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"THE MERCER IMMIGRATION:" TWO CARGOES OF MAIDENS FOR THE SOUND COUNTRY.

See on this subject an extract from Puget Sound Herald in Va. Sentinel, Oct 20/58.

By CLARENCE B. BAGLEY.

The early migrations to Oregon were nearly all of the farming class and composed of families. The "Donation Act" became a law September 27, 1850, and it proved to be a dominant factor in the early development of the Willamette Valley. Beginning with 1843, thousands of emigrants from the States in the Mississippi Valley, but mostly from Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Arkansas, sold out their small holdings, put their wives and children into wagons and started for Oregon. For this reason the great disparity in the numbers of men and women did not exist there comparable to Washington and California.

California was admitted as a State in 1850, and almost the entire population was males, attracted there from all over the world by the discoveries of gold. Washington gained slowly in population during the quarter century following its separation from Oregon. Until about 1860 nearly all the increase was on Puget Sound or west of the Cascade Mountains. Most of it was composed of loggers, millmen, sailors, etc., who were unmarried. The ratio of males to females was not less than nine to one.

The "Donation Act" at first gave 320 acres to each unmar-

ried man, and 640 acres to husband and wife; later this was reduced one-half, and still later again one-half. In the division of the claim the wife had the choice.

As may be supposed there were few single women of marriageable age. During the great Civil War it became a saying that the cradle and the grave were robbed to supply soldiers, and certainly the nursery was robbed for wives during the period the "Donation Act" was in force. Marriages of girls under fifteen years of age were common. I witnessed one near Salem where the bride was only thirteen years old and the groom more than three times that age. These early marriages were almost all contracted that the brides might get their "claims."

On Puget Sound the scarcity of women was a serious matter. It affected the social, industrial and moral condition of the several communities. It was a subject of frequent discussion and a matter of earnest regret.

Charles Prosch, then editor of the *Puget Sound Herald*, published at Steilacoom, and now enjoying a hearty and respected old age in Seattle, appears to have been the first to take up the subject for serious discussion. As early as October 22, 1858, an editorial headed "A Good Wife" appeared, and, after paying her a glowing tribute by way of preparing his bachelor friends for what was to follow, he said:

"Complaint has been made by several esteemed unmarried friends of the great dearth of marriageable females in our vicinity, and very truly. Many who are now wretched for want of comfortable homes, with 'heaven's last best gift' presiding therein, would lose no time in allying themselves with the fair daughters of Eve if they would but deign to favor us with their presence. There is probably no community in the Union of a like number of inhabitants, in which so large a proportion are bachelors. We have no spinsters.

The young men here seeking life partners are every way fitted to assume the incidental responsibilities. They already, in many instances, have comfortable homes, which only lack the presence of females to render them in the highest degree attractive. There are probably not less than fifty bachelors in

and near Steilacoom, nearly all of whom are eager to put their necks in the matrimonial noose. With few or no exceptions they are abundantly able to provide comfortable homes, and even to surround themselves with the luxuries of life. For good moral character they rank high; indeed, we may safely challenge any community of equal numbers in the world to produce the same proportion of young men so little tainted with vicious habits. It is in a great measure owing to their freedom from vice that they have now such ample means. We can and do conscientiously commend them to the notice and favor of the fair sex abroad. They would be considered very desirable matches in large cities."

Again, August 26, 1859, with "Scarcity of White Women" for a topic, he gave an admirable essay that now, nearly a half century later, seems to me remarkable as a proof of the keen insight into existing conditions and prescience of those to follow evinced by its writer. With a few unimportant omissions it was as follows:

" 'The white folks in Oregon, having no white women to choose from, are marrying Indian squaws.'

