peace; would accept no price, however great; nothing would do but to surrender two white men for sacrifice. Kieth said that could never be; white men must have their rights respected if they were to live among them. Some agreed to accept the offer, but the majority demanded vengeance. Each party stood, grasping their weapons. Every member of the whites was determined to die hard—and it was ten to one!

Possibly there was never greater tension known to human life since Time began than as that little band waited the crack of doom!

A tramp of horses is heard and twelve mounted warriors dash into the vacant space between the opponents! They dismount! The leader greets Kieth kindly, then turns to his own people. He is young, handsome, fearless—as he appeals to ask them what they would do.

“Friends and relatives! Three snows only have passed since we were a poor, miserable people! Our enemies, the Shoshones, during the summer stole our horses, by which we were prevented from hunting, and drove us from the banks of the river, so we could not fish. In winter they burned our lodges by night; they killed our relatives; they treated our wives and daughters like dogs, and left us either to die from cold and starvation or become their slaves!

“They were numerous and powerful. We were few and weak. Our hearts were as the hearts of little children. We could not fight like warriors, and were driven like deer about the plains. When thunder roared and rains poured, we had no shelter. No place save the rocks where we could lay our heads. Is such the case to-day? No, my relatives. It is not. We have driven the Shoshones from our hunting grounds, on which they dare not now appear, and have regained possession of the lands that were our fathers, in which they and their fathers lie buried. We have horses and food in abundance, and can sleep unmolested with our wives and children, without dreading midnight attacks. Our hearts are great within us and we are now a nation!

“Who, then, my friends, have made this change? The white man! In exchange for our horses and furs they gave

us guns and ammunition. Then we grew strong. Killed many of our enemies and made them fly from our lands. Shall we treat such men with ingratitude? Never! Never! The whites have never robbed us, and why should we rob them? It was very bad and they did right to kill the robbers!"

When the mourners for the dead showed dissatisfaction at this, he said, yet louder: "Yes! They did right to kill the robbers, and who will dare to contradict *me*?" Then, with passionate words he told how his own father had been killed when his friends had deserted him; invoked vengeance on thieves and cowards, and showed how the whites would come in force to revenge the death of their friends. "Then, where would they get guns and ammunition? They would be at the mercy of their enemies. If they refused the compensation offered, he and his band would join the whites—for they were right." He spoke thus for two hours, with all the Indian's power of appeal and illustration. The Walla Wallas were induced to smoke the pipe of peace and accept the terms offered.

This brave and handsome young chief was Morning Star. At twenty-five he had succeeded his father, a chief of great influence and bravery, who had been killed in battle. The young man had performed prodigies of valor and nineteen scalps hung to the neck of his war steed—all killed by himself in three years, to appease the spirit of his father. "His handsome features, eagle glance, noble bearing, and fine person stamped him as one of nature's noblemen. He commanded the respect of the old and homage of the young."

That was the way they escaped, and it is not often that a more striking incident has occurred than this to preserve life

in peril. It was by such experiences that the wild region was ruled and many a time no such interposition was possible.

Donald McKensie came from Montreal to establish a fort on the Walla Walla. This was not agreeable to the others, but he was firm, and his coming opened a new era, as he was the man for the time. Taking forty men, he went up the Columbia; had a boat wrecked at the Cascades and entrusted its cargo to a chief, who cared for it six months and was proud of the confidence shown him. In 1817 he made matters more agreeable than they had ever been before. He came nearer to bringing order out of chaos than any one had under Northwest management; he proved more capable, as a manager of savages, as well as of business matters, than any who had preceded him. He accomplished results with little apparent effort and inspired his subordinates to have faith in him, as well as in themselves.

In the summer of 1818 orders came to Fort George to furnish McKensie one hundred men to build a fort on the Walla Walla, or Nez Percés, as it was also called. Up to that time the Fort George magnates had frustrated his efforts, so nothing had been accomplished. The magnates of the company had now asserted themselves; so he went to Walla Walla (now Wallula) and commenced work with a large force. The Indians were not friendly; timber was cut and floated down an hundred miles, and the natives looked on sullenly, wanted pay for everything used, and would not sell them food; but work went on until there was a fortress well built and well defended. Then McKensie had to make peace with the Cayuses and allied tribes. Finally, he won them over to be friends, and made a peace between them and the Shoshones, so that the business of trading need not be

interrupted. Until McLoughlin came McKensie was the greatest and most successful of all the chief factors of the Northwest Company, or of the Columbia region.

About this time the oldest and most renowned of the Walla Walla chiefs, having lost his sons by war and disease, buried the sixth and last of all, and was so disheartened that he threw himself into the grave and ordered it to be filled. He was thus buried alive, mid wailing and lamentings of all the tribe. Here is a picture of Indian stoicism and fatalism that is at least worthy of our respect. Can we doubt that natural affection had full force among a people of which this is true?

Part of the Northwestern's force were Iroquois from Canada. When McKensie went into the Snake River country twenty-five of these left the company to trap and hunt on their own account, sinking to lowest depths of debasement. When tired of this life they returned to the service of the company. McKensie was not successful in keeping the tribes at peace with each other, and as they occasionally laid plots for the murder of the whites it was not a lovely life. Oskononton was one of these Iroquois who revolted from McKensie and came back very penitent; he was sent to the Lower Columbia. With others he went to trap on the Cowlitz. While attempting to violate the women he was killed. They reported it as a murder, and Kieth sent more Iroquois, under Ogden, to look into it. As soon as they came to a Cowlitz village these miscreants fired, killing twelve men and children. Two hundred miles south, in the Umpqua, a force of trappers were so enraged because the natives would not sell their women, that they murdered fourteen, then pursued and killed more; becoming afraid, they left for the Willamette, sending four messengers to tell at Fort George how

they had been nearly assassinated by Umpqua savages. At Oak Point, on the Columbia, the four messengers were in turn murdered by the Clatskanine band. Such mismanagement and fearful misconduct made it difficult to attain success. The next year Donald McKensie was called east again and promoted to command at Red River, so his good management was lost to the western department.

The fur companies did not in any practical sense subdue the wilderness, but did an immense work in exploring the vast region west of the divide. It must have been a temptation to the Indians when a small force came among them loaded with goods to tempt their cupidity. Success with the business of trapping and trading depended on knowledge of Indian nature, firmness, grit, courage, with skill and tact. It was necessary to possess these traits, and none of the Northwesters, save McKensie, had those qualities, so their course involved constant trouble, robbery, murder and treachery on part of the natives. The Iroquois were worse than the Canadian French, and made a practice of stealing women and invading every tie that stood in the way of their lust and rapacity. They needed taming worse than did the Indians of the country, while their being of the same race could have given them influence for good. Those who were civilized exercised a good influence, as witness their teaching the Upper Columbia tribes the truths of the Christian religion.

Kieth was not the man to control these, nor to placate the natives and exercise over them beneficent rule. The ten years—from 1814 to 1824—of the rule of the Northwest Fur Company, were marked by bloodshed, rapine and terror, at times on the part of the Indians and often on the part of

the whites. The condition of things lessened possibility for profit as well as caused loss of life.

It was asserted that two-fifths of all employed during the era of the fur trade west of the Missouri River lost their lives, in one way or another, as consequence of such wild and savage conditions; while it was very different in the domain of the Hudson's Bay Company, where business was conducted with discipline and so managed as to conciliate the native tribes. Much of this was due to use of alcohol, which was easily transported and diluted when sold; and much more to the infamous way the Iroquois and others prostituted the Indian women, which resulted in venereal disease that destroyed the natives and ruined the whites. Take it all in all, and in many respects that invasion of the Pacific Northwest was in the outset debasing, and a hideous blot on the history of that time. Men acted, often, with unlicensed brutality that left the Indians no right to respect them and invited the murder and treachery that resulted. The Indian was possessed of some character and self-respect in the beginning, but lost this while he only gained loss of manhood and worse debasement than they ever knew of old. There were exceptions of whites who were not base, while a few of the natives, like the Flatheads, refused to sell their daughters or permit the whites to marry them. In 1823-24 several stations had to be abandoned because the natives were hostile; humanity will side with them, because they resented the stealing of their wives. The Beaver Indians, in the Rocky Mountains, killed five who ravished their wives. Such was the history of the time; there was need for some one whose principles could summon force to come back there and work a reformation.

CHAPTER XII

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS

WHAT the conditions of life were among the Indians when the whites first came, is an interesting question, and one that never can be decided. The first comers were of the fur trade, exclusively, whether they came by sea in ships, or, if trappers and mountain men, came over the intermountain area of ranges and wilderness. They were hardly civilized themselves, and had no object in view but to trade to advantage. The records of the fur company have furnished the most accurate details of life among the Indians, but while they were at times interested in witnessing native ways and studying character, or listening to myths, legends and superstitions that bordered on religious belief, they seem to have made no study of Indian life from an ethnological standpoint. We cannot know as much as would easily have been possible, if connected effort had been made by fairly competent men, but we know enough to understand that great diversity of character was manifested by the native race within a comparatively short distance. For instance, the fish-eating tribes were less manly in form and feature, and even in character, compared with the inland tribes who were hunters—even if they were fish eaters in part. Along the coast, north of the Columbia, the natives were savage and treacherous, while on the south they were comparatively peaceable. On the sound, through the Willamette and on the Columbia

below the Cascades, they were generally peaceable, while in Southern Oregon they were treacherous and savage.

There were strong differences between the tribes along the Columbia River, east of the Cascades, as to their language, their nature, their conduct, and in some degree as to their ways of life. Had a firm but kindly policy of peace, with readiness to resist savagery and imposition, that recognized the rights of the natives and studied their best interests, been followed from the beginning under the lead and governance of a man like Dr. John McLoughlin, there could have been truer progress made and more good as result, to both whites and Indians. Such has been the course pursued by the British Government in Canada, and no similar wars, massacres, troubles and uncertainty have existed there as has been experienced through the United States territory from the beginning.

The various tribes were often at war, and if weak or cowardly, they were overcome by their neighbors and reduced to slavery. In early time prominent Indians had their slaves; often they were children, taken captive in their raids. It is not necessary to waste sympathy on the entire race from the standpoint of ultra-civilization, and credit them with rare sensibility and human perfections, but it was certainly true that they loved their country and often fought bravely to preserve their rights. It is true that their rights were invaded and little effort made to treat them fairly or do them justice; even when treaties were made, they have not been performed—through negligence often—and the result has been that the native tribes have considered themselves outraged and have risen in their wrath to resent insult and injury.

Many a time, in the history of settlement, all has gone well until some brutality, on the part of irresponsible and murderous white vagabonds, has been committed, that the outraged natives revenged on the first white men or families that offered as victims. With them all whites were of a race, and a wrong done by one was due from all. This will account for many a deed of savagery and vindictive hate that was avenged, that led to wars and made lasting bitterness. Many a time the Indian has shown truth, loyalty and nobility of character that has not been appreciated. Many a time, too, he has risen in peace councils that followed bloody wars, and his simple but heartfelt oratory has shown that he had exhausted all efforts for peace before he took the war path. I have always remembered a story told me by Judge W. R. Dunbar, who in his youth was interpreter at a council held after the Rogue River war of 1856, that described the dignity and pathos with which two Indian warriors stood forth before the commissioners and explained the imposition they endured, the wrongs they suffered, and tried to excuse and forget, until insult was so added to injury that they rose in their wrath, with the firebrand and scalping knife as avengers of their right. They endured until patience ceased to be a virtue.

The Indians were not merely savage and heathen; they were proud as a race, had their virtues and their vices, and usually responded to kind treatment with confidence and loyalty. They were ignorant and superstitious, and by nature were savages, but had the qualities of kindness and affection, love of home and country, and understood the principles of right and wrong. Unfortunately for them, they too often made their first acquaintance with white men

through the medium of the worst of the race; men who were ignorant, unscrupulous, immoral, reckless, and often were a disgrace to the civilization they could only misrepresent.

When the Astor Company landed at Astoria they found the Chinook nation in possession, their rights extending east to Oak Point and north to the Chehalis country and Gray's Harbor, where the Chehalis River empties. To the south of the Columbia were the allied Clatsop, Nehalem, Tillamook and Nestucca bands, occupying a beautiful country. Over it all the Chinook tongue was in use, though differing in dialect. I got this from Dr. William C. McKay, whose mother was princess of the race, and he was always one of its representatives. The Clatsops were a strong family, occupying south to Tillamook Head and the valleys east of Saddle Mountain, a region that abounded in game. They were good hunters and also expert fishermen. Besides that elk, deer and bear abounded, they had fish, clams and wild fowl. They built parks to decoy game, used hedges of brush and thorn, with rock ledges and natural obstructions to fence in a large area, with outwings to turn the game as they desired. At the proper time a large number would make a circuit to drive game in gradually to the centre park, so when they closed they had great numbers of bears, elk and deer, all herded together in this park, or corral; then expert hunters went in among them and killed what they needed. They practically had game laws that were effective, and game did not diminish or become extinct. They were as careful as stockmen are of their herds to-day.

Mr. John Minto was here in the fall of 1844 and knew well leading natives who were in the Willamette; from them, and especially from Jo Hutchins, who was unusually well

informed and intelligent, he learned of their traditions and customs. What he told of the modes of supplying winter meat is of interest as showing their wisdom and good management, also their economical use of the gifts of nature. Under the reckless waste of the whites the buffalo were slaughtered for their robes and the meat was wasted; before our race the deer, elk, buffalo, and bear—all the wild game—became practically extinct on the immense ranges they had occupied; beaver, otter and fur seal disappeared from the land and the sea. But the Indians preserved all these with a wisdom and economy we may at least respect, so prudently and wisely that the supply remained intact as surely as are the individual flocks and herds so well cared for in civilized lands to-day.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT FALL HUNT IN THE WILLAMETTE

THE Calipooia Indians, who occupied the Willamette valley, had their peculiar ways, and it is interesting to preserve a record of their year's proceedings. Old Quinaby and Jo Hutchins who lived at Grande Ronde both told how their tribes prosecuted a great fall hunt for the purpose of laying in meat for winter. The bands that occupied the region that included the east side of the valley, from the Molalla to the Santiam, all united in this annual round-up or battue. It required a great force of men to carry out the programme. They formed a cordon around all the territory indicated. Men were placed in position along the rivers named and including the foothills of the Cascades. The great square encircled all of Marion County (as constituted to-day) that is not rough mountainous country. To have placed men a quarter of a mile apart would have required fully five hundred. They called into active service boys able to draw a bow, and old men not incapable of duty. At a given signal, made by a fire kindled at some point as agreed, they commenced burning off the whole face of the country and driving wild game toward a common centre. This annual hunt was conducted under the orders of the most famous war chief, and all others had to receive instructions and live up to them. There was considerable skill required to do this correctly and effectively. If badly managed, the game could

break through and escape to the mountains and there would be small show to have abundance of meat in the wigwams that winter. It would not do to take any chances, therefore capable men were put in charge of all the dangerous places in the line, to prevent the occurrence of mishaps. The young were drilled carefully in the work they had to do, the older ones went over it in pantomime many a time, every feature of the game was rehearsed, so as to qualify every one to perform his part perfectly.

It was always a famous time with the Indians when this great hunt came off. Every man was at his post the night before, so that when morning should dawn no time would be lost, and all the territory enclosed by the circle of warriors began to blaze with a girdle of flame. Driven by the flames, the battle went on. Occasionally the enclosed victims would seek to escape. The only security for their safe keeping was the solid wall of fire, and the highest skill was manifested when this fire was kept alive and no escape was possible. Sometimes a sharp wind arose; then it was necessary to guide the elements and keep them under subjection and control. The grand battle sometimes went off quietly and steadily and the object was attained without disaster. Sometimes an elemental strife won, perhaps the wind blew fiercely, and perhaps the fire raged beyond easy control. The possibilities were carefully calculated in advance and pains taken to plan operations early in the fall of the year, when storms were not frequent and game easily controlled.

When the circle of fire became small enough to hunt to advantage, the best hunters went inside and shot the game they thought should be killed. The cordon of men by this time was close enough to hail each other. The true hunter

knew the animals that should be preserved for breeding purposes and was careful not to injure such. They preserved the best males, the very young and best animals, with care. They could always find enough to answer their purpose without exterminating the game. As we have already mentioned, the hills and prairies of Western Oregon used to abound in game, and as early as 1812 the Astor Company kept a corps of hunters on French prairie to furnish fresh meat to the Astoria people. Then the whole region we have alluded to swarmed with wild deer, bear and elk. As late as 1852, I remember that game was so abundant in the red hills, within a few miles of Salem, that I could always start up a deer on my own land in half an hour's tramp, and sometimes a black bear would be met. Then the hills and prairies had already commenced to grow up with a young growth of firs and oaks, because the Calapooias no longer were there to burn off the face of the country and keep it clear to the vision. The great fall round-up compassed two particular objects. One was, to keep down all undergrowth, so that hunters could see game from a great distance; another, that no hostile war party could approach unseen. This was the chief object, but they also made it the occasion for a grand hunt to secure an ample meat supply for the winter.

The Willamette valley now has eight great agricultural counties, naturally divided, so the system pursued must have had at least that many several districts. The care with which the Indians used fire, to prevent its spread, is shown by the fact that at the present time nearly half of the magnificent forests of fir, spruce and cedar from the Cascade summits to the sea, including the Willamette region, are destroyed, timber that would represent untold millions in the

future and have been a source of vast wealth—could it have been saved—for the world will soon have use for it. When we recognize the slight provocation needed to send a whirlwind of fire through the resinous forests of the region, we can understand the wise care of the natives. To-day, looking along the western slopes of the Cascades from this valley, we see their once green sides, fifty miles away, where rank on rank of dead and burned trees complain to heaven of the ruthless hand of men, supposed to be civilized. In the coast range it is the same. Those who lived here in the summer of 1849 tell of seeing the heavens flame-lit until a pall of smoke settled on the world that almost smothered communities. It is usually the case that summer skies here are so wrapped in smoke that tourists can catch no gleam of the snowy peaks they come so far to see. Every year this pall of smoke is less dense, only because there is less forest food for cruel flames to feed on. We can afford, then, to respect the care and provision the wild *denizens* of the past were capable of to preserve for themselves and their posterity the various bounties they received from the kindly hand of Nature.

Dr. McKay said the Indians had not only bows and arrows for war equipment, but war clubs and slung-shot for close quarters. The clubs were of thorn, or other heavy and knotty wood, and the slung-shots were even more formidable and easily carried. I have one that is preserved from the outfit of upper Columbia tribes, made of a cow's tail for a handle, with a stone of the desired weight sewed with sinews into the butt. This has a leather loup to go over the horn of a warrior's saddle, as well as to slip over the hand if he chose to wear it on his arm. Seizing it by what was once the

flowing tail—and which is left on for use as well as ornament—the warrior could use this weapon with prodigious force. They made no lances at Clatsop, save for spearing fish. The Clatsops were a little difficult at first, but in time became serviceable allies of the fur company.

East of the coast line, occupied by the Chinook tribes, and east of the coast mountains on the north of the Columbia, in Washington, and extending to the Cascades, corresponding to the Willamette valley of Oregon, was the domain of the Cowlitz Indians. They had little space on the Columbia, but occupied the wooded valleys and the mountain ranges for an hundred miles north. They fished some, but were chiefly hunters and meat eaters, for there was immense supply of game in that region, as well as vast stores of acorns, roots and berries.

The Waukanississe were numerous bands, who had large villages on the Columbia and lower Willamette, located on both banks of those rivers below Washougal and the Sandy, as far down as Kalama. Sixty miles on both sides of those rivers, and several large towns were on Sauvie's Island—that for over twenty miles lies between the flow of the two rivers—as well as on the smaller islands of the Columbia. There were at least a dozen of these villages, containing hundreds of people, and some almost a thousand. They were busy and energetic, rich and prosperous, for Indians, for they traded far and near, as well as fished and hunted. These Indians had an advantage over those on the Atlantic, as they could fish in their streams for the best salmon the world knew, that were more plentiful than can easily be believed, while the game of the mountains was also close at hand.

The Waukanississe bands were really the Multnomahs,

after whom the river and the region was named, and the county that includes Portland bears the same name. If the great commercial city of the Columbia region had been named Multnomah, there would be proper respect shown for one of the great tribes who occupied the country, as well as retained the name the beautiful Willamette bore in its twenty miles of majestic flow from the falls down to where it meets the greater flow of the Columbia. A name, too, that would have been full sounding and melodious.

The Multnomahs lived in villages that were the constant scenes of busy industry, for they were always manufacturing articles for domestic use and foreign trade. In one place they had their pleasant airy summer houses, and in another made their more comfortable winter homes, for they never lived all the year in the same place; indeed, the constant winter rains made necessary very different homes from those used in the pleasant summer time, that were partly excavated and walled with logs and then well sodded.

It requires no stretch of fancy to imagine the scene as Dr. McKay described it; they possessed all the lower Willamette, and the greater Columbia, from the Cowlitz to Cape Horn. Every few miles—actually in sight of each other—beautiful locations along these shores were crowned with their villages where thousands of busy people had pleasant homes. Hunting parties were coming and going by canoes on the rivers, for they had no horses to ride. The old and young tended the fisheries, for they caught the salmon in traps that could be tended by the feebler class, while vigorous men went off to hunt in the mountains. Sometimes an immense sturgeon might find its way into a fish trap and be a difficult customer to handle, for they often weighed hundreds of pounds, but

ordinarily the fisherman had little trouble. The women were always busy, curing fish or meat, tanning the skins, making garments, or baskets, hats, and various articles that were useful at home, or that could be traded to eastern customers. They made thread, twine, cord, nets, cloth, matting, sacking, all out of the native plants, curing the wild milk weed and saving the fibre to spin and weave by their aboriginal appliances. The finer nets were of the wild flax that grows east of the mountains, where they made trading voyages to exchange products and manufactures with friendly tribes there.

The making of canoes was quite an industry, for immense cedars grew on the river shores below the Cascades. These made the best of boats, and were not generally found east of the Cascades. As they had no horses, or country where a horse was necessary, they had canoes for all purposes of travel, and could go near where they desired by water, then make short land excursions to reach the spot. The man who made the best canoe, or invented some new kink as to stem, stern, or paddle, was as famous as Ericsson used to be, or as Edison is to-day. It is safe to say that the Wakanississas were the most important people in Western Oregon, for they were independent, enterprising, busily at work all the time, progressive, and shrewd traders withal, so that from their own standpoint they were rich, for they possessed abundance, and that was, in a Wakanississe sense, wealth and prosperity.

Imagine yet more; that you see the rivers alive with great canoes doing the commerce and the travel of the tens of thousands who made the population of the Multnomahs; some going in friendly mood to exchange visits with friends,

and others, loaded with goods, wares, and merchandise of their own manufacture, boating their products up or down to find the desired market. Imagine the villages along the shores crowded with young and old; see scores of canoes hauled up on the beach, other scores going on hunting excursions, as far by canoe as possible, then on foot to where their hunting grounds were, close to lordly St. Helen's; other canoes, loaded, are working upstream to make the portage at the Cascades, then, sweeping up the beautiful and mountain-shadowed middle river, to reach the populous region at The Dalles of the Columbia, there to trade for what they desired. Even in 1850 there were great canoes on the broad rivers where now they are not even to be seen, or are rotting, abandoned on the river shore.

They were proud that they were numerous, prosperous and powerful. Sometimes they went two hundred miles south, to try the chances of war with the Umpquas. In one of these raids they captured two bright Umpqua boys they traded to Governor McLoughlin, but as a usual thing they were peaceable and had no quarrel near home. There is always a reason for things, and the reason for the prosperity of the Multnomahs was, that they had a great chief who governed them wisely and managed them so they all believed in him. Indian nature is human nature, and Keisno had as good a knowledge of it as was necessary to make his people achieve the height of Siwash prosperity. He died soon after Dr. McKay returned from the east, having finished his education. Keisno was tall for an Indian, large formed, had a broad face that carried a pleasant smile and a good eye that seemed made to read character and make friends. His influence extended a long way from home, for

other tribes respected him and often deferred to his opinion where difference arose. It was due to his magnetic rule, vigorous character and influence, that his people were so prosperous.

Governor McLoughlin, who knew a good man whenever he found him, soon saw that Keisno was one to make a friend. Probably the chief owed much to McLoughlin's advice, but it is only sensible men who know enough to follow good advice when it is given. There was always a plate for Keisno at Vancouver and he was made welcome whenever he came there. Such was his happy life, for his own race honored and trusted him, and the whites humored and feasted him. In course of time he grew so placid and well disposed that he no longer got up excursions against Wascos or Umpquas to capture slaves. They captured many with peaceful trade, for quite a number of outsiders offered themselves and were adopted into the tribe.

The Calipooia Indians occupied the Willamette valley above Oregon City and were a numerous and rather warlike people, though they never carried on war with the whites. Their great local centre was at the falls of the Willamette, now Oregon City, with villages in favorable locations all through the valley. Bands of Calipooias occupied the valleys and points easy to build homes, and near good foraging grounds. The Chemeketas, for instance, made their winter quarters at Salem, which was why they called it "Chemeketa," a name that means "our old home." They fished in the Santiam, hunted in the Cascade Range, near by, and dug camas roots on the low prairies and swamps. Berries they found wherever fires had ravaged the mountains. Their range we have described. Other bands had good ranges also.

There was immemorial usage to confirm the title, that was not often questioned. It is not necessary, and space will not admit of touching all the points occupied by Calapooia bands at this time. The Willamette valley was a common home for numerous bands constituting one great association. Keisno's people were the strongest, because they were compact, cohesive, and consolidated under his wise command. The Calapooias had the mountains to range in to some extent, but those, again, were in the hands of a bold race that claimed them for their home.

The Molallas had possession of the western slope of the Cascades and claimed the rugged ranges as their inheritance. They were hunters, and fishers of mountain streams, living chiefly on dried meats, fish, mountain roots and berries. In the foothills of the mountains, from the Columbia River southward to the Klamath, the oldest tradition locates this peculiar people. When the time comes I will tell the tradition, and it will be found of interest. Yet to the south, across the summit range that yields the farthest flow of the Willamette, the Umpquas occupied the valley of the river with that name. Yet south from them, the Rogue River tribes were fierce and untamable in the beautiful but remote region of that river. Each of these was isolated from the world by high mountains, so that outside tribes seldom made any trouble. The Rogue Rivers especially were very warlike.

As for languages, the tribes we have indicated had each a language of their own, to wit: Chinook, Cowlitz, Wakanississe, Calapooia, Molalla, Umpqua, and Rogue River. The Chinook jargon was made to order for a common tongue, very simple, not complicated, easy to pronounce.

The Rogue Rivers spoke the Shasta language, and must have been of the same family as the great Shasta nation that were near them in Northern California.

Since the above was written, the writer has learned from Mr. O. C. Applegate, who has been for many years agent at the Klamath and Modoc reservation, a very interesting fact as to the origin of the Shastas and Rogue Rivers, who have the same language and are nearly related. He says it is a well-proven fact that these tribes at a remote day came from the east, and were an offshoot from the Apache nation, as their languages are nearly identical. So they seem to have had warlike ancestry and came naturally by their heroic natures. When we remember that the Calipooias also came from the south, and conquered and drove the Multnomahs from their old home, the beautiful Willamette valley, it will be seen that transmigration of tribes was continually going on, and offers a theme for interesting study.

As the tribes of Northern California and those of Western Oregon, adjoining the Sacramento valley, all spoke a similar dialect, and appear to have had a similar origin, it seems very probable that they are derived from the Apaches, whose language furnishes the basis for all their tongues.

CHAPTER XIV

INDIANS AND MISSIONARIES

THE Calipooias—it is said—claimed that the missionaries told them they owned the land and the whites had no right to settle it and not pay them for it, so they would go to those on the outskirts and demand pay for the land. The first settler on the Calipooia gave chief Louis a steer. Twenty men from the Santiam took Hamilton Campbell for interpreter and went there. Louis said if the steer wasn't a "cultus potlatch" he didn't want it, so he gave the steer back again.

The Indians who had tried to catch old man Delany's horses were tied up and Delany whipped them. Then that company went down Mill Creek to Grier's place and whipped two that had stolen with forty strokes with a hazel. In that way they kept the Calipooias down. They were a very poor lot; would hunt rats when deer were plenty. In 1853 I could find deer on my own place, five miles south of Salem. Some of the settlers thought the Indians were wrongly influenced by missionaries.

The missionaries would take an Indian for four years and then give him an outfit for farming for himself. Sampson wanted, when his five years was up, to take his team and plough to his own people on the Santiam; but they induced him to farm the mission land, and he did so, but when his grain was threshed it was put into the mission granary and

they had to pay skins and furs to get it. That was probably only to pay something for storage.

In early days there was a race track on the Clackamas for the Indians; hundreds of skulls were scattered about the Willamette Falls, at Oregon City.

PROVOCATION OF THE BLACKFEET

While the Blackfeet were treacherous and at war with all the world around them, there was occasion and excuse for this fight. One of the half-breeds in Sublette's Company was holding friendly parley with the Blackfeet, and as they were smoking the pipe of peace, he ordered the chief he was talking with to be shot; the Blackfeet were avenging his murder. No doubt they avenged that crime on many other white men; that infamous act resulted in the death of forty men at that time and wounding of others. Such crimes by irresponsible persons preceded most of the Indian atrocities from the very beginning of settlement. The murderous treachery of such mongrels of civilization—dregs of humanity—as this at Pierre's Hole in 1832, caused hecatombs of victims—men, women and children—to be offered up to sate the vengeance of the Indian, who was generally more sinned against than sinning.

EASTERN TRIBES

East of the Cascades the tribes were different from those of the Lower Columbia and Willamette. The Klickitats made themselves felt on the west as well as the east, but their actual home was north of the Columbia, near the river, east of Mt. Adams. South of the Columbia, near that river, were

the Wascos, Teninos, John Days, Celilos and Warm Springs bands, who, in a measure, affiliated. North of the Klickitats, and affiliated with them, were the Simcoes, and Yakimas, also near to the Cascade Range. The chief nations on the Columbia and Snake Rivers were the Cayuses and Walla Wallas, to the south of those rivers; the Nez Percés were east of these, in what is now Idaho. North yet, in Eastern Washington, near the British line, were the Okanogans, Colvilles, Spokanes and Cœur d'Alenes, who had communication with each other and were friendly. On the very head-waters of the great rivers the Flatheads occupied the Bitter Root and other valleys of Montana, west of the Rockies, and affiliated with their neighbors, the Nez Percés. Both of these tribes had implacable foes in the Blackfeet, to the east of the Rocky Mountains. The tribes south of the Columbia were all enemies of the Snakes, who occupied Southeastern Oregon and Southern Idaho. The Klamaths had their homes east of and near to the Cascade Range, in south-middle Oregon, not far from the California line; while close to California were the Modocs.

Alexander Ross—who was for many years at Okanogan, to the far north—in the book that gives his experience tells many interesting things that apply generally to the tribes of the Upper Columbia. He says the Okanogans had a tradition that they came originally from an island on the ocean that broke loose and drifted to America, so the mainland was peopled. They believed in a good and evil spirit and a future state where rewards and punishment were meted as deserved. They offered prayer to the Supreme Good Spirit on solemn occasions, but had no regular worship. On religious festivals the chief solemnly smoked a pipe of peace,

holding east to the rising sun, drawing three whiffs; then to the west, to the sun's setting; then to the heavens, then to the earth, each time drawing three whiffs. The chief officiates for the whole tribe in such ceremonies. They believe the world will have an end. Other tribes Mr. Ross became acquainted with have similar belief. In my own service among the Indians it seemed that they gave more attention to deprecating the evil influence of the bad spirit than to recognize benefits received from the Supreme Good.

The chief badge of authority was a white wolf skin, fantastically painted, hung from a pole near the lodge. He inherited by descent, but exercised fatherly care rather than despotic authority. Each band had its hereditary chief, and majority vote elected the war chief. The former rose at dawn and went through the village declaring the duties of the day, and matters were conducted as thus planned; a peculiar shell was everywhere used as money.

Polygamy was the worst evil. A great man must have several wives. Young women wore a peculiar garment made of deer skin. The Okanogans were usually agreeable, unassuming, and had mild dispositions. A passion would soon blow over; they made warm friends, steady, sincere, brave and shrewd; hunters wore caps of wolf or bear skins, and went on all fours to get within reach of game; they played the wolf best of all, and in a wolf skin would frisk about as natural as life.

Marriage alliances between children were common; presents were exchanged to seal the bargain, that corresponded to the means of the contracting parties. A youth of fifteen would pay his addresses to a girl of twelve, perhaps, by entering the family wigwam at night and would make a fire.

If he is welcome the mother gets up and wakes her daughter, who sits up with the young man for a brief interview. After a few such nocturnal adventures the young man goes in the daytime to see the father and takes along the purchase price for the young lady, according to the rank of the parties—horses, robes, skins and things needed for the occasion. Some near relative accompanied him and they sat opposite the lodge door. If all is satisfactory they are asked in and the pipe is passed around. One side of the lodge is put in order, a new mat is spread and the young man seated on it; then the father and mother take the young girl by the arms, place her by her intended and they are considered man and wife. The pipe goes round again, and as they smoke they take turns expatiating on the renown of their respective families. But sometimes the young lady rejects the suitor thus agreed on and quarrels follow. This ceremony was for the first marriage; if the man has other wives there is no ceremony; he just takes them as they come.

The superstition of the Indians of the Upper Columbia involved all the transactions of life; they believed that the souls of the good go aloft to the Sahulla Tyee, while those of bad men remain on the earth and commit all possible evil. Against these evil spirits they direct all their efforts. Every man who was especially capable they believed was so because he was "Big Medicine," as was illustrated by an incident of the Cayuse war. The Indian doctors told them they were able to exterminate their foes, so not hesitate to go and meet them and not wait for them to come to the beautiful Umatilla country, as they did not want it polluted with dead carrion. So the Cayuses and Umatillas met the Bostons at Sand Hollow, near Butter Creek, expecting to rid the earth

of them. Grey Eagle claimed to be a wonderful medicine. This warrior chief told his people he could swallow bullets as they came. As they drew near, this chief rode to the front to attract attention. Baptiste Dorion, interpreter, told Tom McKay of this boast; McKay responded: "Well! Let him swallow this." He instantly fired and Grey Eagle fell dead from his horse, a bullet under his eye. Soon after Charley McKay knocked Five Crows over with a charge from his double-barrel, not stopping to aim, firing off-hand, as many do. All the excuse the Indians could make was that the McKays were too strong medicine for Grey Eagle and Five Crows. They thought it was supernatural skill.

Medicine men pretended to vast wisdom and supernal science. They did have some skill and knowledge as to the use of roots and herbs for medicinal purposes, and often succeeded. While they commanded much respect, when their fame as medicine men was established, they were sometimes held responsible for the lives of their patients. Occasionally some one aggrieved, who had lost a friend, held the "medicine" accountable and killed the doctor to square the account.

In winter the same house would contain several families; the roomy house would be so subdivided that each had their own premises. These houses were sunk a little in the ground, banked and covered with skins, and an aperture left open at the top to let the smoke escape. The stores of such a community would be held in common. In spring they broke up and dispersed to hunt until June, when the fishing commenced. There was a regular system in fishing and the fish were divided by the chiefs. Barriers were built in streams to control the movements of the fish, and all worked in harmony. They fished four months, under absolute direction

of the chiefs, then one-half went to hunt and the other stayed to fish. Half the women went to the root harvest and half to the berry fields. The fish were packed in bundles and the roots and berries in sacks made of rushes. At the fisheries they gambled, danced, raced horses and had all sorts of fun and frolic. When they hunted, later, they made parks and drove the game in, as has been described with the Clatsops. As the fall grew late they assembled again at the winter camp and made everything ready, bringing all the stores there to live on until spring came again. If supplies were insufficient, they sometimes suffered from short rations before the next season. There was constant work, for in the winter they made all sorts of utensils, garments, weapons; to be successful an Indian had to manage well.

They cooked their food in kettles by throwing red-hot rocks into them from the fire, changing them until properly done. In summer they cooked roots and vegetables as they were gathered, making furnaces and baking on flat stones; very ripe berries were dried in the sun. A dark moss, that grows on the pines, was gathered in autumn, pressed and cooked, then dried in the sun, to be eaten with fat of animals, as we use butter. In this way their food was prepared in advance and ready to eat as wanted.

Mr. Ross says there were many points of virtue met with in Indian character; they were brave, generous, and often charitable; less crime would be found in an Indian village of five hundred souls than in a civilized place of half that number. While most of the time at Okanogan, he offers that people as a fair type of the Indian tribes, though some were more savage. His conclusion was that the Indian is pretty much what the white man has made him.

The Okanogans were so far inland and remote as to be free from conditions so prejudicial to the natives on the Lower Columbia. It is interesting to read the opinions of a well-bred man, and see that after many years he could describe them so pleasantly as Mr. Ross has pictured the Okanogans, in the views we have quoted.

USE OF IRON AMONG INDIANS

Indians on Vancouver's Island were amused to see landed from vessels that came there black, rotten rock—as they called it. They expressed so much amusement that the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company asked them what it was that so greatly amused them. They said they had supposed white men were a superior race, who knew everything, but had changed that belief since they were bringing to their country such a poor article of black rock, that was so soft it would not hold together. When informed that this black rock was to burn, that it would make a good fire, they said it was no use to bring it there from so far, as there was a plenty of it close by. Then they took them where coal cropped out of the earth and could be easily mined in large quantity. This was the first known of the presence of coal on Vancouver's Island, where are found some of the finest coal deposits on the Pacific Coast.

Excellent iron ore is also found there. The early history of the region shows that the natives possessed iron tools of their own workmanship, with which they hewed out canoes and did their building work. While this fact is well established, and was plainly told by those who recorded the events of early days, it seems singular that the same writers did

not take more pains to learn particularly how those native workmen managed the ore to get iron for use, and by what process they worked the iron, when smelted, to forge their tools; also, as to the extent to which those tools were used. That the Indians traded back and forth was well known, and possession of such tools at Vancouver's Island would have led to their use wherever they could have been obtained, as the value of iron was always above estimate with them. When traders came, and they could traffic with furs that seemed to cost them nothing for hatchets and axes, they abandoned their own crude tools and the manufacture became obsolete.

That they had much use for tools we can understand, as they cut timbers for lodge poles, made bows and arrows, and most of all, in construction of canoes. They made flints do much of this work, and used to burn out the great logs with fire to make the hollows of the canoes. Any reader who understands the use of tools can appreciate what toil it must have been to create a shapely canoe from an unshapely tree, hollow it out true, and have it so light they could carry it around portages and preserve its bouyancy in troubled waters.

Captain Cook—in 1778—noticed what Perez had noted in 1773, that the Vancouver Indians possessed tools of iron and copper; he supposed they were procured from some trader. Developments of to-day show the existence of both iron and copper in that region, and give occasion to believe they may have had tools of home manufacture. The voyage of Juan Perez—in 1773—told the first known of Nootka, so it is reasonable to believe that it was tools of their own make that Perez and Cook found the natives using.

CHAPTER XV

FEATURES OF INDIAN LIFE

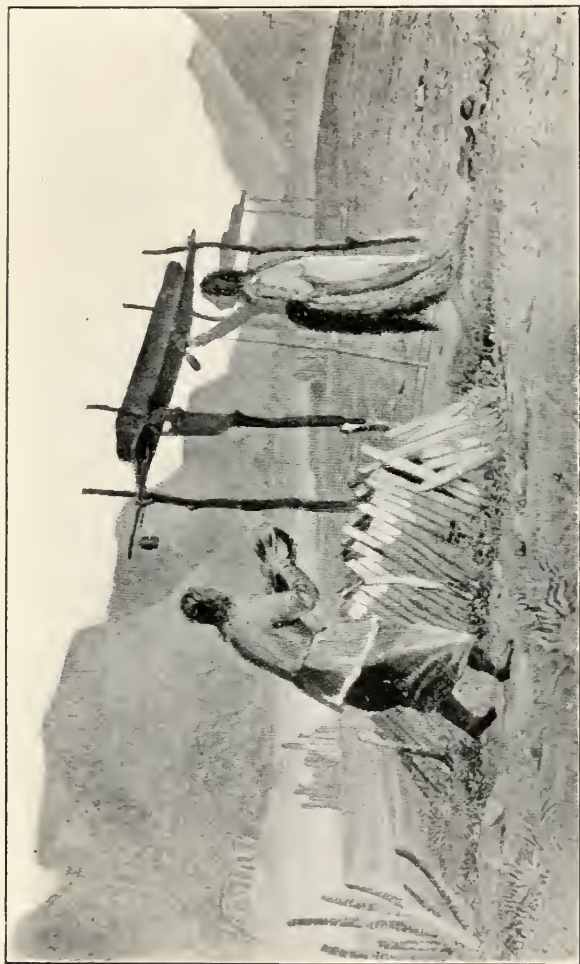
IN the days when the Fur Company men were the only strangers and the aborigines were in full possession, they had not forgotten the ancient customs nor laid aside the religion of their fathers. One great people kept the ocean gateway and held sway along the coast for an hundred miles, and inland for fifty miles. Above them the Wakanissises ruled another wild region, while the Cowlitz tribes held that river and far back for an hundred miles to Mount Ranier. The beautiful and extensive Willamette valley was held by the Calipooias. There were four nationalities and four distinct languages.

In 1885 a gentleman from the Smithsonian Institution visited Oregon to study ethnology; he reported that he had become greatly interested in the study of Indian languages, and was astonished at the refined tongue spoken by the Wascos and Warm Springs tribes. He had been given to understand that the language of all Oregon tribes was crude and scarce more elaborate than a language of signs. On the contrary, he found the language of the Warm Springs and Wasco tribes to be in many respects complete and constructed on true principles, capable of conveying thought with accuracy and force. There was, however, much difference in Indian languages spoken on the Columbia River, as some had moods and tenses and good construction, while others were as crude as possible.

Among the various tribes there was maintained a system of barter and trade that amounted to a commerce of no small extent. The Indians east and west of the Cascades differed greatly and intercourse was not common between the sections. When the fur trade was first established its followers were told traditions, one of which was that from prehistoric time The Dalles was important as a rendezvous for the eastern tribes, where they met in the fishing season for exchange of products and trade. The Wascos were powerful and owned the fisheries. Other tribes may have had rights, but the Wascos owned the adjoining territory by inheritance. The Warm Springs, Tenninos, Klickitats and John Day tribes had immemorial privileges, but other tribes had to come and trade with these for salmon.

Besides dried and smoked fish they put up pemican, considered the most valuable. This was salmon meat cleaned of the bones, pounded fine, and then packed in hempen sacks of their own make. A sack of pemican weighed eighty to ninety pounds and was worth as much as an ordinary horse.

Those who came to trade brought such goods as they had to dispose of; the Nez Percés and Cayuses had bands of horses; the Klickitats were famous as makers of weapons of war or for the chase; the Klamaths always had dried venison and bear meats, as well as skins and robes; the big horns of the mountain sheep had value to manufacture into plates and dishes. After the fishing season had progressed so that the Indians had a stock to trade on, then the various other tribes commenced to arrive. They came with ponies loaded with their own stuffs and went away with even heavier loads than they had bargained for. There was a great deal of sharp trading and bargaining.



INDIAN BURIAL

This shows how Indians disposed of their dead and is a picture of an island known yet as Coffin Rock, though the scaffolds are now all gone that were numerous in 1850. Minatoose Island, like it, is below The Dalles.

The question is often asked—and never answered—what sort of religion did these people have? They did have a religion, though it did not amount to a belief. The story of the Great Spirit of good, and the happy hunting grounds, belongs to the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and seems never to have crossed the Continental Divide. Our Indians believed in evil spirits, and were continually trying to exorcise them. Settlers on Puget Sound have witnessed this carried on in the most painful manner. They set to work to drive this creature of their imaginations, and of the imaginations of their medicine men, who are their crafty spiritual advisers, to drive it or them away from their dwellings. For this purpose whole villages have been known to go through distorted manœuvres too trivial to describe, rattling poles up the openings of their lodges for days and nights together, thinking they were working great medicine.

The idea of some occult influence that had controlling power over the spiritual and physical world prevails wherever Indians live to-day without having achieved civilized progress. This is their religion, and it takes the painful form of fear of evil and of evil spirits. All along the coast they believed in the power of these “medicines” to kill the soul, and, strange to say, while they have no bodily fear, they have the most painful apprehensions of the terrors of a lost soul. It is one of the tricks of these “doctors” to terrorize their victims. If a person is refractory, and does not comply with their demands, they will approach with apparent friendliness, and with a quick motion toward the person’s heart pretend to seize something and put it into a box or bottle. Then say: “There! I have your soul, and

shall keep it there, and after so many days—if you continue to disobey my orders—I shall destroy it forever?" This is the most fearful ordeal any Indian can endure. Instances are given where persons have been so terrorized as to fall dead with the agony of their fear. This gives the medicine man more reputation. Their superstition enters into everything they do and leaves them the prey to designing men.

Indian doctors prepare themselves for their profession with elaborate incantations and many singular rites. If there is any lonely spot where Nature has experienced some fearful cataclysm, such as the wonderful Crater Lake, in Jackson County, Oregon, that is the spot where they go to meet and combat with spirits and learn wisdom of the great medicines. It is claimed such encounter and overcome evil spirits, and, as reward, learn the wisdom of the great and wise who have lived before their time. Then they go forth to combat evil spirits so long as they may live. This was all the religion possessed by these tribes. There was no stated worship. The images on the prows of their war canoes were in some sort a representation of their God of War.

This brief sketch shows that the natives were industrious and pursued a system in providing for their wants. They possessed graceful and useful arts, and were not the irresponsible outcasts many have supposed. They had general information, and some lines of work that might be called trades. The industrious ones prospered, as did the Multnomahs—or Wakanississes—whose fate was a tragedy.

Gambling was a vice they did not have to learn from the whites. At these yearly gatherings they often gambled

away every last thing they had. A brave would come there outfitted with great style; his henchmen would drive there a large band of horses, often loaded with cargoes of value. Sometimes this same brave would bravely foot it home, if he couldn't borrow a horse to ride on. They would gamble off the very shirt on their backs. Horse racing was another strong feature of those times; many men among the Nez Percés and Cayuses bred horses as well as our famous breeders to-day. They not only had pride in their stock, but showed science in breeding them, selecting the finest stallions for the stud and breeding the mares with much care. The science of horse breeding, and even the handling of racers on the track, was not all brought across the plains, but was known and practised by the Indians we so much deprecate centuries before our trotters and thoroughbreds came into the arena.

Such was the state of trade and commerce among the native races before our day. It is well enough to study life among these savages and learn to respect them for the industry and perseverance they showed. Their lives were often well ordered; every month and year brought routine of duties and labors that imperatively demanded attention. The edict that went forth, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn bread," included the American Indian. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat!" meant dwellers on the Columbia and Willamette. It was always an unpleasant fact with the native race that their women were not as chaste as they should be; it was handed down as a tradition of the "Dalles Rendezvous" that all ideas of morality vanished as the riot of gambling and horse racing became furious. The assemblage of tribes included mostly those who lived west of

the Bitter Root Mountains, in what is now Oregon, Washington, and part of Idaho.

It has been unsatisfactory, this effort to state the condition of the native race upon the advent of the whites. History comes in very uncertain guise and there is but little of it. The story is so interesting that we would like to do it much fuller justice. We can, however, console ourselves with the reflection that the first settlers along the Atlantic seaboard left little more or fuller trace and tradition, concerning the Indians of that coast, than we shall be able to give of the aboriginal nations whose homes were in the Pacific Northwest a century ago.

CHAPTER XVI

GREAT ANNUAL FAIRS OF THE INDIANS

LONG ages before white men visited this Northwest of the Pacific, the life and customs of the Indians included the holding of great annual gatherings, or fairs, for purposes of trade. One of these meeting places was at The Dalles, occurring there as late as the early days of the fur trade. Another place was in the Yakima Valley, about one hundred miles north and east of The Dalles. Yet another was two hundred and fifty miles south of the Columbia, in the Sprague River valley. One of these Yakima gatherings was described by Alexander Ross as occurring under very critical conditions in his own experience, in 1814. The fair held at The Dalles was described to me in 1887 by Dr. William McKay; the traditions of Yainax, in Sprague River valley, I received in 1873 from the Klamath and Modoc chiefs, whose tribal homes were there, or near there, whom I met at the Agency on the site of the ancient meeting ground. They seem to me to be among the most interesting of all the memorials handed down to us from the past. The narrative of Mr. Ross naturally takes precedence, and I will quote from his volume in his own words:

FAIRS IN YAKIMA VALLEY

About the year 1814, Alexander Ross, when on an expedition to the far north, found that more horses were needed

to carry his packs, and went to the Yakima country to purchase them. The Indians there were dangerous, because of fatal affrays that had occurred between them and the whites. Friendly Indians, from other tribes, took great trouble to send him word that their lives would be lost if they went there, but they went. He had with him Thomas McKay, then a clerk, and two Canadians with their Indian wives—Cayuses and Nez Percés. Other warlike tribes had gathered there to dig camas and other roots, and for general traffic and pleasure. He found an immense town of native lodges, thought to extend six miles square, and to contain 3,000 men and families. To give an idea of these great native gatherings, and of Indian character as well, we cannot do better than state the case in Mr. Ross's own words. He says:

A camp of the true Mamaluke style presented itself, a grand and imposing sight in the wilderness, covering more than six miles in every direction. Councils, root gathering, hunting, horse racing, gambling, foot racing, singing, dancing, drumming, yelling, and a thousand other things going on which I cannot mention. The din of men, noise of women, screaming of children, trampling of horses and howling of dogs, cannot be described. We advanced through groups of men and bands of horses until we reached the centre, the chief's tent admonishing us to pay our respects. Our reception was cool; the chiefs were hostile and sullen. "These are the men who kill our relations and cause us to mourn," said they.

The moment we dismounted we were surrounded, and the savages, giving a few war whoops and yells, drove our animals out of sight. Without delay I commenced a trade for horses, but every horse I bought was driven out of sight with jeers and yells. I took no notice, but continued to trade while an article remained, taking no notice of their acts. Two days and nights elapsed without food or sleep. They refused us food and deprived us of the last. The third day I discovered that the two women were to be killed or made slaves. Surrounded for miles on all sides, it was difficult to escape. I said to

them: "Cross the mountains to the north, go down the first river to the Columbia, and there wait for us." We parted, not hoping to meet again. One of them had a babe at the breast to increase the danger. The fourth day we tried to cook something, but half a dozen spears bore off the meat in the kettle. A chief snatched a knife out of the hand of one of my men, who said: "I'll have my knife, life or death." On this the chief raised the knife to strike, and I grasped my pistol. We were desperate; an instant would have seen the robber chief dead, and our lives forfeited, when an inspiration came to me like a flash. I let go the pistol and drew instead a fancy-mounted knife, and presented it to him, saying: "There, my friend, is a chief's knife. I give it to you. That is not a chief's knife; give it back to the man." He took the knife, looking from one to the other, but sullen and savage. A multitude had thronged around us; the moment was critical; fate hung by a thread. All eyes were fixed on the chief. At last he handed the man his knife, and turning mine round and round, looked to his people and exclaimed: "Look, my friends, at the chief's knife!" He was delighted. All enjoyed the toy, and overjoyed, he harangued the multitude in our favor.

They were no longer our enemies, but friends. Others followed with speeches in our favor. The pipe of peace went round. I gave the six leading chiefs each a small looking-glass and a little vermilion, and they presented me with two horses and twelve beavers, while the women brought us a variety of food. I made a speech in turn, and asked how I should explain to the great chief about the horses I had bought of them. Their pride was touched and the chief undertook to see them collected. It was then sundown; he mounted his horse and I one just given to me, and the nocturnal adventure began. We visited every street, alley, hole and corner of the camp, going in every possible direction; the constant cry was, "Deliver up the horses!" There was gambling, scalp dancing, laughing and mourning; crowds were passing, flags flying, horses neighing, chained bears, tied wolves, all of them grunting and growling. To complete confusion the night was dark. I made a present after every speech, and began to think he made more than were necessary.

When finally Ross had his hundred horses ready it was almost impossible to get away on account of the jeering-

crowd of savages surrounding them. They finally succeeded and their escape seemed a miracle. When they reached the place where they expected to meet the Indian women, they found them waiting with a canoe to ferry them across. They had reached there only an hour before. At the Yakima camp they found horses they could ride, so reached the mountains, but had been three days without fire or food.

GATHERINGS AT YAINAX

A beautiful butte rises at Yainax, about one thousand feet high, in the valley of Sprague River, that empties into the Upper Klamath Lake, about fifty miles north of the California line. The valley is a few miles wide, surrounded by well grassed hills, with no forests in sight, nor growths larger than scattering junipers that fleck the hillsides. Here was the ancient seat of power for the Modocs, their kindred were near by on the waters of Klamath Lake. Not far, on the west, rise the bold fronts of the Cascade Range in the wildest form, for these mountains are equal in rugged grandeur and savage wild to any on the globe. The elevation of the country on the east averages 4,000 feet above sea level, so its products are limited in variety.

Salmon and other fish find their way up the streams; the ranges and plains afforded every species of game, from the fleet antelope of the upland pastures to fierce grizzlies, whose lairs were in the mountain recesses. The big-horn sheep and mountain goat had homes there, as well as deer and lordly elk. It corresponded with the region north of the Columbia, on the Yakima, where Mr. Ross met his sharp adventure half a century before I interviewed the chiefs of Klamath Land.

The Modoc war was over in 1873; the army had marched north with its captives to the rare spot bordering Upper Klamath Lake and under the shadow of the ranges where Fort Klamath was to witness the trial and execution of Captain Jack. I had been with the army during the campaign of the Lava Beds as correspondent for a New York journal, and was waiting the issue of the trial, when my friend, O. C. Applegate, connected with the Indian service, invited me to visit with him the agency at Yainax, that was under his charge, to interview the Modoc chiefs at their home on that reservation.

That summer day we interviewed them, heard their story of both past and present, and learned the beautiful tradition of the time when their fathers lived the primitive life, with no knowledge of white men and their aggressive civilization; a time when beautiful Yainax was indeed what its name portends, "The Mountain," to which all tribes for hundreds of miles about sent annual delegations for various purposes of trade and festival. Here they exchanged products, sold horses and carried on all manner of native commerce. Here they also gambled with all the ardor of Indian nature, for gambling was one of the active traits of the wild Indian—his great passion.

Yainax was a convenient meeting place for tribes within hundreds of miles in all directions. The mountain wilderness filled the west for many and many a weary mile. At times the natives came *en masse*, much as Ross found them at Yainax. When they came thus, such feasting, dancing and orgies took place as were seen nowhere in all the west—save under the shadows of Yainax. Klamaths, Modocs, Summer Lake Snakes, to the east; Warm Springs people,

from the north; Shastas and Pitt Rivers, from Northern California; all those fraternized, and each October, when the earth had yielded its fruits at command of the summer sun, they met here in grand conclave, with the Nez Percés and Cayuses, and others of the Columbia River tribes. All came, from the Cascades to the Rockies; from California to the Columbia River.

And each brought here the trophies of the year's wars and raids; scalps were proudly exhibited; the heart of some fierce Blackfoot, or hitherto invincible Pi Ute, was exhibited with commendable pride. It might be dried like a mummy, cased in deer skin cover, embroidered with bead work and "quills of the fretful porcupine." Here, also, was the great slave mart of the mid-mountain region.

The Warm Springs braves invaded the country of their enemies, the Snakes, beyond Goose Lake, and the Klamaths were their allies to assist; they joined forces when on a slave hunting raid. The Yahooskin—or Summer Lake—Snakes did not hesitate to take part in these gatherings, for, though neutral as to their fellow Snakes, they liked to take a hand in the games, make good trades, and swap horses—when they could do so to advantage. There was pleasure and honor, as well as plenty of business, here at Yainax on those gala days in October. Trials of archery were had; the best bow shot of the tribes wore a champion belt until next season; they ran races, not only with their best spotted horses, but foot races, and each tribe bet heavily on its fast runners; there were games of strength and skill on which they recklessly gambled, and when the day's sports were ended they had games of chance by the lodge fires. Then, they lighted up the night with torches made of pitch pine,

around which the erstwhile warriors gambled the livelong night. Fortunes were made and lost at Yainax, quite as often as they are at Baden Baden, or at Monaco in later time—or probably at the same time. Then whole droves of ponies, that had been stolen or captured, changed hands on the mere catching of a stick, for the universal game was to guess which hand of the operator held the “little joker”—some small bit of bone or hard wood he manipulated before their eyes; holding up both hands occasionally to let the gamester guess which hand held it.

And all the while the game went on the Indian drum was beat and a monotonous song was chanted—until the dealer held up his hand to let the others choose: and when his choice was made a derisive laugh followed the moment’s silence—at expense of the loser. Wait a moment and you will see some desperate gambler bring up his last stake, hoping to retrieve his losses—a beautiful captive woman, perhaps, taken in some hostile raid, intended for his private harem, but to win his horses back he pledges this squaw. Perhaps his own wife is the stake, for wife and children, and even his own body, limb by limb, the fanatic gambler would at times venture, to leave himself a slave in the hands of the winner. Thus the games were exciting and often ended in bad blood.

But gambling is low and ignoble: Come with me and see where a huge circle has been fenced in with willows, where fires blaze by night on hundreds of actors, and see a sight as grand as Indian life can afford. It is the great scalp dance. Around the circle are raised canopies of boughs under which the leading men of each tribe assemble. Inside the circle there is a solid mass of Indian life: warriors, women in their various garbs, clad in skins trimmed with furs or plumage,

embroidered and made fanciful by every Indian device. Their features, too, are embellished by every shade and pattern of paint; all wear the ornamental garbs known to barbaric life. Diamonds and pearls they had not, but they wore gay ornaments, rings of bone or ivory artistically carved on their limbs, or hanging from nose or ear or lip; a porcupine quill through the nose was not a bad thing.

While the lookers on are thus gotten up, regardless of expense, in the centre is a space where the most accomplished warriors go through evolutions of battle. They are surrounded by a circle of drummers; another circle of warriors hold poles loaded with scalps and war trophies, that sway as they dance to the barbaric beating of drums. Around the fire, in the very centre, the choicest warriors go through their evolutions, utter horrid war cries, aim their arrows, hurl javalins, wield tomahawks, or perform the pantomime of scalping their victims. Thus the crowded assemblage moves to the drum beat and the dance of the central actors, so it is a moving, swaying mass—only the chiefs, in their elevated canopies, look on with dignified appreciation and neither move nor join the chorus of sound. If some chief rises to speak, then an instant hush falls, the saturnalia—or rather pandemonium—ceases. In an instant that crowd is hushed to hear his words. The transition seems like dream work—so sudden is the change to stillness and silence. When the chief closes his oration—for an Indian chief is naturally an orator, if not a poet—such a yell goes up as only Yainax ever heard, and Bedlam is loose again.

Those Indian princes of old had as much trouble to pair off the young ones as European princelings yet have. It was matter for diplomacy to provide suitable wives for com-

ing chiefs, and strengthen tribal influence as much as possible by favoring alliances. There came to Yainax the thoroughbred tribal aristocracy; beauty had to be adorned, and no expense was spared to outfit with feathers, beads and paint candidates for matrimony of both sexes. The belles had rings on ankles, fingers and wrists, and bells on their toes, with nose quills to make up the tout ensemble. The young buck of that aforesaid time, who went prospecting among those fair ones, no doubt had feelings akin to what are entertained by the young men of our day who interview the belles of the period.

Such was Yainax in the delightful Indian festival time that came with successive Octobers; and when Octobers were gone, then the silences that ruled the region returned and possessed all nature until another autumn should come and another carnival time dawn on the sombre brown that in October clothes hill and plain at Yainax.

THE DALLES RENDEZVOUS

Another autumn rendezvous of the tribes was at The Dalles of the Columbia, a few miles east of the entrance to the Cascades; a place where the vast flood of the Columbia seemed to foam and boil, in places, for fifteen miles, so that portages were necessary. This is not a description of the river, so I will only allude to this part of its course as a famous fishing ground for salmon, where various tribes had their several rights and the lava shores in the fishing season were crowded with Indian life in active labor to catch and save the immense run of fish that summer and autumn gave their winter food.

In his "Astoria," Washington Irving fully describes the rapids of Celilo, 180 miles from the ocean, and the fearful

cataclysm of the lesser and greater dalles to the eastward. The dalles are swift passages through narrow defiles of the lava bed rock, so swift that no human power has ever been able to sound the depth; so narrow that I have easily thrown a stone across and struck the opposite lava cliff much higher than where I stood. The river is turned on edge as it cuts through the narrow chasm, and such passes are termed by the Canadians "dalles," while the river widens to a mile where Dalles City smiles upon it not far below.

When the spring and early summer floods come down, the raving waters overflow the lava shores and follow crevices cut therein; the ascending salmon follow these crevices to avoid the swift force of the main river's channel. The Indians used to take them in these channels with net or spear as they came up. Along the course of the river for fifteen miles were notable fisheries where various bands, who lived south and north, had their respective rights. It was when autumn came and the fishing and hunting season was over, the berries and roots gathered, that the tribes had their annual gathering.

To The Dalles rendezvous came also Indians from the Lower Columbia, who brought their various products and work of their hands; even their cedar canoes were in demand, as there was no such wood east of the Cascades. Seasons were so different in different sections—the west being very rainy and the east semi-arid—that products varied and there was room for exchange.

Each tribe had its specialty; all to the east had their greatest wealth in horses and made their journeys and raids on horseback. The country there was open and bunch grass offered unlimited pasturage for their herds.

The Klickitats were the universal Yankees of the aboriginal period, and were traders and horse jockies by nature. Their young men wandered as far as California on their trading excursions to the south, and at times went as far east to hunt buffalo beyond the Rockies. The Nez Percés, who lived in northern Idaho, made regular hunts across the Rocky Mountains and brought to The Dalles rendezvous buffalo robes and dried meat, spoil of their prowess and skill. The western tribes made cloth of the wild hemp, baskets of all kinds, and much embroidered work; the eastern natives drove bands of horses loaded with spoils of the chase. The Klickitats were especially famous for their make of weapons for the chase or for war; their skill in this line was so well established that they had great trade in such work.

CHAPTER XVII

STORY OF THE MULTNOMAHS

WE have told how the Multnomahs occupied the river shores and islands of the Columbia and Willamette near their confluence, and how prosperous and contented they were. It seems that they spoke a different language from that of the natives on the Lower Columbia, or of the Willamette valley above the falls, but tradition has it that of old they occupied the beautiful valley to its head, a hundred and fifty miles to the south, and led delightful lives, separated from all the world by mountains on every side. How long ago this was there is no veritable history to explain, but the Calipooias came as an invading force from the south, a warrior race which evidently came to spy the promised land and found it the most delightful region of all the farthest west. I can imagine them passing through the country, enjoying the generous hospitality of the Multnomahs and probably bearing away sample products of the region, even as did the spies Joshua sent to prospect the lovely Canaan of old, who bore away those grapes of Eschol that are pictured in Sunday-school books.

Where the Calipooias originated no one knows. They came, saw and conquered the not very warlike Multnomahs, and usurped the beautiful and widespread valley, where nature's flocks and herds roamed as free as did their human associates. They came from the south, but whether from the sun-burnt regions east of the Cascades, or the valleys west



MULTNOMAH FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER,
NEAR 1000 FEET

of the range, no one can tell. The Multnomahs did not willingly resign their lovely country, but mustered their forces to resist the invaders. Many battles were fought and the Calipooias steadily drove them from one section to another, until, at last, they made a bitter contest at the falls of the Willamette.

Here, at the falls, hill ranges close in on all sides to make a northern barrier, but the invincible power of the floods had worn a gorge through these crests and found an outlet to the Columbia. Here the river makes a plunge that creates the beautiful falls of the Willamette and the immense water power, now utilized to light the metropolis below and for various manufacturing purposes.

The falls were a striking object in the early time, before human ingenuity and effort hemmed them in with factories and surrounded them with the growing progress of Oregon City. To the Indians, who loved and worshipped nature, they were a manifestation of divine power, and were held in esteem as the great fishery of their country. The natives of Clatsop and Chinook went in canoes and with seines to fish in the open river, but those of the upper river fished from the rocky shores; caught the salmon as they tried to surmount the ripples or leap the falls, when they were at disadvantage, or caught them on subsidiary streams. The falls at Oregon City were a rendezvous for the Willamette Indians, as were the Cascades and The Dalles of the Columbia for the eastern tribes. Here the Multnomahs, and Calipooias after them, had their villages, or rather towns, and when, after a long warfare, the Calipooias drove them from the beautiful regions of the Upper Willamette, where their ancestors before them for untold ages had their homes, the

unhappy Multnomahs made their last and most desperate defence for their "altars and their fires, God and their native land."

No doubt they fortified the narrow pass, for it is very narrow from the rocky precipices on either side of the foaming torrent, but they were vanquished and almost destroyed. The Calipooias were triumphant and possessed the land—the wonderful valley, shrined among ranges, that consisted of broad spread prairies and interlacing hills, watered for 150 miles by the greater Willamette's flow and tributaries from the ranges that encircle it, all this and the fishery at the falls they had now by their prowess and possessed as their right.

Tradition says there was yet a later battle fought for possession of Sauvie's Island, that lies twenty miles long where the Columbia and the Willamette meet. That was where Keisno lived and ruled the Wakanississe nation, in the time of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that people were Multnomahs. They occupied the Lower Willamette and the shores of the Columbia from the Cowlitz to Cape Horn, a distance of about fifty miles. I can see no object in the Calipooias wishing the country below the falls, as the upper valley is to-day the most beautiful and fertile region of all the North Pacific, and its extent was enough for their needs.

There are no reliable accounts as to how the rest of the vast territory known as Oregon was originally settled. The natives had wild legends and strange myths as to their origin, that have no reliability or force, are not in many instances even worth one's curiosity, as they are so unreasoning. There was a vein of romance in them that found ex-

pression in such mythical lore, as is the case with all nature's children who roam the wilds and catch inspiration from communion with Nature itself.

FATE OF THE MULTNOMAHS

Along in those early years, at the very time when all the great nations we have described were rich and prosperous, as we have pictured, when their villages, numbering thousands by their population, occupied the shores of the Lower Willamette and the adjacent Columbia, their canoes constituting a great and active fleet gliding swiftly over the friendly waters, there came up from the ocean a trading vessel of American nationality, loaded with goods desirable for the Indian trade. It was named the *Convoy*, commanded by Captain Dominus; it anchored at St. Helen's and commenced to trade with the natives, who brought skins and furs, game and meats, from far and near. During this time some of the sailors aboard the brig gave or bartered to the Indians of a village on Sauvie's Island some second-hand clothing that was probably infected with the measles. The brig went on its way and never returned to know how death and destruction followed in her wake. One Sunday morning there was a prosperous people living along the shores in their summer villages. They saw the great ship come up and greeted it with perfect welcome. The whites had ever been their friends, and these were also white men! They trafficked, and bartered, and witnessed the brig's departure with unfeigned regret. Alas! that it had ever come!

The measles broke out among them and their medicine men told them how to treat it. They were put in their sweat

houses naked, and having endured all the steaming heat the human man was capable of, they then threw themselves headlong into the river, whose floods were gathered from glaciers and snows whose sources are eternal. Often congestion seized them, and they died then and there, their corpses floating downward on the tide. It was terrible—it is even now terrible to know that once on a time these peaceful shores were all throbbing with life and hope, and before the new moon had grown old, that life and hope were swept from the face of the green earth.

There was a beautiful village on the shore of Sauvie's Island whose inhabitants used to come to Vancouver every day on some pretext or errand. Somehow, they did not come there as they used to do. There were other villages whose canoes made frequent journeys along the shores, but very few of them now went to and fro. One day some person connected with the fort was going down the Columbia and concluded to stop at this Multnomah, or Wakanississe village, to learn how they got on. They had no idea at Vancouver that pestilence had fallen on all those happy people. The lodges stood in place and there was no sign of evil, save that no person, or child even, came to see them land. The village and many of the villagers were there but it was a city of the dead. They lay as they had fallen and died, with no one to close the eye, fold the hands, or smooth the tangled locks. There was a tiny babe trying to nurse its clay cold mother. One woman was alive and told, before she died, the story of the rest. There were two little boys found alive, and all pains were taken to save them, but the only one of all the hundreds of that fair village who survived was a slave boy they had captured in a distant foray into the Umpqua.

There were three villages on Sauvie's Island that shared the same untimely end. Of the entire Wakanississe nation but a few hundred remained where there had yesterday been thousands. Old Keisno, their chief, was less superstitious than the rest. When he felt the disease upon him he was carried to the fort and treated by Dr. Bailey. The good chief recovered, and lived many a day, but the glory of his reign was no longer, for his braves were gone on before.

That terrible pestilence did not at that time spread east of the Cascades, but it went far and near wherever Indians were camped on the waters of Western Oregon. Up the Willamette was a place thereafter to become the capital of a great State, where a beautiful city was within half a century to shelter homes of thousands; even then, when no white man lived there or near there, it was claimed as Chemeketa, The Old Home, by a large band of Calipooias, who went elsewhere during the summer and autumn months, to hunt and fish and gather roots and nuts, acorns and berries for their winter sustenances. The Chemeketas were a happy people, and the last of the old race died only lately, Quinaby by name. He has told me that many years ago they made their homes, as by all tradition had their fathers before them, along the shore below the present town of Salem. One winter the measles broke out among them and they died off so that only a small remnant was left of the hundreds who once wintered there. So the fatal pest, and the as fatalistic treatment, prevailed over a wide region and swept the Indian race from the face of the earth.

Among the traditions handed down by the remaining Indians, is the following. In early times their fathers saw a great canoe, with immense wings, that had many men on

board, come over the bar and sail up the river. At evening this great creature sent from its sides a loud roar that went rolling and rattling among the hills and mountains, and its echoes went up and down all the great streams. From its side came a black smoke, or vapor, that fell on the adjacent waters. It went up all the streams, great and small, and wherever that smoke went it carried death and disease to all the Indian tribes, and the red man died from off the face of the earth where he had once been numerous, prosperous and happy. But the story of the Convoy may be received as true history.

As to the name Multnomah. Mr. John Minto says he never saw an Indian who called himself a Multnomah. When going down the Willamette, in 1844, with the Morrison family, they landed and camped at night where the last of the Multnomah villages had been, but it was then a city of the dead. Cedar boards had been split wide and were set up endwise, and several shelves made and mortised between, on which were laid the bodies of the dead, held in place by twisted cedar bark. These were arranged in lines and laid off in streets. The Multnomahs as a race were then no longer known.

As for the number of Indians left in the country in 1845, Minto says they found not more than 350 left on the Columbia River, from the mouth of the Willamette to the ocean, and in same proportion for the Tillamooks, while Lewis and Clark had counted 320 houses along the Columbia, with 8,330 people, and 50 houses and 1,000 of the Tillamooks.

CHAPTER XVIII

STORY OF THE MOLALLAS

For all their extent of thousands of miles, the great Sierras and Cascade ranges of the Pacific rise abruptly from the east, while their long spurs reach west for many miles, leaving regions of foothills where people make homes to-day, and where the Molallas made their homes before the white men came. Only within a comparatively few years has the story been known as to their region. This was when there was investigation made to find a railroad pass over to Middle Oregon. After considerable effort it was discovered that the best pass of all is situated a little south of Mount Jefferson; that this was once travelled by the Indians but had for a long time been abandoned. Even the old trail was found, but it seemed strange that when it offered such advantages it should have been thus neglected.

Investigation with ancient dwellers soon discovered that they had a tradition accounting for this, that forms one of the most striking incidents handed down of the past.

In the long ago (so reads the story told to the early pioneers) there was civil strife among the Cayuses, and after bitter fighting a band of seceders, with their families and possessions, took the way westward from the bunch grass region of the Upper Columbia, prospecting for a new home. They found all the territory east of the Cascade Mountains occupied by warlike tribes that would stand no interference, but allowed them to pass on and enter the Cascade Range on

their way westward. So they left the fierce Wascoos, the fiercer Warm Springs, and the Teninos, for the promised land they had heard of as the Wah-lam-ut.

In the olden time there used to be a trail that led across the Cascades south of and close to Mount Jefferson, the same that was rediscovered some years ago and is known today as the Minto Pass. This route was long used, in fact must have been in use from immemorial time for communication between the east and west, and was, by far, the most convenient way to cross the great range; but it was, after a time, abandoned in respect to superstition peculiar to the aboriginal race, which tradition forms the basis on which my story is founded.

As the Western tribes showed them this trail and bade them good speed, the seceding Cayuses followed it one summer time until they found themselves in the beautiful Wah-lam-ut Valley; but they found this valley full of villages and towns of the all-pervading Calipooia race and felt it impossible to conquer them and establish themselves among a people so powerful and populous. The fact is, the Calipooias had then but recently conquered and occupied this beautiful valley, and had driven out the Multnomahs at the point of their arrows. This was long before white men were heard of, so long that the tribes of half a century and more ago had only a tradition of these facts.

The Molallas were hunters, and the Cascades were then full of game of all classes. Elk roamed from the Willamette River to the summits of the range; deer and bear were plentiful; grouse, pheasants and quail flew up on every side and everywhere, and salmon climbed the falls, while mountain streams and lakes were abounding in beautiful trout. So

this heroic band made a treaty of eternal peace with the Calipooias that never was violated, and peaceably occupied the mountain foothills region where they found game in plenty and all sorts of berries and roots to supply their needs. Thus they had pleasant homes, were clothed with skins and furs, and grew and prospered until they occupied all the mountain sides that bordered the Wah-lam-ut Valley.

But they lived and died with terrible vengeance in their hearts toward their Cayuse relatives who had driven them into the wilderness. They transmitted to their descendants this hate, with orders to sometime summon the Cayuses to fight it out. They were Cayuses no longer, but took the name of Molallas, grew and thrived and became numerous and powerful. So, in obedience to the commands of their forefathers, after one time holding a great council, they determined to send a challenge to the Cayuses to come with a band of their best warriors and fight it out. They chose a spot not far from the base of Mount Jefferson for the battle-ground, and there the Cayuses met them.

The Cayuses were as brave as anybody, and would not take a dare from any source whatever. It was a long road from the Walla Walla country to the Cascades, certainly over two hundred miles, but they were too proud to receive such a challenge, and most likely were glad of a chance to settle old scores, though many years must have passed since the secession of the Molallas. The story is confirmed by the fact that the Molallas spoke the Cayuse language, though so far separated.

In the very heart of the Cascade Range there is a beautiful hill region, at least twenty-five miles each way, surrounded by great ranges. Clasped in among them it reaches to near

the base of Mount Jefferson, one of the great snow peaks we are so proud of. The old trail that followed the ancient pass wound around the base of Jefferson, came down into this sylvan paradise and passed through it, so there was no trouble to locate the spot. The messenger waited until he got his answer, and when all was understood he took his way back by the same route that went past Jefferson. The Molallas were notified that their challenge was accepted and had their forces equipped and ready for the time set.

When the appointed time came that beautiful region was wakened from its rest of the ages and there went echoing through the forest arches the war-cries and yells of men of Cayuse blood who were bound for revenge. It was a fierce fight; when it was over there were not so many Molallas as in the beginning, not by half; and the other half were hardly able to bury the dead.

The Cayuses went home in triumph, and very naturally supposed they had taken most of the conceit out of their seceding relatives. There was no more heard of the quarrel for long years; but the boys who were born at the time of this fierce battle grew to be men, but as their fathers bequeathed to them their ancient hate and enjoined upon them that they too must seek revenge, so it was that when this young generation of Molallas came on the stage they also sent word to the Cayuse nation that they would meet them on the same battle-ground. The challenge was again accepted, another battle was fought and again the Cayuses were victorious—only, this time there were so few of the Molalla fighting men left that they as a nation never could afford to again take the war-path. Thereafter, there was peace between those people, but one result of the conflict was

that this last battle had been fought in the very pass where the old trail went over the mountains. The Indian dreads death and will never willingly pass where any one is buried; so strong was the feeling that they forever abandoned the best pass that existed across the great range rather than travel it when they knew so many of their kindred dead were buried there.

This, then, is the legend of the Molallas. They were an independent people and usually able to hold their own. As mountain men and hunters they were famous, and whenever there was a great fair held at the Dalles they appeared with their skins and dried venison and traded and gambled with the best of them.

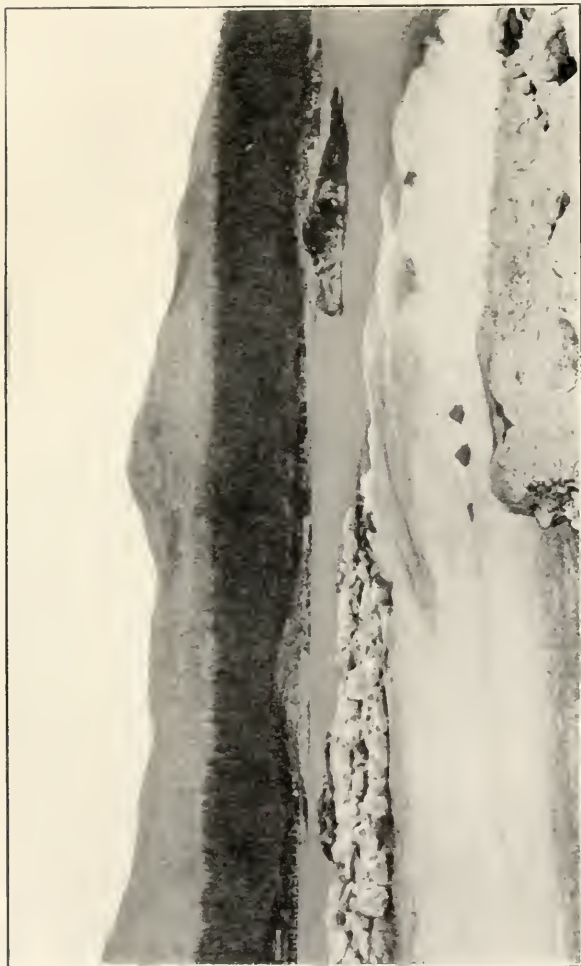
CHAPTER XIX

THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS. A LEGEND OF THE CASCADES

One of the most remarkable of the Indian legends was told by the Klickitats who occupied the Great Gorge of the Columbia. They had given this legend to the members of the fur companies, and retold it to the early emigrants of the forties as they made the portage descending the Columbia. The story lacks scientific foundation, though science proves that some convulsion occurred, in a not very remote past, that created the cascades by obstructing the river there. The legend has value as showing that the aboriginal race possessed traditions involving eras of time, for science shows that the time was when the river's flow was interrupted in its course through that mountain range.

The Klickitat legend asserts that in the long ago their canoes went up or down the placid current without obstruction; that in the olden age Mount Hood, that now rises so superbly to the south, stood close to the river, and Mount Adams, whose rounded summit rises thirty miles among the crests to the north, stood facing Hood on the north shore.

They say each mountain was the home of a powerful genius and continual jealousy existed between them on questions of precedence. Each was proud of its own grandeur and envied the magnificence of the other. The Great Spirit, or Sahulla Tyee, looked on with displeasure at the existing unpleasantness, for he especially disliked when they became



THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

Place where the legendary "Bridge of the Gods" is said to have existed.
From a photograph by Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Oregon.

furious in their hatefulness, throwing red hot rocks and burning lava around recklessly. He thought to let them fight it out and get tired of it, but instead of becoming tired and giving up the war, these genii grew worse and worse, until at last they upset the Sahulla's plans and spoiled his calculations to an unpardonable degree.

The wonder of that past, that divided attention with the great peaks, was a vast span of rock that formed an arch, or bridge, with one base on the side of Mount Hood, the other resting on Mount Adams, rising in majestic form that far surpassed all human architecture. This constituted the "Bridge of the Gods," that has formed the theme for much of Indian song and story that is even retold in our day.

This supreme arch seemed to have been a pet scheme with the Great Spirit, who probably had made a special effort in this vast work, so had pardonable pride in its stability. Anyway, the great arch had stood there so long that it seemed able to hold on and justify the faith and pride of the supreme projector.

As canoes went or came they passed under its shadow, while passengers and crew admired its grandeur and adored the mighty architect. It was a notable feature, as it stood there through the ages and saw the cycles as they came and vanished. As no one interfered the rivals grew more and more enraged, until, in their infernal wrath they shook the foundations and so disturbed the equilibrium of things that the arch lost its balance, collapsed, fell and blocked the river's flow, that it had before so admirably ornamented.

The Great Spirit was so enraged that he determined to teach the warring genii a lesson of summary justice. With a mighty heave he lifted Mount Adams and sent it whirling

through space until it landed where now it rises to charm the ranges with supernal snows. If there is grace in form, and grandeur in mountain summit in all the world, it is where Hood lifts its everlasting snows to overlook the ranges, as I saw it from off the ocean, one hundred and fifty miles away, half a century gone. With another supernal effort the Great Spirit lifted Hood, also, tossing it thirty miles to the south, where it wears its robe of summer snows and winter frosts as imperiously as ever it did in days of old.

Such was the Indian legend of "The Bridge of the Gods," that was celebrated in song and story when the Klickitats had their Thermopyle at the Cascades and levied tribute on all passers by.

In an interesting treatise on this subject, W. Hampton Smith gives the scientific phases of the river and the obstructions at the Cascades. He shows that about a thousand years ago the river flowed without obstruction, and judges that, from present rate of erosion, in fifteen hundred years more it will again flow unvexed to the sea. The basalt, that was originally thrown out as lava, in the eruptive period, overlaid sedimentary rock in which the canal made around the Cascades by government was excavated. He shows that for miles the river sides and hills are destitute of the lava flow that forms the adjacent mountains; that glacial drift covers the sedimentary strata, and glacial ridges parallel the river between it and the mountains, which proves that no such bridge was possible.

Within two thousand years some cause created these cascades, raising the river so that it overflowed and has buried under its flood shores that had been covered with fir forests. The main trunks, with jagged limbs, stand to-day—just

above the cascades—in their original order. I saw these forests as we rode over them on the river, in 1852, and they extend for many miles above the cascades. Mr. Hampton Smith shows scientific conclusion that these trees have been thus preserved for perhaps two thousand years; the river must have raised forty feet to overthrow them as we see to-day, and it must have occurred at least eleven hundred years ago.

Scientific investigation shows that the original channel was on the north, at the upper cascades; that abrupt mountains rose on the north; that annual floods undermined the basalt cliffs so they toppled from their sandstone foundations, where they rose thousands of feet, filling the deep channel, leaving a mass of mingled construction that works all the time toward the river. On the south this is known as the "moving mountain," that continually pushes toward the river, making necessary new alignment of railroad tracks occasionally. This fact I wrote up many years ago, and it was quoted far and near.

The Indians were correct in claiming that the Columbia's flow was once placid from the Dalles to the ocean; that some convulsion choked its volume in the past was certainly true, but love of mystery, poetic fancy and vivid imaginations caused this story to take form and receive additions as generations passed, with romance of the supernatural as native genius thought fit to complete it.

CHAPTER XX

LEGEND OF NEHALEM

South of the Columbia, after passing Clatsop Plains, the mountains come down abruptly to the ocean and the way is so rough that no wheel has ever traversed it. The old Indian trail followed the sandy beach when the tide was out, and at the full the waves wash precipitous bluffs that buttress the shore line, at which time travelers follow where winding trails creep up and over the beetling heights.

The shore line of the Pacific is all abrupt, with occasional indentations where streams from the coast ranges pour down from their summit fountains to reach the sea, or, occasionally, beautiful bays are indented, forming sheltered havens where Indian villages nestled of old, and the white man makes his home to-day. Now there are homes and civilized industries where the scene of this story is laid. The commerce of a great river invades the solitudes, where frowning heights bristle with cannon; but over it all there is a wealth of tradition from which we will wrest the following story, handed down by six generations, from a time that anteceded the discovery of the Columbia River.

The Indians claim that their earliest knowledge of other races came from prehistoric wrecks along the coast, extending from California, on the south, to the shores of Vancouver's Island on the north. There was also unmistakable evidence that voyagers from the Orient ventured far from their home seas to lay the bones of their junks on these for-

bidding shores. There is also tradition that some who were saved made their homes with the coast Indians, married and left almond-eyed descendants to confirm the legend. Other tales tell of armed boats that landed at the base of stern Mount Necarney, conveyed a treasure chest to the mountain benches, to bury there, first slaying a victim to bury with it, so to awe the wondering savages that they would never dare to unearth the buried treasure.

Certain it is, that the frowning front of Necarney yet overlooks the sea and throws back the breakers; that under its mighty base the sea, or some of old Neptune's journey-men, have hewn out caves, or grottoes—the same where the natives say their fathers told of other treasure being hid away. Yes; Necarney is there, and over its benches and through its ravines the credulous white man has dug and delved to find the buried treasure of which the legends of Tillamook and Nehalem have borne such witness.

But this is not a tale of treasure lost or trove, but of shipwreck long before white men were known here, or the Columbia was discovered. To the south of Necarney there is a strip of sandy beach, between the Nehalem River and the sea. At the very base of the mountain there is a pleasant bay, where the legend landed that crew and left wrecks bedded in the sands. The Nehalem River courses seaward among the coast ranges for a hundred miles; striking the base of Necarney it turns south, runs for three miles parallel with the ocean, then enters it and is lost in the fathomless waters.

All the bands south of the Columbia are kindred, and this river stretch—bowered in by lofty cottonwoods, ash, alder, and maple—was the winter home of the Nehalem band. The

Clatsops were not far north, and the Tillamooks lived on a beautiful bay of that name a few miles to the south. All along the sounding shore fantastic rocks stand, waist deep among the breakers, on which the wandering gull will build its nest, or the vagrant sea crab climb. The predaceous seal watches there, from convenient ledges, for some unwary fish to come anear, and has especial relish for the toothsome salmon when it seeks to enter the river of its birth. When its appetite is thus sated it may be seen on this same ledge; then, the wary native would of old waylay the unwary seal from the vantage ground of his canoe.

Below Clatsop is Tillamook Head; its outlying spur—Tillamook Rock—rises from the waves and has stood there, seeming to laugh at the impotent rage of the worst the southwest gales can do. Summit crowns summit as the wild shoreline moves southward, until, at last, bold Necarney inspires the scene with weirdest front of all! The waves break against its base, but a winding path creeps upward, surmounts the cliffs and follows a terrace eight hundred feet above.

From age to age, Necarney has been handed down as the scene of many an episode, as tradition has given birth to legendry that lingers yet in annals of the Nehalem. They summered among the mountains to catch the silver side salmon in the fall, and wintered on that sheltered shore.

Elk and deer and bear abounded and no people were more blessed with abundance. They fished the ocean, the bays and the streams; ranged the plains, the forests and the mountains; all the fruits of the earth they cared for were to be had for the taking. Nature was generous in her bounty, and, fenced in by the sea, they had little to fear.

The sea brought warm winds and currents from Asia, so they knew few of the vicissitudes of summer or winter. Clustering underneath the spicy groves, on the sandy peninsula, the Nehalems hauled their canoes on the beach and were ready, as occasion demanded, to climb the ranges for game or push out on the waves for whatever the sea could offer them, and schools of spouting whales oftentimes gave challenge for them to do and dare.

It was about the winter of 1760 that a sou-west storm had raged on this wild coast, tearing the waves to tatters to drench the shore with mingled brine and rainfall, when one December night the clamor of the storm was varied by sights and sounds that terrified the natives, for no past had ever known the like. Out on the raging waters lights were seen to gleam, and wild cries of human voices rose above the storm, while cannon sounded the alarm.

Among the villagers was a family of three—an Indian of more than average renown, his wife and daughter. Their home was near the ocean, half hid by woods and undergrowth. We will call him Nehala; the mother's name was Wena, the daughter's, Ona—a girl whose soul was full of all the fancies that mountain, shore and sea could furnish.

As an only child she was made much of, much more than was usual if families were large. Ona heard the storm, saw the lights and recognized sounds of distress, which so worked on her that she could not sleep. With the first glimpse of dawn she woke her mother to accompany her to the beach.

The storm yet raged; the winds shrieked and almost tore the mantles of skins they wore from their grasp, and driving rain pelted them fiercely as they pressed to the beach. It

was not far; they soon saw it was strewn with wreckage, scattered fragments of which were spread where wave and storm had left them.

They were first comers, and as they went on, the winds drove the angry sea-foam in their faces as if to warn them to keep away. Looking along the beach, Wena exclaimed that she saw a human form among the wreckage. Hastening on, they found a bearded, bronze face upturned, as dark as their own, lying prone where the waves had thrown it—dead, and cold, and still.

Passing on, they came to yet another body of a man, also dark and bearded—as silent and as dead. The waves that bore them from seaward had thrown them on the sand and no later wave had claimed them for the sea again.

By this time others came who had seen and heard as the night wore on. One of these was a disreputable character, who was even by them considered a savage. Ona saw him stop where a third body was overlaid with wreckage; she saw a movement that she thought indicated life in this one, and noted with wonder that it belonged to a man who seemed to her to be the model of beauty; for the face was white and the clustering hair and beard were red—something new to the people of Nehalem. As she watched, the ruffian stooped to pick up a piece of wreckage and lifted it to beat out the life remaining in the victim. Quick as a flash Ona was by his side, wrenched the weapon from his hand and struck him senseless with it. Leaving others to care for the one she struck down, she and her mother bore the white-faced sailor to their home, where Nehala told them to lay him face down by the fire and gave other treatment to rescue the

drowned. He was indeed alive, and we can imagine the strangeness of the scene when his blue eyes first saw the anxious faces of the women who had saved his life.

Such a wreck was a revelation to simple natives who had never seen a white man, never heard of a vessel larger than their own canoes, and had no comprehension of such wealth as was strewn on that remote shore. Most of them sought the spoil the sea sent them and some manned their canoes to go out in search of more. But Wena and Ona were content to watch the progress of their guest as he went on recovering from death to life. They wondered if he was of supernal birth.

In a few days this young man with a white face and red beard grew to be so much alive as to accompany his rescuers to the shore, where he found a chest partly buried in the sands. They aided to excavate it and revealed, to his delight, a very arsenal of guns, swords, axes, spears and weapons, such as the natives of Nehalem had never dreamed of.

This stranger—who spent his life with this family—left no name or sign of nationality, but what is known indicates that he was of Scotch origin; strangest of all, he never learned the Indian language; all his conversation was by signs, by which he soon made himself understood. Sandy was one of the silent ones who waste no words but are potent in action.

Previous to his coming, a brother of the Tillamook chief had aspired to possess Ona. She was an only child and occupied a place daughters seldom attain among the Indians. She was blessed with so winsome a nature that her parents were in no haste to part with her. Whatever chance

the young Tillamook might have had, the coming of Sandy seemed to leave him no hope.

When Ona saw that Sandy appreciated the fact that she had saved his life, it made an impression on her warm nature, for he seemed to be her personal property. It was pleasure to see him return to life; see the blue eyes open to look at her, close again as if to dispel some vision, then open to find it still there. She cared for him—and, indeed, he was a manly fellow and won regards of both mother and daughter by a considerate kindness no Indian woman expects of any man. He also won the respect of the father by a brave propensity he had to hold his own, when necessary. It was natural that he should remain with them, and, as a matter of course, the rest of the world commenced to talk of him and of them. There is harmony, or the want of it, in all human nature, so this Indian village had to undergo the same gossip and jealousy that civilized communities are sure to realize.

Young Tillamook supposed that his hold on Ona and her family was permanent, so it must have been inconvenient for him that a red-bearded, white-faced, blue-eyed Scot was so entirely at home in the family. That Ona, herself, was bound up in him, was the worst of all. The child had a very romantic nature and this man's story went to her heart. She was used to see women treated as mere beasts of burden, and here comes this Scot, with his canny ways, who lost no opportunity to do kindness and show courteous attention. They had saved his life and Ona had fought for him; and it would have been no true Scot that would not have been kindly to them.

It was easy to win the regards of mother and daughter,

but Nehala was made of sterner stuff; yet, in time, he also was won, for he discovered that Sandy was willing to tackle the fierce brown bear and expert in hunting deer and elk, even in wielding the paddle to skim the breezy seas and spear the ocean dwellers; so the stalwart sire gave him his good will also.

But all this while the Tillamook lover was raging with jealousy and mad with schemes for vengeance. Your wild savage knows no degrees between love and hate. If crossed in love there is only left the deadly recourse of revenge. It was a welcome sight one day when he saw Sandy shoulder his rifle to take the trail to the mountains on a hunt for elk. He had learned where elk were to be found and knew that meat was always in demand, so with wonderful assurance he strode off to the hunt.

Wena and Ona knew of the feeling in Tillamook's soul, of which Sandy had no idea, and felt apprehension that increased when Ona saw the jealous one and a friend of his start with bows and full quivers to make a detour, as she believed, to waylay Sandy to his death. Then the brave girl took her own bow and quiver to follow their trail. She overtook him as he was stalking an elk and tried to telegraph him that he was in danger; but he nodded as if he understood and was not afraid. She saw the other creeping through the wilds and managed to keep between him and them, which angered them so they turned their wrath on her. When she could not see them she heard the whiz of an arrow that struck a tree by her side. She followed where Sandy led, and hearing the report of his gun, she drew near. He had killed the elk, and when dressed and quartered he motioned to her to come to him, as she supposed, to carry the meat.

home; but he gave her his gun to carry, and himself shouldered half the elk meat, carried it to camp and told Nehala where the rest could be found. To Wena and Ona this was unheard-of consideration, as it was the native woman's duty to bear all the burdens.

One day Nehala went to fish for salmon, as the spring run was then in the river. He used a spear and was surprised when Sandy, seeing a lordly fish sway past in the depths, took the spear, and poising it, easily threw it so that it pierced the fish. Turning to wife and daughter, the father said: "He has done that before." Which was very likely true, as salmon run in Scotland's streams.

The crowning hope of young Tillamook was to get rid of Sandy. Indians were expert with canoes and went outside to fish, especially to strike seals found on the rocks that line the coast. One winter day young Tillamook and another were so engaged when a sudden storm overtook them, upset the canoe and left them in hopeless struggle with the waves. No one dared to go to their rescue until Sandy launched a canoe and alone, with skill and strength, rescued them from impending fate at risk of his own life. If anything, this intensified the other's hate; he simply wiped the brine from his eyes and went on plotting worse than ever.