The above is from a paper called the *True Democrat*, published at Little Rock, Arkansas. How true it is of Oregon, we cannot say; but we have frequently been assured that the reverse was the case there, and that marriageable white women were plentiful. Unfortunately, it is too true of this beautiful territory, and is one of the causes—the principal cause, we might say—that operates to check its growth and development. The proportion of white men to white women here is about twenty to one. This vast disproportion of the sexes injuriously affects this country in various ways. The men are unsettled in their plans and discontented with their lot, though prospering by their industry. They feel that, without wives, they are without homes, and hence do not manifest that interest in the country which they would were the ties strengthened by the presence in their dwellings of cheerful helpmeets, to soothe their cares and stimulate their energies. With all the comforts of life about them, or within reach, and an independence from toil in early prospect, they yet feel that life has no charms for

them, and are, therefore, reckless of whatever may befall them. This is a state of things not calculated to promote the interest of any country, if long continued, and here especially it is to be deeply deplored.

The intermarriage of whites with Indians is fraught with many and serious evils. It has been asserted that it elevates the Indian at the expense of the white race. While we question the fact of its morally elevating the Indian race, we are fully sensible of its demoralizing influence upon the white. The effect of this species of amalgamation, as seen here, and we believe, everywhere else, has been an almost instantaneous degeneration of the white, with no visible improvement of the Indian; while the offspring are found to possess not only all the vices inherent in the Indian, but unite with them the bad qualities of the whites. This mixture of the races has produced some of the most noted outlaws of the Southwestern States. It will create men of the same stamp here. It is the knowledge of this fact that has led to the enactment of laws prohibiting these unnatural alliances.

But where there are no white women what are the white men to do? is a question that has often been asked here. Occasionally we hear of a young man going to the States and getting a wife, or writing for one to come out. But it is not every young man who has female acquaintances in the States of suitable age or disposition for marriage. What are they to do who unhappily have no female acquaintances at all? We hardly know what to advise except to wait patiently and bide their time. A very long time cannot now elapse ere we shall have marriageable females enough in our own midst. The New England towns are full to overflowing of intelligent young women well trained to household duties, with no possible chance of finding husbands at home. Sooner or later the tide of female immigration will set in. Of this there is no uncertainty; it is only a question of time, but that we would hasten.

An appeal may, with propriety, be made to the good sense of the large surplus of young women of the crowded cities of the Northern and Eastern States, where all branches of female labor are reduced to starving rates of pay, and where thous-

ands upon thousands deem themselves fortunate to avoid starvation. Among the female working classes in the States there are some who have means sufficient to enable them to come here, and we trust such will come, and leave their places to those more needy. How much better off they would be here as the wives of wealthy and prospering farmers, mechanics, professional men and merchants, than they are in their present position. Immediate employment can be obtained throughout the Territory at profitable wages by milliners, dressmakers, school teachers, seamstresses, laundresses, housemaids, etc. These pursuits are all seeking heads and hands to follow them here, at higher compensation than is obtained even in California.

Of the three thousand voters of Washington Territory, it is safe to say that two thousand are desirous of entering the marital state. Give them a chance and, our word for it, they won't make long courtships. By the time these two thousand are disposed of we shall have two or three thousand more, judging from the large number of bachelors constantly settling among us. Here is the market to bring your charms to, girls. Don't be backward, but come right along—all who want good husbands and comfortable homes in the most beautiful country and the finest climate of the world."

Its view regarding the mixture of the races has proved in the main correct. That has been unalloyed evil, and the shame of it has saddened many households all over Puget Sound. Half-breeds, carrying the blood in their veins of men whose names are now historic, are known to all pioneers. Other pioneers, after their dusky mistresses had borne them children, cast them off and married white women. Some of these men cared for their illegitimate progeny—others did not. In either case the disgrace of it has darkened the lives of the white wives and their children in all the after years. The half-breeds have not become vicious or depraved, except in a few instances. Some of them in youth showed talent that gave much promise for the future, but failed of realization. In fact most of them died in early life.

February 24, 1860, the following appeared in the advertising columns of the *Herald:*

ATTENTION, BACHELORS: Believing that our only chance for a realization of the benefits and early attainment of matrimonial alliances depends upon the arrival in our midst of a number of the fair sex from the Atlantic States, and that, to bring about such an arrival a united effort and action are called for on our part, we respectfully request a full attendance of all eligible and sincerely desirous bachelors of this community to assemble on Tuesday evening next, February 28th, in Delin & Shorey's building, to devise ways and means to secure this much-needed and desirable emigration to our shores.

D. V. K. WALDRON,
EGBERT H. TUCKER,
CHRISTOPHER DOWNEY,
JAS. E. D. JESTER,
G. FORD,
O. H. WHITE,
J. K. MCCALL,
E. O. FERGUSON,
O. C. SHOREY,
And eighty-seven others.

The following week the *Herald* gave a short report of the meeting and of another held a few days later, but did not publish the full proceedings, owing to their great length.

June 1st, following, the *Herald* had an article more than a column in length, mentioning the call for the meeting of the bachelors. It said: "Judging from the number of journals which have bestowed notices on the object of the meeting alluded to, it is fair to presume that nearly every city, town and hamlet in the United States is acquainted with it. Our attention has been called to some ten or twelve such notices in papers published in as many different sections of the Union." Nearly a column from the *Cincinnati Commercial* was reprinted. That paper treated the subject humorously, but fairly, and gave the proposition its approval in most hearty

fashion. I regret that lack of space prevents the republication of these remarks in full.

From time to time the newspapers mentioned the continued scarcity of women here, but nothing practical was ever done until early in 1861 a young gentleman, Asa S. Mercer, arrived in Seattle, fresh from college. Besides having attractive manners and plenty of confidence in himself, he found here an elder brother, one of the oldest and most influential pioneers, Judge Thomas Mercer, who numbered every man and woman in the county his friend. Also Dexter Horton and Daniel Bagley had been friends of the Mercer family at the old home in Illinois. With these three pioneers to introduce him, it was not long before young Mercer was one of the best known young men on Puget Sound. He soon went to work in helping to clear the old University site, and did much manual labor of different kinds during the erection of the university building in 1861.

In the fall of 1862 he became the first president of the Territorial University and taught a five-months' term. All the classes sat and recited in one room, the one in the southwest corner of the building.

Judge Mercer often made it a subject of semi-jocose comment that young women should be so scarce in this new community, and often suggested an effort to secure territorial or governmental aid for bringing out from New England a party of young women, who were needed as school teachers, seamstresses, housekeepers, and for other positions far removed from that of household servants.

This set young Mercer to thinking on the subject, and the more he thought of it the more he favored it. He talked the matter over with William Pickering, then Governor of the Territory, and with members of the legislature, and while everybody favored the proposition, the public treasury was empty, and public credit fully fifty per cent below par, so he failed in the effort to secure territorial aid. Nothing daunted, he went from place to place and obtained quite a number of generous private contributions to a fund that enabled him to go to Boston, and there the proposition was placed before the public for

a lot of the girls and young women who had been made orphans by the Civil War to accompany him to Washington. Quite a large number evinced a willingness to go, but when the time came to start only eleven had found courage to leave their friends and make a journey of seven thousand miles into a wilderness but thinly settled with entire strangers to them. A few of these had to avail themselves of the means provided by Mr. Mercer, but most of them paid their own way.

They left New York in March, 1864, came by way of the Isthmus of Panama and San Francisco. At the latter place quarters were secured for the party on the bark Torrent, which brought them to Port Gamble, then called, Teekalet, and from there the sloop Kidder brought them to Seattle about midnight of May 16, 1864.

.Their names were Lizzie M. Ordway, who never married; Georgia Pearson, who married C. T. Terry of Whidby Island —whose daughter Blanche has for years held a responsible position in the office of the city superintendent of schools, and who has performed the duties of the position so acceptably to the patrons of the school; Josephine Pearson, who died not long after her arrival in the Territory, unmarried; Annie May Adams, who married Robert G. Head, a well known printer of Olympia in early days; Miss Cheney, who married Captain Charles H. Willoughby, one of the best known captains in the early United States revenue service, and who held many other responsible positions; Maria Murphy, who returned East a good many years ago; Kate Stickney, who married Walter Graham, who then owned and lived on a beautiful farm on the shore of Lake Washington and now known as Brighton Beach (she did not live many years); Sarah J. Gallagher, who became Mrs. Thomas S. Russell, and after his death was quite wealthy, dying here in Seattle but a few years ago; Kate Stevens, who married Captain Henry Smith, well known on Puget Sound and in British Columbia; Miss Coffman, who married a Mr. Hinckley of Port Ludlow, and subsequently moved to California; Miss Baker, who married a member of the numerous and well known Huntington family of Cowlitz County.