Thus matters grew from bad to worse; the chief sided with his brother, and the tribe—as is the human way—sided with the most powerful coterie. Then, Nehala said bitterly, that he knew his own people no longer, for all were his enemies—an episode that proves human nature to be no better among savages than with so-called civilized peoples. Whatever the feeling of the tribe, there was one family who treasured every act of Sandy's life and left to future generations

the story of his good deeds and of the courage and kindness of his stay among them.

Nehala had a summer home on the ocean shore, fourteen miles north, to which he determined to remove and have no further dealings with his tribe. When he made this known, Sandy asserted himself. The only condition under which he could remain was to have Ona for his wife. Thus he became part of the family and the love of Ona was rewarded. They were removing to the summer house, all loaded with the family possessions; had surmounted Necarney, and came to a great rock close to the sea, known as Haystack Rock to this day. As the tide was at ebb, they were passing before it when they were met by two black bears, who rushed so that Nehala was overthrown. Sandy dropped his load and with his gun shot one of the bears, and before Nehala could rise had taken the gun he carried and shot the other.

There soon came, following the bears, a young Clatsop chief and his band, who, it seems, had attacked the bears, one of whom carried an arrow shot by the young chief. He greeted Nehala and said they had heard of the wreck and of the white stranger, and were on the way to see and learn further. But he was so satisfied with this meeting that he gave up the journey to return with them to the summer house not far away.

Sandy made a present of the bears to the Clatsop chief, who left his people to save and cache the meat while he went with the new-found friends. That night—Sandy said—young Tillamook was sure to follow them with his vengeance, so the Clatsop chief and Nehala stood guard at the house, while Sandy went where the trail came up on the beach, a short distance back. He watched there while Ona

slept near by. Just as the day was peeping over the ranges he heard a sound of feet, and soon a form parted the undergrowth as the trail came up the beach. Sure enough, it was the malignant face of Tillamook he saw; then, taking careful aim, his enemy fell back on the trail—dead; and Sandy heard the feet of his companions as they scampered away.

This tragedy caused a council of war, where the Clatsop chief invited Nehala to become one of his people and live with him on the beautiful Clatsop Plains. This was agreed to, and the Clatsop braves generously helped to carry all the possessions of their new allies to tribal headquarters, on the banks of the beautiful Nic-a-ni-cum, near where it enters the sea, and where to-day is one of the favorite resorts of the North Pacific region. They were a kindred race, so the change was not unpleasant, and there is every reason to believe that they lived happily and peacefully. Before they left the summer house, as an act of conciliation, the Clatsops conveyed the body of young Tillamook back where they left the bear meat and placed it so his friends could find it. It is not known that his death was resented, and tradition says the friendship of Sandy and the young Clatsop chief was lifelong and unbroken.

On Clatsop Plain is a beautiful spot known as Cullaby's Island—four acres overgrown by great forest trees, located between the waters of Cullaby's Lake and a marsh, where the family of Sandy and his descendants made their homes until Clatsop was settled by the whites half a century ago. Ona became the mother of four children—three daughters and one son. The government exploring expedition, under Lewis and Clark, crossed the continent and wintered at Clatsop because elk and deer were so abundant there. Their journal

shows that they saw, on the ocean shore, the summer home of Nehala yet standing in 1806, and met there an Indian—who must have been Sandy's grandson—with features showing Caucasian origin; a face that was pale and freckled, and hair and beard that was reddish in color. Forty years later—in 1846—John Minto, then young and not long from England, who is well known in connection with pioneer history, at Cullaby's Lake met an Indian, who made his home there, and was descended from a white man who was saved from a wreck of prehistoric times. Cullaby had tools and a workshop, was making a new stock for his gun and showing considerable skill. He was reticent by nature, and when asked concerning the red-headed Indian seen by Lewis and Clark, his answer was: "Okook nica papa." (That was my father). Then he spoke in Chinook and called from the other room his son, Edwin, who spoke English well. He listened to his father awhile, then said: "My father says he will tell me all the story of his family to-night and I will come to tell it to you to-morrow."

Very early the next morning Edwin came where Minto was, and taking him to the shore of the ocean, a few miles away, spent the entire day telling him the story of the past.

Edwin became much attached to Minto from that time; but I will tell the rest of the story of the Scot and his Ona. Sandy was fond of isolation, and his home on the island he seldom left. He had few intimates—the Clatsop chief being his nearest friend. He was a famous hunter, and as the years passed was universally respected. All this was before the Columbia River was discovered or the presence of white men known, so his life had no break from its isolation. Even at this early time the smallpox had been among the Indians.

One day word came that it was among the Clatsops. Soon he heard that his friend, the Clatsop chief, was down with the fell disease. Then Ona and her four children were sent to the mountains, to be out of the way of the pestilence, for Sandy had determined to go to the sick bed of his friend.

He charged Ona not to come to him. If he survived he would come to her, but she was to take no risks. We can imagine the tenderness of that parting, as well as the strong motive that made him capable of such self-sacrifice. Years before, in their young manhood, the chief had befriended him, and through all the intervening years had remained his friend, to make his life safe, respected and happy. It required a soul of more than ordinary appreciation to be willing to face pestilence—even for so true a friend.

Our story ends with the death of both of these friends as victims of the plague, but has its lesson of human faith and trust, and perfect love that is not often equalled among the most enlightened races.

The tenderness with which, for a century, this man's descendants treasured his memory, transmitting from generation to generation so many minute details, to repeat them in the earliest days of Oregon history, assures us that he was well beloved. We have, among the last words of the Christ—told in the Gospel of St. John:

“Greater love has no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friend.”

CHAPTER XXI

PREHISTORIC WRECKS

(Written in 1900)

LOOKING back over the centuries, we find that Spanish vessels were sailing the Pacific Ocean long before there was any discovery of the Columbia River. Cabrillo saw and named Cape Mendocino and the Farellones, in 1543. In 1578, Francis Drake got up to latitude 48° . In 1602, Sebastian Viciano was looking for the wreck of the San Augustine, lost on the north coast in 1595; from that date to 1769—when missions were first established at San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco—a period of 167 years—those shores were unknown to trade or commerce; missions had no footing north of Lower California, and had very little encouragement there.

So far back as the middle of the last century there was no settlement of Alaska; no trade along this coast with the Indians by ships, nor was there any whaling fleet in the North Pacific Ocean. It is an interesting query as to what brought the vessels that were wrecked on the north coast in that very early time, for several were wrecked on Nehalem Beach close under the shadow of Mount Necarney. My scrap-book has several notices of treasure landed and buried on the benches of Necarney that are various and curious. The Tillamook Indians told us, when we went there about

thirty-five years ago their traditions of the past, one of which was concerning the Chinese junk wrecked on Nehalem sands; another was of a vessel from which white men with heavy beards were saved. When more recently, at Astoria, Silas B. Smith gave other legends, of which he was a treasury.

Sol Smith, his father, was a Vermonter, who crossed the continent with Wyeth, from Boston, in 1832, to meet a vessel loaded with Indian goods. That vessel never was heard of, so Wyeth returned for another cargo. Smith remained, taught school at Vancouver to educate the half-breed children of the fur traders; married an intelligent woman, daughter of a Clatsop chief, and finally came to Clatsop. Mrs. Helen Smith was somewhat schooled, had influence with the Indians and took pains to investigate their traditions relative to those wrecks and told them to her son when he returned from being educated at the East. She told all that was of interest or that could be relied on.

In her opinion, the most reliable related to a wreck that must have occurred as far back as 1700 or 1710. The story was that from this wreck twenty-five or thirty men got ashore, remaining among the Indians awhile, long enough to interfere with the women and become obnoxious to the men. These people had no guns, as they were probably lost in the wreck; or their ammunition may have been spoiled; but they made slung-shots and were armed with them. When the Indian men laid a plot to kill them, the white men fought with these slung-shots until they were all destroyed.

Another tale, that Mrs. Smith heard from her people, she thought was not so reliable. To the south of bold-faced

Necarney there was a long beach and close to its base a small bay is formed. So long ago as early in the last century—1700 or 1710—tradition says a vessel landed or anchored in this bay, south of Necarney, and sent ashore a boat, from which its crew took out a chest which they conveyed by a mountain trail to a bench, or terrace, on the southwestern face of the mountain; they buried this in a ravine that crossed the trail, then killed one of their number and buried him with the chest, knowing that the superstition of the natives would prevent their ever interfering with a dead body. The men returned to the boat and the ship sailed away.

Mr. Warren, who has been alluded to, says his father heard from Swan, a very old Clatsop Indian, a story much the same that he had heard from his own father: That a long time ago a vessel was lost at Necarney Bay; that a number of her men came on shore, who carried a chest up the mountain and buried it on a bench; they carried up sacks full of treasure and poured into the chest, or placed the bags therein. Then the crew separated, some going north and some south. Those who went south were all killed by the Rogue Rivers; those who went north stopped on Clatsop with those Indians, but later got into a fight and two of them were killed. As far back as earliest days of white men, in passing back and forth the Indians pointed out to them the mountain terrace where the treasure was supposed to be, but nothing could induce them to go near the spot. The story told us at Tillamook, thirty years ago, was similar to this. But those Indians are no longer there, as they have been removed to a reservation to the south.

Old Swan injected a double dose of tragedy into his story of the burial of the treasure chest, for he made the men who

had prepared the grave and carried up the sacks cast lots, as they stood about the grave; the one who lost was immediately dispatched and his remains consigned to protect the buried treasure. Ever since that time the Nehalems have been looking for these sea rovers to return and claim their own.

The legend must have had some foundation in fact, for the natives told it to all early comers and could not easily have invented it. Was it indeed pirates who roamed these seas? It is well known that the ocean trade avoids the equatorial calms and takes the northern route as the safest and quickest, though the longest. Pirates, who waited and watched to capture the commerce of Spain with the Orient, were not so very much out of the way in the latitude of Oregon. May it not have been possible that a mission ship had been captured by sea rovers, driven north, and was lost on this coast in that early time? If so, this vessel may have had on board supplies for the missions and churches of the entire coast.

The Indians of the Cascades told early comers that in the long ago a man or men who had been wrecked on the ocean shore came there and remained to take Indian wives and leave their descendants. This was corroborated by the testimony of Mrs. Helen Smith, that when at Vancouver, about 1826, she saw a middle-aged woman—at least sixty years old—whose hair and complexion were Caucasian, who claimed to be descended from a white man who lived and died at the Cascades, whose name was Ko-na-pee.

This corresponds with the legend handed down at Clatsop, as told by Mrs. Helen Smith to her son, Silas B. Smith. About the year 1750, early one morning, as an Indian

woman was coming along the ocean shore near the South Cape, she saw a wreck on the sands. There were two bearded men, who were making a fire from driftwood, and cooking, or roasting, popcorn on the coals to make it palatable. They made signs they wanted water, and gave her a dish to get it in. She went on two miles to the village and told her people she had seen two men who were white, also were bears, as they had long beards. The Indians took these men as slaves and made them work, but burned the wreck to get the iron out of it; then discovered that one man, named Ko-na-pee, was a blacksmith and could make the iron into knives and tools they needed. Ko-na-pee was so useful that after awhile they set them free and gave them leave to try to get back to their own country, overland. They got as far as the Cascades and gave it up; the mountains seemed impassable, so they lived at the Cascades and had families long before any white man came to the country. This finishes the record of the traditions of prehistoric wrecks that occurred south of the Columbia.

These old Indian traditions make little mention of the beeswax, probably because they found no use for it or value in it.

There is a conflicting story told of a cannon said to have been left from some early wreck, and a certain part of the shore is called Cannon Beach, but it most likely was floated ashore with the woodwork of the United States schooner Shark, that was wrecked early in the century. Other stories, not considered reliable, say that it was an ancient Spanish piece, partly composed of silver, as was done of old to make the metal tougher.

The fact that ancient Spanish coins have been found, and

that weapons of ancient workmanship were in hands of the natives, that never could have been had by trade because of too fine workmanship, and that these legends have been handed down for so many generations, create very interesting inquiry as to where this wreck, so well indicated, could have come from at the time it should have occurred.

My scrap-book has many mentions of this treasure legend during the third of a century it has been kept. One says that Tom McKay, son of a Hudson's Bay man by a Red River woman, who after that was Mrs. John McLoughlin, was in the Tillamook region in early times, trapping for furs, and in wandering up and down the coast met an ancient crone, who told him that when a child she witnessed the coming ashore of the Spaniards who buried the treasure. When McKay importuned for further information, she took him to the mountain and pointed out the exact spot. He must have dug for it, as the Hudson's Bay Company people heard that he did so, so sent for him and placed him under rigid examination; but he denied that he had found any treasure. It seems that the company claimed that all that their people discovered or found when in their service was the Company's property. Tom couldn't be blamed much if he did not think so. He was a generous fellow and always had money to spend and to give away, so much so that when he afterwards settled on French Prairie, he lived so well and was so liberal to all in need, that people believed that he had surely found that treasure and gloried that he made such good use of it. If he found it half a century ago, the age of the old crone who told him of it might carry it back to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Another clipping, published at Tillamook, and aged and

soiled long ago, tells that many years back Spanish pirates roamed these seas, and when their wealth became oppressive they would sail up to Cape Floranda and deposit their unwieldy surplus in a treasure vault they knew of. Since then the inconstant sea has so encroached on their safe deposit vault that it cannot any more be entered, so the curious and envious look for it in vain. The only token left is a great cross, carved on the cliff that faces the sea, which no doubt was meant to "point a moral and adorn a tale." The story verges on hyperbole, or tries to rival the tales of the thousand nights. Several have told of inscriptions on the rocks above, as well as those at the sea level—an arrow and figures that seem to say a tale they could unfold.

Another mystical story tells of a man who prospected that mountain terrace (it has been fairly honeycombed with prospect holes), but made no sign. It is only known that after this practice with pick and shovel he "folded his tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away." Some one, who had the curiosity to trace his course in life, was astonished to learn that he was living in almost Oriental state in British Columbia, having a generally good time—that, too, before the rich mines on Trail Creek had been discovered or the city of Rossland had reached its present opulence.

A friend at Astoria tells of meeting a well-known and sedate citizen of the vale of the Willamette, who looked shabby and soiled—and tired and disgusted besides; when he expressed wonder to see him thus, and so far from home, the weary man told a weary tale of how, two years before, a weary wayfarer went to work on his farm, and as soon as he became sufficiently rested told that he knew a tale of treasure to be had for the mere digging and helping one's

self. But the farmer was prudent and not looking for "adventitious aids of circumstances," so it took two years for this treasure-seeker to get a move on him; but when he did his "round unvarnished tale deliver," it told of a shipmate who showed plats and tracings of a mountain side that faced the Western Sea; how that shipmate, before he died, had this information from a man in Boston; that he had been to bold Necarney's front and was preparing to dig there, where the chart had told him to, when the people who lived thereabout told him his true business was at home—if he had one—and to "not stand on the order of his going, but go at once;" so this sober-minded man from the cow counties took his satchel in hand, put on his summer overcoat and went two hundred miles with his hired man, by river, rail and afoot, to where Necarney fronts the sea. He soon saw that the fellow had lied as to having been there before, as he did not know the place, but this farmer had heard this story of buried treasure, had read it in the newspapers, so they digged and delved awhile, but he was now on his way back to his inland home, a wiser and a sadder man. Never more would he be enticed by illusive tales from off the sounding sea. French Prairie was enough for him!

So it is, that this illusive legendary of treasure lost goes on from age to age, but never turns to treasure trove.

No doubt the scarred surface of old Necarney will show to other generations where men of this day toiled on this delusive quest, and no doubt the time to come will give rise to tales and legends yet unborn, and cause yet other prospectors to dig and delve so long as Necarney's front shall face the sea, and the never-tiring sea shall send its embattled waves against Necarney.

Where the beeswax was found, at Nehalem Beach, there were also buried in the sand timbers fastened together by peculiar flat spikes, from half an inch to two inches wide and two to eight inches long. These were used in very hard woods, not like northern timber, and very durable—no doubt preserved by burial in the sands. These are in possession of Captain Edwards, examiner of hulls, at Portland, who wished some expert to identify them. It is thought they belonged to the wreck that carried the beeswax.

Not far south of Nehalem Beach is the Nestucca shore; at the southern extremity of this—as late as in 1882—Major J. H. Turner, of Yamhill, saw timbers of a wreck cast up by the highest tides, that were very old; from these projected copper “tree nails” an inch square. He had been a boat builder on Western waters and had knowledge of ship building. He thought the wood was white oak, and the construction indicated old age and old style. While he was there a very old Indian passed by to his fishing, and when asked what he knew of this wreck he said that his father told him it was there when he was young and long before his time, which would take it back for at least a century.

Bancroft’s “History of the Pacific States” gives a list of Chinese or Japanese wrecks that had been found for a century or more, either derelict on the seas or wrecked on the shores of North America. This confirms the legends of the coast Indians concerning the Oriental wreck that occurred at Nehalem, the bones of which, they assert, were to be seen in the sands at low tide in pioneer days. Such wrecks were also known along the shore north of the Columbia, or on the coast of Vancouver Island, as reported by those connected with the early time.

Three-quarters of a century ago the coast Indians sent word to Dr. McLoughlin, at Vancouver, of a wreck south of the Straits of Fuca, and also sent specimens of fine porcelain ware saved from the wreck.

The well-proved fact that from early days Oriental wrecks have been found adrift on this side of the Pacific Ocean, or stranded on the north shore, may have some bearing on the question as to whether this continent was peopled from Asia.

NEHALEM'S TREASURE SHIP

Mr. John Hobson, one of the oldest residents of Astoria, and Mr. Thomas H. Rogers, who has written an interesting novel based on the story of the Nehalem treasure ship, have each given interesting reminiscences that are worth quoting. Mr. Hobson says:

As I was coming to the Pioneer Reunion at Portland I bought a large piece of beeswax, with the letters "I. H. S." on its face, which I know was on it when taken from the sand, at the mouth of the Nehalem River in 1868, by a man named Baker, from whom I purchased it.

When I first came here, fifty-one years ago, there was beeswax among the Indians, from Salmon River on the south to the Columbia on the north. They did not know what it was, using it for lights and leaky canvas. They said it came from a wreck, near the mouth of Nehalem River. The peninsula between the ocean and Nehalem is about one and a half miles north and south, and half a mile east and west, and about two or three feet above ordinary high tides, and is an uneven flat of small sand dunes. This is where the wax has been found.

In talking with the Indians from that place often, they would tell us of the wreck, and of the vessel that brought the gold and silver coin, and carried it up Necarney Mountain, and would refer us to some very old Indians. After the wreck of the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany's bark Vancouver, in 1848, a large case of drugs came on shore, near that place. Solomon H. Smith and myself concluded we would go down and buy the drugs and find out what we could from the old Indians about the wax and money vessels.

All they could tell us was that long before they were born the wax vessel was lost on the spit, and another anchored near the shore, and some people brought a chest upon Necarney Mountain and carried sacks of money and put them in the chest and killed a man, and put him also in the chest. Afterwards they marked a stone, or very large rock, rolled it on the chest, and went back to the ship and sailed away. We took an Indian, went to the mountain to look for the coin, but found no signs of a marked rock, so concluded it was only an Indian tradition and not reliable.

After the Nehalem country became settled by the whites, and coal was discovered, a corps of government engineers was sent from the surveying schooner, lying at Astoria, to survey the Nehalem River and bar. I, being acquainted with the country and routes, was hired, with horses, to take them down, and bring them back when they had finished the work. This was in 1868. This peninsula lies on the line of travel of all the coast, and the wax was scattered all over it, and the constant winds blowing the sands from the northwest in summer and the southwest in winter, has covered and uncovered it for ages, and the sun has softened it into different shapes and sizes. Some pieces were bleached nearly white. There was much dirt and sand in it, which stuck to it when softened by the sun. Here is where the Indians used to pick it up when crossing this waste. When the whites came here to settle they collected wax, and one, Baker, made a business of it, and found that the most of it, when exposed to view, was lying on a thin stratum of earth, like sediment of a river freshet (which I believe it was), and scattered all over the peninsula. Baker took his spade and would prospect the sand dunes. If the clay stratum was found, he would follow it up, and find large quantities of wax in all conceivable shapes and sizes, including many candles from one and a half inches to two inches in diameter, and where the sun had closed the end the wicks were perfect. I believe that some time after the wreck there was a very high freshet in the river, which spread the wax, logs and timbers all over the peninsula.

On these dunes, many of them, logs rotted and grass grew in places, and the drifting sands would sweep over them, thus protecting the wax and the stratum, for there were remnants of rotten wood in

most of them. The one in which this large piece was found was near the centre of the spit. There was also found the remnant of a ship timber, with some rusty, wrought-iron nails, four square, thin at head, even taper from head to point, about six or eight inches long, and about five-eighths of an inch thick at the head. There was also a copper chain, about fifty inches long, with a swivel in the middle of it; links four or five inches long, and five-eighth-wire. It was brought from that place by J. Larsen, and changed ownership several times, being finally placed in the mining bureau in San Francisco by Mr. Charles Hughes.

I do not pretend to know where these remnants came from, but believe the vessel to have been English, or Spanish, from China, freighted with wax for some South American port for church purposes, as the large wax candles would indicate.

Mr. Thomas H. Rogers writes as follows:

I have been asked to tell what I know about the inscription-bearing rocks found on the side of Necarney Mountain. Many people believe they pertain to an immense Spanish treasure, which, according to legendary lore, is supposed to have been taken from the much-talked-about beeswax ship and secreted on the mountain side some time in 1700. Others believe this treasure to be the spoils of a pirate craft, which, after looting one of the Spanish king's galleons on the Manila and Acapulco route, put into the coast for safety, and, after secreting their ill-gotten gain and marking the spot, sailed away again, never to be heard of more.

My attention was first called to these stones while on a pleasure jaunt to the Nehalem country in September, 1897. Our first day out from Garibaldi took us to the residence of Mr. Lovell, who resides one and one-half miles south of Necarney. Our host was in a reminiscent frame of mind that night, and as we sat before the cheerful fire, he told story after story of the beeswax ship, whose strange cargo lies under the shifting sands of the Nehalem spit. Many of these wax cakes, so he said, bore inscriptions identical to those told about in Mr. Clarke's beeswax articles in the *Native Son*. This wax, Mr. Lovell informed us, is found as far north as False Tillamook Head, and as far south as Cape Meares. The main bulk, however, being unearthed from the sands near the former locality.

Our host told of several chisel-marked stones being unearthed in a

neighboring pasture many years before, and the one lucky enough, in his estimation, to decipher the hidden meaning traced thereon, would ultimately find the great Spanish treasure. He advised us to hunt up Mr. P. H. M. Smith, who resided near, who had spent the past seven years in hunting for the treasure, as well as his father before him. This we did, visiting Mr. Smith next morning, who, contrary to expectations, was willing to talk upon the subject besides showing us several "genuine" marked stones found by himself in divers places, from the mouth of the Nehalem River to the little wind-locked cove north of Necarney, where the remains of an ancient vessel now lie.

We visited the pasture lot in which the chisel-marked stones were lying. These were immediately photographed by the writer, the cut of the "Glyphic Rock of Necarney" embellishing this article herewith. Many people have expressed surprise at this stone resembling a female head and wonder how it came about. This is easy, the plate being first vignetted of its background of fern and bushes and then half-toned as the reader sees it, leaving the stone as it really is. When found, these time and weather-beaten stones, four in number, were lying three or four feet deep in the ground in the shape of a huge cross, thirty feet in length by twenty feet in width. Since the first was found, some twenty years ago, they have been rolled around and sadly disfigured by some imagined smart fellow, for fun's sake, at the expense of Mr. Smith, to lead him astray in his search. The one shown herewith had evidently not been tampered with. Be these rocks tampered with or not, they were found and dug up directly west of a small stream which meanders down the mountain side to the sea, where, in the long ago, as the legends tell, a box of gold was buried, and a negro killed over it, and whose spirit is supposed to ever guard it from the curious.

These stones, Mr. Smith said, did not, in his way of thinking, relate to the treasure—the keystone having been found by him a quarter of a mile distant, buried to the depth of ten feet in the ground on top of a hill southeast. This keystone was also photographed, but for obvious reasons, Mr. Smith requesting it, it was not given publicity. This stone is not a put-up job on Mr. Smith, as many would like to make it, especially some would-be funny people, who take great delight, so I am told, in "pestering" the treasure-hunter, the ground having never been molested during the past century at least. From the top of this hill Mr. Smith pointed northwest, to where a dead

spruce, old and time-eaten, rose above the underbrush, saying: "Over there, this keystone tells me, I will find another clue. When I find that one I will also find another; and so the quest will go on, from day to day, until I have unravelled the skein."

This keystone found by Mr. Smith has an intricate map traced upon its face, delicate almost as a spider's web. To photograph it, it was necessary to first pencil it, bringing out all lines as plainly as on the day the designer, be he Spaniard, pirate, or civil engineer, executed it. From the top of this hill we went back in the mountain, where the treasure-hunter pointed out a great hole made by a divining-rod enthusiast, who had delved for days and weeks and months in a place where the swinging plumb-bob had ceased its vibrations, and had come to a stop like the pendulum of a clock; and after weary, weary work, 'midst storms and blinding sunshine, he gave up the quest and went back from whence he came. Then we went to the top of the mountain overlooking the sea, and saw more work of other treasure-hunters, where they had blasted out great holes in the solid stone for this reputed wealth.

WRECKED BEESWAX AND BURIED TREASURE

Great interest has been taken in Oregon concerning pre-historic wrecks that occurred long before occupancy by the whites. The chief testimony as to them comes from aboriginal sources and is sometimes lost in the mists of the primitive era. Pieces of obsolete wreckage have been resurrected from the sands and abundant evidence is found in masses of beeswax that is indestructible, found buried on the ocean shore south of the Columbia.

Beeswax is not given to romance, save, perhaps, when taking shape in Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, for commercial beeswax is one of the most unsentimental articles of commerce. The original comb that holds the luscious stores of the preternaturally "busy bee" may touch on the romantic, or, as the taper used to illumine festive scenes before coal gas or fragrant kerosene and the electric lights of to-day became

illuminators, might have been a theme to treat of, but the beeswax of Nehalem had pounded in the surf until battered and blackened out of all recognition, and had no essential claim for inspiration until its history developed to cause imagination and fancy to wonder at its origin.

When Lewis and Clark wintered at the mouth of the Columbia—a century ago—they learned the first we knew officially of this flotsam of the seas, for they told of seeing it in the hands of natives. In 1814, one Henry, connected with the fur trade, who travelled and wrote of what he saw, published to the British world that beeswax had been dug out of the sands and was found drifting on the ocean shore, to his great wonder. It is thus evident that the memory of living man goes not back to the time when this beeswax was not known to the natives at the mouth of the great river.

My personal cognizance of it goes back to 1870, when my family made a summer trip from the Willamette to Tillamook, fifty or sixty miles south of the Columbia, and brought back small pieces of the beeswax, as also various traditions concerning the ancient wreck that might have left it there. The bones of two wrecks were then to be seen at the mouth of the Nehalem River, that enters the ocean a few miles north of Tillamook Bay.

The Indians then occupied their ancient fishing grounds and hunted in the coast range adjoining. Their story of historic wrecks varied. The sands of Nehalem seem to have rivaled Scylla and Charybdis in enticement to danger, for they rehearsed the story of a Chinese junk that met its fate on one side of the entrance, from which a number were saved. These lamented their fate and wept bitter tears as they looked over the sunset seas toward the shores of the

Orient, where the waves were chanting the anthem of the "Nevermore," as friends unavailingly awaited their homecoming. But in time they made homes and found wives, leaving descendants, whose almond eyes tell of their Oriental origin to this day.

Many supposed that this beeswax, afloat and ashore, had been a Chinese product, and as time had broken up the frame of the vessel it had washed ashore. To give wider field for speculation, occasionally wax candles and tapers were discovered, but the pundits explained that the Chinese had use for wax tapers in the worship of Joss.

When placing a specimen of this wax in the hands of Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian, in 1872, this same legend accompanied it. But as time passed the stores of wax have increased. A fortunate ferryman, who plays Charon on the Nehalem, found stores of this same wax on his own land claim, above all ocean tides and an hundred yards or so distant from the beach. Here was a riddle worth unravelling!

This same beeswax has been found in blocks twenty by fourteen inches in size and three inches thick, and these blocks, it has been said by scientific men, bear cabalistic characters that no man can understand, though skilful artists have copied them. Thus the mystery grew; and what made it even more mysterious, tradition did not limit Neptune's wreckage to that poor Chinaman, but told of other vessels lost here, no doubt belonging to western nations, as the men found dead on the sands were bronzed and bearded, as were the few who came ashore and tried to reach civilization by an overland route.

If this story of a white man's ship has any truth, then

the beeswax story has greater room to bourge on and breadth to grow. Determined to investigate, about 1895, I went to Astoria and there met Mr. W. E. Warren, who proved to be a good witness. He had in his possession a block of this beeswax that his father received twenty-six years before from the master of a schooner he then owned that made trips out of the Columbia to near points along the coast. He had secured this great block of wax and brought it to his owner, whose son had kept it all this time as a message from the seas worth retaining until some solution might be had for the amazing story.

Though somewhat broken, this block was about the size alluded to, and must have weighed twenty pounds. On its upper face was a perfect capital N, cut wide and deep, at least five inches long, in exact shape of a Roman letter of this day. Over the N was a diamond of proportionate size.

At Portland, in possession of Mr. Adolph Dekum, is another block, also broken, with these same marks, also part of a capital figure 9, same size; the block having broken off through this figure. Mr. Dekum also has the lower part of a great taper, two and a half inches at the base, ten inches of length remaining; the top has been broken off. The wick in this is not all gone; usually the wicks have rotted and there is a cavity where the wick once was. He also has a ten-inch piece of a small taper.

Mr. Warren is much interested in all that is prehistoric, as well as in early history. He took me to Mr. Thomas Linville, who also had a large block of same shape, much broken, with the letters I. H. very plain and large size. Close to the last letter the block was broken off; he said there was another letter on the other piece. He had given this to a friend

and went to get it to put the whole together, but his friend had sent it, as a curio, to his people in Philadelphia; he remembered that it had the letter N on it, and in the upper corner was a little S, with a stroke, like a dollar mark. The whole block had been marked I. H. N., with the small S and the stroke through it.

Mr. Linville tells a very interesting story. Both he and Mr. Warren have been on the ground and have seen how the wax was stored and found. In 1885, seeking rest and health, Mr. Linville went to Nehalem beach, and spent a month, stopping with Mr. Howell, who kept a ferry across the Nehalem. No wagon travel was possible along that mountain shore, but he ferried over footmen, horsemen and live stock. He had lived there about fifteen years. The wax was discovered before that, but since his time something near 10,000 pounds had been found and marketed at twenty cents per pound.

The Nehalem courses down from the coast ranges, touches the base of Necarney, then turns south for three miles, parallel with and quite near to the ocean, then is lost in the sea. It is all this distance separated from the sea by only a narrow ridge that no doubt has been thrown up as sea beaches. At the base of Necarney there is a small bay; along the ridge trees grow, among which the Nehalems built a village and made their winter home.

The Indians have legends of several wrecks that occurred in the olden time. The identity of the one that had the beeswax is the important question. So long as only indistinct marks were found it was imagined that the Chinese junk would do; but as soon as other markings were discovered, then I knew that the Chinaman was not an interested party.

Mr. Howell's story was, that seven years before 1895, a high wind without rain blew away the loose sand on the ridge 300 yards from his ferry; he saw something exposed and found it to be the corner of a block of beeswax. He dug it out and found a large block, the same as had been washed on the shore by the tides. He dug and found more; kept digging and found several tons of it in all shapes, sorts and sizes. Some had been run into boxes or kegs; a part was in the great squares or parallelograms. A number were marked with large capitals I. H. S. with a cross, evidently standing for *In hoc signo* (*In this sign*); others had the letters I. H. N. for the Latin *In hoc nomen* (*in this name*); some had only the letter N., surmounted with a diamond. This, with the perfect tapers of different sizes, place it beyond all doubt that the beeswax was intended as stores of the Catholic missions that were on the coast an hundred and fifty years ago.

The most perfect block of all was sold to Mr. Marshall J. Kinney, the well-known canneryman in the salmon trade. It was unfortunately burned when his factory was destroyed by fire some years ago. A very interesting question arises as to when this wreck occurred? How this ship came on this shore so long ago? And, what use any mission or class of missions could have had for so enormous a quantity of beeswax?

A clear story, of Indian descent, traces an Indian family to a red-haired white man saved from a wreck about the year 1745. The traditions of wrecks say they occurred very long ago. The presence of that quantity of beeswax, found in a sand bank that is at least ten feet above the highest tides, and an hundred paces from the present shore, challenges the records of time as to how long it may have been

since this beach has risen out of the sea, and so locate the era when this wreck could have occurred. It is well known that this western coast is gradually rising from the sea, but that it could rise fifteen or more feet before the cargo buried in the sands should be unearthed, that must have required a term that spanned more than a century.

Another version of this beeswax wreck was given me by John Henry Brown, who said he received it from Captain Hobson, long known at Astoria as a bar pilot, who narrated it to a group of pioneers assembled for the annual meeting at Portland in 1895. He had made visits to the Nehalem country, and on one of these excursions met one of the very first settlers, who said that many years ago the oldest of the Indians told a tradition handed down of a vessel lost very long ago; that all on board were lost and the vessel went gradually to decay; then the beeswax began to come ashore. They did not know what use to put it to; some tried burning it and found it was good fuel, but wood was plenty, so it was not valuable. They had an idea it might be bad medicine; at any rate they quit burning it. This is the only tradition coming from Indian sources. Since 1806 white men have known of the Nehalem beeswax; geologists tell that the west coast is rising from the sea; that the Willamette valley was once a sound, as Puget Sound is to-day; this wax was spread along the coast for fifty or more miles; therefore it is not unreasonable to believe that the total quantity at the beginning was far more than we have knowledge of. But the most interesting question is: how came any such mission craft to be in this latitude a century and a half ago?

Long before Sir Walter Raleigh settled Virginia, or the

Puritans landed in New England, Spaniards were sailing up the Pacific. The course of Spain's commerce was by the northern route, but what such a vessel was doing there in the middle of the last century is a question not easily answered. In that early day there were English, Dutch and other ships, depredating on Spain's commerce, capturing treasure ships from Panama to China, as well as ships loaded with silks and spices from the Orient bound to Panama, where these cargoes were taken by portage to the shore of the Atlantic and rovers had captured this mission ship and left the beeswax in her hold, and when the vessel was wrecked the same came ashore as we have found.

Mr. Silas B. Smith, of Astoria, wrote for the *Native Son* magazine concerning the vessel with the beeswax, as follows:

I think it not too hazardous to identify this wreck as the Spanish ship *San Jose*, which had left La Paz, Lower California, June 16, 1769, loaded with mission supplies for the Catholic mission at San Diego, Upper California, and of which nothing was ever heard after she left port. Every circumstance connected with the vessel and her journey favors this solution. Her course on her voyage was toward the north. Her mission supplies would include beeswax or some other kind of wax as an article that would be needed for images, tapers, candles, etc. We find that some of the blocks of beeswax from this wreck are inscribed with the Latin abbreviations "I. H. S." ("Jesus Hominum Salvator"), which abbreviation is, I believe, largely or commonly used in the Roman Catholic Church.

This vessel falling in, in all probability, with a storm at sea while on her northward course, was driven away from her point of destination and found her fate on the sands at the mouth of the Nehalem River. The matter of the finding of the wax some 200 yards from the sea is accounted for by the fact that the crew, perhaps, endeavored to save the cargo, and carried a part of it there, which afterwards became buried by the drifting sands.

Of the other wreck, on Clatsop Point he says:

This wreck I believe to be a Spanish galleon. Gabriel Franchère

tells in his "Narrative" that, on their first voyage up the Columbia River, in 1811, at an Indian dwelling not far below the Cascades, they found a blind old man—presumably blind from old age—who, their guide said, was a white man, and that his name was Soto. And Franchère goes on to say: "We learn from the mouth of the old man himself that he was the son of a Spaniard who had been wrecked at the mouth of the river; that a part of the crew on this occasion got safely ashore, but were all massacred by the Clatsops, with the exception of four, who were spared, and who married native women; that these four Spaniards, of whom his father was one, disgusted with the savage life, attempted to reach a settlement of their own nation toward the south, but had never been heard of since; and that when his father, with his companions, left the country, he himself was quite young."

CHAPTER XXII

JAPANESE WRECKS

BANCROFT gives a list of known wrecks of Japanese junks on the shores of Kamtchatka and America that goes to show that ships from the Orient were adventurous and traded far, at least left their bones on distant shores. I quote as follows: One at Acapulco in 1617; Bantam Islands 1613; Kamtchatka 1694, 1710, and 1812; Aleutian Islands, 1784; near Sitka, 1805; adrift 1813, and dozens more of later date. If not more correct, however, than the statement that one was wrecked on Point Adams, at the mouth of the Columbia, in 1820, loaded with beeswax, it is not of much value. Whatever wreck had the beeswax on was not Japanese, and was considerably south of there. The beeswax was sold in quantity to the fur traders at Astoria in 1814. We know from these wrecks of Japanese junks so early, that the Japanese were adventurous sailors; it is possible that they knew of the west coast of America before the rest of the world did.

Dr. McKay told me that about 1834 his father was sent to rescue survivors from a wrecked junk lost on the coast near Cape Flattery. The expedition by land failed; a vessel was sent there that made the wreck and finally obtained the three survivors, who were sent to England and thence home. This was going considerably out of the way to rescue shipwrecked Orientals, but that was characteristic of McLoughlin. There were several such wrecks along the

coast of Oregon and Washington, and on Vancouver Island, that we know of. That wreck on the Washington coast had on board fine porcelain ware, some of which the Indians brought to Vancouver; so the wreck became known. Kelly told of a wreck from Manila, lost in 1772, Spanish, with beeswax aboard, on the north of the Columbia, whereas I have given the story of Cullaby, telling of a wreck about that time, at Nehalem, 50 miles south of the Columbia.

In connection with the well-proved fact that wrecks from the Orient had occurred as stated, all through the centuries we can know of, it would seem that the question of the origin of the first inhabitants of America can be traced more easily than to trace them back to any possible advent through the hyperborean regions. The Chinese had much the same civilization and commerce when Rome, Greece and Persia were new that they possessed when Captain Cook made his first voyage around the world. If their junks reached the shores of North America in the last century, there is reason to believe they did so in centuries before that; those saved from such wrecks may have included a few women as well as men. If Adam and Eve could populate a world—as the orthodox believe—a pair of their descendants could found new dynasties in newer lands.

WRECK OF WILLIAM AND ANN

About 1828, the Hudson's Bay Company's ship *William and Ann* was wrecked on Clatsop beach, or spit, and all on board lost. It was thought the Indians had killed them, as they had stolen all the cargo. Dr. McLoughlin sent to the chiefs and accused them, when they answered that they had

saved the goods and the stuff was all theirs. The chief sarcastically sent the governor an old rusty tin dipper, that had been used for bailing, with word that he was welcome to that.

This was too much for "The Czar of all the West," so he sent his schooner, with howitzer on board, to bombard the Indian village on Clatsop Point. The Tillamooks were also there as they came to Clatsop for the summer fishing. The schooner's fusillade knocked down the lodges with shells and the natives all ran to the woods and hid. There were several hundred Indians at the fishery and a Nehalem man was killed. A squad of fifty or so, landed to punish and pursue, looted the village and found much spoil from the wreck. The chief who so impudently acted persuaded two of his men to go back and fight. These attacked the whites from ambush as they went by, but did no harm; the whites fired into the brush and killed their assailants.

Then Dr. McLoughlin sent Helen Smith, wife of Sol Smith, who was daughter of a Clatsop chief, to make peace. They told her they had killed no men from the ship; that the crew were all lost during the fearful storm that raged at the time.

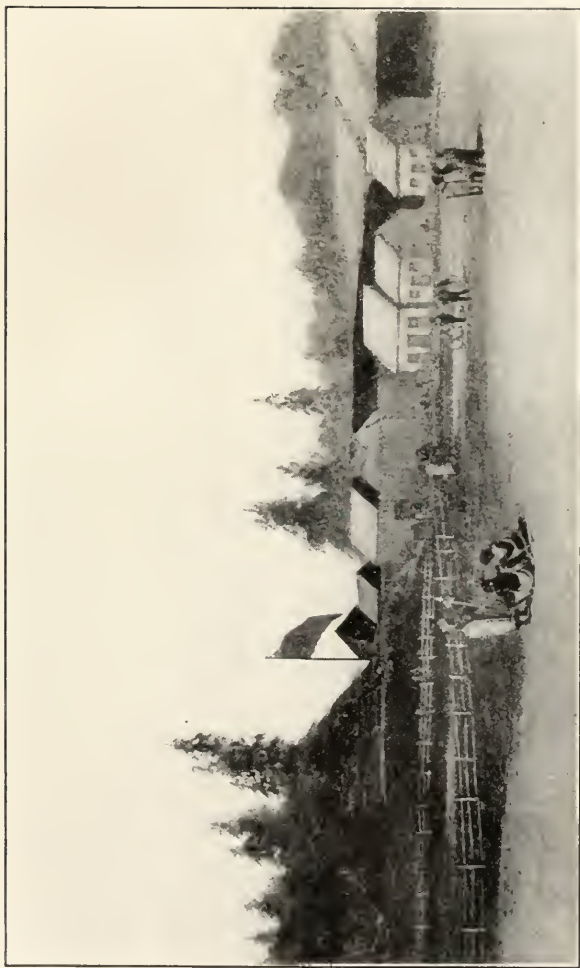
The schooner Convoy followed the William and Ann into the river and was close by when she grounded, but bore off in safety. They would have launched a boat to rescue the others, but the storm was too fierce, so there was reason to believe that the crew was lost as the Indians claimed. Felix Hathaway was on the Convoy, having come from California on her, and he said it was impossible to save those on the wrecked vessel.

CHAPTER XXIII

VANCOUVER AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

TEN years passed from the time the Northwest Company, by the treachery of McDougall, who was Astor's partner, became possessed of Astoria and the business of the Columbia, until Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company—that had meantime absorbed the Northwest Company—concluded that the best point for the headquarters of their trade would be at the head of navigation, to be nearer the scene of operations while still accessible to the ocean. He selected for this purpose the site of Vancouver, eighty-eight miles above Astoria, on the north side of the river. At that time there was deep water to this point and the vessels of the company could land at its wharf, though since then the river has become too shallow there for deep sea vessels. This change was determined in 1824, but several years' time had passed before its entire accomplishment.

In 1846, John Dunn, who had been connected with the Hudson's Bay Company for eight years, though he does not say what years, published a work on Oregon for the purpose of defining the British right and title to the country. He describes Vancouver as he knew it. The situation is one of the most beautiful on the entire river, on a plain that gradually rises to the north from the shore of the Columbia, with mountains in the background and mountain views in all directions. No finer view can be had of Mount Hood than from this rising shore, the majestic summit



FORT VANCOUVER IN 1845

From an old print

gleaming over the intervening ranges as it towers in supernal splendor, robed with eternal snows and not more than fifty miles to the southeast. From across the river St. Helen's, scarcely less wonderful, is to be seen about thirty miles away among the ranges on the north, and Mount Adams, fifty miles on the northeast, forming a wonder view from the mouth of the Willamette, not surpassed from the flow of any of earth's great rivers. From salient points of the Willamette Hills this view is enlarged by the addition of Mount Rainier, that overlooks the waters of Puget Sound, over a hundred miles to the north, and Mount Jefferson is seen seventy-five miles south. Dr. William McKay, the grandson of Aleck McKay, who was of the Astor expedition and was killed near Nootka Sound on the ill-fated Tonquin, in 1814, whose Red River widow became the wife of Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, saw the removal completed from Astoria to Vancouver about 1830, when a mere child, and gave me a pleasant description of the scene. He lived at Vancouver with his grandmother and was a favorite with McLoughlin himself; he remained a member of the family until 1838, when he went East to be educated. He studied medicine and was a practicing physician until he died, about 1894. Those who knew him will appreciate my description of him as a charming companion, a cultivated man by education, a gentleman by nature; his mind was stored with the facts and legends of the olden time, and these I succeeded in obtaining from him as material for much of the record of "Pioneer Days" that I contributed to the world in 1885-86. His mother was a princess of the Chinook tribe, near Astoria.

Astoria offered no field for productions of the soil, for the

vicinity was mountainous, or heavily timbered river bottoms, save the sandy reaches of Clatsop plains. So early as 1818, men capable of farming were sent above the falls of the Willamette, to locate where they could grow wheat to fill the contract with the Russian Fur Company for supply of breadstuffs made by the Northwest Company. Wooded ridges formed the shores of the Columbia for most of the distance from the ocean until the beautiful location at Vancouver offered available land on the north shore, a few miles above the confluence with the Willamette.

In 1885, I spent several days with Dr. McKay, at Pendleton, for the purpose of obtaining from him his recollection of the past. It must have been 1831 before much improvement was made at Vancouver. The first fort was built on a high hill, near where General Harney built his fine residence, one mile east of the present military post and one mile back from the river, a sightly and commanding spot. The boy, not more than three years old, saw with delight the process of removal. A very large and ungainly craft was made to transport the live stock; flat-bottomed, with masts, for the company's coasting vessel, the Cadboro had brought a few goats, milk-cows and oxen from California, and there were five work horses that came from Walla Walla, Indian ponies of good size and quality, for the Cayuses and Nez Percés had many good horses.

At that time communication with California was all by sea; the overland trail was little used, even by hunters and trappers, as the southern tribes were savage and hostile. This stock was loaded on the great ark, and so taken, when the winds were up stream, to Vancouver. The little boy remembered that the animals were much excited over their

journey. At that time about ten acres were enclosed in a stockade twelve feet high, with bastions built at the lower corners, toward the river. These bastions formed quite a battery, as they contained four cannons each; could point in every direction, and were high enough to sweep over the stockade and surrounding country. There were great gates, with smaller posterns for common use. All the buildings, except the stables, were inside the stockade. The site was commanding but lacked one essential; there was no water, nor could any be found by digging any ordinary depth. He remembered that old La Pierre—or Stone, as Americans literally translated it—was employed in hauling water, making two trips a day to the Columbia for it. The wheels of his wagon were sawed off a fir log. On these were two puncheons, or casks, which were filled and well lashed on, and the whip was then applied to Lion and Brandy, the two great oxen, as they travelled to the fort. This was found inconvenient, and after a few years the fort was removed to the open land where is now the military parade ground.

This was undoubtedly the site of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort in the forties, or late in the thirties, when John Dunn, before alluded to, was at Vancouver. I will copy his description:

On a large level plain, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and ninety miles from the Pacific. The river in front is seventeen hundred yards wide and the whole country round is covered with noble woods, consisting of many kinds of valuable trees, such as cedar, pine, etc. interspersed with open and fertile spaces. It was founded in 1824, by Governor Simpson, as the locality was more convenient for trade; had a larger and richer tract of land for cultivation, and afforded a more convenient landing place for cargoes than Fort George or Astoria, which lay near the mouth of the river.

Dr. McKay says, at the first fort they cut down heavy timber to clear the land, and then worked it up to build the fort with. The stockade was of split logs, twelve feet high; the buildings were of hewn logs; flooring had been whip-sawed by hand at Astoria. They grew crops in open land about the forts, and had a farm of two hundred or three hundred acres, using Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands for workers, but also had half-breeds, French Canadians, and men from the Orkney Islands. As many as two hundred and fifty men were employed in all the work.

At that time, while horses were abundant east of the Cascades, the Indians of Western Oregon had none. They did their travelling with canoes, and hunted on foot from the rivers to the hunting grounds in the mountains. The nature of the country was very different, being generally heavily timbered, from the open ranges of the wide inland region where horses abounded. In due time Alderney cattle were imported to improve the Spanish breed that came from Mexico; and when they became more abundant a beef would be killed at Christmas, or some other great occasion, but that was seldom. The hunting of elk and deer in the mountains near by supplied meat in abundance. They had Klickitat hunters, as also two Umpqua Indian boys, captured in an Indian raid, that Dr. McLoughlin bought. They were brought up at the fort and were treated exactly as were other employés, as they had regular duties and received wages. Those two boys hunted and caught fish in abundance.

In the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company was a Kentuckian, named Cannon, who was ingenious. The imperative Governor McLoughlin was quite friendly with him and

spent many an hour in his shop watching him work at his anvil. Out in the open stood a majestic fir tree, that having plenty of room—"gladly to bourge on and broadly to grow"—spread its long limbs and made grateful shade and shelter. Beneath this spreading fir Cannon had his anvil and forge. When they built the greater fort he made an over-shot waterwheel at La Camas, six miles above Vancouver, where they sawed lumber; and when they produced wheat and outgrew the great stump that had been hollowed, in which wheat was pounded with a spring pole that worked a heavy pestle, Cannon came to their relief again and made them a flouring mill, taking the granite found in the hills near by to make burrs, and rigging wheels and cogs, had power that it took four yoke of cattle to operate.

Cannon came over land with Mr. Hunt, partner of the Astor Expedition, in 1811, and remained with the fur company; lived later on French prairie and died about 1865, a good citizen. Little Willie McKay looked on with wonder while all this was done, with more wonder yet when he saw the beautiful white flour come pouring out as it was ground. Later they had improved flour mills sent from England, but Cannon's mill filled a very important place in the economy of the time.

John Dunn explains the importance of Vancouver as "the grand mart and rendezvous for the company's trade and servants on the Pacific. Thither all the furs and other articles of trade collected west of the Rocky Mountains, from California to the Russian possessions, are brought from the other several forts and stations; and from thence they are shipped to England. There, too, all the goods brought from England for traffic are landed and from thence are

distributed to the various parts of the interior and along the northern shores by sailing vessels, or by boat, or pack horses, as the routes permit for traffic among the natives or for the supply of the company's servants. In a word, Vancouver is the grand emporium of the company's trade west of the Rocky Mountains."

He describes the fort as a parallelogram, about 250 yards long by 150 broad, enclosed in a wooden wall twenty feet high, with buttresses within. At each angle there was a bastion, containing two twelve-pounder cannons, and in the centre were some eighteen pounders, but from the pacific character of the natives these had become useless. Within were two courts, around which were about forty neat wooden buildings, each one story high; there were offices for business, apartments for officers and clerks, warehouses for goods, as well as for furs, workshops of all kinds, that were the scene of unceasing activity; also a schoolhouse and chapel; besides a brick and stone powder magazine.

In the centre was the governor's residence, two stories high; the dining-hall and public sitting-room. All the clerks and officers dine together, the governor presiding. The dinner had several courses; wine was allowed frequently, but no strong liquors. After dinner they adjourned to the bachelor's hall, or smoking-room, to smoke, read, or tell strange adventures. Often there would be an influx of company, chief traders from the outposts come on business, or commanders of vessels just arrived. Those were gala times, for there was more to hear and know, with much amusement, but always kept under strict discipline and perfect propriety. No one need be weary or find lack of interest, for, if they wish, there is a horse to ride and a rifle to use. The

voyager or trapper who had traversed the wilderness, and the mariner who had circled the globe, were grouped together singing, joking, telling their experiences, and thus banishing care until the time came to start again on their wild journeyings.

The smoking room, or bachelor's hall, was both a museum and an armory, for there were to be seen all sorts of weapons, dresses and curiosities of life, civilized or savage. This room was specially for the superior class, as mechanics and laborers or servants did not frequent it. Take what English writers have said, the evidences of the best American authorities, and what the employés of all grades who left the service of the Fur Company to become American citizens say of the old time when Dr. McLoughlin was at the head of that great corporation, and it must have been organized and managed without favoritism and with a firmness and wisdom not often equalled in mundane affairs; that reached through all ramifications and different branches of trade, extending over a thousand miles east and west, and nearly as far north and south.

There was the precision of military life in a wilderness, thousands of miles from anywhere, surrounded by savage tribes, employing Indians very often, with Kanakas and Canadians who were half wild themselves. Yet the genius of Governor McLoughlin wielded this crude material with the magnetism of a strong mind as well as the spirit and discipline of a great organizer.

McLoughlin himself was a man of arbitrary and impetuous nature, yet was capable of appreciating true value and doing justice, while he expected obedience.

There was a school for the half-breed children (for there

were no white women); for, from accomplished gentlemen down to common trappers, all had their Indian or half-breed wives; but even these were graded in character and native rank to correspond with the men they mated with. Their children were fairly well schooled, as were those orphans left by any Indians who had been in the company's service.

Dunn says the front square was the place where Indians and trappers brought their furs and skins or other articles and made their sales; there also were many who were busy sorting and packing these various goods; Canadians beating and cleaning the furs and taking out the coarse hairs previous to exportation. There was great care exercised to protect the valuable furs, so that they could endure the long voyage to London. Just imagine batteaux coming up and down the river, or from the Cowlitz or Willamette; or trains coming in from the mountains by various trails, all bringing their loads of furs to unload there, have their wares inspected by experts and receive their pay, often in goods suited to Indian trade. These groups were scattered all over the plains or under the beautiful oaks or maples, narrating their latest adventures or listening to the latest news; the while, any detail of business is being conducted with exactness and impartiality like the working of machinery.

Six hundred yards below the fort, on the bank of the Columbia, was a village of about sixty well-built houses, where the mechanics and other employés of the company had their houses, usually Canadians and Scotchmen. There was also a hospital where employés, and indeed others who were in need, received treatment from Dr. Tolmie, the company's

surgeon and physician. These usually had native women for wives, yet they lived neatly and comfortably. The officers often married half-breed women who had received some education and possessed natural adaption to such life, accompanying their husbands on difficult and dangerous journeys and voyages. They were often daughters of chief traders, factors, or others high in the service, from Indian mothers of superior birth and attractions. While these dressed in English fashion, all retained the braided, beaded or embroidered leggins, of gay cloth and fine quality, as a peculiarity of their class.

The company's lower servants married native women, usually from the tribes of the upper river that did not flatten the heads, who often were beautiful and attractive and never failed to make good wives and learn household arts, as their efforts to acquire domestic economy and comfort were appreciated and rewarded by the company. The half-breed men were magnificent horsemen; one of them would mount the wildest untamed Cayuse horse, ride him over brake and through fell until he would come back to the starting point tamed and submissive. Mr. Dunn cites Jo McLoughlin, the governor's half-breed son, as the greatest master of horse among them all. Jo was so wonderful in his playful performance of feats with wild stallions that he reminded the staid Englishman of the fable of the Centaurs of old. Poor Jo, I remember, received injuries by walking off a bluff by mistake in the night, in Southern Oregon, years after, when his company was camped on the bank of a creek that is known as "Jump off Jo" to this day, and did not live to repeat his equestrian performances.

In Dunn's time, as indeed when I first knew Vancouver myself, in 1850, the company's farm covered 3,000 acres, the greater part of which was in cultivation. He saw it "fenced into beautiful corn fields, vegetable fields, orchards, gardens and pastures, interspersed with dairy houses, shepherds' and herdsmen's cottages." There was an experienced farmer, as well as a gardener, both Scotchmen. There were other farmers, north and south, for at that time the fur trade had decreased, and they had profitable trade to supply the Russians in Kamchatka, trade with the Sandwich Islands, as also English and American whalers and merchant vessels, not only with flour, but with beef, mutton, pork, fish, and lumber and timber for spars and other uses. They commanded in the early day all the ports and safe inlets of the coast, and this fact, due to their enterprise and just dealings, the loyal Englishmen thought excited the cupidity as well as stimulated the avarice, hatred and jealousy of Americans. It is a pity he had not the spirit of divination upon him, half a century or more ago, to see an American writing his story with general appreciation, and know that he credited the Hudson's Bay Company and Dr. McLoughlin, its great manager, with qualities for business and good management, and moral force among the natives of the country, our own people have never equalled!

Such was Vancouver previous to the coming of any Americans to settle the region of Oregon. It was a semi-barbaric outpost, where civilization was held in abeyance and the spell of the aboriginal was only held in thrall by the greater spell of progress. Such as it was, this continent will never see its like again, for the conditions that attended it are gone forever!

ANNUAL SHIPS AND THE SPRING BRIGADES

Those were famous times, when the annual ship came from the Old World each spring to bring supplies and carry away as trophies of trade the spoils of rivers and mountains that had accumulated. To meet this ship and furnish its cargo, the spring brigades came down the tributaries, and in one great fleet of batteaux rode the June floods, when they could often run the overwhelmed falls and rapids and safely reach Vancouver. There was excitement, risk, danger, all the romance the wilds could furnish, in this life; when they were assembled at Vancouver there was high festival, and something like license, for a few days, replaced the discipline and labors of the year.

That must have been a variegated assemblage, the white-haired and venerable McLoughlin at that time presided over, that feasted in the great dining-hall, or had the flow of soul that came when they were gathered in that bachelors' hall that all authorities of the time speak of. Many of them were educated gentlemen who preserved the garb of their class and who loved to read again and recall the classics they studied in their youth. There were seagoers who had rounded the Horn and buffeted both oceans; various classes of clerks and officers, who some of them were dressed in garments of tanned deer skins, with all the fringing and adornments their wives were capable of. Through this carnival time there was exuberance, perhaps, but within proper limits; no rioting, no drunkenness. Yes! Vancouver knew then a condition and witnessed such a mingling of humanity as it never can realize again; for

outside the officers' quarters was the common life of the hunters and trappers, Canadians and islanders, and looking on were the dusky sons of the forest who saw with wonder this occasional relaxation of the strict discipline that made every day Vancouver.

Supreme above all was the tall form and white head of McLoughlin. I have alluded to the fact that he married the widow of Aleck McKay, who came with the Astor expedition. She was only one-fourth Chippewa, from Red River of the north; could not read, but was remarkable for the possession of sound judgment and good qualities. That she had much influence with him was proof that she was no ordinary woman. Her grandson, Dr. William C. McKay, has told me of times when McLoughlin came in where they were, walking up and down the room, angry and excited because something that had been ordered done was not well done, or had failed by mismanagement. He vowed in his anger that the fault should be punished and the one to blame suffer for his misconduct some terrible penalty that would teach others not to trifle with his instructions. In these fits of anger the good man was rather impetuous and ungovernable, but the woman went on with her knitting, for she was always busy; when the exuberance of wrath had somewhat subsided she made wise suggestions, and in the end was always able to bring him to reason and induce him to do exactly what was right. This had always seemed to be a charming picture of the home life at Vancouver, and Dr. McKay assured me that the gentle and genial wisdom possessed by his part Indian grandmother had its qualifying effect on McLoughlin, and through him on life at headquarters. It is a pleasure, in reading the noble character

of this man, to give due credit to this dusky helpmate, whose influence was so kindly.

An Indian chief came to McLoughlin, at the time the emigrations were commencing, and he saw the inevitable coming with them, and asked him what the Indians were to do; what recourse they had but to kill off all the Bostons. He came to McLoughlin because he recognized that the coming of these Americans must be to the detriment of his company and their interests, as they were the natural allies of the Indians, but McLoughlin scorned him and threatened him so he never appeared at Vancouver again; for if McLoughlin despised him, and would not unite with the tribes against a common enemy, he saw their case was hopeless. Thus it was that the web of fate was drawn around the native race, but who can say—if self-preservation is first law of nature—that the Indian had not the instinctive right to oppose and destroy the power that else must surely destroy him?

But, unhappily for both Indians and traders of the earliest time, all who managed the fur trade were not possessed of the great qualities that distinguished McLoughlin, his friends and companions. Many were unscrupulous, and their trespass on the rights, or tampering with the lives of the natives, was revenged on others who came in all good faith. In the absence of sound government, and reckless determination to be enriched at whatever cost, there was strife between natives and traders, often, too, between native tribes, and for a time there was actual war in the wilderness when expeditions of rival fur companies met. This was ended when final consolidation was effected of the two great companies, when, of course, competition ceased. For

a while it was customary for traders to sell the natives strong liquors, and the result was the most diabolical orgies conceivable. There is no kind of man who becomes so infatuated and ungovernable under the influence of liquor as the American Indian. In our own day government is compelled to denounce the traffic as illegal on that account, but in that day there was no government, no restriction if there was no conscience, and the result of the traffic was simply infernal.

The fearful nature of this trade can be seen by quoting the experience of F. X. Mathieu, a respected citizen from early days, who was once a trader for the American Fur Company among Sioux and Blackfeet. He had straight alcohol and diluted it to suit occasion. The Indians would only have liquor at stated times, and then a portion abstained while the rest drank, taking their turn next time. After the trader dealt out the poison he went to sleep with a guard over him, and when he waked might find a dozen dead Indians around. A few times of this dreadful experience induced him to quit the business. That was but a sample of the assured result of alcohol among the Indians.

When McLoughlin came to take charge he discontinued the sale of liquor to the natives from motives of humanity. As a Christian man he could not see his way to deal out death and all its horrors for mere sake of gain; but there was always liquor for sale in vessels trading on the coast, by men who cared nothing for humanity; and I regret to say, they were often reckless Americans, more bent on gain than troubled with conscience. While McLoughlin was making the company respected he had much trouble to undo the evil ways that preceded him. In his rule of over twenty years

it was wonderful that he succeeded in retaining confidence as he did. Nor was it always peaceable, for many a time they had to conquer peace. As time went on, however, these savage tribes found they could trust him always, and that his men were usually obedient, but there were some among them who made trouble.

If enlightened humanity and the highest sense of government administration could have existed to impress the best of the Indian race with confidence, and awe the reckless and vicious with sense of power administered with justice, it might have been possible to conquer, civilize and christianize the Indians of Oregon and the Northwest, and to have made them self-sustaining citizens; but that was to expect that omnipotent justice would intervene in mundane affairs and guide human events. It is to be deplored that the crude, ignorant, and too often vicious and depraved element, that is but the dregs of our boasted civilization, gave the Indians their first acquaintance with the race that was to supersede them. They soon learned that these men were not children of the gods, but possessed worse passions and baser natures than themselves. They caught from them their vicious lives, their immoral characteristics, and the prostitution that was fed by lust resulted in poison and pollution that showed such intercourse of different races to be unnatural.

With civilization came to the Indian untold evils. Civilization he did not accept and there was no constitutional tendency to take it as they did the chills and fever and the measles, and the smallpox went through them like a scourge. Is it any wonder that they charged it on the Bostons that they were poisoned, lost heart of grace and faith,

and rose to do wonders to free their land from a race that robbed them of their soil, despoiled their homes, degraded their lives, and at last brought death to their doors?

Under the Hudson's Bay Company there was no intrusion, no violence often, little cause for distrust. They took Indian women to make their homes and be their wives, and native marital rights were usually respected. It was when the irresponsible class came among them that their lives were poisoned, and as that poison spread they charged their evil days on their best friends. Thus it was that the fair and beautiful Land of the Oregon was wrested from the original possessors, and they disappeared from the scene they formed so natural a part of. If the wilds were savage, and the humanity that assimilated through them was also savage, there certainly was consistency preserved, for savagery was the rule and like met like everywhere. But that time is past and there is a new heaven and a new earth without much strain of metaphor. Recalling that bygone time, when the fur-trader and the Indian dealt together, I feel like giving to each their due. We can well afford to concede that the Indian lost fearfully when the American settler claimed the earth. As for the great fur company—that time was a transition stage that in the nature of things must pass; but there remains a glamour of the romance that dwelt in the time, and we should catch its gleam before it forever fades.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

As the fur-bearing animals were exterminated—and that was soon done under the active operations of hunters and trappers and Indians—the Hudson's Bay Company looked for other sources of revenue. Then salmon packing on the Columbia became a regular business, and also on the Fraser, two hundred and fifty miles north. In 1829, at Fort Langley, on the Fraser, they bought of the Indians 7,544 salmon at a cost of a little less than a cent a piece. They had their own coopers to make barrels and carried on a regular business of shipping pickled salmon to London. They had their own coasters and vessels to load for China and the islands, as well as the regular ships that came from London. Saw mills were built, to manufacture lumber for the China trade, and spars were cut and timber to fill orders.

In 1829, Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, made a western tour and was received with semi-barbaric pomp when he reached any of the company's posts. This was done to impress the minds of the savages who were looking on, and give them something to talk of in their mingling with each other. No doubt the tremendous story of the parade, the salute, the unfurling of the British flag, the music of bugles and bagpipes, went through the length and breadth of the land for the benefit of all who did not see and hear.

With the clearing of many hundreds of acres of land

around Vancouver came malaria, and with it came chills and fever, that, strange to say, spread among the Indians and became general along the Columbia. From 1829 the natives died off so fearfully that the villages of the Multnomahs, below Vancouver, were very nearly depopulated.

When lumber became a very important article for export, as well as needed for home use, McLoughlin took possession of the falls of the Willamette to build a saw mill. It was, and is, an imperial power, and nature has seldom prepared such for the use of man. Log houses were erected at the falls for workmen, and timber was hewn for the mill. The mill race was cut and blasted in 1832; they were in no hurry, but the Indians thought they were too much so, and burned the houses and all the timber as well; they only regretted they could not burn the mill race also. This was their home place, they lived on the banks where Oregon City now is. Here, too, they had caught salmon time out of mind and age after age. It was not strange, then, that they resented encroachment and were fearful that the trespassing stranger would destroy their homes and ruin their fisheries. No one can blame them for thinking they had rights and that they had the further right to defend them. Even with us, self-preservation is considered as a first law of nature.

About 1830 three low white men, who were employed in the field work at Vancouver, instigated an Indian boy, who was a Rogue River captive and had been a slave, to kill McLoughlin, so as to regain his freedom. The doctor had a way of buying such slave lads, giving them work and paying them wages. The matter was exposed and the miscreants shipped out of the country, while the Indian boy

was sent to his people. Such were the dangers that beset human life in the wilderness.

About 1832 there came opposition from Boston, by the brig *Llama*, Captain William O'Neal, who bought more cunningly made contrivances than were ever heard of, in fact, all the outfit made for children's amusement, from jumping jacks to squeaking cats and dogs. This stock of goods struck the fancy of the natives, and O'Neal had the trade until McLoughlin in self-defence bought ship and cargo and hired the enterprising captain to remain in charge. He proved valuable and trustworthy; was in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for thirty years, then settled near Victoria and died there in 1875.

As years passed on, the Hudson's Bay Company had a house at Honolulu, shipped lumber, timber, flour, salmon, and other products from the farms at Vancouver or the Cowlitz, as well as from Oregon City; and vessels brought back return cargoes of such goods as they needed. Farming was also begun on the Cowlitz in 1837, when McLoughlin advised Simon Plomondeau to go there and settle. He was an old employé and times had changed; also Faincant went, and they were supplied with animals. The next year, 1838, Blanchet and Demers established the Jesuit mission north of them. Fort Nesqually was established in 1833 and there was soon an extensive sheep and cattle farm there, but the gravelly land of the Nesqually River was not suited to farming, nor is it now. The Cowlitz valley, however, has much fine farming land. This was the beginning north of the Columbia, other than trading posts and land cultivated in connection with them.

In 1839, Douglas, Work and Ross went to Cowlitz prai-

ries, measured off four thousand acres, and farming was commenced for the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, for as farming was to become a fixed feature of business, in consequence of the decadence of the fur trade, a separate organization was effected to keep the accounts distinct. In 1846, they had 1,500 acres fenced and in cultivation, 11 barns, 1,000 cattle, 200 horses, 100 swine and 2,000 sheep. The English continued to occupy this land until 1853, when American settlers came and took the land, with fences, houses and all improvements. They were so banded together as to carry guns and pistols when at their work, to resist any claims of the British Company. It looks as if the land could have been held by the former occupants, if they had taken it as American citizens, and remained on it as such. The Americans who claimed and held this land as their donations were E. L. Finch, I. H. Pierson, William Lemon, George Holsapple and Jackson Barton.

The Puget Sound Agricultural Company was organized in 1838. Its prospectus was issued by W. F. Tolmie, Forbes Barclay and George B. Roberts. They occupied the country from the north of the Cowlitz to Puget Sound, procured sheep and cattle from California, that came by land and sea, while improved swine and sheep were procured from England. This did not prove a very profitable enterprise, as it turned out that the British held none of the land thus occupied.

It is not necessary for the purpose of this work to state in detail all the adventures and tragedies of the fur trade. Gradually the wilderness was invaded, posts planted to the far north, for the operations of the company included all the territory capable of rendering tribute to human cupidity.

Order was maintained, discipline established, systematic trade encouraged from the farthest north down into the regions of upper California, on the sage plains, and among the mountains to the eastward. If Vancouver was headquarters, there was great power also at Spokane House, Colville, and Okanogan on the upper Columbia; at Fort Nesqually on the Sound; at Langley, on the Fraser; in British Columbia, and also on Vancouver Island; while Fort Hall, on Snake River, and Boisé on its tributary, were emporiums to the far south, near the Rocky Mountains.

It is interesting, as a picture of the times, to read how the magnates in command of trading or trapping companies travelled, their half-breed wives, gaily equipped, by their side. Sometimes, as such a company was starting, McLoughlin would muster his personal following to go a day's journey in their company. Then his wife would accompany them also, riding by his side, her cayuse as gorgeously caparisoned as possible, with jingle of bells to the bridle rein and accoutrements braided with silver ornaments. All gay colors accord with Indian complexion, and in contrast to her ebon locks were the snowy ones of the Czar of the West, as he also rode with elaborate dress by her side. They go away in canoes, to take horses at Tom McKay's place, on the Scappoose, then mount their horses and ride over the hills and prairies, to the great entertainment and astonishment of all the humanity they meet.

Along in the early thirties Laframboise goes south with a party to explore the Umpqua, passes the Rogue River and makes a detour far south in California. Somewhere they find a deserted house and help themselves to garments within it; contamination follows and some of the best men die of it.

They have to fight their way, lose some men and kill dozens of the natives. Hunted and tired, wounded and lame, they got back to the Willamette to be fed and nursed by French settlers there. Yet, it was an idyllic time, but a summer idyl that was all the way mixed with weariness and death.

THE CANOE ROUTE ACROSS THE CONTINENT

The dominion of the Hudson's Bay Company extended across the continent for four thousand miles, and over a great portion of this immense territory there was no other rule than the laws it established. The perfection of system was attained in all its business, and the management of great Indian tribes was conducted with not only skill but such good faith and stern discipline that they met with few of the disasters and murders that marked the career of the other companies. The Hudson's Bay Company had a long route to travel from Montreal to the Columbia that was done almost entirely by canoes. This was the highway for carrying their goods. By this the furs were sent to market and supplies were furnished to the most distant posts. Dr. McKay returned home by this route when he had finished his educational course in 1843. Mr. Ross closes his career in the far west and returns by this route in the last pages of his interesting books. Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, published a minute account of his voyage around the world about the same time, leaving London in March, 1841. The Ottawa River empties into the St. Lawrence at or near Montreal. The overland journey begins at Montreal, and ascends the Ottawa River a long distance in birch bark canoes that required fifteen men

to handle them. These canoes are forced over many rapids, and they and their contents, all packed in convenient size, are often carried around portages. It is a voyage of several hundred miles from Montreal to Lake Nipissing, where they turn down to Lake Huron. Skirting the shores of Lake Huron and through the Straits of Mackinac, the canoe then crosses Lake Superior, stopping at islands, the great Manatontin and others. Fort George is the starting point for a change of travel. They change to lighter canoes, for the travel will be more changeable, and canoes must be light to handle. Following the outlets of the chain of lakes and traversing the lakes themselves, they skirt the shores of Rainy Lake, Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg, and finally reached the valley of the Saskatchewan, the great Red River of the north. For two long months they went on and on, westward ever, and far north always, for the Red River is north of the fiftieth parallel of latitude. They made patient headway as they could, paddling, poling, towing, sometimes sailing with a fair wind. Two months of this brings them to Fort Edmondton. There they took horses for seven days to cross a mountain divide and come down on the waters of the McKenzie River, the great river of the north that puts into the Arctic Ocean. Up the McKenzie they went, poling and paddling for twenty-two days more, until they reached Fort Jasper. Another seven days' journey with horses took them from Fort Jasper over the Rocky Mountains to a place where the party going east the season before had left their boat. This place they called Boat Encampment. It was at the foot of the mountains at the farthest point possible for a boat to ascend. Here they had first tarred the bottom of the boat and then covered it

over with care so as not to attract attention. The voyage down the head waters of the Columbia then commenced. Rapids were frequent and many portages had to be made. A month was put in boating from the far northern waters of the river, in British Columbia, to Vancouver. They left Montreal in May and reached Vancouver in November, expending six months of toil in a journey which can now be made in six days of comparative luxury, from one point to the other.

The foregoing was the regular route for travel across the continent by the Hudson's Bay Company. From this great line of travel there diverged trails and water courses to other ports for the great northern wilderness, and the savage tribes inhabiting it were under the influence of that company, and learned all they knew of civilization through their association with its members. The singular fact about the great canoe route above described is that they were able to make a water way by a few land connections. The great river Saskatchewan is traversed six or seven hundred miles by longitude, and following the river's course, it must have been over a thousand miles.

OCEAN TRADE OF HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

In early times the Hudson's Bay Company had regular communication with the world by the ocean highway once a year. Three sister ships were built expressly for their trade. One of these was always on the way from England, another was voyaging up the coast and back. They were named Columbia, Vancouver and Cowlitz, and were about 500 tons burden. The one that came from England dis-

charged her cargo of goods, machinery, etc., and then made a journey as far north as the fur company had trading posts. Sometimes they went to the Sandwich Islands with cargoes of lumber. The third year it returned to England. It was a three-year voyage. The voyage to and from England occupied eight months at that early day. Their trade with the Russians required a voyage as far north as Sitka, where they carried flour and lumber. It was a great time when the ship from England came in. There were letters for all then, for that was the regular time to hear from home. The ship was due in the fall, and expectation ran high when the time approached. All the news they had from home and from the world depended on their ship coming in.

In 1836 the *Beaver* came out as a sailing vessel. She was rebuilt into a small steam craft for local use. She was put together here, and when ready for service an excursion was given that included all people of distinction. It went down the Columbia to St. Helen's, up the slough to the main Willamette, then down the Willamette and up the Columbia to Vancouver. Little Willie McKay was a lad only nine or ten years old, and went on this pleasant voyage. He recollects it as one of the sunniest days in all his life—the happiest time he had any memory of. There were aboard McLoughlin, Douglas, McKinley and Work, and their families; also Pambrun, Missionary Samuel Parker, a companion of Whitman; John R. Thompson, of Philadelphia, the ornithologist; Calvin Tibbetts, James Gervais, E. Lucie and H. B. Emers. It was a distinguished party. So the *Beaver* made her trial trip, and for the first time a steam vessel ploughed the waters of the Columbia River. The next

day she towed the ship *Columbia* to the company's saw mill, to load lumber for the Sandwich Islands. This was the ocean traffic of the Fur Company. As will be seen, even in 1836 there were distinguished strangers in Oregon who could be invited to make the excursion trip on the *Beaver*.

The great distance from England and the danger of loss on the ocean made it necessary to take many precautions. For this reason there was always in the storehouses in Vancouver a full year's supply ahead of all possible needs and requirements. They had early experience that taught the need of this, for they lost two vessels when they had no such surplus stock and suffered greatly for want of supplies.

There were three forts near the sound and the mouth of Fraser's River one on Vancouver's Island, several on the north coast, and at least ten more on Fraser's River and other inland waters. The Upper Columbia had forts Okanogan, Colville, Spokane, Shepherd, Kootenai and Simcoe, all to the north, while Walla Walla was east on the main river; Boisé and Hall were hundreds of miles southeast in the Snake River region. Vancouver was at the head of navigation on the Columbia, one hundred and twenty miles from the ocean; two others were at the mouth of the Columbia and of the Umpqua, on the coast. These posts numbered at least twenty-five, reaching from 44° to 55° north, covering territory averaging a thousand miles north and south, and a thousand miles east and west, over all of which the fur trade extended.

It is rather amusing to know that the often-time over-educated gentlemen at these posts read and discussed standard works on theology and philosophy, revelled in recollection of classic times and writers, sympathizing ardently

with the labors of scientific men who came out to study nature, but did not realize that they might endear themselves to generations yet unborn by handing down reliable record of the people they found there, their manners, customs, beliefs, as a contribution to the ethnological research of their time. I can forgive them, for at the date of my own coming there was much to be learned that I would now prize; but then the red man and his ways were so every-day, and so lacking in rarity, that we let them pass by, to become receding and dying vistas before we knew that the opportunity was lost forever.

CHAPTER XXV

LIFE AND TIMES OF DR. JOHN MCLOUGHLIN

IN 1823 Dr. John McLoughlin superseded Keith in charge of the Columbia district. He entered the service early in the century as a physician, developed unusual business talent, and was promoted accordingly. He reached Fort George in the spring of 1824. Over six feet in height, powerfully made, with a grand head on massive shoulders and long snow-white locks covering them, he was a splendid picture of a man. His hair was white when he was forty-five; the Indians knew him as the White Eagle, and they respected him as they never did any one else. I saw him in his old age at Oregon City, and he then preserved the fine appearance and commanding manner that was natural and not pretentious. The advent of McLoughlin marked a new era in the management of the Columbia district and secured a cohesion and loyalty in all branches that made organization easy and perfect.

He was a convert to Catholicism under the administration of Father Blanchet, but in no sense was he a bigot or lacking in the Christian charity that recognizes true effort with good will wherever it was met. He soon saw where weakness was and reorganized the company's business with wonderful precision, as well as prescience. It was impossible but that some trouble would arise, but he inspired such regard from the natives that his word was law and his promise considered certainty. His policy to effect peace among



DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN

This photo was taken from daguerreotype of Dr. John McLoughlin, the Governor of Vancouver. The original is in the Library of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, having been presented through M. S. Barnes. The daguerreotype was given to Mr. S. A. Clarke, Salem, Ore., by Judge J. Q. Thornton, to whom it was given by Dr. McLoughlin in the early days

the Indian tribes was potent for good, and the entire respect they soon had for the Hudson's Bay Company made possible what was not before. He was a "Northwester" in the beginning, and worked his way up in the staff of that company. He understood the Indian character and ruled it on natural principles. He made them believe he respected them, and that made them believe in and respect him. When he came to the Columbia it was unsafe to travel anywhere without an armed escort. It was not long after he assumed power that he had pacified the savage element and made it safe to journey within his jurisdiction.

McLoughlin saw that it was best to seek new headquarters, not only to be nearer the sources of trade, while on navigable waters, but to be on the north side of the Columbia was much safer, as the general opinion was that the Columbia would eventually be the dividing line between British and American territory.

John McLoughlin was a man the Indians looked up to in all matters; most of the gentlemen connected with the company commanded their respect, for they had been bred to the business from youth and were educated to understand that they represented the Hudson's Bay Company, which was imperial, arbitrary, exacting, but just in all its dealings with the tribes. Therefore, Governor McLoughlin, with his grand manner and majestic port, heightened by white, wavy hair, was the embodiment of power and justice to them. He represented the imperial company in his person, and subordinates were but the expression of his will and the exercise of the justice that was due from him. He had to be an exceptional man to meet the demands upon him, both to control the natives of the imperial west, as well as for the

government of the often reckless creatures who were the employés of the company, including French-Canadians, Scotchmen, Orkney Islanders, Irish, Iroquois from the Canadian Indians, free trapping Americans, mountaineers, and Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands.

So far as religion went, these people represented so many phases of belief—or unbelief—that the Indians could learn little from them; so far as government went, Dr. McLoughlin was one of the executives nominated by nature and educated by time and emergency. Every man in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company recognized his superior qualities and paid him willing homage. That they did so was one of the strongest endorsements of his character. Passionate and imperious, he was able to overcome this passion and impatience and do justice, often at his own expense. As the autocrat who represented the claims and interests of a despotic company—that would not brook opposition and could not afford to permit encroachments—as a man whose personal interests were involved in those of the monopoly, whose selfish policy would have been to permit no trespass, much less to invite settlement and civilization, because the success arrived at was founded on the existence of barbarism—he rose superior to selfish and mercenary, or even what might be called reasonable motives, when, as a Christian, he invited missionaries to work among the heathen race; and when as a man of humane nature and convictions, he met the worn-out emigrants of the earliest days with kindness, supplied their suffering needs and cared for their women and children, so making it impossible for emigrants to live and for other emigrations to settle the region of Oregon.

If ever high moral attributes attached to any man who was placed under trial—where selfish justice and private interests were arrayed, in the might of legal right on the one hand, and the great interests of civilization, humanity and Christian teaching on the other—McLoughlin was the moral exemplar of his time, for he rose above the selfishness of trade and the laws of commercial right, to realize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. No wonder there were two parties at Vancouver: the conservatives, who believed the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company should be the paramount consideration, and be maintained regardless of American settlers' claims on humanity; and the radicals, who endorsed McLoughlin. He expressed it all when protest was made against his supplying the needs of emigrants—who could hardly have existed without his help—as rising equal to the occasion he answered, that first of all he was a man and a Christian and after that he was the servant of the Hudson's Bay Company.

He was indeed, as he was styled, "the Czar of the West." His rule was imperial for a thousand miles, and his mere word was law. Yet there was a genuine beneficence in his nature that overcame the pride of life and the lust of the flesh and made him the special providence to open the Canaan of the Occident to the civilization of the East.

Liberal and generous in his views, he was no religious bigot. In his association with Blanchet and other religious teachers, he became impressed with the methods of Catholicity, and connected himself with the Roman Catholic Church; but his kindly acts extended to all who sought to teach the same gospel. Every mission founded in Oregon received from him protection, encouragement and ad-

vice, as well as frequent material assistance that advanced their interests, for he accepted honest Christian effort in whatever form it came.

It would seem that such a man as McLoughlin could possess every quality that would endow a home with happiness; yet he belonged to that class of adventurers who invaded the wilderness and had learned to ally themselves to its human nature as well as wild nature. It was impossible to take with them on their distant expeditions cultivated women to make homes at trading posts so remote from human progress; so, to secure some semblance of home life—as well as ally themselves to the savage life around them—they took as life partners half-breed women, who were daughters of former traders and trappers, or often the daughters of chiefs among the tribes so wedded. Thus it was that men of cultivation and character, who had been well educated as younger sons of good families, when the wilderness was finally redeemed were found with half-breed sons and daughters, who had held their heads proudly as children of princes of the fur trade, but were not the equals of the civilized society that succeeded them. They had supposed that for ages to come the mood of the wilderness would rule this farthest Oregon; they supposed the paths they opened could never become highways; that the immigration westward—that had existed since the time when Persian and Hindoo greatness impelled the past—that peopled and civilized the Ægean, and spread on all the shores of the Mediterranean, occupied Western Europe and conquered the New World—whose motto was always, “Westward Ho!”—was to find a final barrier where it reached the Rocky Mountains of the Western Hemisphere. But—be-

fore they knew it—the wave swept over the ranges, compelled the wilds, overcame barbarism, and the banners of the pioneers were waving from hill top and plain of the Farthest Occident!

In his address to the Pioneer Association, in 1887, Rev. I. D. Driver, speaking of Dr. John McLoughlin, said: “He used to say to Rev. J. L. Parrish: ‘For all coming time we and our children will have uninterrupted possession of this country, as it can never be reached by families but by water around Cape Horn.’ Mr. Parrish went on to say, being an Eastern man, ‘Before we die we will see the Yankees coming across the mountains with their teams and families.’ The doctor said: ‘As well might they undertake to go to the moon.’ Years after, when the first emigrants arrived and the news reached the doctor, he treated it as a joke. When a train finally camped on this side of the Cascades, he went and conversed with the emigrants, saw the dilapidated wagons, torn covers, jaded animals and sun-burned women and children, and when meeting Parrish on his return, he said: ‘God forgive me, Parrish! but the Yankees are here, and the first thing you know they will yoke up their oxen and drive to the mouth of the Columbia and come out at Japan.’”

CHAPTER XXVI

McLOUGHLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

It is fortunate for history, as well as for the future reputation of Dr. McLoughlin, that he wrote out and left among his papers a brief sketch of his doings and his motives. Such a document was found among his papers, but has only been made in a small degree known to the world. As it constitutes in itself a very valuable memento and contribution to current history, we cannot do better than give it space in these sketches. The fame of Dr. McLoughlin does not rest on his autobiographical utterances, or even on this document that never saw the light until his decease; but it is well for that fame that his own modest utterances are sustained by the testimony of many Americans. It is true, beyond doubt, that he resigned that high position and surrendered its rich emoluments because the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company were not satisfied with his liberal course toward American emigrants. Not over one-third of the supplies he credited to early settlers were ever paid for. The losses of the company were heavy, and when they remonstrated with him his answer was the noble utterance that he could not be so inhumane and un-Christianlike as to permit his fellow-men to suffer, as they would had he pursued a different course. It was because of his loyalty to humanity and his kindness to Americans that he lost his high official station and was left almost heartbroken in his old age. We can afford to hold up in contrast those who

profited by his bounty and left him to pay the bill; also those—be they missionaries or who—that tried to rob him of his land claim, with the nobler minded man—John McLoughlin—who did so much and lost so much for humanity, and never expressed regret.

Dr. McLoughlin wrote as follows :

In 1824 I came to this country to superintend the management of the Hudson's Bay Company's trade on the coast, and we came to the determination to abandon the Astoria and go to Fort Vancouver, as it was a place where we could cultivate the soil and raise our own provisions.

In March, 1825, we moved there, and that spring planted potatoes and sowed two bushels of peas, the only grain we had, and all we had. In the fall I received from a New York factory a bushel spring wheat, a bushel oats, a bushel barley, a bushel Indian corn and a quart of timothy, and all of which was sown in proper time, and which produced well except the Indian corn, for which the ground was too poor and the nights rather cool, and continued extending our improvements. In 1828 the crop was sufficient to enable us to dispense with the importation of flour, etc.

In 1825, from what I had seen of the country, I formed the conclusion, from the mildness and salubrity of the climate, that this was the finest portion of North America that I had seen for the residence of civilized man, and as the farmers could not cultivate the ground without cattle, and as the Hudson's Bay Company had only twenty-seven head, big and small, and as I saw at the time no possibility of getting cattle by sea, and that was too expensive, I determined that no cattle should be killed at Vancouver except one bull calf every year for rennet to make cheese, till we had ample stock to meet all our demands, and to assist settlers, a resolution to which I strictly adhered, and the first animal killed for beef was in 1838; till that time we had lived on fresh and salt venison and wild fowl. From morality and policy I stopped the sale and issue of spirituous liquor to the Indians, but to do this effectually I had to stop the sale of liquor to all whites. In 1834, when Mr. Wyeth, of Boston, came, he began by selling liquor, but on my assuring him that the Hudson's Bay Company sold no liquor to whites or Indians, he immediately adopted the same rule.

STORY OF JEDEDIAH SMITH'S PARTY

One night in August, 1828, I was surprised by the Indians making a great noise at the gate of the fort, saying that they had brought an American. The gate was opened, the man came in, but was so affected he could not speak. After sitting down some minutes to recover himself, he told us he was, he thought, the only survivor of eighteen men, conducted by the late Jedediah Smith. All the rest, he thought, were murdered. The party left San Francisco bound to their rendezvous at the Salt Lake. They ascended the Sacramento valley, but finding no opening to cross the mountains to go east, they bent their course to the coast, which they reached at the mouth of the Rogue River, then came along the beach to the Umpqua, where the Indians stole their axe, and as it was the only axe they had, and which they absolutely required to make rafts to cross rivers, they took the chief prisoner and their axe was returned. Early the following morning Smith started in a canoe with two men and an Indian, and left orders, as usual, to allow no Indians to come into camp. But to gratify their passion for women, the men neglected to follow the order, allowed the Indians to come into camp, and at an Indian yell five or six Indians fell upon each white man. At the time, the narrator, Black, was out of the crowd, and had just finished cleaning and loading his rifle; three Indians jumped on him, but he shook them off, and seeing all his comrades struggling on the ground and the Indians stabbing them, he fired on the crowd and rushed to the woods, pursued by the Indians, but fortunately escaped; swam across the Umpqua, and came north in the hopes of reaching the Columbia, where he knew we were. But broken down by hunger and misery, as he had no food but a few wild berries which he found on the beach, he determined to give himself up to the Killimour, a tribe on the coast at Cape Lookout, who treated him with great humanity, relieved his wants and brought him to the fort, for which, in case whites might again fall in their power, and to induce them to act kindly to them, I rewarded them most liberally. But as Smith and his two men might have escaped, and, if we made no search for them, die at daybreak the next morning, I sent Indian runners with tobacco to the Willamette chiefs to tell them to send their people in search of Smith and his two men, and if they found them to bring them to the fort and I would pay them, and telling them if any Indians hurt these men we would punish them, and immediately equipped a strong party of forty well-armed

men. But as the men were embarking, to our great joy Smith and his two men arrived.

THE INDIANS BROUGHT TO TERMS

I then arranged as strong a party as I could make to recover all we could of Smith's property. I divulged my plan to none, but gave written instructions to the officer, to be opened early when he got to the Umpqua, because if known before they got there the officers would talk of it among themselves, the men would hear it and from them it would go to their Indian wives, who were spies on us, and my plan would be defeated. The plan was that the officer was, as usual, to invite the Indians to bring their furs to trade, just as if nothing had happened. Count the furs, but as the American trappers mark all their skins, keep these all separate, give them to Mr. Smith and not pay the Indians for them, telling them that they belonged to him; that they got them by murdering Smith's people.

They denied having murdered Smith's people, but admitted they bought them of the murderers. The officers told them they must look to the murderers for the payment, which they did; and as the murderers would not restore the property they had received, a war was kindled among them, and the murderers were punished more severely than we could have done, and which Mr. Smith himself admitted, and to be much preferable to going to war on them, as we could not distinguish the innocent from the guilty, who, if they choose, might fly to the mountains, where we could not find them. In this way we recovered property for Mr. Smith to the amount of \$3,200 without any expense to him, and which was done from a principle of Christian duty, and as a lesson to the Indians to show them they could not wrong the whites with impunity.

FIRST FARMING IN OREGON

In 1828, Etienne Lucier, a Willamette trapper, asked me if I thought this would become a settled country. I told him wherever wheat grew he might depend it would become a farming country. He asked me what assistance I would afford him to settle as a farmer. I told him I would loan him seed to sow and wheat to feed himself and family, to be returned from the produce of his farm, and sell him such implements as were in the Hudson's Bay Company's store at 50 per cent on prime cost. But a few days after he came back and told

me he thought there was too remote a prospect of this becoming a civilized country, and as there were no clergymen in the country, he asked me a passage for his family in the Hudson's Bay Company's boats, to which I acceded. He started in September to meet the boats at the mountain; the express came in too late and he had to return, and went to hunt for the winter.

In 1829, he again applied to begin to farm. I told him that since he had spoken to me I heard that several of the trappers would apply for assistance to begin to farm, and that it was necessary for me to come to a distinct understanding with him, to serve as a rule for those who might follow. That the Hudson's Bay Company were bound under heavy penalties to discharge none of their servants in the Indian country, and bound to return them to the place where they engaged them; that this was done to prevent vagabonds being let loose among the Indians and incite them to hostility to the whites. But as I knew he was a good, honest man, and none but such need apply, and as, if he went to Canada and unfortunately died before his children could provide for themselves, they would become objects of pity and a burden to others—for these reasons I would assist him to settle. But I must keep him and all the Hudson's Bay Company's servants whom I allowed to settle on the Hudson's Bay Company's books as servants, so as not to expose the Hudson's Bay Company and me to a fine, but they would work for themselves and no service would be exacted from them.

Many of the Canadians objected to go to the Willamette, because it was to become American territory, which I told them it would, as the Hudson's Bay Company in 1825 officially informed that in no event could the British Government claim extend south of the Columbia, and that they were afraid they would not have the same advantages as American citizens. I told them from the fertility of the soil, the extent of prairie and the easy access from the sea that the Willamette, they must admit, was the best and only place adapted to form a settlement which would have a beneficial effect on the whole country north of San Francisco, where we could assist and protect them from the Indians in case of difficulty, and as to advantages, I did not know what they would have, but this I knew, that the American Government and people knew only two classes of persons, rogues and honest men; that they punished the first and protected the last, and it depended only upon themselves to what class they would belong.

Others wanted to go and live with the relatives of their wives, but

as their children would be brought up with the sympathies and feelings of Indians, and as the half-breeds are in general leaders among Indians and they would be a thorn in the side of the whites, I insisted they should go to the Willamette, where their children could be brought up as whites and Christians, and brought to cultivate the ground and imbued with the feelings and sympathies of whites, and where they and their mothers would serve as hostages for the good behavior of their relatives in the interior. As Indians judge of whites by themselves, and think if they injure whites on their lands, the whites would revenge it by murdering their Indian relatives among them, and as the settlement increased by the addition of Indian women and half-breeds, the turbulence of the Indian tribes would diminish, and certainly the Cayuse war would not have been quelled so easily as it was if other half-breeds had not joined the Americans; and I have great pleasure to be able to say what must be admitted by all who know them, that the Canadian trappers and half-breeds who have settled as farmers are as peaceable, orderly, neighborly and industrious a set of men as any in the settlement; and that so far the Canadian settlement has produced and supplied three-fourths of the grain that has been exported.

WYETH'S EXPEDITION

In 1832 Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth of Cambridge, near Boston, came across land with a party of men, but as the vessel he expected to meet here with supplies was wrecked on the way, he returned to the East with three men. The remainder joined the Willamette settlement and got supplies and were assisted by the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, and to be paid the same price for their wheat—that is, three shillings sterling per bushel, and purchase their supplies at 50 per cent on prime cost.

In 1834 Mr. Wyeth returned with a fresh party and met the vessel with supplies here, and started with a large outfit for Fort Hall, which he had built on his way, and in 1836 he abandoned the business and returned to the States, and those of his men that remained in the country joined the settlements and were assisted as the others on the same terms as the Hudson's Bay Company's servants, and in justice to Mr. Wyeth I have great pleasure to be able to state that as a rival in trade, I always found him open, manly, frank and fair, and, in short, in all his contracts a perfect gentleman and an honest

man, doing all he could to support morality and encouraging industry in the settlement.

THE EARLIEST MISSION

In 1834 Messrs. Jason and Daniel Lee and Messrs. Walker and P. L. Edwards came with Mr. Wyeth to establish a mission in the Flathead country. I observed to them that it was too dangerous for them to establish a mission; that to do good to the Indians they must establish themselves where they could collect them around them; teach them first to cultivate the ground and live more comfortably than they do by hunting, and as they do this, teach them religion; that the Willamette afforded them a fine field, and that they ought to go there and they would get the same assistance as settlers. They followed my advice and went to the Willamette, and it is but justice to these pioneers to say that no men, in my opinion, could exert themselves more zealously than they did until 1840, when they received a large reinforcement of forty or more persons; then the newcomers began to neglect their duties, discord sprang up among them, and the mission broke up.