There were also two male members of this party, Daniel Pearson, the father of the Misses Pearson, and the other was, I think, the father of Kate Stevens.

The *Seattle Gazette* of May 28, 1864, says: "We neglected last week to notice the return home of our highly esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Asa S. Mercer, from the East, where he has been on a visit for the greater part of the past year. It is to the efforts of Mr. Mercer—joined with the wishes of the darlings themselves—that the eleven accomplished and beautiful young ladies whose arrival was lately announced, have been added to our population. We understand that the number would have been fifty, as at first reported, but many were not able to prepare for the journey this season. The thanks of the whole community, and of the bachelors in particular, are due Mr. Mercer for his efforts in encouraging this much-needed kind of immigration. Mr. Mercer is the Union candidate for joint councilman for King and Kitsap counties, and all bachelors, old and young, may, on election day, have an opportunity of expressing, through the ballot box, their appreciation of his devotedness to the cause of the Union, matrimonial as well as national."

His efforts had been so much appreciated that he had been nominated unanimously to the upper house of the Territorial Legislative Assembly. His opponent was M. S. Drew, who then lived at Port Gamble, but has been for a great many years a prominent resident of Seattle. The total vote in King County was 148, and in Kitsap County about 90. Mr. Mercer was elected by a considerable majority.

He served during the session ending the last days of January, 1865, and the first days of March following he was again on his way East on the same errand that had engaged him on his previous trip. A letter, dated April 17, 1865, at New York City, to his brother in Seattle, announces that he had just arrived, having been much delayed on the Isthmus. It also refers to the intense excitement existing over the assassination of President Lincoln, two days previous.

He went to work at once, and met with encouragement wherever he went. In three months he thought his plans were so

well perfected that he could set the date for the return to Seattle, as the following letter will show:

"LOWELL, Mass., July 23, 1865.

See a short note on this pioneer immigration Battle Ground Sept 30/65.

Ed. Gazette: Through the *Gazette* and the territorial papers generally, I wish to speak to the citizens of Puget Sound. The 19th of August I sail from New York with upwards of three hundred war orphans—daughters of those brave, heroic sons of liberty, whose lives were given as offerings to appease the angry god of battle on many a plain and field in our recent war to perpetuate freedom and her institutions. I appeal to every true, warm-hearted family to open wide the door and share your home comforts with those whose lot is about to be cast in your midst. Let every neighborhood appoint a committee of a lady and gentleman to meet us at Seattle upon the arrival of the ocean steamer carrying the party, with instruction to welcome to their homes as many of the company as they can furnish homes and employment for. Judging from the known intelligence, patriotism and benevolence of the citizens of Washington Territory, I feel confident that a home will be found ready for each one of the three hundred young ladies I have induced to migrate to our new but interesting country. I can cheerfully vouch for the intelligence and moral character of all those persons accompanying me, and take pleasure in saying that they will be a very desirable addition and help to the country.

Will the press generally aid us in getting these facts before the people.

Very truly,

A. S. MERCER."

The *Gazette* published the letter, remarking that the expediency of bringing so large a number at that time into our thinly settled country might be questionable, but added: "Be this as it may, they will soon be here and depending upon our citizens for homes. They have strong claims upon our sympathies, and all who have the least patriotism should extend the hand of fellowship to welcome, and will do all they can to provide for them. They come to us the unprotected orphans of the heroes whose lives were freely given for our country's

salvation. The graves of their natural protectors now roughen the battle fields of Freedom. We, on this distant shore, enjoy the fruits of their valor and sacrifices, but we did not share their sufferings, toils, and dangers. We are called upon by every emotion of gratitude and sense of duty to protect and provide for their children."

The few papers then published in Oregon and Washington gave similar expressions of sentiment.