I made it a rule that none of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants should be allowed to join the settlements unless he had fifty pounds sterling before him, as he required that sum to supply him with clothing and implements. He that begins business on credit is seldom so careful and industrious as he who does business on his own means. By this I effected two objects, I made the men more saving and industrious, and attached them to their farms. If I had not done so, they would have abandoned on the least difficulty. But having their means invested on their improvements they saw if they abandoned the loss would be theirs, they therefore persisted and succeeded. When the settlement was formed, though the American trappers had no means, they were assisted on credit, and all in three years paid up from the produce of their farms.

Every settler had as much wheat on loan as he wanted to begin with, and I lent them each two cows, as in 1825 we had only twenty-seven head, big and small, old and young.

If I sold, they would of course be entitled to the increase, and I would not have the means to assist the new settlers, and the settlement would be retarded, as those purchasers who offered me \$200 for a cow would put such a price on the increase as would put it out of the power of poor settlers to buy. This would prevent industrious

men settling. For these reasons I would not sell, but loaned, as I say, two cows to each settler, and in case the increase of settlers might be greater than we could afford to supply with cattle, I reserved the right to take any cattle I required (above his two cows) from any settler to assist new settlers.

CATTLE PROCURED FOR SETTLERS

To the Methodist mission, as it was a public institution, I lent seven oxen, one bull and eight cows with their calves. In the beginning, several settlers lost cattle poisoned by eating water hemlock. It has been said by the late Mr. Thurston, delegate from Oregon, on the floor of Congress, that settlers paid for dead cattle. This is a wanton falsehood, as it is well known to all old settlers that no settler paid a cent for dead cattle. It was a loss to the company.

In 1836 we found means of forming a company to go to California for cattle. I took half the stock for the Hudson's Bay Company, so that by purchasing a larger number (as the expense of driving five hundred or a thousand was the same) as it would make the cattle cheaper. Those of the settlers who had means put it in the stock, those that had none engaged as drivers at \$1 per day, to be paid in cattle at their actual cost. Mr. Slacum, who came here in a chartered vessel, gave them a passage gratis from this place to San Francisco. Mr. Ewing Young was selected to conduct the party. Mr. P. L. Edward, who came with Messrs. Lee, of the Methodist Mission, but now a lawyer of California, was appointed treasurer. They brought, I think, about seven hundred head in cattle, which cost \$8 per head rendered. In the Willamette, the settlers kept the tame and broken-in oxen they had belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and gave their California wild cattle in the place, so that they found themselves stocked with tame cattle which cost them only \$8 per head, and the Hudson's Bay Company, to favor the settlers, gave them calves in place of grown-up cattle, because the Hudson's Bay Company needed them for beef. These calves would grow up before they were required.

THE OREGON CITY LAND CLAIM

In 1840, as I already stated, the Methodist mission received a large reinforcement. I had selected a claim in Oregon City in 1829, made improvements on it, and had a large quantity of timber squared. The superintendent applied to me for a loan of some of it to build

a mission house. I lent them the timber and had a place pointed out to them upon which to build. In 1840 the Methodist mission formed a milling association and jumped part of my claim, and began to build a saw and grist mill. They assumed the right to judge of my rights, and said that I could not hold it as part of my claim, though the stream that separates the islet from the mainland is not more than forty feet wide in summer. This island is what is called "Abernethy Island," and is about — acres in extent. In 1842 Mr. Waller, the resident missionary in the house, to build which I lent timber which they never returned, and gave the ground upon which to build, set up a claim to Oregon City in opposition to me, but after some difficulty I paid them \$500 and he gave it up. I preferred to do this and have done with it rather than hereafter trouble government with it.

EMIGRATION COMMENCES

In 1842 the first party of regular immigrants—about fifty—came from the States. They got all the assistance they required, but in 1843 most of them, not liking the country, went with their leader—Mr. Hastings—to California.

In 1843 about 800 immigrants arrived from the States. I saw by the looks of the Indians that they were excited, and I watched them. As the first stragglers were arriving at Vancouver in canoes, I was standing on the bank, nearer the water there was a group of ten or twelve Indians. One of them bawled out to his companions, "It is good for us to kill these Bostons." Struck with the excitement I had seen in the countenances of the Indians since they had heard the report of the immigration coming, I felt certain they were inclined to mischief, and that he spoke thus loud as a feeler to sound me and take their measures accordingly. I immediately rushed on them with my cane, calling out at the same time, "Who is the dog that says it is a good thing to kill the Bostons." The fellow, trembling, excused himself, "I spoke without meaning harm, but The Dalles Indians say so." "Well," said I, "The Dalles Indians are dogs for saying so, and you also," and left him, as if I remained longer it would have had a bad effect. I had done enough to convince them I would not allow them to do wrong to the immigrants with impunity. From this Indian saying, in the way he did, that The Dalles Indians said it was good to kill the Bostons, I felt it my duty to do all I could to avert so horrid a deed.

Mr. P. L. Edwards, whom I mentioned, came in 1834 with Messrs. Lee, and left in 1838, sent me a letter by General McCarver, stating he had given a letter of introduction to me to P. H. Burnett, Esq. I immediately formed my plan, and kept my knowledge of the horrid design of the Indians secret, as I felt certain that if the Americans knew it, these men, acting independent of each other, would be at once for fighting, which would lead to their total destruction, and I sent two boats with provisions to meet them; sent provisions to Mr. Burnett, and a large quantity of provisions for sale to those who would purchase, and to be given to those who had not the means, being confident that the fright I had given (as I already stated) the Indians who said it was a good thing to kill the Bostons, was known at The Dalles before our boats were there, and that with the presence of the Hudson's Bay Company people, and the assistance they afforded the immigrants, would deter the Indians from doing them any wrong, and I am happy to be able to say I entirely succeeded. At first I thought these Indians were excited by some of the Iroquois Indians in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and tried to find if so, but found nothing to enlighten me on the subject.

SOURCE OF INDIAN TROUBLES

About a month after, Dr. Whitman, from his mission Walla Walla to Vancouver, as The Dalles was on his way, and as he had seen the principal man there, it occurred to me that he might have heard of it, and told him what I heard the Indian say, and how I had alarmed him, what I had done to deter them, and my suspicion that all this sprung from some of our rascally Iroquois, and that I was anxious to find that rascal out to punish him as an example to deter others. "Oh," says the doctor, "I know all about it." "You do, doctor?" said I. "Yes," said the doctor, "and I have known it for two years." "You have known it for two years, and you told me nothing? Pray tell me his name." The doctor, seeing I was on the wrong scent, said, "His name is Thomas Hill." After thinking for some time, I replied, "The Hudson's Bay Company had no man of that name in their service." "Oh," says the doctor, "Tom Hill, the Shawnee." This Indian, it is said, had been educated at Dartmouth College in the States, had told the Indians that a few Americans had come to settle on their lands; that the Shawnees allowed them, but when the Americans were strong enough they drove the Shawnees off, and now the

Shawnees have no lands, and had urged the Indians to allow no Americans to settle on their lands, which advice the Indians about Walla Walla say the Cayuses are following to this day, and the Indians were inclined to follow by killing the immigrants who first came, and which I believe they would have done but for the decided and cautious manner that I acted. And the reason the Indian made use of the expression he did was because I punished the murderers of the Smith party, and before acting they wanted to know how I would treat them, and most certainly if I had not been most anxious for the safety of the immigrants, and to discharge to them the duties of a Christian, my ear would not have caught so quickly the words, "It is a good thing to kill these Bostons," and acted as I did. In fact, if the immigrants had all been my brothers and sisters, I could not have done more for them. I fed the hungry, caused the sick to be attended to and nursed, furnished them every assistance so long as they required it, and which some have not paid to this day, though abundantly able, for which if they do not pay, I am answerable to the Hudson's Bay Company. It may be said, and has been said, that I was too liberal in making these advances. It is not so, but it was done judiciously and prudently.

ENCOURAGING THE FARMERS

When the immigration of 1842 came, we had enough of bread-stuffs in the country for one year, but as the immigrants reported that next season there would be a greater immigration, it was evident that if there was not a proportionate increase of seed sown in 1843 and 1844, there would be a famine in the country in 1845, which would lead to trouble, as those that had families, to save them from starvation, would be obliged to have recourse to violence to get food for them. To avert this I freely supplied the immigrants of 1843 and 1844 with the necessary articles to open farms, and by these means avoided the evils. In short, I afforded every assistance to the immigrants so long as they required it, and by management I kept peace in the country, and in some cases had to put up with a great deal; for instance, when the milling company jumped part of my claim, the island upon which they built a mill, and which subsequently Abernethy purchased, and when Williamson jumped part of Fort Vancouver, as may be seen by my correspondence with the provisional government on the subject, and which occurred in the presence of several American citizens, who, I am happy to say, strongly expressed their dis-

approbation of Williamson's conduct, and which I am induced to believe made him desist. It will be seen, to their credit, that Messrs. —, —, —, the executive committee, acted in a straightforward, manly and correct manner, and it was by such conduct on the part of respectable American citizens that peace and order were maintained in the country. It is true several thought I was too forbearing; but when I saw how much the good on both sides would suffer if I acted differently, and that a war between Great Britain and the United States might be caused by it, I considered it my duty to act as I did, and by which I think I may have prevented a war between the United States and Great Britain. And how have I been treated by both?

By British demagogues I have been represented as a traitor. For what? Because I acted as a Christian; saved American citizens, men, women and children, from the Indian tomahawk, and enabled them to make farms to support their families.

PERSONAL TO DR. MCLOUGHLIN

American demagogues have been base enough to assert that I had caused American citizens to be massacred by the hundreds by savages. I, who saved all I could. I have been represented by the delegate from Oregon, the late S. R. Thurston, as doing all I could to prevent the settling, while it was well known to every American settler who is acquainted with the history of the territory, if this is not a downright falsehood, and most certainly will say that he most firmly believes that I did all I could to promote its settlement, and that I could not have done more for the settlers if they had been my brothers and sisters, and after being the first person to take a claim in the country, and assisting the immigrants as I have, my claim is reserved, after having expended all the means I had to improve it, while every other settler in the country gets his. But as I felt convinced that any disturbance between us here might lead to a war between Great Britain and the States, I felt it my bounden duty as a Christian to act as I did, and which I think averted the evil, and which was so displeasing to some English demagogues that they represented me to the British Government as a person so partial to American interests as selling the Hudson's Bay Company's goods in my charge cheaper to Americans than I did to British subjects. On the other hand, though, if the American immigrants had been my brothers and sisters, I could not have done more for them; yet after

acting as I have, spending my means and doing my utmost to settle the country, my claim is reserved, while every other settler in the country gets his; and how much this has injured me, is daily injuring me, is needless to say, and certainly it is a treatment I do not deserve, and which I did not expect.

To be brief, I founded this settlement and prevented a war between the United States and Great Britain, and for doing this peaceably and quietly I was treated by the British in such a manner that from self-respect I resigned my situation in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, by which I sacrificed \$12,000 per annum, and the Oregon Land Bill shows the treatment I received from the Americans.

NOTES BY MRS. HARVEY

Note 1.—Etienne Lucier first settled on the east side of Willamette River, opposite the present city of Portland, remaining there several years, afterward removing higher up the river, near Champog. Lucier was the first settler.

Note 2.—Those of the Hudson's Bay Company who were willing to take farms, all of them being French-Canadians, chose a prairie twenty or thirty miles above Willamette falls, to which was given the name of "French Prairie," the name by which it is known at the present time.

Note 3.—About three or four acres.

McLOUGHLIN'S BENEVOLENCE

Dr. William C. McKay told me many interesting facts as to Dr. McLoughlin, that he knew personally, as he lived in the family, Mrs. McLoughlin being his grandmother. In 1843 William Beagle and family reached Vancouver destitute, and he had the typhus fever. McLoughlin heard of it and told Dr. Barclay there was a sick and destitute family at the Landing; to fix up a house for them, make them comfortable and attend to the sick.

Dr. W. C. McKay had just returned from the States, where he pursued medical studies. So the doctor invited

him to assist in taking care of his patients. There was the mother and several children, who had all they needed for two months, until Beagle got better, when he went to Governor McLoughlin and asked what his bill was. "Tut, tut, tut! bill, bill, bill! Take care of yourself, sir! That is all the bill!" Beagle pleaded that even the doctor couldn't afford to take care of his family and treat them so long without pay. "Tut, tut, tut," was the reply. "You do the best you can for some other man who is in trouble, and that will pay me!"

He sent them up the Willamette, free of charge, sold them supplies that were necessary until Beagle could earn money, and was finally paid for them in full. This is but one instance in the many where the kindness and generosity of Dr. McLoughlin was manifested toward Americans who reached Vancouver sick and impoverished and received his generous and kindly care.

DR. MCLOUGHLIN AND THE OREGON CITY CLAIM

Whatever relates to Dr. McLoughlin has especial interest as time passes and his impress on the history of our region is better appreciated.

Colonel James K. Kelly, who had borne an important part in Oregon history, recalled to my mind an incident connected with the legislature of 1862, when he was a senator from Clackamas and Wasco counties and I was chief clerk of the Senate.

In the very last days of the session the House had passed a bill, and sent it to the Senate, that acted on a feature of the original donation act of Congress, providing that the

Oregon City land claim should be sold for the benefit of the State University. This claim was originally taken by Dr. John McLoughlin, when he was governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. It included the falls of the Willamette, where he built a saw mill and grist mill, the first erected there. Afterwards a part of it was claimed by the Methodist mission, causing a contest for the site that seemed to be decided when, by the passage of the donation act, both were ignored and the State University was made the donee.

At the time Mr. Samuel R. Thurston was delegate to Congress from Oregon. Thurston lived at Linn City, on the west of the falls; his interests to some extent conflicted with Dr. McLoughlin and there was some unkind feeling on his part, which may have induced this disposition of the valuable claim. Dr. McLoughlin died in '57, his last years embittered by the failure to recognize his claim and the ignoring of the fact that he had been the greatest benefactor to the struggling territory, that had caused the loss of his eminent position as head of the Hudson's Bay Company with the great power and munificent salary pertaining thereto. All because he had done too much for Oregon settlers against the interests of his company.

When he heard that this bill was introduced, Mr. Daniel Harvey, who was executor of the McLoughlin estate and a son-in-law of McLoughlin, wrote to Senator Kelly—who had been a personal friend to the doctor—asking him to defeat the bill. The act of Congress was supposed to be final; so long as no action was made by the State no title could be made for lands there, as the heirs of McLoughlin still made their claim. This bill was intended as much to quiet title and aid the settlement and improvement of Oregon City

as for any reason. To the ordinary legislator there was no way but to thus carry out the intention of the donation act. It remained for Colonel Kelly to cut the Gordian knot, comply with the donation law and at the same time do justice to the rights of Dr. McLoughlin and his heirs.

When the bill had passed and come from the House to the Senate for action, Colonel Kelly moved an amendment to strike out all and insert instead: "That the Oregon City land claim is thereby granted to the devisees of Dr. John McLoughlin, to be disposed of according to the terms of his will; for the consideration of one thousand dollars to be paid to the State University." He made no speech, more than to simply say that great injustice had been done to Dr. McLoughlin, who had been a great benefactor to Oregon, "and you all know it."

Dr. Bowlby was president of the Senate and he warmly welcomed the amendment. As time was short, matters were pushed through and the bill as amended passed with but two negatives—J. H. Mitchell and A. G. Hovey—who were young men and not then well posted in history. All the old veterans welcomed it as tardy justice and voted for it enthusiastically.

With but two hours left of the session Colonel Kelly took the bill to the House himself. General Joel Palmer was speaker, and as soon as he understood the measure he gave it precedence. As in the House, all the old Oregonians welcomed the amendment and at the very heel of the session they gave it an unanimous affirmative. To get it properly enrolled, signed by president of the Senate and speaker of the House, and then get the governor's signature to it, all was accomplished by Colonel Kelly himself, and when the legis-

lature adjourned—two hours after the amendment was introduced in the Senate—the bill became an act—*un fait accompli*.

It would have rejoiced the heart of the good old man if this could have been done in his lifetime; it would have saved the bitterness of those years when he thought Americans did not appreciate what he had so humanely and kindly done for them—done, too, at great eventual cost to himself.

Arriving the next day at Oregon City, Colonel Kelly was met by Mr. Harvey, who asked: "Did you kill that bill?" "No!" said the colonel, in his deliberate way. Harvey looked as if he could collapse at the reply, but the next word woke all his soul to rejoicing. "But we amended it so you wont have anything to complain of!" was the completion of the sentence.

Thus in a tardy way and at a late day justice was done. No act ever passed with more unanimity and none ever gave more satisfaction to the old Oregonians; most of whom had received substantial favors at the hands of Dr. McLoughlin. They knew the noble character of the man, his sterling worth and supreme benevolence. They knew they hardly could have occupied Oregon as they did but for his generous assistance.

Within a short time, Mr. Harvey, as administrator, paid the \$1,000 due by the estate to the State University. When greenbacks were legal tender, and at heavy discount, he paid it in gold, with full interest from the date of the passage of the bill.

CHAPTER XXVII

WASCOS ON THE WAR-PATH

THE removal of headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company from Astoria to Vancouver caused other changes, one being that the trading post at The Dalles was removed to Walla Walla, one hundred miles up Snake River. This was deeply resented by the Wascopum tribe, who lived at The Dalles and fully appreciated having a trading place at their very doors. They were a very proud and warlike people, and a trifle ill-natured besides; feeling themselves ill-used, they set to work to study some way to get even on the arrogance of "King George's men."

Their wise men had noticed that there came a ship every year to Vancouver loaded with untold riches in shape of blankets, clothing, and all goods suited to Indian trade. They had speculated over the coming of these ships, and had finally concluded that, as they had learned the way across the seas, they would now keep on coming as matter of course. Then there was a great council called to study how to manage so as to get even with the company for removing their trading post. That was a famous assemblage of chiefs, warriors, medicine men and wise men, all determined to get even on the affront shown their great nation.

Among those who resented this slight most of all, were the women—mothers, wives and daughters—of Wascopum. They appreciated more than any the value of the goods,

wares and merchandise that came to Vancouver by these annual voyages. They had urged the fathers, husbands and warriors of Wascopum to assert themselves and resent this treatment. Then a wise man rose in council and gravely stated that as ships were sure to come, all they had to do was to get possession of Fort Vancouver, then capture and possess their cargoes as they should keep coming. This seemed plausible, and they went to work to devise a plan to realize all they had pictured.

They decided to equip an hundred great war canoes, fill them with warriors, well provisioned, then go down the majestic river, lay siege to Fort Vancouver and possess all its present wealth and its coming cargoes. It was a brave scheme. We may imagine there was work done to get the hundred canoes ready and find and equip the hundreds of warriors who were to go down and lay siege to Vancouver!

Forty miles below The Dalles are the Cascades, where the river rages and foams so that a portage of five miles had to be made, canoes and cargoes being carried around the turbulent waters. This took a day or so, and the Klickitats, who owned the Cascades, were not a little astonished to learn that the Wascos had taken the river route to capture Vancouver. The Cascade chief was friendly with the Hudson's Bay Company, and quietly started a light canoe with messengers to inform Governor McLoughlin of what he might expect. The canoe reached Vancouver in quick time, and the good governor was exceedingly amused to know that the Wascos were on the war-path. The first he did was to set the messengers down to as good a breakfast as they could masticate; as soon as they were provided for, he sent



MT. ST. HELENS

off to find Kiesno, chief of the Multnomahs, who lived in one of the villages near by on the Columbia, to have him get together as many of his war canoes and warriors as possible, fully armed and equipped, and come to Vancouver to the rescue.

That same afternoon Kiesno's war fleet of thirty canoes and hundreds of warriors was safely hidden in an inlet below Vancouver. McLoughlin sent down plenty of good food for their use, while Kiesno himself was cordially received and hospitably entertained at the fort.

This story was told me by Dr. William C. McKay, about 1885, who was the grandson of Mrs. McLoughlin. He was then a little boy, not over four years old, and was brought up at Fort Vancouver. He was a favorite with Dr. McLoughlin and told me that he stood on the bank of the Columbia that late afternoon, and saw that great fleet of war canoes come floating down. When they were in sight of the fort they formed in a single line that reached all the way across. Leaving the canoes to float with the current, they came slowly down; they used the paddles to drum on the sides of the canoes, that gave a hollow sound; they blew conch shells, beat drums and sang Indian war songs, that all made a horrid din.

On came the fleet, floating with the current, while the fort lay in deepest silence. Not a human being was visible—save the little boy who stood alone on the shore. The only thing in motion was the flag of Old England that waved over the ramparts. It was a sight the lad never forgot and related with fervor. The question was: What would the Wasco fleet try to do? That was solved when, coming abreast of the fort, at a signal, it whirled, as on a

pivot, and landed on the south shore of the Columbia. They had been brave in anticipation, but the day was nearly gone and it did not seem prudent to make the attack that afternoon. It may have occurred to the wiser ones that they had been too precipitate; that the broad-spread fort, with heavy stockade and frowning bastions, could not be easily captured with bows and arrows.

The Wascos and Multnomahs were friends and had much trade together. Hardly had they made camp when Kiesno and some of his men went over to visit them. They were having a friendly chat when suddenly a dull roar sounded from the six-pounder in the lower bastion and a rumbling reverberation went roaring among the hills. The Wascos were terrorized, demanded the cause, and were told that it was only King George's men making thunder and lightning; that they did so whenever they felt in the humor. Before the Multnomahs crossed back to their own camp that evening, they had filled the Wascos full of very strange tales of things King George's men could do and their power over the elements.

When morning came they heard the sunrise salute and thought it even louder than the evening gun. They had not half so much interest in the capture of Fort Vancouver as they had in the outset, but concluded to make the best of the situation and visit McLoughlin. Their canoes reached the north shore just as a messenger came down from the governor, who sent them a kind greeting and invited three of the head men to visit him at the fort, but the rest were to remain at the river shore, where he would send them a feast. This was rather cool treatment of such a redoubtable war party, but they had conceived new ideas from

Kiesno as to the white man, and no longer desired the capture.

McLoughlin had heard from Kiesno all that occurred, so was prepared to lay down the law. The three Wasco chiefs wended their way from the landing to the big post-ern, where they found a magnificent Highlander standing guard—who took no notice of them, however. He wore kilt and tartan, broadsword and a fierce look, and they thought him invincible; passing inside they were taken to the great reception room and told to wait there until McLoughlin could come. There they found Collin Fraser, another six-foot Highlander, who was the company's piper. As he marched to and fro he took not the least notice of them, but kept his bagpipes screeching one tune after another. They thought he was making medicine, and wondered if there was any way to make stronger medicine than that strange man was squeezing out of his wind-bag.

It was an hour before McLoughlin arrived, and all that time the bagpipes were making them feel weaker and weaker. When he did appear, the pride of Wasco was at low ebb; its chiefs and warriors had concluded that they were no match for the men of King George. The governor was pleased and sociable with them, but not familiar; he told them just what he intended to do—and what they must do; he ordered many things to be brought and distributed among them, so they went back to their canoes after they had been treated to the best there was to be had. The men at the shore were also treated kindly and they and the Mult-nomahs were furnished a bullock to have a barbecue. Presents were sent to the women at home, so there was no cause for complaint.

The women of Wasco were not satisfied with the limited supplies sent them, but had to accept the men's excuses, that there was no medicine man in all Wasco who could set up the practice of diabolism with the skilled men who did that business for King George.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FREE TRAPPERS AND MOUNTAIN MEN

AMONG the sketches written on pioneer days, of which I wrote much in the time from 1885 to 1890, were what follows of several of the free trappers and mountain men who were prominent features in the time of fur trade rule. I had known these men then for a quarter of a century, and now they are all gone. As a freely written picture of that early time, before emigrations had crossed the plains, when life was almost nomadic, and when fur traders and missionaries were "powers that be," this may answer the purpose better than any new attempt. It gives their own story in their own words, and describes the era of mountain life and wilderness experience lived by the fearless men who left civilization to enjoy the freedom of the wilderness; a time that can never come again, as the conditions that made it possible are gone forever.

Among the earliest pioneers of the great mountain wilderness of the mid-continent there was a class of men whose occupation was in sympathy with the fur company, for they were mountain men, hunters and trappers of the wilds. Selling their hardly earned furs to the fur companies at a price that would now seem very exorbitant, which the fur trader, however, paid very freely and made a heavy profit on. These men were the "free men" of the mountains. The regular employé of the fur company

was under indention to that company, bound by special contract to work for wages at a stated price. The price was often very remunerative, because the mountain man became at times very expert and successful. These free trappers were very much like the "free lances" who engaged in the wars of Continental Europe in old feudal days, and were more solicitous as to the price to be paid them than for the principles at stake. I lately met one of the few remaining of these "free men" of the early century, and gathered from him many facts of special interest, because, from being a mountain man, he became a pioneer settler of this great Willamette Valley.

GEORGE W. EBBERT

settled very early on Tualatin plains, and when I first came to Oregon (1850) I remember that he was a frequent visitor to Portland, and rather livened up its earlier history by his ways of stirring up the town. He was then in life's prime and had spent the active years previous to reaching the age of thirty-five in mountain pursuits. He is now a bright-eyed and active-minded veteran verging toward four score, actually having passed three-quarters of a century. His mind is clear and vigorous, and he gave me his life's story clearly and rapidly.

Ebbert was born in Kentucky, where his mother was a widow comfortably fixed. When about thirteen years old he was bound apprentice to a machinist and served within three months of the seven years he was bound for when he fell in love and wanted to marry, but his employer and his mother both insisted that George should first complete his

apprenticeship, and then could marry and settle down in life. The young fellow was headstrong and took umbrage at the restraint. He very inconsistently asserted his independence by running away from shop and girl and home. He found himself in St. Louis in a few days, and as he was a thorough mechanic he soon got work at \$3 and board, at a machine shop.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

“Squire” Ebbert has always been a character in the Tualatin region, and I asked him how he came to carry that title through life; whether he received it from having been appointed as a justice of the peace by the provisional government, or how he got it. The little man laughed and said he earned that name when he was a little boy not more than eight years old. One of their neighbors was the squire. He had just purchased a cow whose pedigree and good qualities were worth \$100. One day this famous cow was inconsiderate enough to tear off the top rail and jump into the Widow Ebbert’s garden, where she was playing havoc amongst cabbages and cauliflowers when discovered. His mother said, “George, I wish you would kill that cow!” Now George was eight years old, but his father’s old gun was hanging over the fireplace, so he climbed up and got it down, went out doors, lay down, took a good rest across a big Kentucky cabbage head and pulled the trigger. No one knew if the gun was loaded and the presumption was to the contrary, but it went off and the cow only went when she was hauled. The dutiful boy had obeyed orders and the Kentucky dame was like the Spartan mother enough not to

grieve over his act. She ordered a team to haul away the carcass and paid the squire \$100. That was the way the boy earned the name of "Squire." Because he killed the squire's cow they dubbed him squire and he never had any other name. Not many would know him by his true given name. His mother had \$500 to pay as default for Squire's running away as an apprentice a dozen years later. True, his "boss" only had three months more time coming on the indenture, but he demanded his money as "nominated in the bond," and got it. Squire kept his mother in hot water much of the time, but she worshipped her boy and paid his defaults.

FALLS AFOUL OF CUPID AGAIN

At St. Louis Ebbert repeated his scheme of falling in love. He worked there nearly a year, and met a young French girl, and they agreed to be married. The banns were called in church three Sundays and the wedding was to come off the next Sunday. He wrote to ask his mother to attend, and her reply came in the shape of a protest against the marriage. "If you want to kill your mother, George, marry a French woman, and, if you love me and care for me, marry an American and first of all a Kentuckian." That was her missive and it took the boy all aback. She was a beautiful and good girl, and withal had "great expectations." The lots her father gave for her portion sold in two years after for a hundred thousand dollars. But Squire Ebbert was loyal to his mother. He ran away again. He met Sublette, the fur trader, and entered into indentures to work with his company at \$150 for six months and \$350 a

year afterwards. This was not over one-third his St. Louis wages. He had about \$100 wages in hand and on short notice was ready and off for the Rocky Mountains.

He went to see his girl and told her how matters stood and left her, "Like Niobe, all tears." When he went back, in 1848, seventeen years later, he found her married and well situated in life, and she was glad to see him. So we have done with the East, and now for mountain life and for Western experience.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCE

For nine years Ebbert stayed in the Rocky Mountains, trapping beaver, most of the time getting \$8 for a large skin and \$5 for a small or young one. He averaged eighty a year, about one every four days, and could have made far more at his trade in St. Louis, but there is fascination in mountain life. Four years he was under contract and five more he was a free man, trapping on his own account. He came to the mountains about 1830. One year his earnings were \$900, and some years he did not pay expenses. In 1833 he came with an express from Fort Hall to Fort Walla Walla, and in 1838 he came to Whitman's and worked for him awhile as a blacksmith at Lapwai. Perhaps it was there that he got his Nez Percé wife, a woman who seems to have done a good part by him and had secured his own personal affection very strongly.

They had wild experiences in their mountain life. Once his company bought out another and among other assets there was a cache at Salt Lake that had to be found by description. The making of caches was a fine art. It was

usual to send off all but a few trusty men and then select a spot on a bluff river bank for the hiding place. Every precaution was taken to avoid discovery. A small hole was dug deep down, sometimes fifty to seventy-five feet deep, and then a chamber was excavated large enough to hold all the goods to be hid. The dirt taken out was all of it thrown into the rapid stream and swept off. In this manner furs or supplies of great value were deposited for a long time, and they managed so as to seldom lose by discovery of enemies. They had a close description of this cache at Salt Lake. A large party searched for it unavailingly, day after day. The reward for its discovery was increased, and after a week lost one of the men drove a stake down into soft earth and the game was won. Sometimes excavation is dangerous from the caving of earth, and in such cases men's lives have actually been sacrificed.

TRIES BLACKSMITHING AT LAPWAI

When at Whitman's and at Lapwai he had laid in a few notions to trade on and to make presents to his wife's relatives there, and this excited the jealousy of Pambrun, the nearest agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was probably in charge of Walla Walla (now Wallula), and he threatened the Nez Percé and Cayuse Indians if they would trade with "that American" that he would not show them any favor. The Indians appreciated Ebbert's kindness and liberality to them, as well as his matrimonial alliance with their tribe. So when Pambrun refused to exchange tobacco to Ebbert for his beaver skins, they all sent him a little piece of their own, making an aggregate of a sack full that

weighed nearly fifteen pounds. His stock was very small and only intended to exchange for provisions and supplies. What he had left he used to buy eighteen beaver skins. He had trapped three years before that with the Hudson's Bay Company, but they tolerated no competition, however small, that could possibly grow.

He started back in 1838 for the Rocky Mountains, and found the Snakes very troublesome and dangerous, and concluded to abandon the life of a free mountain man and trapper and go down to the Willamette.

LIFE AND WAYS OF A TRAPPER

Trappers move in the field from the middle of August to the time when winter prevents them from their work. High up in the mountain ranges the fur is good all summer, but usually is not good until August comes. They begin again as soon as March comes, or weather comes favorable for trapping. It is usually kept up until June. Then all hands go to the rendezvous to spend the money earned and go in debt (oftentimes) for fresh supplies. That was the reason the rendezvous was always crowded with idle men in summer, frolicking and gambling away their hard-earned wages. Gamblers would come there, both during the summer and winter vacations, and lay for the beaver catchers just as they had laid their traps for the beaver. It was a regular business for speculating sharps to lay for the reckless trapper, as it is for merchants in cities to carry on the most respectable branches of trade.

Since removing to the Willamette, Ebbert had continued his trapping in a small way, often going out with his old

mountain friend and now near neighbor, Caleb Wilkins, for a little hunt on their own account. Of late years they trapped more for the meat than the fur. Old trappers are generally very partial to the meat of a fat beaver. He tells me the leg of a beaver, roasted and sliced off cold, is equal to the finest pig roast. Then the beaver is a very nice animal and selects the cleanest spots to live in, as well as the neatest and cleanest food to eat. So the two old mountaineers and trappers hunted beaver every year. Only last year Ebbert caught two; in 1883 he caught eighteen, and has caught more or less for the forty-six years he has lived in Washington County. The Hudson's Bay Company paid less for skins than other companies, but they sold their goods so much cheaper that it compensated for the difference.

FARMING IN THE WILLAMETTE

In 1839 Ebbert made a little place on the open prairie and put in six or eight acres of wheat and oats. What he had to spare he sold to the Hudson's Bay Company at sixty cents a bushel. This was the going price for grain year after year. Dr. McLoughlin would furnish any one with seed to sow. The average yield of wheat was thirty-five bushels to the acre. The "currency" of the country was in rather a singular fix in the earliest days. Orders on stores, and especially on the Hudson's Bay Company, were first-class. The Hudson's Bay Company allowed 11s. 6d. for a beaver skin, almost \$3, and 5s. 6d. for the skin of a "kitten." The Mission (below Salem) gave their own orders, redeemed "when their ship came in," and it fortunately did come. Ewing Young was a prominent man, and traded

beaver currency, or so many beaver skins at the current rate. All others traded wheat and provisions. Most people worked "on their own hook," opening farms and making improvements. They only worked out to earn something to eat or wear. If they were good hunters they could kill game on the prairies and foothills, and fish abounded at Oregon City and on the lower rivers. Ebbert raised twenty-five acres of wheat in 1840, having saved his seed. He worked some for the Methodist Mission, making rails and doing general farm work. It came rather hard on a mountain man to go at such work, but the good grit that was in him was paramount and he soon became a good worker. He worked hard to get a start, and it is interesting to learn how he managed to get well fixed.

EARNING STOCK FOR HIS FARM

There were swine at the Methodist Mission, and Young had them at his place in Chehalem Valley. Several farmers on French Prairie—Joseph Gervais, Latourette, DeLors and Hubbard—all had swine and made much of them. They had a few each and monopolized them. Dr. McLoughlin kindly loaned Ebbert two pigs that he was to replace at Sauvie's Island at a certain time, which he did, and so got a start of his own. Ewing Young was quite a nabob among the early settlers. He had a saw mill on a creek that run by thunder showers occasionally, and he swapped lumber all over the country for all sorts of "ictas." Ebbert first located near Champoeg, and he sold that place in 1841 for one hundred bushels of wheat, which he got in about three years. He packed this wheat on horses and mules to

Salem, twenty-five miles, where it was ground; then packed the flour down to Tualatin Plains, seventy-five miles, where the new location was. He crossed the Willamette at Champoeg in a canoe, ferrying the flour and swimming horses and mules. He carried one hundred pounds on each side of a horse, and got along well until he came to a deep creek near home. He packed the flour over on his shoulder, and his children no longer cried for bread.

After he grew wheat at Tualatin, he packed it twelve miles to Columbia slough, then boated it up the slough to the Willamette, and down the Willamette and up the Columbia to Vancouver, or rather to the Hudson's Bay Company's mill six miles above there. Before any mills were built they boiled wheat, but when his children once tasted good bread they clamored for it, and Ebbert couldn't refuse any effort to satisfy their appetite. Cannon & McKay had a small mill at Champoeg, where they used to take two bushels at a time and have it ground unbolted. In 1839 he would buy wild fowl, swan, geese and ducks of the Indians, and occasionally purchased wapatoos of them, and traded for venison.

DAVID AND JONATHAN OVER AGAIN

Caleb Wilkins was a good hunter, while Squire Ebbert was not. Wilkins was his nearest neighbor and intimate friend. They had for several years trapped together, and now were located together on the Tualatin. Their lives should be written in partnership, for they were David and Jonathan over again, as far as friendly feeling went. I must devote more space to Wilkins before I close.

About 1842 Wilkins traded with Tom McKay for seven

hogs running at Scappoose. This gave them a good start of swine. The two men were practically partners in business until their farms were opened. Both were in their prime and each had a Nez Percé wife. They worked out four calves, which were legal tender at the rate of a thousand rails for a calf. In 1844 Squire Ebbert made 4,900 rails for a good Spanish cow and heifer calf. They got their clothes cheap at Vancouver, promising to pay wheat at sixty cents a bushel, delivered on the banks of the Willamette. The shipping point was at McCarverstown, a little way below Springville, near the head of the slough, on the Willamette. This place was a shipping point before Portland was ever heard of. For many years there were no wagon roads and no wagons used. Wilkins and Ebbert bought good Nez Percé horses, that were easily broken to work in harness. They made canvas backbands and rope traces. They got bits made for bridles and thus rigged up a harness. For years all transportation was done on pack animals, but time mended all that.

MANUFACTURES A PLOUGH

Ebbert being a machinist and blacksmith, procured bellows and anvil and made the tools he could not buy, and soon rigged up a shop. He made a set of bar-shear irons, and got them wooded, with a wooden mould-board, and thus had a plough. Mr. Rogers of the mission, who was afterwards lost by going over the falls of the Willamette, stocked the plough in exchange for six days' work scoring for hewers. The mission soon after brought out harness and supplied the settlers' wants in that line.

About 1846 Ebbert and Wilkins got their farms fairly opened and comfortable houses up. They had horses, cattle, hogs, chickens, and even a few sheep, but the wolves always molested them. Ebbert had one hen that made her way into the cabin chimney from the outside and laid seven eggs. She hatched them and turned them over to the rooster to bring up and laid thirteen more in the same place. So hen and rooster soon had a flock of twenty chicks. Cattle increased rapidly, and they had a good band in a few years. Wolves (coyotes) killed their sheep and a California lion took the last one that was left. Wilkins rigged a pit and a pen for this panther, and one day the trap had a visitor. They killed and stuffed his lionship and sold him in Oregon City for \$10. The stuffed skin went afterwards to the Sandwich Islands and sold there for \$35.

CALEB WILKINS AND ROBERT NEWELL

were also free trappers of the Rocky Mountains. Wilkins came originally from Zanesville, Ohio, and was a hatter by trade. He came out with Captain Bonneville and went back. Wilkins was a good hunter, and when East finally got a gun made to suit him, with a bore carrying at the rate of twenty-eight to the pound, and returned to Oregon again with Captain Wyeth. Ebbert met him in the mountains, and they struck up a friendship that is yet vigorous, though they are quite old men, and Wilkins is paralyzed in mind as well as body. They trapped together in the Utah country, and were close companions for several years. They separated and then met again in the Willamette, located claims near each other and worked together on the Tualatin.

When Ebbert lived at Champoeg, Wilkins came to see him and told him their old friend Bob Newell was coming from the mountains also. They three had worked together trapping as free men many years. The two went to Oregon City to meet Newell and had a warm greeting. All three went across the Willamette River and selected claims, about 1840, in the Tualatin country, before returning home from the Oregon City trip. The three friends wished to locate together. All were in the prime of life, not much over thirty years old. They all went to Champoeg, where Ebbert sold out, and six of them who had been free trappers in the Rocky Mountains returned to Tualatin to make permanent homes and open farms. Three years after, Newell swapped places with one Pomeroy, who lived at Champoeg, where he remained until he was appointed Indian agent at Lapwai, for the Nez Percés. All three were born in 1810, as was also Joe Meek, who settled with them in the Tualatin plains country. Wilkins is very feeble now, but lives with three children on the original location. Ebbert still owns his donation claim, but lives with a son-in-law. Newell has been deceased many years. His Nez Percé wife died before him, and he married again a white lady. All three had Nez Percé women for wives and were very sincerely attached to them.

The beauty of the Nez Percé women was a proverb among the free trappers and fur company men. There was great difference in the various tribes. The Nez Percés were brave and warlike, but they stood high in comparison with all others. The Flatheads were much like them, and had so intermarried that they were like one people. The Cœur d'Alenes were also akin and much resembled these tribes in

superior semi-civilization. The Hudson's Bay Company's leaders generally chose wives from among the Nez Percés, and the preference seems justifiable. All the early travellers have written of the superior character of these people, and I have close at home a proof of their superiority. Mrs. Clarke crossed the plains in 1851 in the same company with E. N. Cooke, now deceased, so well known in public life. She was with her relatives, Hiram Smith, commonly known in early days as "Red Shirt Smith." All the Smiths had a sobriquet, and some of them had rather remarkable ones. Mr. Smith is deceased, but his widow, Mrs. Hannah M. Smith, was aunt by marriage to Miss Harriet T. Buckingham, who came to Oregon on a pleasure trip, and claims that the summer on the plains was among the pleasantest days of her life. There was a "goodly companie."

There was quite a band of cattle and horses, and force enough in the different sections of the main company to make all things pass agreeably, and it did pass like one great holiday. When they had reached the Columbia valley, and were off the Blue Mountains in the Umatilla valley, their camp was visited one day by a gay cavalcade of Nez Percé women, who rode their beautiful ponies with perfect *abandon*. They rode "straddle," as all Indian women do, and as their dress permitted. They had buckskin dresses, fringed at all the seams and beautifully ornamented with bead work. Their jet-black locks hung down in front of each shoulder in heavy braids. Their eyes were large and lustrous, and their features were almost classic in the beauty of contour. The Greek model was equalled, if not excelled, and the delicate tawny skin, that was susceptible to the keenest emotions, would blush

with crimson, or dimple with mirthful smiles. Their dresses, leggings and moccasins were worn with the utmost grace of *négligé*, and they seemed entirely conscious of the charms they possessed.

This cavalcade of a dozen or twenty bright and laughing girls drew up before the tents of the immigrants, where there were several charming American girls of their own age, as well as more mature women. They wore little grass-woven caps, that closely fitted on the smooth combed hair. Their garb was unique and attractive, and painter never sketched a more charming scene than this camp of white women gave, surrounded by Nez Percé and Cayuse belles, on their beautiful spotted ponies. They had several comely dames for chaperones, who smiled good humoredly as their daughters fairly gushed over with fun and frolic. The American girls felt that every article they wore and their own good looks were subjects for criticism by the Indian belles. One and another took up the theme and bandied and tossed about their merry banterings and criticisms until the white girls fairly blushed in turn. It was all in the best of humor and ended in exchange of tokens. Many a little memento changed hands, and when the sober dames—who in their way were as beautiful as their daughters—gave the word the flock of lovely Indian girls gave a last good word and went laughing and galloping “over the hills and far away.”

ROBERT NEWELL

Newell bore the nickname of “doctor,” bestowed by the mountain men. He also came to the Rocky Mountains in

1829, the same year that Ebbert did, and they trapped together many seasons. He was appointed afterwards Indian agent at Lapwai, and died at Lewiston, near there, many years ago. Newell had more influence and better presence than his companions, and was an important man in provisional times. He was in the legislature several times, and I think was once speaker of the house. While he was at Lapwai, his old friends Ebbert and wife came to see him, and they had a delightful time together. The three, including Wilkins, formed a trio of good friends, who were among the best of all the mountain men, as they settled down into excellent pioneer citizens. All three were men of remarkable coolness and personal bravery. They came as near not knowing what fear is as mortals ever do. Ebbert, though smallest of the three, was equal to any emergency, and all of them passed through circumstances of the most trying nature and never quailed before danger.

One of the most remarkable escapes and terrific contests told by mountain men occurred in the history of Wilkins and Ebbert, and must have happened about 1835, in the Malad country, south of Boisé river, Idaho. A company of five men and Fannie Ebbert went trapping and hunting. They purchased \$150 worth of goods for trading. They were Ebbert, Wilkins, Richard Owens, John Burris and Fannie. When out about a month they saw Indian tracks and stood guard. Ebbert had a very valuable horse that cost him \$175. He was on the last watch one night when a band of sixty or seventy Blackfeet rushed close to camp to stampede the horses. Snow lay six or seven inches deep in the bottoms at this time. Owens and Wilkins fired and killed two men. Ebbert was shot through the foot while

trying to catch the loose horses. The boys called to him to let the horses go, and he did so. They were camped on a small creek. The Indians killed all but two horses. Ebbert's was shot with two arrows, six inches deep. The enemy fired from the hill and a bullet hit poor Woodman in the neck, killing him instantly. Some of the Indians had guns. The men made a breastwork of saddles and other things and put Woodman in the pile. The Indians came so near that their guns crossed ours (Ebbert said) over this rampart. They made a fort of our dead horses, and the fight lasted four or five hours before daylight came. Owens knew their language. Wilkins said he saw the gleam of a powder horn. "Burst it!" said Ebbert. Wilkins fired and a terrible yell went up. Owens said he understood that a great chief was killed, and knew that they would soon draw off; and so they did. They found out afterwards that the Blackfeet lost ten men in this raid. They buried Woodman as well as they could, as it was shallow to water.

AFTER THE BATTLE

The last thing they shot was Ebbert's fine horse. The trappers found another one, badly tangled up, but alive. They got it on its feet and hobbled. It ran up the hill and the Indians after him, but it was saved. They packed their valuable furs on this nag. The brave woman Fannie had done her part well. She had a dress with \$150 worth of beads on it. Mountain men vied in fixing up their wives bravely, and Fannie had the best there was. She walked twenty miles and then had a leg "four sizes too large." It was impossible for her to walk, so she said, for the rest to go

on and she would make her way to Fort Hall or somewhere else in a week or so. Dick Owens owned the horse and said: "Cache the things and put the blankets and the woman on the horse." This was done. Ebbert remembered a cut-off that McKay discovered, though water was scarce on it. All said go ahead! It saved eighty miles. It was a terribly hot day and no water! Burris gave out. Fannie went on a hill and there saw a band of forty or fifty Indians, which inspired Burris and he went on again. They pushed forward to a slimy lake, where antelope and mountain sheep frequented and when they drank the water it made them vomit; it was full of dung and very filthy. They dug a well near the lake and that improved the water a little. They pushed on ten miles farther to a prickly pear region, and as it was night had to stop to avoid stepping on the prickly things. Fannie called them at moonrise. They found water at ten o'clock the next day in a rock-hole and soon after reached Snake River. Burris staid behind, but Fannie carried him back water to drink and he managed to get down to the river.

THEY REACH FORT HALL

Wilkins killed an antelope, and they were in comfort again. They had to cross the river to get to Fort Hall. They saw an Indian among the rocks, and it proved to be a poor Snake siwash, who said in answer to Fannie, who talked the Snake language, that Blackfeet had the previous day killed all his family except a grown girl they carried off. Wilkins killed a fat buffalo cow near here, so they had abundance of good meat. They made a raft of drift logs and crossed the river, and in due time reached the fort, where

news had already been heard of the flight through the Blackfeet. It seems there was a village of this tribe in a mountain valley near there, and a trader from the Hudson's Bay Company was with them. They learned from him that this band of trappers were on the Malad, and made a raid to rob them of horses, furs and goods. This man La Duke was perhaps innocent of intention, and did not think the Blackfeet would attack them, but they did so, as a result of his information, and their village was in mourning many days. This is a sample of the hardships and dangers that beset the trapper's life, and shows how bravely the trappers' Nez Percé wives did their part amid such dangers.

This fight with the Blackfeet was only one of many escapes Ebbert and Wilkins had from great danger. The mountain man carried his life in his hand. Once the Blackfeet and Crees charged in at daylight. Two men had been setting traps after dark and saw signs of them, so they placed a guard, but the Blackfeet rushed in with a terrible yell that stampeded the horses. A fight followed but no one was killed. After the fight was over the Blackfeet wanted the whites to smoke with them, but they would not. The Indians stole a great number of traps and the beaver in them. It is remarkable that the mountain men escaped with so few losses of life. The Indians were not often as well armed, and felt that the whites were the best fighters, so were at a disadvantage. When they took the war-path in great numbers they would attack small parties, but usually lost the day, as the Blackfeet did in the story told above, ten to one. War with the Indians was not more dangerous, sometimes, than the rivalries and contentions between competing fur companies for the trade of the mountain regions.

ACROSS THE PLAINS IN EARLY SPRING

In 1848, Ebbert went East at the request of Governor Abernethy as an escort for Jo Meek, who went as a messenger from Oregon to carry news of the outbreak of the Indians and the massacre of the Whitman family. The escort consisted of a number of men who wished to return to their friends in "the States." The company was composed of Jo Meek, Squire Ebbert, Leabo, Williams, Miller (who went back to Missouri), Nathan Bowman, John Owens, David Young and a character known as "Jack, the Sailor." They got started in March and accompanied the Oregon volunteer troops through the Umatilla country to where Whitman's station used to be. On the way the Oregon volunteers had two battles with the Cayuses and whipped them. At Whitman's they killed a fat cow and jerked the meat and then went over the Blue Mountains. They had an escort of volunteers part of the way. They went to Grande Ronde valley through deep snows. John Owens took the measles on Snake River and had to be carried for a ways, but two days' rest at Fort Hall made him well. Meek had an order on Captain Grant at Fort Hall for provisions, but he was at Salt Lake and Mrs. Grant refused to comply with the order. They only got a few things there and pushed on. At Port Neuf, a few miles beyond Fort Hall, a horse gave out, so they killed it and took the meat along. They tried to kill geese on Bear River and failed. Ebbert thought he saw buffalo tracks and wanted to follow them. Meek said no, but finally they all went. As snow wouldn't bear up animals, they left their mules and went afoot. Across Bear River they found a wagon train that

proved to be Pegleg Smith and two Frenchmen and their half-breed families, with a band of American cattle. They lived in their camp and traded for cattle. They cooked the Oregon men a good meal and made all feel happy. Pegleg Smith traded Meek a fat heifer, which was killed and the meat dried, and they went on their way next day. He was to pay for it when he came back, but back he never came, so a fat heifer was Pegleg Smith's contribution to the patriotic fund.

HARDSHIPS AND DANGER

So they made their way, amid dangers and hardships, through the early spring, sometimes a-hungered and always wearied. Meek had his documents tied around his body, and in crossing Big Muddy, a branch of Bear River, his mule was washed down stream, and he and his personal belongings got wet, so they had to stop and dry them, which was difficult, as there was only brush to burn. They were treated well at Bridger's, who exchanged good mules for their worn-out ones, and gave them such meat as he had, and sugar and coffee. The other side of Laramie they found a single buffalo bull, wandering the frozen plains. They killed it and had meat in abundance. Very soon they found plenty of bison, and killed all they needed.

At Sweetwater they obtained more supplies, and Jack the Sailor left them there. When they reached the Platte forks it snowed and stormed severely. The mules suffered from hunger, and all of them were subject to great hardship. Some of the mules gave out at different times. On the Blue River they met a train of emigrants bound for Ore-

gon. They were suffering severely for want of food, and when the emigrants gave them good food, they were happy. So were the emigrants, who were anxious to hear from Oregon, as many of them had friends there. They gathered round and asked for letters. Word had been sent around Oregon that an express was going "to the States," and many had sent letters by them. The escort had saddle bags full, so they got out their mail bag and called off the letters they found there, furnishing mail for a great many of the emigrants present. When they reached the Kaw agency they expected to be treated at least humanely, but the agent refused them any hospitality whatever, though Meek explained his mission and his purpose. They were turned away hungry. They came at last to St. Jo and went to a good hotel to get meals and lodgings, but the landlord refused them any accommodations. He had more respect for appearances than for purposes. Men of the plains were too hard looking to suit the fastidious tastes of civilized life. Fortunately Miller's father met them here, and soon found for them a hostelry where they were well cared for. They had completed a journey through the half winter months of early spring that entailed great hardship as well as danger.

WITH JO MEEK IN WASHINGTON

A few days before reaching civilization, as they trudged along on empty stomachs and tired as they were hungry, Miller had accosted one of his comrades in jocosely and received a surly rejoinder. "Never mind, Owens," said Miller, "it won't be long before we shall all have apple pie

with loaf sugar all over it." The landlady at St. Jo was amazed at seeing her rudely attired guests pass around her pie and laugh heartily at the sight of it. Miller explained that she had furnished the prophesied pie, crusted with loaf sugar, and her face was wreathed in smiles again.

Ebbert remained two days at St. Jo to fix up a little and then went on to Washington. He stayed there three weeks, and as his means were rather short he called on Benton, who said he was certain to get his money; so he went to the West to visit among his relatives. He was in Iowa all winter and returned to Oregon in the spring. He sold his valuable animals to get money to use; his nephew gave him a good mare and he hired out for \$72 to pilot a train to Oregon.

HOMEWARD BOUND

He had a pleasant trip back, as he ate with the different camps. Some days he had "more curses than a horse could pack." The greatest trouble was with the women, who wanted to stop and wash up regularly, but Ebbert was looking out for good grass and water. The men were angry when they made long marches, but such troubles were transient and generally all were good friends.

From Fort Hall they needed no guide, so he and three others went ahead. On Powder River Indians fairly swarmed. When told that men and troops were coming they felt alarm for the safety of their chiefs, who had gone up the road a day or so before. Fortunately for the safety of the whites the chiefs came into camp while they talked. Ebbert was absent from home from March, 1848, until the fall of the following year. He used up what money he could

command and sold three valuable animals and spent the proceeds. Besides nearly eighteen months of time he was out of pocket fully \$500 actual means expended, and that was far less than the actual expense incurred.

EBBERT AND JO MEEK COMPARED

Ebbert made this journey of hardship from motives of the purest patriotism, and on the direct, personal appeal of Governor Abernethy. Meek was selected to carry back the news of the Cayuse outbreak and the Whitman murders. He knew that Ebbert thoroughly understood the route across the continent, and knew further that Ebbert was as courageous as man could be. He induced Governor Abernethy to write to Squire Ebbert and ask him to make the journey. He came himself to Ebbert's home on the Tualatin, bringing this letter and urging Ebbert to accompany him as escort, pledging himself, unasked, with hand uplifted, swearing by the honor of a mountain man, to Fannie, Ebbert's wife, that one-half of all that ever should come to him for the journey should go to G. W. Ebbert. No doubt Benton and others would have seen to it that his expenses were paid had he remained in Washington, but when he was absent the matter was forgotten by them. Money enough was appropriated by Congress, but because Meek was in some way related by a brother's marriage with the Polk family, he was given \$7250 to squander as he pleased. Squire Ebbert suffered great loss of time and means when he could ill afford it. A thousand dollars would not have compensated him then for the actual expense incurred, but he seems never to have made any claim. Jo Meek, on Tuala-

tin plain, venting his worthless promises "to divide all he should receive with G. W. Ebbert," corresponds but illy with the spendthrift who afterward assured Ebbert at Washington that all the appropriation made was barely sufficient to pay the expenses of Thornton and himself. The two men's lives stand out in relief, the bold and vapid utterances of the one comparing but poorly with the modest courage that knew no fear and the patriotic endeavor that did not wait to count the cost of the other.

JOSEPH MEEK

Jo Meek, so familiarly called, was from Virginia; found his way at an early age to the frontier, and in the spring of 1829, when eighteen years of age, enlisted with William Sublette to go to the Rocky Mountains. There he had as wild and varied experience of hunting, trapping and Indian fighting as often falls to the lot of any mortal. Once his life was saved by a beautiful Shoshone girl, who afterwards became his wife, or was so called until a Bannock arrow ended her life. The picture of this "Mountain Lamb" is a romantic feature of the trapper's life, and gives variety to a rather wild and desperate career. The trips Meek took ranged from trapping among the Blackfeet of Montana to expeditions in the Comanche country, a battle with dead mules for a redoubt, against terrible odds, and a journey to lower California, before Monterey had become United States territory. He had a wide range of travel and experience.

THE GAME IS UP

We will not go over his mountain life, his trapping now for one company and then for another, his spendthrift ways

and his hairbreadth escapes from Crows and Blackfeet, Shoshones and Comanches. At twenty-eight he found himself almost alone in the mountains. He wandered to one and another place where brigades had met and the old fur companies had rendezvoused, and found them deserted. The beaver were gone and so were those that hunted them. He some way got word from "Doc Newell" to meet him at Fort Hall, and went there, glad to know that any human being had need and use for him. He was but twenty-eight, yet was old in experience. He had a Nez Percé wife and a child, and was yet young and vigorous. Newell proposed that they go down to the Willamette and become American settlers, doing their share toward redeeming Oregon from British rule. Meek acquiesced and they fitted up two of Whitman's wagons, left there several years before, bought horses and started for the Columbia River.

BOUND FOR WILLAMETTE ON A NEW DEAL

Meek and Newell had Nez Percé wives, who were sisters, which accounts for their being partners in misfortune, and this journey together to the Willamette. Newell owned the train of two wagons and four animals to each. They were driven by Meek and Nicholas. The way was difficult, but they made progress to the Columbia River with all their personal effects piled on the wagons, and their Indian women and half-breed families on top of all. They reached Dr. Whitman's, and he killed for them the best porker in his pens. Whitman had then been three years among the Cayuses, and the tribe had made progress toward civilized ways. Meek's first child was by a Nez Percé woman, who

left him with a daughter that he named "Helen Mar." He engaged Dr. Whitman to educate this child, and then they proceeded on their way to the Willamette valley. From Waiilatpu they packed their goods, Newell bringing the wagons to Tualatin plains the next year. It is claimed that they were the first vehicles of the kind ever seen and used west of the Cascades.

In the Willamette valley the three mountain men met with Ebbert, Wilkins and Doughty, their old-time companions who had abandoned the mountain life before them. There were six of them, and on Christmas, 1840, they went over to the west side of the Willamette and located claims together in the Tualatin country. Meek could not work, nor did he wish to starve, so he had a hard time of it making a living. Commodore Wilkes and the exploring expedition came in 1841, and Meek was employed as guide and in other various ways, so that he lived through that winter. He was also legally married to the Nez Percé woman, Virginia, who was already mother of two children and lived to bear seven in all. Meek finally overcame his distaste for labor and commenced to make a farm in earnest and raise wheat.

IS LUCKY IN GETTING OFFICE

When the provisional government was organized Meek was given office as sheriff or marshal under it, and did good service by keeping Indians and unruly whites in order. So the years moved on; Meek became well known in the Willamette and was as lucky as usual. When the Whitman massacre occurred he was deputed to carry dispatches to Washington and made the dangerous and fatiguing jour-

ney we have described in the preceding sketch of Squire Ebbert. When he reached "the States" he was a curiosity to the civilized world, where his singular garb and his uncivilized ways unfailingly commanded attention. In the city of Washington he was especially favored because his family was intermarried with that of President Polk, and he had the free-and-easy entrance to the White House as probably no such man ever has had before or since. During several months he played the part of the mountain man to the satisfaction of a host of admiring friends. His natural *bon-homme* served a good purpose to make him passable and attractive. His own account of his eccentricities and popularity has been written up, and no doubt was glossed over by his habitual "freedom of speech." He no doubt bore at heart the cause of Oregon and did what was possible to advance Oregon interests. It is hardly possible that he had the influence to control events that a sedate character would possess, but such as he was no doubt he worked for the best interest of the State. It is possible that he supplemented the more serious efforts of Judge Thornton and did what he could to favor the coming State. His own account of his reception at the White House and treatment by senators and others is strongly flavored by hyperbole, but must be taken *cum grano salis*. He wore at first his buckskin suit and mountain rig, because he had no money to buy others. In this garb he calls at the White House, where he announces himself to Knox Walker, the President's factotum—who was his private secretary and near relative also—and tragically exclaims, "Why, Uncle Jo." He had thenceforth the free run of the Presidential mansion and saw the world for a while through rose-colored glasses. Everywhere

he went he carried Oregon with him. He made the air of Washington redolent of wild mountain tales and stories of bear and Indian combats, so familiarly told that listening youth and enthralled woman worshipped him as a hero. Meek was good looking and conversed with ease and fluency, if not grammatically. His smooth tones interested if they could not convince. He was a remarkable man in sundry respects, and it seemed far from incongruous that the mountains of Oregon should send as their representative so original and unique a character. Meek entered Washington a hero of the Western wilds, and evidently did not stay long enough to exhaust his imagination or dull the brilliance and freshness of his fancy sketches.

As I have already shown, Meek was well paid for his services and failed to reimburse Ebbert according to his solemn assurance. If he had not been especially favored it would have been excusable, but when he received nearly or quite \$8000 from various sources and squandered his means foolishly, if not wickedly, there was no possible excuse for the defalcation. Meek was marshal of the United States for Oregon Territory after his return, and the emoluments of his official life should have put him independent of the world, but he was ever improvident and reckless.

A SUMMING UP OF JO MEEK

His character was formed of frontier material and his personal traits were more remarkable for careless good nature than for earnest work or zealous patriotism. He was a "character" in various senses of the term. His life was fully illustrative of the lucky escapades and reckless indif-

ferences that made the Indians believe he had a charmed life and opened for his coming in civilized life and society the portals of the rich and great as well as the doors of all other classes.

Those were times that called into exercise various qualities from many men. The missions did their part toward laying a groundwork of civilized life, and their schools were greatly beneficial. We may criticise the men who came here to dedicate their lives to Christianizing the savage, and who turned, when the tide of gold seekers came thronging to the West, to claim their share of the profits of the golden epoch, but we cannot deny that the missionary effort, however selfish in a few instances it became, laid the foundation in good part for the progress we have achieved. The reckless mountain man came as the opposite extreme. Every free man from the mountains was a zealous patriot; they furnished the primary element, daring and reckless yet brave and true, that preceded the regular emigrations and stood openly by the flag as missionaries did not dare to do. Meek may have been irresponsible in a measure, but his heart was right in many respects. Besides him there were Newell, and McKay, and Ebbert, and Wilkins, and Gale, and Gay, and Baldra, and Larrison, and Flitt, with many others, trappers all, who became good citizens and formed the bulwark of defence that made wives and children feel safe and sleep well when the Indian war-whoop waked our eastern hills and plains.

CHAPTER XXIX

HALL J. KELLEY

THIS is a tribute from one who, in the course of a long life of literary work and half a century of residence in Oregon, has written, in a desultory way, much of its early history; inspired to do so by association with fur traders, mountaineers, missionaries and pioneers who came at an earlier date than did he. The flavor of that earliest time was yet on the air when he came, and wide association with those who made earliest history—when the morning dew of the early day was yet on the untamed wilds—lent a charm to that epoch that no other can ever know.

In making a résumé of the various characters who left a personal impress on that time, he was strongly impressed with the story of Hall J. Kelley, who was inspired at an early day to have faith in this farthest West and to work earnestly for its settlement.

Hall J. Kelley was a man of education, a graduate of Harvard, a maker of progressive school books, a competent surveyor and interested in the higher branches of mathematics. He had been successful as an educator and possessed some means. As early as 1815, when he was twenty-four years old, he became enthused with the Oregon question, when the only information to be had was the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1806, and the disasters of the Pacific Fur Com-

pany in establishing Astoria in 1812-14. He may have met at Boston men returned from adventurous voyages, trading on the Northwest Coast, and so have gained ideas as to the commercial value of this region and possibilities of the future. He could have had very little general information of the west coast, certainly little specific knowledge as to the vast region that was then practically unknown—save to the Hudson's Bay Company and its representatives. With a wonderful mixture of faith and infatuation he made the settlement and development of this region, and preservation of the Oregon title in the United States, the absorbing object of his entire life.

Let us concede in advance that the man had radical faults of character, that he was conceited as to the value of his labors and to some extent unreasonable in his pretensions, but, when this is all said, he must have been a man of force and definite purpose to expend twenty years of the prime of life in the attempt to preserve the American title to the territory of Oregon at that early day, and to entertain schemes for the settlement and development of that vast region.

From the early date mentioned, he wrote and published facts—as well as his conclusions from them—showing the practical value and ultimate importance of the west coast of America. Especial work must have been done to cause Floyd, of Virginia, to introduce the Oregon question in the House of Representatives in 1820; some one must have studied the question in all its bearings and discussed it publicly, to make it popular at that time. This Hall J. Kelley did. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific, speaks slightly of the Yankee schoolmaster; while he concedes that

Kelley brought unselfish zeal and earnest Christian charity to his work, yet in beginning a lengthy notice he introduces him thus: "The Boston schoolmaster is a character the historian is not particularly proud of. He is neither a great hero nor a great rascal. He is great at nothing and is remarkable rather for his want of strength and in staggering for fifty years for an idea too big for him." Not stopping to criticise this, as an example of written history, I invoke sympathy for a man whose life was wrecked because he placed his faith and built hopes on this region when it was new to the world.

Kelley believed the fur trade would be of immense value; that fisheries on the whole coast could be made profitable; that the Asiatic trade could be controlled from here; that it devolved on the churches of the East to Christianize the Indians of the vast West.

Whatever were the sources of Kelley's facts they were wonderfully correct. His critics concede that he was a terse and vigorous writer who did much to make Oregon known; that his ideas were broad and for the nation's best interests. He believed profit would repay enterprise and made the religious feature prominent. He was both an enthusiast and zealot, and—to his misfortune—was not a clear-sighted business man.

In 1827 he incorporated a society and issued a circular "To all persons who wish to migrate to Oregon Territory," wherein he gave a general description of the country and necessary conditions for becoming an emigrant. This emigration was to take place in 1832; the scheme was comprehensive: to secure people of excellent character to fill all conditions of society, to be energized and vitalized by the

mild and vital principles of the American republic and sacred ordinances of the Christian religion.

It was a great scheme, but he claimed that success was defeated by the interested fur companies, who desired only the life of the wilderness and existing savage conditions. Kelley planned a virgin State that was to achieve perfection. When this enterprise failed—after several hundred proposed emigrants had been enlisted—he determined to make a journey to the promised land to judge for himself and lay foundation for further effort.

He had sent his publications far and wide, especially to government leaders and persons of prominence. He had memorialized Congress for support to aid the undertaking, but the terms of joint occupancy by Great Britain and the United States were such that he only received assurance that any settlement he should make would be protected. In '29 he asked for a grant of twenty-five miles square, in the Columbia valley, to be colonized; but as we had no definite title no such grant could be made.

Believing that the Hudson's Bay Company had opposed his plans, he violently assailed them through the press and urged Congress to assert American rights. From 1830 he spent every winter in Washington, urging action and trying to influence legislation. In the spring of 1833 he determined to see Oregon for himself. Fearing that if he went overland his notoriety might cause trouble from those he had so bitterly reproached, he secured a passport through Mexico, so shipped his stuff to New Orleans, where he went with a small party, who all forsook him there; thence to Vera Cruz, thinking to take his goods through Mexico, thence to Oregon. His goods were seized for customs dues

and confiscated, causing great loss. He spent several months in Mexico, trying to interest teachers in his improved methods. He must have gone from Mexico, by some Western seaport, to California by ship, as he was there early in 1834, trying to secure contracts from Governor Fuguera. He made some surveys for individuals and maps of that region, all of which shows that the Yankee schoolmaster kept matters moving and was no laggard in work or enterprise.

In the summer of 1834 Kelley met in California with Ewing Young, who became a leading character in early Oregon time. Young had been a cabinet maker in Tennessee, then a trader to Santa Fé, and finally went to California. Enthused by Kelley's account of Oregon, he and others, making ten in all, started North. Young had seventy-seven horses and mules to drive, commencement for a stock ranch in Oregon. The others had twenty-one more, making ninety-eight in all. As they were leaving they were joined by nine disreputable ones who did not go through, but turned off at the northern border with fifty-six animals they had picked up without taking a receipted bill for purchase. Governor Fuguera, learning that stolen stock had been driven north in this company, sent word by vessel trading to the Columbia, to Governor McLoughlin that Young and Kelley were the thieves. Kelley was ill with mountain fever as they entered Southern Oregon, but was taken care of by a party of Hudson's Bay Company's trappers, fortunately met, under La Framboise, for 300 miles of travel, carrying him on men's shoulders at times, who landed him and his at Vancouver. That was his reception by the monopoly he had so bitterly and so long denounced.

Governor McLoughlin could not receive a proclaimed horse thief into the gentlemen's mess, but kindly provided Kelley with a house to live in, provisions to eat and persons to serve him; he had little cause for complaint, but his pride was humbled when gentlemen refused to associate with him.

It was due to Kelley's work and writings that Nathaniel J. Wyeth became impressed with Oregon and came to the Columbia in 1834, on a trading voyage that proved a failure. While the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company treated him like a brother and entertained him bountifully, the moment he attempted to trade with the natives, they undersold him at ruinous loss, so that in despair he sold out to them and left Oregon—"a sadder and a wiser man." But at the time referred to Wyeth was being pleasantly entertained at Vancouver, and Kelley thought he should endeavor, by vouching for his standing, to relieve his dilemma. But Wyeth ignored him—Kelley thought—because he was "down on his luck."

His word and his writings had also inspired Jason Lee, the Methodist Mission leader. He was occasionally at Vancouver, but Lee was at that time greatly dependent on McLoughlin and—"alas for the rarity of Christian charity"—could not afford to indorse one who was under a cloud. These things embittered Kelley's soul and made life hateful; but he managed to do some surveying on the Columbia and to acquire much valuable information concerning Puget Sound that was published after his return.

We have seen Kelley as gentleman and scholar, who influenced a wide circle and instructed the National Congress. His ambition had been to reach Oregon, which he at last did, penniless, sick, worn, ragged, and, worst of all, branded

as a thief and proscribed. This was indeed a sorry plight. He had denounced McLoughlin's company and himself as tyrants and infamous. But John McLoughlin remains in Oregon history the most noble, manly and humane of Christian gentlemen. He could not receive Kelley at his own table, but he housed and fed him and furnished servants to wait on him. In the ensuing spring, when a vessel was going to the Sandwich Islands, McLoughlin gave him free passage and handed him his check on London for £7, or \$35, to ease the situation. The act was like Dr. John McLoughlin, the "Czar of the West," the despot who ruled from the Pacific Ocean to the summit of the Rockies. Kelley wrote: "This was very kind! and I feel thankful for it."

Life could hardly offer any man greater disappointment than had befallen Hall J. Kelley. It was pitiful to have ventured so much to lose it all. For all he lost and went through of danger, sickness, and the crowning obloquy that met him at Vancouver's gate, it seems as if we can forgive much, especially if, to one who suffers much, much should be forgiven.

Kelley reached home by a whaler in 1836. He had some property remaining which he invested and lost in a cotton mill. It is claimed that these losses unsettled his mind, as he could think of nothing but his misfortunes. His *bête noire* was still the great Oregon monopoly, for he believed that its emissaries followed all his life. Abandoning his family, he lived on a small piece of land, from which no entreaty could draw him. He died at eighty-three years of age, in 1874. His life had great and noble aspirations, not for personal profit so much as to advance the world and benefit humanity.

We envy none who can look on the story of Hall J. Kelley with contempt. No doubt Wyeth did receive from him the impulse that sent him to Oregon; Jason and Daniel Lee were inspired by him to undertake the Oregon mission; he certainly induced Ewing Young and others to come from California in 1834. These were germs that made the tree, for the Lees laid foundation for churches, schools, homes and settlement in the Willamette valley. Young was the means of bringing the first settlers to locate in that valley; also in 1836 organized the Cattle Company that brought cattle to graze on the rare pasturage of Western Oregon. Continually, as I study the features of that early time, I trace the primal influences to Hall J. Kelley as having given them birth. Oregon can afford to kindly remember him for the good he tried to do—and really accomplished as results have shown. He alone was stirring the cauldron of Fate, and did and said what had momentous results. It is more kindly to place a stone upon his cairn than to throw any slur on one who suffered and lost so much.

Hall J. Kelley had wonderful prescience and judgment in discerning facts and drawing conclusions. He lived to see his hopes realized by others, and in his old age watched from afar the growth of the State and development of the region that he had studied so long and had learned so well. He continued writing of Oregon for over thirty years after returning in 1836. Judge Thornton had letters from him between 1869 and 1871; as late as 1868 he published a "History of the Settlement of Oregon," with an account of the forty years he claimed to have suffered persecution, for his failures and woes caused this monomania. He commenced work in 1815, and gave himself up to it in 1824;

continued to write for over half a century, furnished facts to Webster; to Oregon's fast friend, Senator Linn, of Missouri; championed the Oregon cause in 1842 with more facts than could be derived from all other sources, all derived from his own writings. The fight for Oregon was for long made on facts he furnished. This visionary, whose life was a disappointment, because he attempted too much, laid foundation for all that was finally accomplished. It was surprising that he accomplished so much and was so reliable. He named the Cascades the "Presidents' Range," giving names of early Presidents to the snowy peaks. Of these, two retain the names he gave—Adams, on the north of the Columbia, and Jefferson, one hundred miles south. He accurately described the Lower Columbia and Puget Sound regions. His life was only failure so far as his own interests were concerned.

Kelley's work was far reaching. His life work was as the finger of fate pointing the way, and his labors reached fruition while he was neglected and his services forgotten. It will be some compensation to his memory if the Muse of History can shed lustre for the memory of one whose deserts have counted for so little. A want of balance can wreck the hopes of a life, or seal the fate of the proudest ship that sails the sea.

I have been struck with the fact that Kelley was the special providence, inspired at the earliest time to appreciate the value of this region, when Congress ignored it and the nation was ignorant of its value. Eliminate from that period this single feature and it is doubtful when American occupancy could have been effective. The very man who discovered gold in California was one who came from Ore-

gon, drawn there by the facts stated. Before the century shall have passed, through which he so ardently labored and so bitterly suffered, it will not be too late to accord to him the merit he deserves and plant this modest laurel on his forgotten grave.

CHAPTER XXX

NATHANIEL J. WYETH

IN 1830 there was much excitement in the Eastern States—especially on the border—as to the Oregon question. The fate of the Astor enterprise and the publication of various reports, such as of that unfortunate expedition and the journal of the Lewis and Clark expedition—especially the latter—created much interest in the question as to whether Oregon should be left to British rule, as result of the joint occupancy that was agreed on, or could be made territory of the United States by actual settlement. At this time Nathaniel J. Wyeth was twenty-eight years old, had a young family and possessed actual means to be moderately independent. The question pending was: “Is Oregon worth possessing?” a question that involved the northwest of the Pacific from the 42° north latitude to the 49°, that to-day includes all of Idaho, Oregon and Washington and much of Montana lying west of the Rocky Mountains, between the degrees of latitude named.

Floyd, of Virginia, and Benton, of Missouri, were warm friends of Oregon. In December, 1820, Mr. Floyd introduced in the House a resolution for a committee to inquire into the expediency of occupying the Columbia River and territory adjacent. Nothing came of it, save discussion, for and against; some opposing because they did not seem to think the game was worth the candle. In February, 1823, Mr. Benton brought the matter up in the Senate.

His aim was to prevent the west coast falling into the hands of the British. Thus the question was kept alive and an impression made generally, but on Wyeth particularly, so that on March 11, 1832, he left Boston with a company of twenty-one men, fully equipped for the trip. They went by sea to Baltimore, by land to Pittsburg, and then by steamboat to Independence, at that time the last settlement on the Missouri River. Late in May they started to cross the plains. July 8th they reached Pierre's Hole, on the Sweetwater, close to the Rocky Mountains, where they were attacked by Blackfeet and over twenty of the Blackfeet and thirty-two horses were left dead; three whites were killed and eight wounded, and ten Flathead and Nez Percé Indians, who lived over the range to the west and were then with them—hereditary foes to the Blackfeet—were also killed. So many of his company had become discouraged and had left him at different times, that he now had only eleven men remaining. With some of the friendly Nez Percés they then crossed the Rocky Mountains to the Flathead and Nez Percé country, came to Fort Walla Walla, descended the Columbia in canoes to Vancouver, where they were well received by the people of the Hudson's Bay Company, who entertained them in the most kindly manner.

Wyeth had exhausted all his means and reached Vancouver poor in flesh, poor in spirit, and impoverished in purse. All he had to depend on was the coming of the Sultana with the goods consigned to him, and as weeks and months passed and no ship came, he remained the guest of McLoughlin and dependent on his generosity. Bancroft says this, but I prefer to believe that Wyeth had means remaining in New England, and while he lost all he took with

him for trade was not beggared when at Vancouver. McLoughlin found work for his companions, and treated all who were willing to work as he did his British employés. Two who were with Wyeth taught a school at Vancouver after he left.

In Boston Wyeth had obtained consignments of goods from merchants engaged in trade with the Northwest Coast, the Islands and China, and they were to send these on the ship *Sultana* for him to sell on the *Columbia*. The *Sultana* sailed early in 1832, but never reached Oregon. He waited there for news of her coming, but no vessel came and no word was received. After awhile he became discouraged as to this ship appearing. On his return to the East, he learned that the vessel was lost on a reef near the Sandwich Islands. Had this ship met his expectations the experiment for trade would have been made earlier, but as it did not arrive he determined to return East and make another venture.

By the 15th of November, 1832, Wyeth had no men left and was thrown on his own resources. He made a tour of observation up the Willamette valley and saw a country the most beautiful imaginable; he offered to accompany one of the expeditions leaving Vancouver, but Governor McLoughlin declined. So long as hospitality was involved, he was made welcome, but when it came to business matters, he was not encouraged in the least. February 3, 1833, he hired two men to go with him and started to retrace his steps across the continent. May 1 he was among Nez Percés and Flatheads, related tribes, who lived on the farthest waters of the *Columbia* and were very kindly. As he said in his journal: "Every morning some important Indian addresses either heaven or his countrymen, exhorting them to good

conduct to each other and to the strangers among them. On Sunday there is more prayer, no trading or games, and they seldom fish, kill game or raise camps. Theft is almost unknown and punished by flogging. The least thing, even to a bead or pin, is brought you if found." He compares them favorably to average whites, and adds: "They have a mild, playful, laughing disposition and their qualities are strongly portrayed in their countenances." Though poor, they do not beg; they were very brave and fought the Blackfeet, the very worst desperadoes among the mountain tribes. "The women are closely covered and chaste and the young women are good looking." He was then among the very best and noblest of the Indian race in all the far West, and it is pleasant to record the virtues that Wyeth, as well as Lewis, Clark and Bonneville, credit to them.

May 5th some prophet was in camp getting up a new scheme of religion. Like others who are sensational on religious schemes, he worked with women, children and fools, and reminded of the new lights who illuminate New England. June 10th an Indian was mortally wounded by a buffalo. Very composedly he made his will by word of mouth, and those around him responded at close of each sentence. He was not the least intimidated at the approach of death. Wyeth had various experiences with Blackfeet, grizzly bears and buffalo, and reaching the Big Horn River August 12th, went hunting to get buffalo hides to make a boat, which was done by mountain men in his company. August 15th, six of them started down in that slight craft from near the very point where Custer made his last fatal fight in 1876. They went in this down the Big Horn, the Yellowstone, and the Missouri, past many dangers, often

floating on in the night to hear the elk neigh, the buffalo low or bellow, the great owls hoot and the small ones screech, while occasionally the splash of a beaver was heard as it plunged into the water, a picture of wild life and solitude that cannot now be found, for the elk, buffalo, beaver, no longer haunt the scenes they knew so well in 1833.

When they had gone hungry for a day and a half they killed an elk. November 8, 1833, he was back in Massachusetts after nineteen months' absence. He was a plucky man and had lost his all in this venture, but he had seen the paradise of the Willamette and knew how to value the possibilities of the grand region that was then savage and unpeopled and now has a million population. In twelve days he organized a company and chartered a ship, and November 20th commenced to load it with goods for the Indian trade, to sail round Cape Horn for the Columbia River. He showed the solid men of Boston that the immense salmon supply of the Columbia offered a source of wealth sufficient in itself to enrich them, and so indeed it seemed.

The Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company was organized in the best way and all Wyeth's plans were well laid; they seemed to promise success, if ever human plans could. By the middle of March, 1834, he was ready to start from Independence, Mo., with a company of fifty, well organized. In his company were two scientists—Nuttall, a botanist, and John K. Townsend, the naturalist, who afterwards published the narrative of their expedition. Also, there were the members of the first Methodist Mission, Jason Lee and his nephew, Daniel Lee, and three lay members—Cyrus Shepherd, C. M. Walker and P. L. Edwards. The experience of the two previous years had educated

Wyeth for such work and he proved to be a competent leader. All had confidence in him and he knew how to manage them. In his first expedition he became acquainted with Milton Sublette, one of the best of all the mountain men, and he with twenty experienced men were also in company.

On the 28th of April the journey commenced with 70 men and 250 horses in company. The missionaries had some cattle they drove. They crossed the Rocky Mountains with no great danger, but Milton Sublette had to turn back from the effect of a diseased limb, that soon caused his death. Reaching the famous rendezvous on Green River, in Utah, the missionaries and newcomers to the plains had the wild excitement of the occasion when all classes of mountain men and fur traders met painted Indians from everywhere, and saw all the features of such life with the fierceness that alcohol lends to a grand debauch. Wyeth soon left the scene of painted orgies and frantic trading and pushed on down Snake River. They stopped a while to build the trading post long known as Fort Hall, for he saw wisely the need of some post for trade in this wide region and selected this as the most suitable—as it proved to be.

At Fort Hall they met Thomas McKay and his band of hunters and trappers. Jason Lee preached to them acceptably, for he was a man all liked and respected. Half of McKay's men were Indians and were far more devout than the average white men, as they spent one to two hours a day at their devotions, that were conducted very seriously, but after a fashion all their own. Then the mission party went on with their cattle to make easy stages. On the 3d of August the fort was completed and the American flag was flying over it. Leaving a few in charge, Wyeth pushed

on with thirty men; they were now in the Blackfoot Country and the region was treeless, no water, little grass—and the sun poured down with intense heat. They suffered much, but reached the Boisé where pasture was good for their animals and the river full of salmon for themselves. They reached the Walla Walla valley and found the missionaries and their cattle already there.

They went boating down the Columbia to The Dalles, made the portage there, and took canoes for the lower river. At the Cascades their canoes were smashed and they escaped the rapids with the risk of their lives, but they all got safely to Vancouver and were made welcome. Jason Lee found a good place for his mission in the Willamette valley; Captain Wyeth located his trading post, Fort Williams, on Sauvie's Island, only a few miles away. The vessel *May Dacre*, that brought the mission stores as well as the goods for the trading company, was fortunate in arriving in the river just as they were ready to receive her. Matters seemed favorable for Wyeth, but he had a difficult business in hand and was obliged to recognize that while the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company were as kind as possible, in a friendly way, and could exercise a hospitality that was courteous and generous in recognition of all kindly qualities, yet, when it came to business they were implacable in maintaining the interests and rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, their employer.

Viewed on its merits, this question presents very interesting features. The great corporation had the practical control of an imperial region; had established trade there, at great expense and by the exercise of the best business qualities, so commanded the respect and confidence of a hun-

dred different Indian tribes. It was their policy to preserve peace with these tribes. They could brook no interference in their trade, nor afford to permit any invasion by responsible or irresponsible traders who could demoralize the natives, teach them vice and drunkenness, and disturb relations they had so carefully created. Any reasonable man must see that whatever company had secured such conditions could not permit them to be violated or disturbed.

Corporations have no souls, but their agents and managers may individually be the most genial of men and generous as well. This Wyeth discovered, and while he knew that the genuine characteristics of true manhood he possessed were fully appreciated and valued, and won for his personality as a man every consideration he could ask or expect from the gentlemen at Vancouver, this was only between man and man, while as manager of a trading company, that was aiming to subvert its interests and divide the trade of the region, Dr. McLoughlin would stop at no loss or efforts in business to starve the opposing company and drive it out of Oregon. Wyeth was man enough to see this in a business light and understood that he had no business interests but the Hudson's Bay Company would destroy by underselling, or in any honorable way in its power prevent. It was simply self-preservation and an immutable law of trade.

On this second expedition, in the month of December, Wyeth with four men went up the Deschutttes River, the first stream from the south to the east of the Cascades, and pushed on through winter snow and ice to penetrate to the then unknown region of Middle Oregon. By December 25th, they were in such straits that they killed a horse for

food. January 2, 1835, they made snowshoes and tried to walk on them and could not. January 5th, they killed two fat swans and had something to eat. Then they abandoned horses and most of their outfit to try to get out of this desert. One of the men had his feet frozen; killed a deer and were happy; January 25th, they heard a gun, and a Snake Indian came, led them to his camp and brought them a lean dog to eat for supper. February 3d, they came to a hot spring, the same that gives name to the Warm Spring Reservation. Twenty-six years later the writer bathed where Wyeth did in this spring and walked the same trail to Dalles City, on snowshoes. This record shows Wyeth's pluck and what he endured.

Wyeth was finally obliged to sell out his two posts to the Hudson's Bay Company, for they had built Fort Boisé, near by to Fort Hall, and spared no effort to ruin his trade. For two years there was a dearth of salmon where it had been before so plentiful, so that venture also failed and he had only a half a cargo to send back.

Bancroft says he returned to Boston in 1836 and from there made an offer to London to sell his forts on Sauvie's Island and on Snake River; was referred to Vancouver; came across again in 1837 and made the sale to Dr. McLoughlin; this time the Hudson's Bay Company sent him to Honolulu by one of their vessels and he went from there back by ocean route. Wyeth was a good man and full of enterprise. His failure was simply due to the fact that no small company could contend against the Hudson's Bay Company. It is pleasant to know that his enterprise was better rewarded and that he later made a fortune shipping ice to India.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE MACEDONIAN CRY—THE MISSIONARY MOVEMENT

IN the year 1832 there appeared at St. Louis three or four chiefs from the Indians of the Upper Columbia, who said they brought from their people a request that the Father of the white people would send them teachers to instruct them in the true religion and the white man's God. They had heard of the Christian religion and were anxious to be able to worship the true God.

This appeal went through the length and breadth of the land and struck the highest, truest chord of Christian sentiment. There was something in this appearance on the busy stage of life of these young Flathead chiefs so dramatic and pathetic as to rouse the religious sentiment of the nation. It is not easy to imagine anything of merely natural origin that could be more effective for human sympathy than the coming of these young warriors from farthest West, who had traversed a thousand miles of wilderness, scaled rugged mountains, crossed weary and often desert plains, often among savage tribes that might be hostile, to make their appeal to religious sentiment. It was more forcible than that appeal in early apostolic time: "Come over into Macedonia and help us," for the Macedonians were Greeks, while the Flathead messengers were clad in skins, armed with bows, and spoke only the barbarous tongue of the most distant tribes. That such an appeal should come so far and be so earnest, was an act in the world's wide drama that—incon-

sequent as it might appear—roused the Christian sentiment of America as of old the tales of the crusades roused the zealots of Europe. Differing in all essentials, causing missions of peace instead of warriors in mailed panoply, but still another feature of the ever-varying tales of the crusades.

It must always be a striking feature of that time, that historians will meet and discuss, as to what truth there was in this romance of that past, and to do justice to it. Certain facts are beyond question, and we will trace the story to its source.

In a letter written October 20, 1839, by the Bishop of St. Louis to the Father General of the Society of Jesus, at Rome, he asserts that as early as 1812 Iroquois Indians, from Canada, settled among the Flatheads, married there and were incorporated with that nation. They were Catholics, and taught that religion to their families and others. About 1830 some Flatheads came to St. Louis to see if this religion was as represented, and if the white man adopted and practised it. They sickened and died there; but were baptized and died in the faith.

About 1832 another Iroquois was sent East by the Flatheads, with two of his children, who were instructed and baptized; he asked for missionaries to be sent to teach them, and started back hoping they would come; but he was killed by the Sioux when returning.

Still a third delegation arrived in St. Louis in 1839, composed of two Christian Iroquois; they talked French and were very devout. A priest was to go to them in the spring. Of the original twenty-four Iroquois only four then remained alive.

Rosti—the Jesuit—had another version of the Flathead messengers who went to St. Louis in the early '30's. In 1816 there were religiously educated Iroquois among the Flatheads, who converted the tribe to have respect for the Christian religion. Later a delegation went to St. Louis to learn if the white man really believed as the Iroquois had told them. They died there, converts to the faith; then, in 1832, one of the Christian Iroquois, with two children, visited St. Louis to ask for missionaries to instruct their people. On the way back he was killed by the Sioux. In 1839 came another delegation, in answer to which Peter John DeSmet—the Jesuit—went to them and converted and baptized six hundred of them in two months' time.

That these Indians were actually in St. Louis seems to be well proved, the general date agreed on being 1832, though some authority says 1830 or 1831. As to the number who reached their destination there is a difference, as well as to the number who started. It was generally asserted that they were from the Flatheads, though some said they were Nez Percés, or Spokanes. As our object is to tell the story and not be wearisome, we will proceed on the supposition that in 1832 four young Indians, who claimed to be of the Flathead nation, appeared at St. Louis and asked for Mr. Clark, who was stationed there at that time as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. It was consistent that they should seek him on account of his official relations, also because that more than quarter of a century before he had led the first expedition that crossed the Rocky Mountains for this Government, and was the first white man who visited their people to tell them of the Christian religion.

I have shown that the Indians west of the Rockies had

their great annual gatherings, or fairs, for trade and consideration of important questions, where they held a sort of aboriginal parliament that regulated matters between affiliated tribes. The Flatheads were a widespread family that included the Nez Percés as well as Spokanes; they met in the beautiful Bitter Root Valley, shrouded in among the lofty ranges and close to the great divide. At such a meeting held in 1831, it was agreed that a delegation should go East to secure priests or teachers to instruct them more fully as to religious matters, which accounts in a regular way for the appearance of the delegation at St. Louis in 1832. These gatherings were held in the autumn, so the Eastern journey would be made the next spring. This comes in such shape that we can afford to ignore the version told of four wandering Indians who came to St. Louis, with Sublette, from the Rocky Mountains to the Indian agency of Major Pilker. Sublette, refusing to take them farther without a passport from the agent, it was said that Pileher furnished them the plausible plea that they were in search of religious teachers.

The Flatheads had already received religious instruction from educated Iroquois who went from Canada in employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Pambrun—an agent of that company—was a Catholic, and did what he could to instruct the Indians when he was stationed at Walla Walla; others of the agents did something of the kind. Lewis and Clark's expedition gave them some idea of Christianity in 1806, and though Governor McLoughlin always reproached himself that his company and British missions neglected the evangelizing of the natives, it seems that they had a general idea of religious duty as taught in Christian

churches, and as early as 1820 the Nez Percés, as result of transient teachings, were partly Christianized. Catholic authority asserts that a delegation of five chiefs was sent to St. Louis in 1831, but none reached there; that others came the next year, but the Bishop of St. Louis had no priests to spare.

John W. York, a Methodist minister at Corvallis, in 1876, wrote Judge Thornton—as he tells in his history—that five of these messengers arrived at St. Louis on the 17th of September, 1830, and he was a well-known Methodist minister there at the time; that General William Clark—Superintendent of Indian Affairs and explorer of 1806—sent for him and two others of his brothers in the ministry—Revs. Alliston and Edmundson—and in an interview explained the coming of this Indian delegation. They were asked as to the probability of the Methodist conference furnishing missionaries. Clark was a Catholic, but was so broad-minded as to appreciate that in all new countries the itinerant Methodists were indefatigable laborers and capable of great self-sacrifice. While the Catholic priest could teach the mysteries of religion, he said the Methodist would teach practical piety and also instruct them in husbandry; he thought the two united would produce the best effect.

A very liberal conclusion, but a painful forgetting of the law of nature, that oil and water never unite without a shaking up that produces an unnatural emulsion. They went from this conference to that of their church—that was in session—and repeated their interview. It was considered with closed doors; the General's proposition was accepted, and a resolution passed to—if possible—send a mission to

Oregon. Mr. York's story seems plausible and reasonable; it is probable that information from the Missouri conference gave force to the action of the General Conference that finally sent the mission; the Missionary Board was impertuned to send a mission to the Flatheads and a call was issued that went far and wide.

We cannot easily imagine any incident that could occur at that time to create sympathy and enlist popular interest among the churches more than would such a summons from the unknown West, a region supposed to be barbarous and savage to the last degree. It came to Hall J. Kelley as heaven-sent to further his own views and give him more force to work for Oregon. He was always a zealot as well as enthusiast; his recent effort to colonize Oregon had failed, but this call inspired him to renewed action. It seemed a direct message from heaven and he made it the keynote for a bugle call that rang through the North. As a writer he was forcible and made eloquent use of this divine providence. His writings inspired Jason Lee, and Daniel Lee—his nephew—to volunteer in this cause. In his "Oregon and California," J. Q. Thornton asserts that as early as 1831 Kelley's appeal and labors induced the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions to arrange for a mission to Oregon Indians, and two—Spaulding and Wilson—were outfitted for the purpose, but the expedition they were to accompany breaking up, they were sent to Liberia.

The Presbyterians were not far behind the Methodists in responding to this call. It is easy to picture the force of the plea as it echoed and reverberated among the churches of the land, making people read and reread the story of Lewis and Clark, of the Astor expedition—all that could

be learned of that farthest West—all that Hall J. Kelley had written—until far and wide the interest spread.

The Dutch Reformed Church of Ithaca, N. Y., resolved to support a mission under the auspices of the American Board. The Rev. Samuel Parker, with two associates, was appointed to cross the continent and explore for a mission site in Oregon—which then meant all the Columbian region. They reached St. Louis too late for the annual caravan, so Mr. Parker returned, but repeated the effort in 1835, making the journey a success.

After the Canadians—who had been in employ of the Hudson's Bay Company—had settled French Prairie, they saw the need of religious and educational teaching and wrote to their bishop—as has been narrated. The arrival of the Methodist mission and its settlement on French Prairie in 1835, made them more anxious, so they made a second appeal; but a letter of regret came to McLoughlin that no priests could then be spared—which had been the excuse in 1832, for the Catholic Church never responded to the call of the Flathead messengers, addressed especially to them. In 1836 the Hudson's Bay Company granted passage for two priests from Montreal by its annual express—on condition that they should be stationed in Cowlitz Valley, for they thought the British title uncertain south of the Columbia, but safe to the north of that river. On this being accepted Father Blanchet came in charge of the mission, with Rev. Demers assistant.

Thus we see the missionary era begin as commencement of events that were, in time, to result in the settlement of Oregon. While Governor McLoughlin was a Catholic communicant, he sympathized with all religious effort, kindly

welcomed and entertained missionaries of all denominations who were capable of the self-sacrifice to surrender their claims on civilization in obedience to the divine command to go and preach the Gospel of Peace to all nations. He keenly felt that he had neglected the spiritual welfare of the natives and that the Hudson's Bay Company and Church should have seen the work carried on.

McLoughlin was truly catholic in the broadest sense of that word; many of his chief assistants—who were members of the Roman Catholic Church—were equally kind to the missions as they came, and no narrow sectarian bigotry was allowed to the detriment of teachers of the Gospel of Christ. It would have been well if the same catholic spirit had existed between the rival churches that was displayed by the so-called "Czar of the West," and the great monopoly whose destinies he wielded. Through all the ages of the Christian era denominational strife and the bitterness of creeds have made heaven to grieve and the world to mourn. Dogma has too often overwhelmed belief, and the meekness of the Christ and His disciples has been ignored by ambitious priests and princes, who made religion a pretence for satisfying the lust of the flesh and the pride of life by possession of power.