Copies of Mr. Mercer's letter and the editorial of the *Gazette* were printed and sent out to all the towns and communities in Western Washington, with the acompanying circular:

"SEATTLE, Washington Territory, September 18, 1865.

Dear Sir: Acting upon the information inclosed, a large and earnest meeting was held in this place on the 16th instant, to devise ways and means for the reception and care of the young ladies mentioned. Committees were appointed in the several towns and places of the territory for that purpose—the one at Seattle to act as executive committee, with Mrs. H. L. Yesler, president on the part of the ladies, and W. E. Barnard, the gentlemen. Hon. C. C. Terry was chosen treasurer and Daniel Bagley was chosen corresponding secretary; ———— ———— and yourself were appointed a committee for your part of the territory. The objects are, first: To provide homes and employment in families for as many as possible. Second: To secure places for a time for others until they can be permanently cared for; and, third: To collect funds and articles to meet the immediate wants that must of necessity be pressing upon their arrival. It is thought a large number of blankets and of bed clothing of all kinds will be in demand. Prompt and efficient action must be had, or embarrassment and suffering be experienced by the orphans of our departed heroes. Humanity and patriotism, alike, call upon us to make their condition as comfortable as possible. They may be expected here in a few days, hence something must be done without delay. We cannot now stop to question the propriety of Mr. Mercer's action. We trust it will result in good to the territory and all concerned. Please report at once how many we may send to your care, upon their arrival here. 'To do

good, and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.' Also, collect funds and articles and forward or report to me or the treasurer, Mr. Terry, of this place.

DANIEL BAGLEY,
Corresponding Secretary.''

The responses were prompt and generous, and had the large number thus expected really made their appearance here, they would have received a royal welcome and been entertained and cared for most tenderly.

About two years ago a distorted account of many of the incidents connected with this party came under my attention. I enclosed it in a letter to Mr. Mercer, asking that he write me an account of his experiences in Washington and New York, which he did in due time, but a fitting occasion for its publication has never before now seemed to appear. It is as follows:

''MAYOWORTH, Wyoming, November 12, 1901.

HON. C. B. BAGLEY, Seattle, Washington.

MY DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter asking for an account of the voyage of the 'Mercer girls,' as they were at the time called, from New York to Seattle. *Tempus fugit.* Ah, how the time has flown. It really seems but a few days since, in the flush of youth and the vigor of young manhood, I started out to do something for the commonwealth of Washington, which I dearly loved, and incidentally confer a blessing upon those whom a presentation of facts might induce to come and abide with us. But a reference to the calendar shows that more than thirty years have sped away, and a glance at present conditions reveals the fact that marvelous changes have taken place in all things Washingtonian, save in God's pyramids that rise in the Cascade and Olympic ranges. These will ever stand as proud tokens of infinite power and smiling sentinels to guard the developments wrought by man.

Early in the year 1865, impressed with the future greatness of the Territory, and knowing her every need, I determined to aid that future by bringing to her shores of few hundred good women. I had been taught to believe, and did believe, that practically all the goodness in the world came from

the influence of pure-minded women. At that time there was not a single woman of marriageable age on Puget Sound or the inlets north of Olympia, save two or three 'school marms,' who had accompanied me from the East the year before, and they were all preparing their wedding trousseaux. On the other hand, 'the woods were full' of single men—strong, brave and true-hearted, who had gone West to help subdue it and build a home. There were few families, and the bachelor element was almost wholly beyond the reach of female influence and its wholesome results. Most of these men had taken claims along the various streams and commenced the slow process of clearing. Prospectively their farms were valuable, but at that time unsalable, save for a pittance. The cost of a trip by steamer to the East was $250, not to mention incidentals. Thus the round trip, with the necessary expenses of finding a wife and returning to the 'Sound' would be $1,000 at least, and this was more than any claim in the country would sell for. So it was evident that Mahomet could not go to the mountains and the mountains had to be taken to Mahomet.