CHAPTER XXXII

EWING YOUNG

ONE of the interesting characters of early Oregon was Ewing Young, who came from California in 1834, one of the first to make the overland journey through the western valleys of the Pacific. In California he met Hall J. Kelley and was influenced to accompany him to Oregon. Ewing Young had been on a trapping expedition to the Oregon line already, and concluded to drive his band of seventy mares and horses to Oregon to make his home there.

I have heard the story of Young's early life, as told by Hugh Harrison, an early comer, who knew him when they both were in the Santa Fé trade. Young was from Knox County, Tennessee, and learned the trade of cabinet making there, but not content with so plodding a life was trading to Santa Fé, New Mexico, as early as 1820, from St. Louis. What kind of a man Young was can be inferred from a story Harrison told: Mexican authorities placed American traders under unfair disabilities that would cause loss and disadvantage to many of them. Ewing Young resented this treatment, and had so little respect for Mexican sovereignty that he organized a company of fifty determined men who, under his lead, took possession of Santa Fé, the capitol, and gave the *hidalgo*, who levied the tax, time and opportunity to reconsider his action. It was not an inconsiderable event, that this Tennessee cabinet maker in his younger

days captured the city of Santa Fé and brought the powers there to terms. It was high-handed justice, but effective.

Trading to Santa Fé was not a success as a financial enterprise, so Young organized a company for trapping, hunting, and trading farther West, through Arizona and into California, all of which at that time was subject to Mexico. Their headquarters were at Taos, and they tarried there long enough to permit him to wed a Mexican woman and have a son born, who in due time proved his legitimacy and inherited the estate that in 1841, at Young's death, had escheated to the territorial treasury. But the senora's charms were not conclusive, and he was hunting, trapping and trading, all the way from New Mexico to the southern line of Oregon until 1834, when the ill-fated Hall J. Kelley met him in California and persuaded him to emigrate to Oregon. In a note, Bancroft refers to a report that Young had trouble in California with the authorities there, and was loser in some way of a large sum, \$18,000 or \$20,000 worth of furs, but he started for Oregon at the solicitation of Hall J. Kelley with seventy-seven horses and mules; and Kelley and five others had twenty-one animals. They were later joined by nine men, they styled "marauders," who had fifty-six head; those were no doubt the horse thieves the governor of California intended to warn McLoughlin against; they took the trails east and did not enter Oregon.

Mrs. Victor tells it that Young had been robbed of \$20,000 worth of valuable furs, and when he made complaint to the Mexican Government, a counter-charge was brought against Young of horse stealing, which led to confiscation of his property; then Fuguera thought proper to warn the chief of the Hudson's Bay Company against Americans who

were horse thieves. He may have been honest in charging this, as it is possible he supposed the charge against them was valid. It was only reasonable that Dr. McLoughlin should receive this information as satisfactory proof until it could be disproved.

My own notes of pioneer days say that Young had considerable of a trading outfit with him, which was probable, as he had been engaged in trading, and seems to have bought beaver skins, whenever he could do so, on the way. The story told of Hall J. Kelley's coming from California has all that is important as to Ewing Young's journey. One of his company was Webly Hawkshurst, who lived in early days near Salem, and was a very devout Methodist, converted in 1837, the first-fruits of the mission among the white settlers. Hawkshurst told J. L. Parrish, of the mission, an incident of that time that I will give as Mr. Parrish gave it to me in comparatively early days. In 1834 the Young and Hall expedition reached Rogue River in very bad condition. The nine "marauders" seem not to have followed them into Oregon. They found the Rogue River Indians friendly and had no trouble, but being many of them down with chills and fever, they remained on an island in the river to rest and recruit until the sick ones could better travel. On this island they thought their horses would not stray and Indians could not steal anything. As they were thus camped they were visited by two friendly Indians, who remained quite a time. They said their people were in the hills near by; they themselves had started on a hunt to secure meat for camp. Ewing Young, or some one of the company, became alarmed, and one by one the men were consulted as to the situation. They were in bad shape, all

feeble and many quite ill; the dastardly suggestion was made that if these two young men went back, told of their sickness and weakness and explained that they had horses and many things of priceless value to their people, the inevitable result would be that the tribe would come and kill them all; therefore, self-preservation required that they kill these visitors, hide their remains, and push on out of their country as far as they could get away.

This dastardly advice was agreed on; the two young hunters were killed, their remains covered with rocks and brush, and then, as soon as they could get away, they pursued their way northward to the Umpqua. Sick as they were, they stood not on the order of their going, but went at once out of that beautiful but ill-fated region. This story is not told in any of the accounts given of that journey, for no one was proud of it. Years after, when Hawkshurst became religiously inclined, the burden of his part in this first of all the fearful tragedies that were enacted on that ill-starred river, weighed so on his mind that he unburdened his troubled conscience to one of the church people, and Rev. J. L. Parrish told it to me as it is narrated. When time went by and these young hunters did not return, their people took their trail to follow, and not far found their remains covered as above said. It was easy to see the tracks of these strangers and their animals, but they had passed beyond the territory of the tribe and pursuit was useless. They were not known to be of the regular force of the Hudson's Bay Company, that then were the only traders of that region, and these savages, who would have been friendly and kindly had they been so treated, thenceforth considered it their special and legitimate vengeance

to slay the travelling white men, who they supposed were affiliated to those ruffians who so ruthlessly slew their brothers. Hawkshurst stipulated that this story should never be told during his lifetime, and only after his death it was told to me. It is reasonable to believe it because he was a very serious-minded and truthful man; also because it is stated by Kelley that when they were travelling in California some of the "marauders," who left them before they reached the Oregon line, wantonly slew the California Indians several times, when they hung upon their rear, and Ewing Young approved it because, he said, they were "damned villains and ought to be shot."

No mention is made of any trouble with Rogue River Indians, or others in Oregon Territory. They met Michael La Framboise, of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Kelley accompanied him to Vancouver. It was perhaps due to the presence of this company that they had no trouble, for the general discipline and good order in the dealings of the fur company was a guarantee to the Indians that all was right. This ruthless crime was avenged the next year, 1835, when another company of eight was on the way to help colonize Oregon. Four of these were killed and the rest escaped with difficulty. Three of them who escaped were William J. Bailey, George Gay and John Turner; the names of those killed are not given.

Young and his party travelled slowly, trapping and trading for furs as they went; they had considerable property and were excusable for all due caution, but there were fearful stories current concerning Young himself and the conduct of his party toward the Indians.

It was asserted that they had trouble on Rogue River, and

going down to the ocean, made their way up the coast, but a man with the sense and strong native judgment Young possessed, could not afford to jeopardize life and property by needless acts of violence when everything they could desire was easily purchasable of the Indians, so we can afford to receive these hard-featured stories with many grains of allowance. No doubt his life was a singular one, for a modicum of mystery always encircled him. He was a natural leader, and may have done many unscrupulous acts, and no one considered him a pattern of morality or possessed of all the virtues; but he always had the courage of his convictions. As an American, he was loyal to the extreme; as a man, had sterling integrity and honest pride of character; and his word was not doubted. During his life in Oregon he certainly overcame much of the evil report that followed him hither, and was "a man among men."

Imagine such a man, as thus described, coming to Fort Vancouver to find himself proscribed as a scoundrel and horse thief, and outlawed by having those California charges posted in the Willamette region to warn the people against him! The Hudson's Bay Company had much trade with California, and McLoughlin could not ignore the charges officially made, so the denials of Hall J. Kelley and Ewing Young did not count. In time he sent back his statements, and Governor Fuguera made investigation that satisfied him they were only in company with the marauders and not to blame individually, so exonerated both. In time Ewing Young and McLoughlin were reconciled, but the stubborn pride and nature of Ewing Young was not easily satisfied to rest under any implication of dishonor. It was rather amusing, as a fact of history, the condition of non-

intercourse that lasted for years between the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and the American citizen, as we shall see.

It is very possible that McLoughlin thought the learning and genius of Hall J. Kelley and the executive ability and stubborn, as well as rather doubtful, qualities of Ewing Young, when in combination, were too much to turn loose in the wilderness of Oregon, and was not sorry for an excuse to make things a little uncomfortable for them. Kelley was powerless; but Ewing Young was not impoverished, if he did desire trade; besides, he was made of sterner stuff than poor Kelley. Young took his horses and mules to the beautiful Chehalem valley, on the west side of the Willamette, not far above the falls, and had all that side of the country for his stock to roam over. When he was in need of supplies he had no recourse but to buy them, as others did, of the great monopoly. He was indignant at the treatment received, being posted as a horse thief, and went down to Fort Vancouver and freed his mind—no doubt profanely—but Dr. McLoughlin soon convinced him that he could not recognize a man who came to the country under such a cloud, so that both wrote to Governor Fuguera, and there the matter rested until the return of the Cadboro brought exoneration that was satisfactory. Meantime, Young wanted some necessaries and sent to Vancouver for them, and beaver skins enough to pay for them. The doctor sent all the supplies ordered, also returned the beaver skins. He simply refused trade—but Young shouldn't suffer for want of the supplies. He even sent a few condiments to flavor the supplies, and bottles of wine to wash them down with. But the doctor reckoned this time without his host. Young in-

dignantly refused to receive the goods or to use the graciously proffered refreshments. Chartering an Indian and his canoe, he went to Vancouver and had it out. So he maintained his independence—considerably at the expense of his comfort.

While in this state of mind he determined to make himself obnoxious, so he bought of Wyeth, when he sold out, a great kettle, intended for putting up salmon, that was to be used for a distillery. This was much opposed by McLoughlin, who dreaded the sale of liquor to the Indians, as well as to others. He generously offered to loan Young enough money to go into other business if he would relinquish the distillery; the mission people, who were not unfriendly to him, offered to reimburse him for any cost or loss, to the same end. Then the character of Ewing Young was tested; he refused to receive any compensation from Jason Lee, and declined to accept any loan or favors of McLoughlin, though he acceded to his request, saying: "But, gentlemen, the reasons for beginning such an enterprise were the difficulties placed in our way by, and the tyrannizing oppression of, the Hudson's Bay Company here, under the absolute authority of Dr. McLoughlin, who has treated us with more disdain than any American's feelings can support; but, gentlemen, it is not consistent with our feelings to receive any recompense whatever for the expenditure, but we are thankful to the society for the offer." We must at least concede that if Ewing Young and his associate, Carmichael, were doing an ill thing, they resigned doing it in a very honorable and self-respecting manner.

When Ewing Young saw the beautiful Willamette valley, in its primal loveliness and pristine beauty, with luxu-

riance of verdure, he determined to make a fortune off the growing grass. Hugh Harrison heard him assert this. How to utilize that same growing grass was a question that soon took shape in organizing a company for the importation of cattle. So far, all the cattle in Oregon belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, and their policy was to sell none. They let settlers have cows to milk and steers to break as oxen, but all the increase of the cows went to the company. How Young succeeded in carrying through his project for the Cattle Company will be told in its turn, for it involves several others. He eventually secured cattle, and then the increase of his herds of mares and cows made him an important character. He was one of the powers; the first being the Hudson's Bay Company; the second the Methodist Mission; and third—Ewing Young. The currency of the country consisted of the script of these three, that circulated at par.

That Ewing Young would have been an important factor had he lived there is no doubt. He was patriotic, true to his friendships, honorable in trade, and heart and soul American. At the time of his death, in 1841, he was the most important American; he was acquiring wealth and influence; he had built a saw mill on the Chehalem; near the Willamette, that was in operation four years, but was swept off by floods in the winter of 1840-41; he died a few weeks later. The news of his death was a shock to the few settlers, for he was looked up to and relied on for his backbone and independence. One who knew him well said: "He was a scrupulously honest man, was thorough-going, brave and daring."

His sudden death caused a feeling of mystery, and vari-

ous rumors prevailed, some refusing to believe he died from actual disease and that he was the subject of some conspiracy and foully dealt with. There seems no doubt that he died from natural causes. He possessed at death three hundred horses, besides many cattle, yet no permanent care has been taken of his burial place. Had he lived to old age he would have been wealthy and have taken a prominent part in making a history for the State.

The first movement for local government took place at the gathering for his funeral. When it was over, the people who assembled remained to talk over the situation and make suggestions as to some way of creating a government. There was a valuable estate left and no way provided for taking care of it. That was the very first of all movements that resulted finally in the provisional government of Oregon.

When I came to Oregon there were many left who knew Ewing Young, and while the general opinion of him expressed in this sketch was as already written—that he was honorable and reliable, true to his friendships and thoroughly loyal to the American feeling, and patriotic in sentiment—yet he was not a man to found a State, because he was lacking in essentials of morality, and reckless in many respects. It is far more pleasant to draw the veil of charity over his failings, and give him credit for the manhood he undeniably possessed, than to place the bar of opprobrium on his name for obvious defects. He was at least free-spoken and manly; his defects may be imagined when it is known that he left a wife and son at Taos, New Mexico, the last of whom had to prove his legitimacy to finally claim the escheated estate.

CHAPTER XXXIII

WALLAMET CATTLE COMPANY

SUCH was the title of an organization that had an important influence on the prosperity of the early settlers of the Willamette valley. At an early day the Hudson's Bay Company secured a few head of cattle from California that were brought up on the little coasting vessel Cadboro, built on the Columbia for the coasting trade. When making voyages to California this vessel brought up a few milch cows for use at Astoria; about 1830, my friend, Dr. McKay, grandson of Mrs. McLoughlin, saw these same transported to Vancouver on an ugly ark made for that purpose. The Cadboro brought up eight or ten cows and some oxen and horses that formed the nucleus of their stock. It was then hardly possible to drive cattle overland, as was found to be the case years after when the settlers tried to do so, as we shall relate in due time. With but a few cattle the company did not wish to sell, but feeling kindly to the missionaries—as also to their old servants who desired to commence farming—they would loan to any deserving man two cows and steers to break to the yoke, simply retaining the ownership and increase, not so very illiberal usage; but the settlers and missionaries naturally wanted cattle of their own. Ewing Young had seen from the beginning that a fortune was to be made by utilizing the pastures of the beautiful Willamette valley, that at his coming only had a few elk and deer, that everywhere abounded. The first missionaries,

with Jason Lee, brought a number of good cattle across in 1834, but these had not yet yielded any available increase. It was important to secure cattle to supply the needs of the country and become independent of what was felt to be the rather odious monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1835 that company had but twenty-seven head of cattle in all. McLoughlin claimed that it was more useful for all that they should keep the few they possessed, and accommodate all, as they were doing, than would be possible if they sold the stock. Ewing Young seems to have been the mover in the enterprise; he and Jason Lee worked together to plan a scheme that could supply all who desired with cattle. This would include many settlers on French Prairie, who had money due them from the Hudson's Bay Company. Even after this—as late as 1839—that company refused to furnish beef to British men of war that were in the Columbia River, claiming they had not cattle to spare. Sir Edward Belcher, commander of the squadron, complained of this on his return to England. McLoughlin even refused \$200 for cows, so we can accord him the merit of consistency.

All this time tens of thousands of cattle were roaming the vales and pastured the hills of California, six hundred miles to the south. Ewing Young had been there; drove his brood mares from there; knew he could drive cattle, though the road lay over mountains and among savages. It required a man with his indomitable will to do it—he offered himself for the enterprise.

Great as the need was—and desirable as would be the acquisition of cattle—it is doubtful if success could have been

attained only for the fortuitous incident of the presence in Oregon at that time of W. A. Slacom, of the United States Navy, who came as representative of the government, result of publications made by Hall J. Kelley, of which we shall see more as this history proceeds.

The essential point now is, that Mr. Slacom was in Oregon—not how he came there—and that he was both able and willing to aid settlers. He was in charge of a small vessel chartered at the Sandwich Islands for the purpose, with means at command to cash the mission draft on the home treasury. A meeting was called at Champoege; Mr. Lee furnished the draft for \$500 that Slacom cashed; the settlers made up \$1100 more; the Hudson's Bay Company took \$800 interest in the venture, making the total \$3000. Various accounts assert that the Fur Company opposed the enterprise, but that is not proved. It was Slacom's aid that made it succeed.

Four days after the Champoege meeting—at which the company was organized—eleven men, chosen by the Cattle Company, went down the Willamette to where the little *Loriot* waited for them, and were conveyed by Slacom—who was actual master of it—to California. They landed at Bodega, on the coast, north of San Francisco, where eight of the men found work in a saw mill. Young was captain and manager of the enterprise; P. L. Edwards was treasurer; these two proceeded with Mr. Slacom to Monterey to interview General Vallejo. There was difficulty in procuring the necessary permission to drive cattle out of the country, but that was accomplished in time, and on the 22d of June—after some unpleasant imposition, in shape of exaction by officials—they got finally under way. Two

months' time was spent breaking the wild creatures to drive and ford the rivers. The horse loaded with ammunition was mired in tule lake, and the powder was spoiled; Edwards had to go back after more. They had bought 800 cattle at \$3 a head, and forty horses at \$12. Many of these escaped; there was constant loss and continual exposure; there was vexation and such disappointment as made life a burden. To educate that wild herd and counteract the impositions and exactions of the Mexicans taxed their resources and tested their nerves.

Indeed, any one who has only known civilized life and tame herds can have little idea of those Mexican cattle, identical with the wide-horned, slim-flanked stock that inhabited Texas at the time of conquest. I had some experience with that herd, as I purchased an old cow fifteen years after, that bore the proper name of "Kicker." They were better than no cattle at all—so moved slowly north.

At least an hundred head of these creatures were lost before they were fairly started. Commencing the 1st of June, it was September 12th when they crossed the Siskiyou into Oregon. There had been hard feeling, and Young was a task master they disliked. The mountains were fearful to surmount, the rivers hard to cross. Turner, Gay and Bailey were in a company of eight, of whom four were killed by Indians on Rogue River the year before. An Indian and boy came to their camp one evening and Bailey and Gay wantonly shot the man and tried to kill the boy; laying deeper the foundation for Rogue River hatred, that was to shed so much innocent blood in years to come. As I have shown, those four men were killed in 1835 as revenge for the killing, without cause, of an Indian in 1834. Thus the

tale of blood was passed on from year to year, until in 1853-55, murder and fire swept the early settlers from the face of the earth.

Edwards wrote in his journal: "The last month—what has it been? Little sleep, much fatigue, hardly time to eat, mosquitoes, cattle breaking, like so many evil spirits, and scattering to the four winds; men ill-natured and quarrelling; another month like the past—God avert! Who can describe it?" Then they were not out of sight of Spanish settlements. I doubt if any action in connection with the early time entailed more hardships than this that provided cattle for the early settlers of Oregon. Time and again the powers of Young were taxed to preserve peace or to put an end to strife. Then, after the needless and unpardonable murder of that Indian, they had to fight their way and guard the camps. They were ambushed—with their stock—in a narrow ravine, where cattle were wounded and killed. Gay was wounded and Young's horse was shot. About the middle of October they reached the settlements. Edwards wrote in his diary: "Most of the party cursed the day on which they engaged." But the great object was accomplished, and a road was opened to the south that was used to advantage, as a few years later the Hudson's Bay Company sent experienced men to purchase 4,000 sheep and 2,000 head of cattle.

At least 200 cattle were lost, as they only brought in 630 head. When the expense of the men was added and losses estimated, the stock bought for \$3 a head had cost \$7.67. The men worked for a dollar a day and took their pay in cattle at cost price. With this number of cattle to range on their fine pastures the few settlers were independent of

the "monopoly," and able to live much easier, as well as better. While credit is due to all, it was chiefly due to Young, for his experience in California suggested it and his firmness and courage executed the scheme. But the kindness and liberality of Mr. Slacom helped to plan and lent financial aid to make the matter feasible.

WILLIAM A. SLACOM

The presence of Mr. Slacom made an interesting feature of that period. He came in a small vessel—the *Loriot*—to Vancouver. A gentleman of culture and man of note, he explained his being there as due to private business; that he was to meet parties who were on the way by land. McLoughlin surmised that he represented the government and treated him with all consideration, sending couriers to the mission to tell of his arrival; thereby making the best possible impression in his own favor. But with him personal considerations were secondary. The publications of Hall J. Kelley had been sent to the departments, claiming that the Hudson's Bay Company was an odious monopoly, and hateful tyranny as well, making the joint occupancy a by-word and mere pretence. As a result, Secretary of State John Forsyth—by order of the President—directed Mr. Slacom, of the naval service, to proceed to the Northwest Coast, visit the settlements, learn the conditions, the number of whites and Indians, and all facts of importance relating to British and Russian influence; as well as all facts and information geographical, physical and political, of general interest.

He proved to be a valuable man to the settlers, and in all respects superior. Proceeding to the Sandwich Islands, he

chartered the *Loriot*—a small brig—and entered the Columbia River December 26, 1836. He accomplished much in a brief time, and his official report was accompanied by a statement from Kelley, also containing valuable information. It is noticeable that the Methodist Mission—that had before been very complaisant with the Hudson's Bay Company—was thenceforth quite independent. The fact that our Government had not forgotten, and was not willing to neglect them, made a strong impression on all. By a prudent course Slacom strengthened the American feeling, assuring the Canadian settlers he met at Champoeg that their lands would be confirmed to them by the United States; encouraging all he met, he aided to unify sentiment and feeling and give a reliable tone to the Americanism of Oregon.

Thenceforth, both the mission element and floating population were satisfied that they need not truckle to British influence. He was not inclined to disparage Dr. McLoughlin or his company, but made Americanism more confident and left it assertive. In 1836 there were but fifteen people in the Willamette—outside the mission—who were native-born Americans. Yet, from that time there was a crystallized sentiment; in his brief association with Canadian farmers at Champoeg, he discerned their prejudices and made them sympathetic with the government they were to live under. Seldom has any emissary in so brief a time accomplished so much. A feature that seems admirable is: that this visit and its results came in response to the efforts of Hall J. Kelley. If Slacom did not endorse the rancor of Kelley's argument, he at least recognized the paramount fact on which his prejudice was founded—that British supremacy was too deeply rooted to be safe.

Mr. Slacom had personal interest in the cattle company, numbering twenty-three animals. Those he left in care of Ewing Young. His death—occurring four years later—saw their increase amount to sixty-three head. His nephew was a midshipman with the Wilkes exploring expedition that came soon after; he claimed his uncle's share, and disposed of them to Dr. McLoughlin for \$860. The reader will call to mind that the influence of Hall J. Kelley induced Ewing Young to come to Oregon in 1834; that the writings of Kelley—after his return—denouncing the Hudson's Bay monopoly—caused the President to send Mr. Slacom in 1836, and by joint efforts of Ewing Young and Mr. Slacom the cattle company succeeded. It is interesting to trace the hand of fate as it guides the destinies of Oregon! It seemed to be influenced by the action of one whose personal schemes were all abortive, but whose efforts resulted in good for the young colony at every turn. Whether in higher mood of prescience he told of the future that awaited that Northwest Coast, or, as a morose and discouraged visionary in his later years he vented his spleen, all his acts matured to the advantage of Oregon. He made that the object of his hopes which became the author of his unfortunate destiny.

Still later, with the dawn of a new century, we see his claim realized—made three-quarters of a century ago—that this west coast would some day be peopled with great states and have extensive trade with the Orient. It was hardly possible to conceive that all this was to come before the century was passed in which he made that prophecy!

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE KLICKITAT NATION—THE IROQUOIS OF THE PACIFIC

EARLY comers to Oregon found a competent and self-reliant Indian race domiciled at the Cascades of the Columbia, who held the recesses of the great range and owned the fisheries at the Cascades. It is hardly necessary to explain that the range has a width of sixty miles, through which the River of the West had cut its way and left stupendous monuments to mark its course; that in the heart of the mountains the immense flood meets with obstructions and for half a mile raves and foams among bowlders that block the flow. On those rapids white men plant fisheries to-day, and on them the Indian strove with net or spear to win salmon through untold ages.

Such a fishery was invaluable to the aborigines, and only a stalwart race could have held it. All the course of the Columbia at and above the Cascades, through the ranges, belonged to the Klickitats, who occupied from the summits of the mountains and eastward for over an hundred miles, divided into separate bands, but allied in race and interest. It has been well said that the Klickitats had the same relation to the Pacific coast that the Iroquois held to the Atlantic. As the Six Nations held under tribute all the tribes as far south as the Carolinas, so the Klickitats and their allies had conquered three hundred miles of the west coast, from Puget Sound to the Umpqua on the south.

After half a century of residence in Oregon—much of



MOUNT HOOD

Remnant of time forgotten ! Symbol of years to come—
Standing alone in vastness, mystical, grim and dumb !

the time interested in historical research—it seems to me incredible that we know so little of the Indian race who preceded us. When much of interest was to be learned we neglected to acquire it. The Hudson's Bay people, who were here before our time, seem also to have ignored much that would be valuable if it had been gathered and preserved.

The Klickitats occupied the very gateway that connected the western valleys with the Inland Empire, the waterway made by the river through sierras that stand for fifteen hundred miles, from British Columbia on the north to Southern California, all the way sentinelled by snowy peaks whose sublimity is unapproachable.

The Klickitat country included Mount Adams on the north, and Mount Hood on the south, with the great river between. Such territorial bounds give little idea as to their influence, for the Klickitats were everywhere, marauding, trading, horse racing and holding lands they did not own under a burden of tribute that at times became onerous. Their trading excursions went as far south as California, and a thousand miles east to the buffalo ranges east of the Rockies to lay in supplies of robes and cured meat.

When Portland was a lively village, if one met an especially bright Indian, he was sure to be a Klickitat. They were the Yankees of the aboriginal time; not only sharp as traders but undaunted as warriors, making themselves feared when necessary. With all their enterprise and many good points, they were tyrannical in their treatment of western tribes, by whom they were known as the "Robber Klickitats." Indeed, the name itself means "robber" and seems to have been well deserved.

They who suppose the native race lived in squalor and

were always base are mistaken. Before white men came to occupy and pervert, the Indians were numerous, had their towns, their annual gatherings to exchange products and regulate affairs; owned their special privileges, as fisheries, camas ground and berry fields, and hunted in their own territory.

All the seasons had appropriate duties; it was no light work to gather and cure the fruits of the earth, the fish of the streams, and game of forests, mountains and plains. Besides this, they had arts and manufactures that became obsolete when they could purchase of the fur company cloth and other goods, tools and trinkets, and pay for them with furs and pelts. When they could purchase firearms they no longer needed bows and arrows, so the making of beautiful arrow-heads of flint or obsidian became a lost art.

Civilization, in its baser form, corrupted them and gave little compensation. They no longer hunted elk, deer and bear so assiduously, nor did they have to tan skins to make material for clothing. Much that was characteristic, original and romantic with them disappeared; then pestilence came, and of the thousands who made a mighty people originally, only a few were left, who surrendered too often to the vices that form the dregs of civilized life, while they caught little impulse from its virtues.

Even the competition of different sects of pretended Christian missions was hurtful, for while these missions were, no doubt, founded in a spirit of self-sacrifice, their rivalry was baleful.

To the east of the Cascades lies the semi-arid region of the Inland Empire, as different as possible from the moist climate of the valleys west of the Cascade Range. The homes of the

Klickitats were on the eastern slopes of the sierras and on the arid plains and uplands. Occupying the course of the river through the range, they held the key to the Columbian region, the gateway between the East and the West. They maintained intimate relations with both, while they levied tribute at will on the West for over an hundred miles north of the Columbia, to nearly three hundred miles south. Through all this region they rode triumphant. Their lodges were full of spoil won by these forays, and slaves were taken through the length and breadth of that far West. To the north, their predatory raids reached to the waters of Lower Puget Sound and to the ocean shore. South of the Columbia, and along the ocean, at the foot of the Coast Range, there is yet a well-worn trail that antecedes all history, known now and aforesaid as the Klickitat Trail. Different tribes occupied the narrow verge, between the coast mountains and the ocean, who lived on the game of the ranges and the fish in the streams and the ocean. While skies were fair and ocean smooth they ventured out on the broader wave. Other bands dwelt in the great valleys spread between the Coast and Cascade ranges, the latter forming a mighty barrier that held back the cold winds of winter and the summer heats that were natural to the interior. These valleys were sheltered somewhat from ocean storms by the Coast Range, while ocean influences prevailed to create a climate varied with few extremes.

It is worth while to describe the Klickitat country as well as people, for country is often a key to character. In addition to the fishing grounds along the Columbia they occupied favorite mountain valleys, one reaching to Mount Hood, on the south; another to Mount Adams, on the north.

They hunted about the great mountain peaks, while their especial and favorite home was in the Klickitat valley, twenty miles east of Mount Adams, a broad basin that was rimmed in by hills and ranges, twenty by thirty miles in extent, with the snows of Hood, St. Helen's and Adams gleaming at a distance. Rainier was an hundred miles away, while Adams rose so near as to leave no wish for sublimity unsatisfied—a vision of wonder beyond words to tell or pencil to picture.

In this valley they had homes where the Little Klickitat flows quietly and a great spring pours a living stream that feeds a flouring mill and supplies a town. There are buttes and ranges all around; the only outlet is where the Klickitat River tears a way through the southern hills and leaps headlong into the flow of the Columbia. Such was the homeland of the "Robber Barons" of the North Pacific in pre-historic times. From this idyllic spot they went forth on many a wild foray, following the ocean shore so far south as the Umpqua, then crossing the Coast Range, returned by the Klamath trail.

Some years ago, when spring was dressing the shores of the Columbia with the dawning hues of May, I took the route for this same valley. About twenty miles above The Dalles we left the train and ferried the river to climb for hours the steep hills, until at 3,000 feet elevation we looked abroad on another world. The river, with its avenue of basalt walls to the west, and the shifting sands that border the flow were far below. Looking down the silver flood, with its framing of basalt palisades, Mount Hood stood in the distance. Looking north, where the Klickitat valley spread beyond, we saw the wonderful cordon of summits

with Adams in the foreground. In this mountain eyrie the Robber Klickitats had their rallying ground. From here they made their forays; but we should say that they never dared to go farther south than the Umpqua; the Rogue Rivers were a race of fighters and held their own against all comers. They were a superior race, therefore the Klickitats were not trespassers any farther south than Umpqua. It is not known that they often made war on the tribes to the eastward of them, but had alliance with neighbors that made them formidable.

There were some men among the leaders of the tribes on the Columbia who deserve to be remembered with Philip of Pokonocket, Tecumseh, Blackhawk, Uncas, Miontonomah, and the most notable characters of aboriginal history. There is evidence that the Klickitats held great fairs, or gatherings, to which the different tribes sent representatives from far and near to exchange products and attend to matters of public interest. These occasions were more important than we would suppose; they were of ancient origin and answered as a parliament to regulate affairs of an extensive territory. If one could have a faithful picture of the aboriginal era, the life and character of the Indians of the Upper Columbia region would be interesting.

In 1873, I wrote for the *New York Times*, for which I was corresponding during the Modoc war, the story told me by Modoc and Klamath chiefs, of the traditions of their people as to the great fairs held annually, in prehistoric times, at Yainax, where a grassy butte stands in the midst of the Sprague River valley. Sprague River is a tributary of the Klamath, and the valley is one of the most beautiful spots in all south-middle Oregon.

The legend has it that from immemorial time there had been an annual October gathering of the tribes from all the northwest, who met there for purposes of trade, to exchange products and for friendly intercourse.

The Nez Percés came from the rivers of Idaho with droves of horses loaded with buffalo meat, robes, etc.; the Columbia River Indians brought salmon in different forms, cloth made from the fibre of the milkweed, matting, also weapons for war or the chase. The Klickitats were famous as horsemen; their women made many things for trade as well as home use, including hats braided of the small roots of the spruce.

The tribes west of the Cascades had a specialty in fish and shells—the smaller of which circulated as money. Each tribe brought to Yainax, which is 250 miles south of the Columbia, various articles of native product or manufacture to exchange for what others had to sell.

This gathering included also the warlike tribes of Southern Oregon and Northern California. The greatest importance attached to the Pitt Rivers, who were proficient in making bows and arrows. They took the lead as armorers, and no brave seems to have been fully equipped for war or chase who did not have a Pitt River outfit. The Klickitats also excelled in this work, that was all important from an Indian standpoint.

At that day the Indians retained their original customs and had not lost their identity. Troubles between them and the whites had made them angry, and they showed their ill feelings. At that time the fur trade was newly introduced and the peace policy not fully established.

To study the manufactures and products of the various

tribes, their clothing and mode of living will prove that these natives, who lived so near to nature and are so often believed to have led idle and vagrant lives, were as busily occupied as average humanity. There was variety of class and character among them, as in civilized communities; many lived from hand to mouth and were without industry or ambition, while the best were students of humanity and of nature; developing genius, showing capacity for government and ability as leaders in peace or war. They had poets and orators as well as statesmen and warriors.

The last vivid act of the Klickitat drama was enacted when Kamiakin, with the art of a great organizer, called into life the Klickitat confederacy and made a war of vengeance on the whites.

During a recent visit to the Klickitat valley—now the scene of varied homes and industries—I learned interesting facts that I will condense to a paragraph.

No existing history contains any true account of the Klickitats, of their dominion over two great States, nor of the career and character of Kamiakin, who may be called a savage but was a man among men; whose power of organization, and for combination, has not often been equalled. Of course, it was a hopeless war. The Indian had no true conception of the white man's power; even if they had, many were "mad for life's history" and preferred to die with arms in their hands rather than live but to endure.

How Kamiakin combined all his own affiliations and drew into his confederacy many other great tribes, making war for over two years, is history that as yet has never been written, save from the white man's standpoint. His system of intelligence covered the entire northwest, and the

details of affairs were known to the tribes of the whole region.

The war was hopeless and resulted in the entire submission of the hostile tribes. The atrocities the Indians committed were recorded; history tells how massacres were committed, but has never gleaned the truth as to provocation given. In our pride of power we forget that they were despoiled of their native lands, their homes and their all.

It is not easy to do justice to a race that has almost passed away and left few definite annals; whose prophets are dead; whose priests and kings are forgotten; of whom we only know that they made futile struggles ere they accepted their fate; but some facts are reliable and well sustained. That the Klickitats were enterprising was well known to early comers; the Hudson's Bay people depended on them whenever they needed hunters or found it necessary to employ Indians in any capacity.

The relations of the Klickitats to the country are set forth in a report made in 1857 to the commissioner of Indian Affairs by J. Ross Brown, who was sent to review the origin of the Indian wars of 1855-57. I will condense from his report what will be of interest in this connection.

In 1851 the Willamette valley was the main resort of the Klickitats, a powerful and warlike tribe from the country east of the mountains and from the Columbia through the Cascades. He compares them to the Arabs of the desert; they were adventurous as traders, bold and cunning, and had acquired ascendancy over the Indians of Western Oregon as far south as to the Rogue River valley. In earlier years they used to descend the Columbia, conquered the Chinooks, Cowlitz and other tribes to the west, reducing

them to pay tribute. They envied the rich valleys and hunting grounds to the south, and as pestilence early in the century had swept away thousands of the Western Oregon Indians, those bands were unable to resist invasion, so were in turn subdued. In their dealings with the Hudson's Bay Company they secured firearms, and becoming skilled in the use of them, made easy prey also of the Umpquas, to the south, and of all the bands along the ocean shore. They established camps for their families in the Willamette and opened trade as far south as Northern California; their conquests did not include territory south of the Umpquas; their main depots were in the Willamette, where their wives and children were left while on these raids and trading expeditions.

After immigration commenced, in 1840, they found it profitable to engage as farm laborers and grew to be fairly proficient in acts of husbandry. In 1853 General Jo Lane engaged sixty of their warriors to assist in subduing the Rogue River Indians, but at the northern frontier of that valley they met the announcement that peace was made, or they could have tried conclusions with the fighting race of Southern Oregon.

In 1851 a treaty had been made with the tribes of the Willamette for the purchase of their lands, but no account was made as to the rights of the Klickitats, who claimed by right of conquest. They were told that their country was east of the Cascades, but they were people who never slept on their rights, so when settlers fenced in their well-worn trails, for they had their clearly defined highways, they tore the fences down and went marching on.

In 1851 Daniel McLeod accused them of trespass and

the accused were brought before the United States court; but the court could find no law to suit the case. Their claim was that they held the country by right of conquest, that they travelled their own trails, cut their own timber and had warned McLeod that he was trespassing on their rights to settle there.

There were similar cases, and the Klickitats stoutly held for their right of conquest. As a rule they had made friends of the whites; as workers they were useful and esteemed superior to other Indians. In the spring of 1855 the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon had them removed to their own country, east of the Cascades, but they left with no good will toward the whites, charging fraud and bad faith on the government and its agents. They swore vengeance, and that was one cause for the war of 1855-57 that costs such loss and expense. In May, 1855, General I. I. Stevens, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington, and General Joel Palmer, Superintendent for Oregon met the Indians of the Inland Empire in the Walla Walla valley, not far from the present city of that name, near the site of the old Whitman Mission, for the purpose of making a treaty with all. They were not in good humor; even Lawyer, of the Nez Percés, made bitter remarks; Kamiakin wore a habitual sneer and refused to speak. Day after day the thousands of warriors waited, refusing to be fed, or to smoke the pipe that meant peace; only the presence of 1,500 Nez Percés, known to be averse to war, though scarce kind to a peace to be won by selling their lands, held in check the savage hordes who wore their war paint, sang war songs and danced war dances. Of Americans there were but a corporal's guard of soldiers, a lieu-

tenant and fifty men; of Indian warriors there were three thousand. The interpreter, who had a Cayuse wife, had left because she had told him of intended treachery. The Cayuses were ripe for war, but were afraid, for they remembered the sufferings in the war that ended in defeat seven years before; Kamiakin was the evil genius of the hour; it was in vain that presents were made of food and days spent making long speeches. One chief said they had no right to sell the soil their fathers had left them; the Great Spirit would never forgive and eternal damnation would be their lot if they did. Another recited what a Delaware Indian had told them of the death and destruction of the race on the Atlantic shore; and all the while Kamiakin listened with the sarcastic sneer he continually wore.

When speech making seemed exhausted, General Palmer rose for the last time; pointing where the Columbia rolled along, he said: "You have seen the river, can you change it to run the other way? No! You cannot! When it rains, can you stop it? You cannot!" Pointing to the hills, "Can you count the spears of grass that grow there?"

Then, bending to point out the Cayuse chief, "You, Cayuse! when you murdered our friend Whitman, yonder, we came to fight you and drove you out of your own country. This country is ours by conquest; but the Great Father has sent us to talk with you! Now we are done." He walked away and the chiefs sat awhile silent; then *Peu Peu Mox Mox* followed and overtook Palmer, and after they talked half an hour the chief came back, took the pen and signed the treaty, and the others followed the example.

But it was not done cheerfully or willingly. It was not long before war was declared.

While the Rogue Rivers on the south and Nesquallys to the far north took the war-path, the Cayuses refused, for they were afraid. The Nez Percés did not wish to go to war, nor would the Flatheads, so it was the Yakimas, Klickitats, Palouses and Spokanes, to the north, and the Walla Wallas, and others south of the Columbia, who took the field and held it almost three years. During that time they excluded whites from their country north of the Columbia and almost prevented emigration from the States. If all the tribes had joined the confederacy, especially the Nez Percés and their neighbors, it would have required longer time and much larger force to subdue them.

The war was the work of one man; Kamiakin planned it and led it; only for him it would never have been; had our government pursued a policy judicious and forceful, to command respect, and fair to command confidence, no such war would ever have occurred.

To a Deschutes chief, sent as a spy, Kamiakin told his intentions. He had secured ammunition and made provision so that he believed the confederacy could carry on war for five years; whatever Indians refused to join them should be treated as enemies, killed or enslaved. After the Walla Walla treaty referred to, there was a gathering of the tribes in Grande Ronde valley, which was then unoccupied by whites. The Nez Percés opposed, but the majority were for war; even a brother of Kamiakin's pretended to oppose war.

As early as April, 1853, a priest of the Catholic Mission at Yakima wrote that word had come to him that effort was

making to unite all the tribes to declare war against Americans; the reason assigned being that emigrations were pouring into the country and Americans were sure to seize their lands. When Indian agent Boland heard that one Mattice had been murdered in the Yakima country, he went alone among them to ascertain from Kamiakin what was the cause, desiring to show his confidence. Indian authority said that Kamiakin was very independent and that Boland threatened the vengeance of the government. As a result he was also killed, on his return, by a nephew of Kamiakin.

Kamiakin carried on war as long as possible; when he saw there was no hope he left the beautiful mountain valley of the Mull Mull, crossed the northern line to British Columbia, and the scenes that had known him knew him no more.

It would be folly to assert that the Indian was altogether sinned against, but he certainly had rights that should have been recognized. The march of civilization was imperative; the only recourse for the Indian was to join that march and become civilized. The way to secure this would have been for the government to command confidence by a just course and compel compliance by firm exercise of dominion. The later history of the Klickitats, Simcoes and Yakimas, on their beautiful and fertile reservation, shows that Indians can be civilized, improved and self-sustaining, but that was done under the management and influence of Rev. J. H. Wilbur, who was a very successful man in all walks of life. He accepted religious work as a duty, and their respect for him and confidence was unbounded. Their present prosperity is the result.

The Klickitats were both allied with and akin to the

Yakimas and recognized Kamiakin as their highest chief. Kamiakin resided remote from the usual routes of white men; he had long known the Hudson's Bay people and respected them for fair dealing; their hunters and trappers took wives from among them and fraternized with them. What they saw of the Bostons was, that men, often reckless and wicked, passed through their country going to and from Colville, who sometimes committed outrages they resented. The return of their people from the Willamette they resented all they were capable of, and the old sagamore, from his mountain eyrie of the Mull Mull valley, decided on war. And it was no cheap pretence or hastily planned foray, but was a combined movement, built on a broad basis, that appealed to every native tribe in all the wide domain that now constitutes three States—Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

Runners, with cabalistic messages or sign language, as well as by word of mouth, were sent swiftly, north and south, far and near, and every well-known chief and independent band received the summons. The Yakimas and Klickitats were paramount on the sound country, and one of the most aggressive of their allies was Leschi, chief of the Nesquallys; a man of force, possessing eloquence as well as action. He took the field on a mission of vengeance; crossed the Cascade Mountains to Kamiakin and worked on the hearts of the Indians far and near.

What a theme that must have been! He roused them with the story that for centuries the native tribes of the immense region east of the Rocky Mountains had been despoiled of their lands and then had been destroyed. He drew fearful pictures of an infernal region, as black as night, to which

the whites would consign them when they should be conquered.

Pee Pee Mox a Mox, a great chief of the Walla Wallas, to the eastward, was another leader; to the far south the braves of the Rogue River valley received the fateful message and made ready for the fray. The fearful appeal was made that has roused all lovers of freedom:

Fight for your altars and your fires,
Fight for the green graves of your sires—
God and your native land.

I have alluded to the fact that the Indians were aware of the fate of their race on the Atlantic coast, and through the Mississippi valley, and east of the Rocky Mountains. Tom Hill, a Delaware Indian, had found his way across the Rockies and was domesticated among the Nez Percés in 1845. He told all he met the story of the native tribes to the eastward; that they had owned the country until the whites came and had been destroyed and their lands taken by the invaders. There was foundation in truth for this; his version was that missionaries came first, then settlers occupied the land. Jo Lewis—a half-breed Chinook—was sent East and educated in Maine; returning to Oregon, he became a member of the family of Dr. Whitman and was greatly responsible for the massacre of 1847, at Waiilatpu. He played on the superstition of the Cayuses and confirmed the tales told by Tom Hill years before. These recitals were repeated from tribe to tribe through the Northwest and were—to some extent—confirmed by the Canadian Iroquois employed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Thus the savage mind received "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ."

The Hudson's Bay Company had preserved amicable relations, by a just and conservative course and humane treatment that commanded respect and secured allegiance. To strengthen this, officers and men took wives from among Klickitats, Yakimas, Nez Percés and others. Some of these Indian women possessed strong character and exercised influence. Dr. McLoughlin had an Indian wife—a Red River woman—who influenced the destinies of that time by commanding his respect. She was a remarkable woman.

Such were the existing conditions and fears among the Indians—that the Americans were taking the country and appropriating it for their own use. It was at this time that Kamiakin answered the appeal made to him and the zealous Leschi left the plains of Nesqually to become a prophet of evil and spirit of vengeance.

As we think of the scenes that must have occurred, over mountain and dell, on sage brush plain or by the flowing waters of the Columbia, one naturally recalls the wild picture Sir Walter Scott so vividly drew of the "fiery cross" speeding through the highlands of Scotland:

Speed, Malise, speed! 'The dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! Such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced!
Herald of battle, fate and fear
Stretch onward in thy fleet career,
For danger, death and warrior deed
Are in thy course—
Speed, Malise, speed!

Imagine these Indian tribes, covering a region five hundred miles square, nearly all roused to action by the organiz-

ing force of a single chief whose messengers are speeding, far and near, on their mission of war!

Imagine the cause they had for terror when these messengers of fate held up for their alarm all their race had suffered; all that had befallen the red man of the Atlantic shore and of the Mississippi valley—of the far north and the farthest south!

If we had been of them, would we have felt less alarm or made less threat of war? It was an effort that spoke the earnestness and loyalty of race of many scattered bands who occupied a wide region; and if their ways were savage, certainly the provocation was great. Simply by these runners—who went on their Cayuse ponies to the ends of the western world—the Klickitat Confederacy was formed.

It was intended that simultaneous war should be made through all the Northwest. It commenced on the Sound Country—to the north—and in Southern Oregon—400 miles apart—at the same time. But I am not trying to give general history, only to word-picture the character and intelligence of the Klickitats as a people and show their enterprise and relations toward a wide region as a conquering and ruling nation. There is not space to show their skill in native arts and the value of their handiwork. In all they were influential, enterprising, progressive, and deserve to be remembered in the future as resembling the Iroquois—or six nations—who had wide sway in the olden time, carrying their conquests to the far south.

A people whose homes clustered about the base of the great mountains north and south of the Columbia—in the valleys of Hood River, White Salmon, Klickitat, Simcoe and Yakima—were born to rule the world around them. It is

not too much to imagine that they caught inspiration from the scenic wonders they dwelt among; from the wonderment the patient waters had made as for untold cycles they carved their way through that mountain range; from the graphic features of the Great Gorge and the convulsion that wrought the Cascades, The Dalles and Tumwater.

The vastness of Hood was a feature on all the landscape for over an hundred miles. The same is true of Adams and its fraternity of snowy peaks that are all in view from the Klickitat valley. This people had traditional reverence for their mountains, felt inspiration from their presence, and must have caught some element of power from that source.

Overly practical minds may smile at the idea that a savage race felt the influence of natural surroundings, but the Indian was essentially a child of nature and did feel the inspiration of his region.

Where the Indian has pleaded his own cause at councils held, he has always been eloquent; often their speeches have the elements of poetry. The man who fails to recognize that civilization—as we style it—has been ruthless, and often treacherous, in dealing with the aborigines of America for the centuries we have despoiled them, must be lacking in sympathy and incapable of justice. In few instances have the Indians been treated with fairness in making treaties, and seldom have treaties been honorably and faithfully fulfilled after they were made, as I shall show ere done.

Having traced the course of Leschi and canvassed the motives of the chief as he carried his message of war to the interior tribes, we read—almost with regret—the fate that awaited him a year or so later, when he was arrested, tried and convicted, condemned and executed for these very deeds

of heroism—or that would have been heroic, if performed in a civilized way in defence of civilized humanity. Viewed from his own standpoint he was a patriot who dared all for his people. But he was a savage, and heroism based on savage instincts does not count in history and is not often sung in verse or told in story.

As a nation we have suffered from the greed of Great Britain, but the English deserve credit for pursuing an honest and friendly course with the natives of British America. The Hudson's Bay Company was trusted and respected by the Indians for the humane treatment received. This was in strong contrast with the criminal neglect of aboriginal rights that characterized the course of the United States.

When General Miles was in command of the Department of the Columbia, he invited the writer to visit him at Vancouver headquarters, when he gave an account of his relations with a tribe of Sioux with whom treaty had been made after surrender. As they were dissatisfied, he called a council, where it seemed impossible to satisfy them. As a dernier resort he advised to send a delegation to Washington to see the President. To this an ancient warrior, clothed in blanket and seamed with stripes of paint, responded that it was no use, as they had been there. "Did you see the President?" They had seen him. "What did he say to you?" The answer was brief: "He lied to us!" In whatever shape the question came the answer ever was, "He lied to us!" Explanation finally showed that General Grant had told them to go home with confidence that the treaty lately made would be fulfilled and they would be provided with teams, tools and equipment to build homes and commence

farming. This same grim warrior, who was put forward to be spokesman for the tribe, concluded with: "That was three years ago and we have had nothing yet." Then he repeated: "He lied to us."

To make an interesting story short: they said, as the general had never lied to them in the years he had been among them, they were willing to do whatever he told them was best. What was best—he said—was to have land, make farms and live as white men did. To this they agreed; the land was divided among them; from an incidental fund he furnished wagons, ploughs, tools, and a soldier was found who had been raised on a farm, who taught them farming. From that day they had cost the government nothing for subsistence. They became, in a measure, civilized, all because they had found an agent of the government who did not lie to them. When I once delivered this lecture, and an army officer was present, he assured me that the experience of the army coincided with my assertion.

After peace, for many years the Yakimas and Klickitats had the services, as Indian agent, of Rev. J. H. Wilbur, a good and practical man, who became deeply interested in their welfare and did much for them. They are prosperous and their prosperity was due greatly to his efforts and influence. He was a remarkable man and commanded their confidence supremely, so that they became civilized and made good citizens. In Klickitat County forty or more have left the reservation, taken homesteads and sent their children to the common schools. The near by reservation has good schools and the richest of land; but these desired to be American citizens. As I was riding on the driver's seat, ascending the mountain ridge to reach the Klickitat valley, some

years ago, we met a wagon descending with a woman driver. Her face was copper color and had a few touches of vermilion; the driver told me that they were citizens who had left the reservation to be Americans. The Klickitats are undergoing evolution. When I met one of stalwart build, who looked as if he might have been a brave of Kamiakin's day, I wondered if some poet of the race had never said—

The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record.

When in that valley recently, there passed by a weary looking Siwash of the olden time, who told of the battle fought two miles away, where hundreds of warriors were on an upland of several acres, lifted hundreds of feet by a basalt wall above the valley. Looking down they saw their enemy with a mountain howitzer mounted on a mule. There came a flash and smoke, after sound of thunder, and a small ball went hopping and skipping along the plateau with the curious Indians following. When the explosion came, they were hovering over it and—as he explained by sign language—fragments of brave men were scattered over the rocky strand. There were fifteen killed and wounded; another shell did as much harm; then they “stood not on the order of their going, but went at once.”

No! The Siwash had no show! Civilization had undone them—morally, physically, every way.

“The old order changeth, giving place to new.” The Indian disappears before it. It is pitiful to remember that—a few decades ago—his fathers bore sway over a wide region on the west shore and ruled many nations. Could

Kamiakin see to-day, he would find many prosperous Klick-itats who are themselves becoming civilized; the new order will in time bring them its advantages, and we may hope that the last days of the western Iroquois will be better than the first.

We have not attempted the story of the war; of the making of peace; but peace was made, though Kamiakin did not stay to enjoy it. True to his traditions, he disappeared over the northern frontier, went among the Indians of British Columbia, and was never heard of more. But his story remains. There has been no history to do justice to the statesmanship and warlike lustre of one of the most remarkable characters of the last generation.

Of course, the Indian had to go. There were desperadoes among them, as there were also to misrepresent civilization. There was an irrepressible conflict between Savagery and Progress. It is a lamentable fact that this nation has neglected its duties and failed to do what it might to civilize the Indians.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE METHODIST MISSION OF 1843

JASON LEE had been doing mission work in Canada, and seemed by experience and character, as well as physical strength, to be well adapted to wild life, as also the taming of wild men. His nephew, Daniel Lee, was calculated to be an efficient aid. Jason Lee was tall, well built—save that he stooped a little—was slow and not graceful in movement and not the most refined in his way, but his appearance denoted spirituality and gave confidence that he was truthful and of loyal temperament. Possessing good digestion and a sound mind, the missionary to the Indians of Oregon could dispense with the refinement and culture usually found in Boston. Daniel Lee was a supplementary feature and they mutually believed in each other. Daniel was not an Adonis, but a Puritanical youth of New England bringing up; innocent of grace, unconscious that he lacked of knowledge or elegance, he and his uncle were thoroughly devoted to the idea and very religious in all respects.

At a meeting held in New York October 10, 1833, arrangements were made by which \$3,000 was provided for them by the Mission Board; two laymen were appointed to raise funds and accompany the Lees from the Missouri River to the scene of their labors by joining some caravan bound for the Indian country. On the 20th of November a meeting held in New York City to bid them Godspeed was attended by prominent members of other denominations.

The laymen chosen were Cyrus Shepard, of Lynn, Mass., and P. L. Edwards, of Richmond, Mo. As this was maturing, Nathaniel J. Wyeth returned to Boston from his first journey to Oregon, and with him were two Indian boys from that land of promise. Here was not only news fresh from Oregon, but the Columbia River Company, organized by Wyeth, was dispatching a ship by Cape Horn, by which their missionary stores could be sent. Wyeth himself was to return in the spring; they could accompany his expedition and have the benefit of his experience in crossing the continent. Such were the fortuitous conditions developed.

They left New York in March, 1834, Jason Lee lecturing as they went, and all met at Independence, where Wyeth was arranging his departure. They were joined by Nuttall and Townsend—botanist and naturalist—who were going West on scientific exploration. Here were science, religion, and commerce, joined in an expedition to the new regions west of the Rocky Mountains.

The three distinct interests comprised seventy men and required two hundred and fifty animals. To the mission company it was relief from all that was conventional and they could worship nature in its vast and untamed solitudes. To Jason Lee it was inspiring, and the man in him so enthralled the Puritan that he made himself useful and congenial, and commanded the respect of all. The four of them became so cosmopolitan that, without in the least neglecting or ignoring religious duties, there was no break in the harmony of the journey. The mission people drove some good stock along, that made a valuable start of choice cattle for the settlement. Sundays they had regular ser-

vices; whenever it was proper Jason Lee officiated and maintained his position as a religious teacher both by word and example.

On a Sunday, at Fort Hall, where Wyeth stopped to build a fort, or trading post, there was a gathering of Hudson's Bay people, Canadians, half-breeds and Indians, under Tom McKay, and there Jason Lee expounded the word to as motley an assemblage as the wilderness could afford. Wyeth remained to build Fort Hall, so McKay sent some of his Indians to pilot them to Fort Walla Walla, where they arrived in due time, giving their cattle easy drives to let them eat their fill. Leaving the stock at the fort, they went down the Columbia in barges to The Dalles; took canoes there for the lower river and experienced more danger at the Cascades than had attended their journey across the continent.

In attempting to run the rapids most of their canoes were wrecked; the outfit they had brought so painfully for two thousand miles was mostly lost, but they were fortunate to escape with their lives. They were received with genuine hospitality at Vancouver, where Governor McLoughlin gave them advice and encouragement. They arrived in bad order owing to the wreck at the Cascades, but their brig, the *May Dacre*, had fortunately arrived and was lying in the river, a few miles away, with all their tools and supplies. The question now was—where should they locate their mission? They had responded to the appeal of the Flatheads, who occupied the Bitter Root valley, close to the Rocky Mountains—in among them, we may say—but Wyeth had told them of the Willamette valley, so they felt like seeing the Lower Columbia before locating.

When at Vancouver McLoughlin could advise them better than any one; they did not come through the Flathead country and all they saw of the Nez Percé country was the Grande Ronde valley, but that was as lovely as the Garden of Eden could have been, as it lay in Nature's most exquisite loveliness, cradled among the Blue Mountain ranges. Even with this Vale of Beauty in memory, the Willamette region and Western Oregon left no comparison as to advantages of the two districts of country. McLoughlin furnished horses, with men as guides and attendants, and plenty of provisions. The Lees made the journey by canoe to Tom McKay's farm, on the Willamette below the falls; they took horses over the hills, to the Tuality Plains, then to the Chehalem hills and the valley they shelter. Then they crossed to the French settlements in the Willamette valley, where Canadians, who had given up trapping and hunting, had made farms. There never was a more beautiful region than the Willamette valley offered for all its length and breadth at that time. Wild grasses were waving waist high, the hills were covered with wild clover, while belts of fir forests divided the landscapes; groves of oak and maple crowned the verdant hills; the bordering cottonwoods, alders, ash, and willows beside the streams—all these made nature seem far more attractive than was possible east of the Cascades, where the mountains wore their sombre pines, and treeless uplands were rank with sage and grease wood that the alternating bunch grass could not redeem. The possibilities were greater west of the ranges, as the ocean was near by and rivers were navigable. True, their sympathies had been aroused by the Macedonian cry sent from Bitter Root valley in 1831, that reached St. Louis in 1832,

echoing through Christendom and arousing religious sentiment at the East.

Though they responded to that call, and found an imperial region waiting the answer, they were told that the Flatheads were but a small nation; that they had the Blackfeet for deadly neighbors and were remote from all associations. It may seem that to leave the Flathead uncared for was disloyalty, but it was only human to desire a pleasant home where greater inducements were offered. They chose a location about sixty miles from the Columbia, where the world around them was beautiful as any midsummer dream.

They had followed McLoughlin's advice in locating; he gave them valuable assistance, exchanging other horses for those left at Walla Walla; oxen were loaned for the work, and for the two cows they had driven so tediously across the plains, he gave them eight Spanish cows, with their calves and a bull. If they were inferior stock, he certainly was liberal in this exchange. Early in October they had all this stock and the material brought by the *May Dacre* transported to the station. It was no child's play to make rails, build corrals, hew ox yokes, break their brutes to work, the cows to be milked, and build a house to live in. Meantime, they lived in tents; the first rain of the season came and drenched them, but by the 1st of November they had a puncheon floor laid and walls up, with a clapboard roof to shelter. An oak log fire blazed in the stick chimney and they were ready to commence work. At leisure moments—as they had them—tables and stools were manipulated. Salt pork had been shipped around the Horn, and barley and peas were had from the French settlers near by; flour from Vancouver made unleavened bread; milk from the cows

helped this régime a trifle, as did occasional venison procured from the natives.

A school was already in operation, as Solomon Smith, a New Englander, who came in 1832 with Wyeth, was teaching the children of Gervais and other Canadians, and had a location of his own. He married an Indian woman, who was daughter of a Clatsop chief; they lived close to the mission. As Shepard was not equal to farm work he for awhile taught the school at Vancouver. Courtney Walker had quit the mission to clerk for Wyeth at his place on Sauvie's Island. During the winter they fenced and ploughed thirty acres that was planted to wheat, corn, oats and garden stuff; they found help to make shingles, saw boards and get out timbers for a barn, which taxed their physical energies, as well as business tact. It was rough living and working, but they did it manfully.

They had not forgotten their mission; Jason Lee preached at Gervais's house every Sunday, and occasionally at Champoeg, not far away. He also preached occasionally at Vancouver and baptized there four adults and seventeen children, receiving a donation of twenty dollars from the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company. The mission work was light; three native children were received into the mission family that winter. A boy they intended for the labor department soon relapsed to savagery. When spring came the other boy—who had been fed, clothed, and kept warm besides—when asked to work removed himself from their midst, so there was left to the care of male missionaries only a little girl, who was sick and scrofulous. As time went on children were left, for one cause or another, orphans or slaves, whose owners had died.

McLoughlin aided them to get such, as well as helped to support them; but breaking new ground caused malaria; many children died of consumption, or syphilis, for their blood was tainted and the race was doomed. Of fourteen children who came to them that year, five died, five ran away, and two died later, so but two were left.

The next year they added fifteen acres to the farm, added to the house room, salted six barrels of salmon to use, and succeeded in raising bountiful crops. Edwards was to leave for the Islands, and Daniel Lee went with him to Vancouver to see him off; but Dr. McLoughlin pronounced Daniel Lee the one who should go there, as a throat disease threatened his life. He was offered free passage, so Edwards remained to let Daniel Lee go. Nuttall, the distinguished scientist, also went the same voyage, having spent a year studying the flora of Oregon. He published several valuable works; had inherited a valuable place in England, where his later life was spent. Townsend, the naturalist, who came with them, remained another year in Oregon, leaving for England in one of the annual ships of the company. He was a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, to which he gave a list of the quadrupeds and birds of Oregon; many of his birds were new to naturalists. He spoke with admiration of the order and untiring zeal with which Nuttall followed his work: "No difficulty, no danger, no fatigue ever daunted him; he finds his rich reward in the addition of nearly a thousand new American plants."

It would seem that the expedition of these distinguished gentlemen was not half appreciated by writers of that time, and that they have hardly had the credit due them, considering the danger and difficulty of their arduous undertak-

ing. They met a cordial welcome from the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who entertained them generously and aided them kindly, taking active personal interest in their work.

They also were scholarly gentlemen, who appreciated the scientific value of the work done, and were glad to lend assistance. Townsend said he felt—on leaving Dr. McLoughlin—as if “he was bidding adieu to an affectionate parent.” When the doctor said: “God bless you, sir, and may you have a happy meeting with your friends!” he adds: “Words are inadequate to express my deep sense of the obligations I feel under to this truly generous and friendly man.”

The place now known as “Mission Bottom” was very unwholesome for the purpose intended, as it was close to the river, low and unhealthy. Breaking the soil, and crowding thirty persons into one small house, produced very unfavorable results.

The summer of 1836 saw an increase of the school by children coming from the settlers' families near by, as well as from the natives of the valley and some from east of the Cascades. Many were diseased at the start, and as the hot season passed and the miasma grew, there came diphtheria and intermittent fever; sixteen children were down in one room and no physician near. Jason Lee was three times down himself; he and the invalid Shepard had their hands full. Meantime, Daniel Lee returned with good health, after a year's absence. There were only two deaths, and general health improved as summer passed away.

It almost seemed that the mission was prosperous in the following year (1837), as there was increase of attendance. A Cayuse chief came two hundred and fifty miles to bring

his family to the Willamette, to have the benefit of religious truth and better education. In the summer two of his children had died, so he took the rest in haste to Vancouver, when a third died as they reached there. One-third of the pupils received the first three years died, and many others were complaining, so it was not strange if the settlers and natives were not willing to send their children to be taught. When Mr. Slacon, the Government agent, returned East after his visit in 1836, he represented that the mission farm showed one hundred and fifty acres under plough; there were twenty-two Indians and eight half-breeds in the school, of whom several could read. The larger boys worked on the farm in good weather and earned board, clothes, and tuition. They were unable to accommodate more pupils until the force could be increased. I learn from Silas B. Smith, of Astoria, that his father was teaching the children of Gervais and other settlers when the Lees came; after that he taught in the mission school, his wife assisting, as she had learned to read simple words. Helen Smith was quite intelligent, she learned enough to be able to assist in teaching native children. Such was the condition of affairs with the Methodist Mission up to the coming of the reinforcement that arrived in 1837.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE METHODIST REINFORCEMENT

THERE sailed from Boston, July 28, 1836, on the ship Hamilton, eight persons who came as a reinforcement for the mission of which Jason Lee was the head. There were three ladies: Miss Anna Maria Pitman, of New York, who was tall and dark, somewhat of a genius, very piously disposed, inspired for missionary work, and the Board had in view that she should be the helpmeet of Jason Lee—if they could agree upon it—but they met as strangers. There was also Miss Susan Downing, of Lynn, Mass., with attractive person and good taste, who came out as the affianced of Cyrus Shepard; Miss Elvira Johnson, from New York, came to take part in the work and become the wife of some missionary, as it should be brought around.

But the chief figure in the group of eight was Dr. Elijah White, who was to be physician of the mission, much wanted in view of the prevailing sickness and distress. With him were Mrs. White, an infant, and an adopted son about fourteen years of age. White was young, egoistical, presuming, with manners suited to occasions and persons attendant. He is destined to play an important part in the history of the country, as will appear in due course. Alanson Beers was blacksmith; a good man, as was proved afterwards. He also had a wife and they had three children. W. H. Willson, who lived to locate the Salem town site, destined to be the capital city of Oregon, had been a ship carpenter; had been

on whaling voyages, so had experience of sea and shore. He was remembered by all who knew him as one of the most just, kindly, whole-souled and genuine of men. It was my good fortune to know him well fifteen years later, so I can confirm the world's opinion of him and remember him always as one of the best of friends. On the long voyage he studied medicine with Dr. White and was thereafter known as "Dr. Willson."

These recruits found the bachelors who preceded them living in quarters that needed a woman's touch and care to make them acceptable. They came via the Islands, in May, 1837, reached the Columbia, and were met by the request for Dr. White to hasten to the mission, as twelve persons there needed the physician's care. In some way word had come from Honolulu that the ship had reached there, so they were expected. General ill-health and bad conditions had not admitted of much preparation. Jason Lee visited Vancouver to learn if they were on the way, and found them just arrived, enjoying the hospitality of Dr. McLoughlin. The meeting with Miss Pitman was watched with interest; it is known that she blushed "celestial rosy red," and that he appeared pleased with the selection his friends had made. They soon proceeded to the Willamette; riding up the beautiful river in canoes, they reached the Mission Landing the second day. Dr. White and some others rode in advance; Miss Downing met her lover looking charmingly, as a promised bride should, but Cyrus Shepard was doing household drudgery, for at the time he was chief cook and bottle washer, wore a brown linen frock that answered for missionary work, but had no mission of grace to commend it. Miss Downing was rather daintily dressed,

however, and watched Shepard set the table with tin plates on a brown tablecloth. Their bread was made of unbolted meal; they had sausages, venison, butter, cheese and fried cakes, with wild strawberries and tame cream for dessert. That much was handed down as mission history; we may hope that the lady reinforcement was able to relieve Cyrus of housekeeping details thereafter.

Including several gentlemen and ladies who came from the ship as visitors, there were sixteen new arrivals, which must have been embarrassing when we consider that the house was a hospital, the floors covered with beds of invalids, some seriously ill. How it was managed to house them all in a structure 18x40 feet is not told; there were 54 to eat and sleep, but an attic under the roof lent its aid. They managed to go on horseback and by canoes to explore the surrounding country, and spent a few days enjoyably, until the friends from the vessel took their leave, when matters assumed permanent features. Shepard was attacked with fever, but on the 16th of June was better, so it was determined that they should be married. The next Sabbath service was held in the beautiful oak grove near by; Jason Lee delivered a sermon on "the propriety of marriage," and duties devolving on those who married. As he concluded he added, "What I urge by precept I am about to enforce by example;" then he offered his arm to Miss Pitman and Daniel Lee read the service for two couples instead of one. Now there were four married ladies in the family where before there had been none.

Yet another wedding occurred the same day, of people who lived on French Prairie; thus the rite was first used in the Willamette valley. Before that, marriage had been a

civil contract, and there was considerable laxity as to native unions.

Harvest was on when they arrived; Dr. White helped the regular force on the farm while Beers and Willson transported in canoes the goods that came in the Mission ship. Then Willson was kept at work building; there was plenty to do; a blacksmith shop was needed, houses for the separate families, a school room to be added—work for all hands. Mrs. Shepard made and mended while the other women attended to housekeeping. There was something like civilized life in the place of the semi-barbarism of the aforesaid.

On the 7th of September there landed another reinforcement at Vancouver, that also came from Boston—Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, who was to marry Miss Johnson, and Miss Margaret Smith, who afterwards married Dr. Bailey. The mission family now numbered sixty, half whites and half Indian pupils; rather too great a proportion of missionaries, so it was determined to divide the force. A hospital was built, most necessary of all as conditions were. The ill health that had been so continual made the mission lose the confidence of the Indians, as also of settlers who lived near there. Those who remained were the waifs who had no home. So far as influencing the Indians, Christianizing or benefiting them in anyway, there had been no success to speak of. Beyond question they were all earnest workers and capable of self-sacrifice, but circumstances were against them; the chief trouble being the unwholesome location. Another difficulty, they expected the pupils to do some work; but while the Indian was willing to work on his own methods—hunt, fish, make bows and arrows, or even manufacture canoes, he would not get down to labor in civilized channels.

The Canadian settlers on the prairie were all Catholics, but respected the mission people for their earnest endeavor and hard work; also because McLoughlin was good to them; also that through their efforts and help from Mr. Slacom, they had secured cattle from California—these matters endowed the mission with a certain amount of popularity, and they paid well for all things they needed. Their presence was a general help; all felt kindly, so when on Christmas Day there was a meeting to organize work for the benefit of the Calipooias, all the settlers were present; they even felt so very kindly that they subscribed of their scant means above \$400 to establish a branch mission where the natives could be taught to cultivate land and raise crops for their own use; where they should be helped to build comfortable homes. The attempt was honestly made but failed, because the Indians would not work. If true religion meant to be well fed and clothed and lie in the sun, they could have been Christianized without hesitation and would have prayed without ceasing, except to sleep and eat, and would have stretched the bounds of belief as far as the Good Lord, who bestowed this great good, could desire. But, to work! No! that was in no creed they could be made to believe.

Something must be done. The Dalles of the Columbia was looked to as a proper site for missionary work. In March, 1838, Revs. Perkins and Lee went up the great river and selected a site for their mission not far from the present Dalles City, a location that was slightly, with pine and oak growing near; there was a fine view on the river and up stream, where the Indians were always present in great numbers. It had never seemed that those of the Willamette had taken an interest in religious teachings, but the Wasco-pums

were willing to assemble of a Sunday and listened so attentively that Daniel Lee and Mr. Perkins, his coadjutor, were much encouraged. Mrs. Perkins came as soon as a house could be built, and there was regular Sunday service, by aid of an interpreter. In the early fall Daniel Lee undertook to drive cattle over the Cascades for mission use, having only Indians to assist him. The one who was to be guide did not come to time, and the awkward squad consisted of lame, halt and blind of every nation: a Chinook was blind of an eye, a bad character from Walla Walla had a name that showed that he had gambled his all away, another Chinook, of royal line, had his head so flattened that his mouth was awry, the most active of all was lame, used a crutch or pole, going with a hop, skip and jump—it was a mixed lot. They acted wisely in crossing first from the east side to learn the way, but having no guide, they soon lost the trail, got lost, consumed their provisions, were starving, and killed two horses to eat, reaching the mission in two weeks.

John A. Sutter, who was to be so celebrated in connection with future gold discovery, was then on his way to California by way of the Columbia River; he crossed the Cascades in six days, passing them on his way. Securing two good white men to help, Lee drove fourteen head of cattle when he returned to The Dalles with but little trouble—to find that Perkins and his wife had left for the winter. There was plenty to be active about; fencing to do and other work. When Perkins returned they put in a crop that did not do well on new ground and was mostly stolen by outsiders, to the disgust of industrious ones who had worked to receive a portion of the yield. In 1839, a building for a church was put up and fresh effort made.

By this time Jason Lee had enlarged his vision to include the idea that it was more important to settle Oregon with Americans than to try to convert a race that was expiring, too lazy to work at farming, and too diseased to be relied on for any use or purpose; too indifferent to listen to instruction; who only cared, as was very human, for what was to be made off these missionaries for selfish ends. He had been an hundred and more miles south, to the Umpqua, to learn as to the country and people; they were experimenting at The Dalles, where they found a village of barbarians who had terrorized river trade from the beginning, yet were more interested in mission work than were the peaceable Indians of the Willamette.

He concluded the thing to do was to take a broader view and look to benefiting humanity and serving both God and the State by securing the settlement of the country by the right sort of people. To accomplish this, men were needed to occupy the country. No great cause moves of itself, but needs organization and requires money. Jason Lee looked further and higher than the mere peopling of the country, as he desired to see it settled by a class possessing elements of character and religious principle that should be impressed on the budding state.

Jason Lee determined to make a journey to the East to do what he could to enlist government aid and secure men and money to carry out the enlarged ideas he entertained. A convention was held of all who favored the establishing of a territorial government and a memorial was drawn up and signed by the ten men of the mission force, also by Ewing Young, ten other Americans, and nine Canadians, who invited American occupancy.

The last of March, 1838, Jason Lee and Edwards started with the petition to cross the continent. The memorial set forth what had occurred since 1832, the date of earliest settlement by the American colony; set forth the value of the country, its character, its climate, the commercial advantages in relation to the entire Pacific trade, and urged that formal possession be taken to secure title and encourage settlement by the best class of immigration, for they wanted people of the best class and not renegades from civilization. The Hudson's Bay Company had so far preserved peace among the Indians, but that could not be depended on; people could not afford to come in and occupy the land without some guaranty of civil law and such protection as stable government could give.

When Mr. Lee reached Council Bluffs he received an express from McLoughlin that told of the death of his wife soon after the birth and death of a son. Crossing the Mississippi, he lectured on Oregon as he travelled east, creating enthusiasm as he urged that the western shore should be settled and made certainly American. A young Chinook boy was left at Peoria, not being well, who gave impetus to the Oregon question by telling them of the Chinook salmon and game in the hills. He created a sensation for awhile, but it did not materialize into immigration to the occident.

At New York Lee had made an appeal to the Methodist Missionary Society, so that a call was issued for volunteers and the sum of \$42,000 was raised to charter the ship *Lausanne* and load it with supplies for the projected colony. He had much opposition to overcome, but succeeded by earnest effort. An addition of thirty-six grown people

was made to the mission force and the *Lausanne* was soon buffeting the waves, sailing through the zones to reach the shores of Oregon.

As for the Oregon settlers-memorial, Lee forwarded it to Congress and Caleb Cushing wrote to ask further information. Lee's answer may be taken as a statement of the population of Oregon at that time, independent of the force of the Hudson's Bay Company. He replied January 17, 1839, that there were twenty-five of both sexes connected with the Methodist Mission and that forty-five more were on the way. There were sixteen connected with the mission of the American Board, and some twenty more were going from the Western States that spring; besides which, there were forty-five resident settlers who had Indian wives and half-breed children. He went on to write at length as to the need of government assistance and protection and gave a glowing picture of the manual labor schools to be organized, buildings erected, and farms and mills at work; all of which he earnestly believed and hoped for, beyond a doubt.

This would give a few over an hundred inhabitants in Oregon then, and there would be 180 when the *Lausanne* should arrive. Jason Lee evidently desired to see Oregon independent of the Hudson's Bay Company and preserved as the territory of the United States. He was born in Canada, but had become a patriotic American.

On the 10th of October, 1839, the *Lausanne* sailed from New York with the mission family, as follows: Jason Lee and wife (for Lee had found another willing bride), Joseph H. Frost and family, A. F. Waller and family, J. P. Richmond and family, Gustavus Hines and family, all of whom

were ministers ; also Dr. Ira L. Babcock and family, George Abernethy (mission steward) and family, W. W. Raymond (farmer) and wife, Lewis H. Judson (cabinet-maker) and family, Josiah L. Parrish (blacksmith) and family, James Olley (carpenter) and family, Hamilton Campbell and family, David Carter, Miss Chloe L. Clark, Miss Elmira Phelps, Miss Maria T. Lankton ; also Thomas Adams, the Chinook boy left at Peoria. Another Chinook youth he took East had died. Services were held on the steamer that conveyed them to Sandy Hook, where the *Lausanne* lay waiting. The shores of New York Bay, Staten Island and Long Island heard earnest prayer, praise and exhortation from many friends who accompanied thus far to bid them good-bye with their best wishes. They had the heart-felt blessing of the Christian world ; were equipped from the bounty of many who opened willing purses, and it seemed that they should deserve the benison of heaven to afford their self-sacrifice grateful outcome.

The mission on the Willamette, meanwhile, was having varying fortunes ; Mrs. Jason Lee had died, the infant son of Dr. Elijah White, the first-born boy of white parentage, was drowned by the upsetting of a canoe at the Cascades and the mother and Mrs. Leslie barely escaped. The Leslie's home was burned while Mrs. Leslie was ill, and all their effects were lost. To all appearance the mission work was successful ; there was a revival in December at Willamette Mission, where a number of the settlers and many natives were added to the church. It was a revival scene to the fullest extent. Daniel Lee said, "The scene was awful ;" as result some of the leading settlers joined the church ; the young people of the mission families were overcome

by the revival spirit. It seemed to them, at last, that their prayers were answered and their labors rewarded. Up to this there had been few satisfactory results at the mission.

At The Dalles, Daniel Lee and Mr. Perkins made slow progress. They tried to teach the Wascos the efficacy of prayer, and they took it so literally that they thought praying worked a spell equal to the necromancy of their own medicine men, and much cheaper to use. There was a miraculous idea involved and superstitious minds were excited to believe whatever they thought was worth believing. They had no idea that it was also necessary to work, but thought they could pray for a coat and it was sure to come; if they had to work for it, that was no advantage over trade with, or working for, the Hudson's Bay Company. After sieges of prayer with no resulting favors, they would reproach their teachers and refuse to be comforted when told that gifts would not come from heaven to reward their faith. Then they would thieve missionary goods, and Daniel Lee had to provide guns and ammunition to use in case threats on his life matured.

As a reproach to his fears, when he returned from buying guns and powder at Vancouver, he found Mr. Perkins in the heat of a revival. Several had begun to pray and one was converted. During the winter Mr. Perkins held meetings along the river; camp meetings were held in the spring among the Klickitats, north of the Columbia; several hundred were baptized as converted and received into fellowship. Word went East of these successes and greatly encouraged the people there, for it truly seemed as though the work of grace was really begun; but it was only Indian nature showing up in emotional phase. They believed that

joining the church endowed them with all good and shielded them from all harm; if it could not do that they had no use for religion. Some enemy slew a chief; they said he was a praying man—what good was praying if he could be killed?

A boy was sent from the school for some misconduct, and died soon after; they charged his death to Mr. Perkins, and wanted pay for the boy he had killed. If they were not at liberty to revenge the death of their chief they could not afford to be Christians. It was not possible for most of them to appreciate Christian teachings; when the emotion wore off they became backsliders. They revenged fancied wrongs by stealing horses. In truth, they were mercenary savages; the effort to redeem them from barbarism had only selfish response in their capricious natures. The groundwork had not been laid to secure just appreciation; what sense of right and nobility of character a few possessed was insufficient to overcome superstition and ignorance in the masses. The Wascos had kept the gateway to the Columbia so long that they were more than usually arrogant.

George Stoutenberg, adopted son of Elijah White, was drowned attempting to ford the Willamette on horseback. In the autumn, after two years of illness, Cyrus Shepard was seriously ill; a diseased leg was amputated and he died soon after, leaving a young wife and two infant daughters. He was considered the most successful worker of the mission; possessed excellent qualities that in spirit of self-sacrifice he devoted to a forlorn hope; had not even the satisfaction others who remained took advantage of, to become independent and lead honored and comfortable lives as result of the wonderful future that was not then far off.

In the merry month of May, 1841, Daniel Lee had tired of The Dalles and was anticipating the arrival on the *Lausanne* of Maria T. Ware, his promised bride, so he went down to the sea to wait her coming. Elsewhere we tell that Sol Smith and his Clatsop wife also went, as they wished to make their home there with the people, where malaria did not prevail. Both of them had been under religious conviction, had joined the church and she hoped to do some good with her own people. It was such occasional intelligent ones as she was, who had some education, as well as association with whites, who might hope to accomplish something for religious conversion of the Indians.

There was a romantic coincidence, that after they had reached Chinook Point, and Lee had held service the next morning, a sail was seen in the offing. A ship was watched as she came through the breakers, and from the lookout of Scarborough Head they saw the *Lausanne*! It may be imagined with what interest they watched as the good ship came sailing into Baker's Bay. There had been deep sympathy felt for Jason Lee when, during his absence, the death of his beautiful young wife occurred. So greatly had Dr. McLoughlin felt it that he sent an express across the mountains, the long road to the Missouri, to convey his sympathy with the sad announcement. It is claimed that when the list of passengers was found to contain the name of another Mrs. Jason Lee, in place of the one who had died in his absence, his associates were disgusted. It may look as if true sorrow needed a twelvemonth of confirmation; but the first courtship and acquaintance had been brief; his married life had but a twelvemonth of happiness with a kindred spirit that must have taught him the beauty and

loveliness of a home; when he should return to the lovely wilderness of the Willamette, there would be no opportunity to select another life partner. We can condone his fault while we respect the conditions that called for criticism.

The Lausanne went up the Columbia; her passengers were hospitably entertained by Dr. McLoughlin, at Vancouver, for weeks, until their work could be assigned, while Jason Lee laid off the programme. In the end Revs. Frost and Kane were stationed on Clatsop Plains, south of the Columbia and near the ocean, to be later reinforced by Calvin Tibbetts and a negro named Wallace, who had deserted some vessel on which he was a sailor. Sol Smith settled with them, on a favorable location, selected with care. Thus the settlement of Clatsop commenced in 1840. Mr. Kane, his wife's health being poor, returned East in the fall of 1841.

In 1842, there was a reinforcement at Clatsop; Peter Brainard came, via the Grand Round Pass, with cattle that had been brought in the second cattle expedition, for in 1840 there was a second cattle drive overland from California, under charge of T. J. Hubbard, that increased the wealth and independence of the slowly growing colony. In 1843 Mr. Frost returned to the East, leaving J. L. Parrish in charge at Clatsop. It is only necessary to say that the Clatsop mission, like that of the Willamette, accomplished little; the natives were degraded, diseased, and gradually became few, yet the Clatsops originally were an important people.

In 1842, W. H. Wilson commenced operations at Nesqually, 100 miles north of the Columbia, on Puget Sound; the Richmonds and Miss Clark were also sent there. Wilson

married Miss Clark, which made matters harmonize. Thus an American settlement was commenced on Puget Sound, and Jason Lee's policy was invading what the British fur company hoped would be British domain. It was not a lonesome situation, for Fort Nesqually was near by and the Steilacoom farm of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company not far away. The sandy plains were grazed by thousands of sheep, and sheep pasture was all that land was good for. The Nesqually mission was finally abandoned and the Richmond sailed back to Newburyport in 1842.

Take the work of the Methodist mission as a whole, and the efforts of Jason Lee for what they were worth to the American cause, and we see that they laid the foundation for settlement of Western Oregon. Taken with regard to the effort to civilize and Christianize the Indians, and it was as lamentable a failure as was possible. As a race they died and made no sign. Incapable of improvement, they sunk deeper and deeper in degradation. It was simply true that it was impossible—with any available means—for the mission to accomplish its original design and improve the moral and physical condition of the race.

The Dalles mission lingered along until both Daniel Lee and Shepard returned to the East, then was placed in charge of Rev. A. F. Waller, to be eventually discontinued. The Willamette mission was removed to a beautiful site on the river, ten miles south, the present site of the capital city of Oregon, Salem, the town site being located under the land laws by Dr. W. H. Wilson, who divided the town lots with the mission, or with their educational enterprise, now called Willamette University. Brother A. F. Waller located on the east of the Wilson claim; Father Leslie took

the south, and J. L. Parrish the north, so that they reaped the rich harvest of the future.

The Indians had named the strip along the river, overhung with willows, ash and cotton-woods, where they came to winter after the season of work was over, Chemeketa, meaning "Our Old Home." Here they brought the gatherings of all the year, making this their home from November until April. The prairie rose gradually from the river and was crowned in spots by majestic groves of white oak; maples, clustered or alone, spread their wide branches with broad-leaved, umbrageous density of shade and towering height that makes the Oregon maple most beautiful of its kind. It was an ideal spot; the waters of two mill streams border the north and the south. Some one of the company came from Salem, Mass., so the spot was named after that old Puritan stronghold, and not after the witches who were burned there.

Jason Lee, with Gustavus Hines, made a journey to the Umpqua to locate a mission and settlement somewhere away from the contamination they had met on the Columbia and Willamette. Rev. Augustus Hines, writing of this journey in his work on Oregon, tells how they went through the Upper Willamette, crossed the Calipooia divide to where Fort Umpqua of the Hudson's Bay Company was, were entertained there and advised by Gagnier, the agent in charge, to be careful how they should venture among wild coast tribes. He furnished them his Indian wife and brother for guides and to interpret, so Hines and Lee went down the Umpqua to the sea, while White returned to the Willamette. Fort Umpqua was situated where they commenced to know the beautiful Umpqua region, but most of the set-

tled portions lie to the south and are wonderfully fertile and beautiful.

The Umpqua, with its beautiful hills and ranges, winding valleys and prairie reaches, is one of the most romantically lovely districts of the Pacific, or of the world. But to go down the Umpqua to the ocean shows nothing of all this. Mr. Hines says: "We found but little land along the river which holds out inducement to emigrants, the country on both sides being more and more mountainous. Whatever the country may be back from the river, it is certain that along the streams it can never sustain much population." Which was true enough, but they were going away from the good land and rich valleys to follow the gorge the river had cut through the coast ranges, and had only mountain sides piled up all around them. He adds: "Hills upon hills, rocks upon rocks, characterize almost the whole distance from Fort Umpqua to the Pacific Ocean." What he saw was more like "Ossa piled on Pelion" than verdant vales and flowery reaches.

Along the river they held religious services, finding the natives imitative and easily impressed, as they always were with what they could not understand yet excited their superstition. They found three small villages at the coast, where Mrs. Gagnier gave their message and tried to explain the nature and purpose of the mission. They were impressed, were solemnly interested, the prayers impressed them and the singing; they no doubt thought, as it was Heber's missionary hymn, it was a little above the ordinary effort of their war songs or medicine performance. Lee promised them a teacher the following summer and returned to the fort, much to the satisfaction of Gagnier, who was

solicitous as to their fate, and, perhaps, feared his spouse might fall victim to their missionary zeal.

When asked what their views were as to the proposition to accept Christian teachers and learn civilized ways, the chief made an address, with violent gestures and extraordinary postures, rising on tiptoe and stretching his hands aloft, to then almost bend to the earth. He said: "Great Chief! We are much pleased with our lands; we love this our world; we hope to live a great while, and desire to become old men before we die. It is true we have killed many people, but we have never killed any but bad men. Many lies have been told about us. We have been called bad people and are glad you have come to see for yourselves. We have seen white people before, but they came to get our beaver. None ever came here before to teach us good. We are glad to see you, for we want to learn. We wish to throw away bad things and become good."

When we take into consideration that this was where Jedediah Smith's party was partly murdered and he escaped by fearful suffering a few years before; and that these were the bad people he so modestly confessed to having killed; and that here, at this very spot, the first attempt to settle at the mouth of the Umpqua in later years induced similar murderous conduct, we can surmise what a hopeful community Jason Lee was trying to lead to life and light. They always, however, liked to expatiate on their love for their own country; their native home spots were as dear to them as to the most civilized, and much dearer than most.

Mr. Hines estimated that they were not over three hundred and seventy-five in number; Gagnier's wife and brother overheard some of those near the fort express the

opinion that the shot pouch Lee wore was bad medicine that was to be let loose to kill them all; so they had devotedly kept guard at night to prevent any attempt to murder their party. They knew that disease had swept away the tribes of the north and believed it was due to magic, for to magic they charged most of the ills of life.

There was disagreement between Jason Lee and White, for the latter was presuming and Lee resented his assumptions. So White resigned—rather under a cloud, as he had made enemies. Unhappily, there was difference and division. White returned in the summer of 1840, on the Lausanne's home trip, resumed his old practice and made the Board of Missions satisfied to pay his expenses. Dissensions arose because some had pleasanter assignments than others. Those who were favored sided with Jason Lee; others had not self-sacrifice to go to less pleasant stations and work in harmony with the more favored. Some were hastened from Vancouver to the wilderness who thought they should, at least, see the beautiful Willamette station. Lee knew they had no time to waste to get ready for winter, so they were hurried off. Leslie took sides with Dr. White; as result, he was left out at the next annual meeting, which left him in this farthest and wildest west without any income or support. It is not easy to excuse this treatment of a man who had brought a young family to the ends of the earth in earnest hope to serve the Lord. The Lausanne took back letters from Kone, Richmond, and others, reflecting on Lee's course, that nerved the arm of Elijah White as he made war at the East on Lee, and White was no long-suffering brother who endured with patience and grew strong with suffering. He keenly resented his wrongs.

In the absence of Dr. White, Dr. Babcock came from The Dalles to the Willamette, where chills and fever and low typhoid prevailed and whites suffered while Indians died. J. L. Parrish said that five hundred of them died in the Willamette in 1840; his own eldest son died. It was a fearful condition; the need of mission work among the natives of Western Oregon grew less and less.

One of the tragic sequels to romantic incident occurred in connection with the fate of Cornelius Rogers, who came from the mission work of the Presbyterians, east of the mountains, to live in the Willamette. He saw the Leslie family about to leave for the Sandwich Islands, as Jason Lee would assign him to no work; they were on board the brig *Chenamus*, September, 1842, when Rogers proposed to marry the oldest daughter, Satira. He was accepted and they were married on board the ship; then the Leslie family sailed away. Rogers was intending to remove to Oregon City. The two younger girls of the Leslies remained with the sister. In the winter he, the wife and younger sister took passage in a large canoe that carried supplies for the Clatsop mission. There were also Dr. White—by this returned to Oregon—Nathaniel Crocker, lately arrived from New York, and Raymond, who came from Clatsop for the supplies. Winter rains had raised the river to flood stage, but they reached the head of the rapids in safety. While Raymond and three Indians were letting the boat down by a rope to the landing, as they reached there White stepped out, and in so doing gave the canoe a slight momentum that threw it a little out, where the strong current seized it; catching the bow, it swept the canoe broadside into the swift

current. The river was so fierce that it drew the five men on the shore into the water and they were forced to let go or share the others' fate. There was hardly time to give a shriek of human despair when they were hurled over the falls and no hope of rescue was possible.

This occurred February 3, 1843, and was a sad blow to the little American colony. During five years there were thirteen deaths by sickness and accident in that mission circle; ten in the prime of life and three children. Besides this, the mortality among the Indians had been frightful. But it was not strange, children of superstition as they were, they believed it to be the effect of magic. The news of the fate of these tribes spread far and wide and impressed all other regions. That there was wide intercourse between tribes we can know from the fact that when Daniel Lee drove cattle to The Dalles he had Indians from Walla Walla, an hundred miles east, and from Chinook, two hundred miles west, to assist him. Whatever concerned one tribe was soon known far away. What was singular in that old-time contagion was, that the climate of Oregon has proved to be very healthy; unusually free from such fevers. If they prevail at all, it is occasionally a light attack of chills and fever.

In 1841 a location was selected for the Indian Labor School. The building cost \$10,000, and school was kept nine months in the year, commencing the fall of 1842. Another enterprise of an educational nature was an institute for white pupils, to be located three miles away, and in time grow to be an university. Jason Lee was looking forward and getting ready for the time when Oregon should be a civilized State. With this in view he had written Caleb

Cushing, and for this led off with Ewing Young to memorialize Congress in 1838.

The mission might not Christianize the Indians, as they were becoming extinct, and what were left were inert and worthless; but he looked to a future that could recognize Jason Lee as the moving spirit that planned and commenced an era that was to be permanent and great for national events; he wanted his name to go echoing down the aisles of time in connection therewith.

It is not necessary to dwell *in extenso* on events, but the mission era was drawing to a close. With a splendid force of men and women, who came to work for the regeneration of a savage race, nothing worth while had been accomplished. The various branches of the parent tree had withered; there would have been no importance to the Willamette station but for the presence of the Canadian settlers, and the few scattered Americans who clustered around it. Rev. J. L. Parrish, the blacksmith as well as preacher, asserted that he had seen as bright converts among the Indians as the whites. As a man of sturdy physique and used to active labor he could endure more than most. He also said that "half the men who came to Oregon ought to have stayed at home; they knew nothing of the hardship of a new country; the hardships were such that they could not endure them;" which answers for a great deal of the failure that attended mission work. Those who came in the Lausanne found few or no civilized comforts awaiting them; all had to be made out of the fir forest, for there was not a board, or table, chairs or other comforts.

Another fact as to the Lausanne's passengers was, that the mission fund was insufficient to charter the vessel for

the voyage. In some way government aid was secured to the extent of \$50, for each passenger.

Lee's journey East resulted in inducing the few who left Peoria in 1839 to make the first emigration across the plains, as will be noted elsewhere. Another party of eleven left Illinois the same year, some of whom reached Oregon in 1840, commencement of that tide destined to flood the Northwest of the Pacific. Jason Lee can be credited—as well as Hall J. Kelley and Marcus Whitman with patriotic zeal and devotion to the interests of Oregon.

On February 3, 1844, Jason Lee with Gustavus Hines and family left Vancouver on the Hudson's Bay Company bark *Columbia*, for the Sandwich Islands. Lee was determined to go East again to try to secure a grant of all mission tracts, which could be made to include the falls of the Willamette and Oregon City, as he could see that they must eventually be of immense value; also, he was to act as financial agent to collect means to properly equip the Institute with scientific apparatus. We will for the present pass over the contention for the Oregon City claim and accompany Messrs. Lee and Hines on their voyage to the Islands. As they reached Honolulu Dr. Babcock, who was there, met them with information that the Home Board of Missions had suspended Lee; one George Gary was on the way to investigate Lee's management and conduct since he arrived in Oregon, and was to close the mission—if deemed advisable. It was the intention for Lee and the Hines family to return by first vessel to Boston or New York, but he persuaded Hines to return to Oregon with Dr. Babcock, and that they should do all they could to protect his interest while he hurried to New York to face the situation. A Hawaiian

schooner was leaving for Mazatlan; he took passage and crossed Mexico to Vera Cruz; his child was left with his friends, and this departure closed the story of his career in Oregon.

For ten years he had labored, and the schemes of the settler and colonizer had superseded in his mind the work of the missionary. His mission hopes were "like Dead Sea fruit, that tempts the eye but turns to ashes on the lip." Pestilence had followed his coming, and his touch seemed to cause pollution. Superintendent Gary arrived June, 1844, and called the missionaries together for consultation and investigation. It was the next morning's daylight before that conference ended; its result was the dissolution of the mission. All the mission property was sold; the manual labor farm and buildings were bought in by the trustees of the Institute; the mission herds were disposed of; all at The Dalles and Clatsop went in due time; the Methodist Mission, that had disputed the palm for power with the great Hudson's Bay Company, became only a memory of something that had been!

The families connected with the mission added seventy-five population to the settlers of Oregon, as the writer recognized when he arrived there a few years later. Their influence was healthy; it was excusable if they were a little clannish.

They were all well to do when the broken-down emigrants of the later forties arrived; from their abundance they were able to organize churches and schools, and their presence here was in many ways a benefit to the New World that was rapidly growing up around them.

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