This was just at the close of the Civil War, when thousands of widows and orphans filled the East, many of whom, I reasoned, would be glad to seek a home in the sunset land, then *terra incognita*. Hundreds of government vessels were lying idle and thousands of seamen were still on the pay rolls, with bunkers overflowing with coal, at all of the government wharves. My thought was to call on President Lincoln, tell him of our situation, and ask him to give me a ship, coaled and manned, for the voyage from New York to Seattle, I furnishing the food supplies. This, I was confident, he would gladly do. Having sat upon Lincoln's lap as a five-year-old lad and listened to his funny stories, and knowing the goodness of his heart, not a shadow of doubt existed in my mind as to the outcome.

The steamer arrived in New York about noon and I arranged matters so as to leave for Washington on the morning train. Reaching the hotel office at 6 o'clock so as to breakfast and be off, crepe greeted me from all sides, and a bulletin

announced the assassination of the President at Ford's Theater the night before. I was at sea without a compass.

Clearly nothing could be done at Washington then. Waiting the passing of the temporary shock to the people, I racked my brain for a way out of darkness. The Governor of Massachusetts, John A. Andrew, was at the moment the most talked about and seemingly the most popular and influential man and politician in the country. To him I would go with my story and seek his aid. In due time he was approached and given a full statement of my hopes and aims, with an honest but glowing account of the resources and prospects of the country watered by the American Mediterranean. He took hold in earnest, and introduced me to Edward Everett Hale, who gave me much help.

Passing over the months of hard and continuous labor in the various departments at Washington, with the statement that I had seen everybody, from President Johnson down the line, all of whom approved of the enterprise but were afraid to aid, I finally called upon General Grant and stated my wants. Having been stationed for a number of years on Puget Sound, he knew the situation and promptly promised his aid. Calling at his office one morning, he said: 'Mercer, sit down and read the morning paper until my return. I am going over to the White House to meet the President and his cabinet and will bring your matter to a head one way or the other.' Half an hour later he returned, and as he entered the door his salutation was: 'Captain Crosby, make out an order for a steamship, coaled and manned, with capacity to carry 500 women from New York to Seattle for A. S. Mercer, and I will sign the same.' Then, turning to me, he explained that the President and all the members of the cabinet approved the undertaking, but were afraid to assume the responsibility of making the order. They pledged themselves, however, to stand by Grant if he would assume the risk. Half an hour's waiting and the orderly placed in my hands the document that apparently settled the whole question. Naturally I thought the order was good, and instead of going to the quartermaster and having a suitable vessel assigned, went out among the people to gather up

the women, even issuing nearly 500 tickets for the trip.

Having interested and secured about all the passengers necessary to fill the ship, I returned to Washington to have the vessel made ready and turned over to me. Accompanied by Senator George H. Williams of Oregon, I called upon Quartermaster-General Meigs with Grant's order. Unfortunately the man in line first ahead of Senator Williams was an individual who had furnished a horse to our soldiers and taken a receipt for the same. The man had been paid twice for his animal already and General Meigs recognized him. The quarter-master flew into a rage, ordered the man arrested and filled the room with the smoke of vituperation and cuss words until breathing was an actual effort. Presenting an order at this time was fatal. Still black in the face from his recent experience, General Meigs looked at the paper a moment, then said: 'There is no law justifying this order and I will not honor it.'

Crestfallen, I retired. Meigs was stubborn and the law was with him. Weeks passed and I was ready to give up the fight, when one day in New York I received a letter from General Meigs saying that he had ordered a special appraisement of the propellor Continental, a 1,600 ton ship, and that I could have her at the appraisement for carrying my people to Seattle notwithstanding the law required the sale to be at public auction. Eighty thousand dollars was the price, cash in hand.

That was not a price to 'stagger the world,' but it made me tremble. Sitting in my room at the Merchants Hotel and canvassing every known avenue that gave the faintest hope of leading up to this sum of ready money, I was surprised to receive a card bearing the name 'Ben Holladay.' Inviting him up, he began the conversation by saying: 'I understand the government offers you the Continental for $80,000, and that you have not the money. If you will let me have her I will fit her for the trip and carry your people to Seattle at a nominal figure.

Drowning men catch at straws. I was the asphyxiated individual and caught at the extended straw. The contest was unequal. Mr. Holladay had two good lawyers pitted against an inexperienced youth, over-anxious and ready to be sacri-

ficed. Result—a contract to carry 500 passengers from New York to Seattle for a minimum price, in consideration of turning over the ship to him. Later—too late—I saw where the 'little joker' came in. Had there been a clause stating that 150 passengers were to be carried free, and $100 for each additional passenger, all would have been well.

Being blind, I proceeded to list all of my passengers and notify them of the date of sailing, issuing many tickets to the girls free. A few days before the time fixed for departure a long, scurrilous article appeared in the *New York Herald*, slandering me, stating that all of the men on Puget Sound were rotten and profligate; that the girls would all be turned into houses of ill-fame, and apealing to them to stay at home. The old saying that a lie will travel a thousand miles while the truth is putting on its boots was true in this case. Everywhere the article was copied, and before I could get my references printed and counteract the calumny, two-thirds of the passengers had written me, enclosing the *Herald* article, or clipping from it, and declined further consideration of the matter.

Armed with a handful of these letters, I called on Mr. Holladay and told him I was unable to carry out the contract as to numbers, but would be ready with perhaps 200 people. For reply I was told that the contract was off. But, as the ship was to be sent to the Pacific, they would take such passengers as I presented at regular rates. Then I saw the 'little joker' of the contract.

Delays in fitting out the ship caused expense and many annoyances, but we finally left New York on January 6, 1866, and after a very pleasant run of ninety-six days made San Francisco via the Straits of Magellan, touching at Rio Janeiro, Lota, and Talcahuano, Chile, and at Charles Island, one of the Galapagos group, lying under the equator and 600 miles out from the west coast of South America. After some days' delay in San Francisco the people were sent north in bunches of ten to forty on the lumber ships trading between Sound ports and the California metropolis.

The voyage was a remarkable one in many ways, but espe-

cially so in the matter of health, no sickness of any kind occurring after the first few days of debt paying to the God of the Storm, save one case of child-birth, a baby girl having come to the wife of a gentleman passenger, who, with his wife and Continental baby, settled at Port Madison.

The young ladies comprising the party were selected with great care, and never in the history of the world was an equal number of women thrown together with a higher average of intelligence, modesty, and virtue. They are now going into the sere and yellow leaf of life with, as a rule, sons and daughters risen up to call them blessed. I have drifted away from them, but I know that their influence upon the State has been, as a whole, for good. God bless them and theirs.

You did not ask for details of experiences during the trip—merely for what might properly be termed the historic side of the venture. Hence, I have given you a running outline of the facts as they occurred. An incidental writing up of the trip and the formation of the party would be pleasant reading for some, but it would make too long a chapter for a busy newspaper of to-day. There were many trying and some amusing incidents in connection with the enterprise, one of which, no doubt, even the nervous, active reader of the day will appreciate.

One of the most enthusiastic supporters of my contemplated 'raid on the widows and orphans of the East,' as he was wont to call it, was Governor William Pickering. The day before I started to New York the Governor met me, shook my hand warmly, and said: 'God bless you, Mercer, and make your undertaking a great success. If you get into financial trouble and need money, do not hesitate to wire me and I will give you help.'

When I arrived in San Francisco I was broke—three lonesome dollars being my all. With the hotel bills of the party to pay and transportation to Seattle to secure, the situation was somewhat embarrassing, to say the least. Remembering the Governor's promise, I spent $2.50 sending him this telegram: 'Arrived here broke. Send $2,000 quick to get party to Seattle.' The next day I received a notice from the tele-

graph office to call, pay $7.50 and receive a dispatch waiting for me. Having but 50 cents, I could not buy the message. However, I called at the office and asked to see the superintendent. Explaining my impecunious state, I told him of the message to the Governor, and suggested that he, the superintendent, open the dispatch and see if it contained an order for money. If so, I could pay—otherwise it was the company's loss. He opened the envelope and read, then burst into a hearty laugh, and passed the message to me. It was made up of over 100 words of congratulation, but never a word about money.

Trusting that the above may cover what you desire, I have the honor to be, Yours very truly,

A. S. MERCER."

A correct list of the names of the party who came out on the Continental was never published, so far as I have been able to find, although many attempts were made. The following is nearly correct, but may err in two or three particulars: Albert A. Manning and wife, W. L. Mercer and wife, John Wilson and wife, Dr. C. F. Barnard and wife, C. Boardman, wife and child, J. Bogart and wife, R. Conant, Lewis A. Treen, E. A. Stevens, W. Perrigo and wife, Mrs. J. S. Loud and son James, Mrs. M. Osborne and son Eben S., C. S. Spaulding and wife, Mrs. Pearson and son Daniel O., David H. Webster, T. A. Lewis, B. Brady, F. Read, J. J. Tingley, H. O. Hill, —— Rhodes and wife, Captain E. Pettis, wife and son, Mr. Weeks and wife, Mrs. Grinnold and two daughters, Mrs. Wakeman and three children and her mother, Mr. Stephenson, wife and child, Mat A. Kelley, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Chase and two children, Mrs. Warren and two sons, Mrs. Buckminster, Mr. Peterson, wife and three children, Mr. Horton, S. S. Tingley, and the Misses Harriet F. Stevens, Annie Stevens, Annie E. Stephens, Mamie Stephens, H. Stewart, Sarah Davidson, F. Collins, A. Weir, M. Kenney, Clara M. Lord, Carrie Bacon, E. Bacon, Nina E. Manning, M. A. Griffin, M. Staples, M. J. Smith, Annie Peebles, Lizzie Peebles, Julia Guthrie, Ida Barlow, L. Barry, A. Horton, A. Miller, M. Mar-

tin, Sarah A. Robison, and Misses Rhodes, Atkinson, Lawrence, and Connor.

Several engagements had been made during the voyage out. The local paper of June 11, 1866, makes the following announcement:

Married—On the 27th ult., by Rev. D. Bagley, David H. Webster to Miss Sarah A. Robison, of King County, W. T.

Even the arch-promoter of the immigration movement could not escape Cupid's entanglements, as the following notice will show:

Married—On the 15th of July, 1866, at the Methodist Protestant Church in this city, by the Rev. Daniel Bagley, Mr. Asa Shinn Mercer to Miss Annie E. Stephens, of Baltimore, Maryland.

The Continental has often been represented as having been captured by the Federal fleet while engaged in blockade running during the Civil War. This is not true. She was built for the United States at Philadelphia in 1864. She was constructed of oak and hickory. Her length was 285 feet, beam 36 feet, depth of hold 17 feet. When turned over to Ben Holladay she was practically a new ship and worth fully $250,000. By the scoundrelly trick he relates in his letter Mercer was robbed of a fortune. Captain Charles Winsor commanded her on the voyage out. He was later succeeded by Captains Dall, Bolles, Thorn, Metzger and others. William Law and John Farrell, both widely known Pacific Coast engineers, came out on her.

The Continental ran up to Portland and also to other Pacific Coast ports for the ensuing four years, but September 27, 1870, while crossing the Gulf of California, encountered a heavy gale and foundered, eight lives being lost with her. She was commanded by Captain Chris Dale at the time, and, whether justly or unjustly, he was greatly blamed in connection with the affair.

Miss Harriet F. Stevens kept a record of the trip and furnished it for publication soon after the arrival of the party here. The following is briefly condensed therefrom:

"The steamer with its lessened quota of passengers, left New

York January 16, 1866, and ran at once into a severe storm that lasted two days," after which she says:

"As we recovered our normal condition we began to look about us. With great satisfaction we found that we had a party of intelligent, amiable, sprightly people. The unmarried ladies are mostly from New England, and can boast a fair share of beauty, grace and culture, which characterize the best society of that region. It is impossible that the lovely girls who are with us should have left the East because their chances of matrimony were hopeless. One must look for some other motive. One need only observe their lively appreciation of all that is grand and novel in our experiences to feel assured that the love of adventure, the ardor and romance of youth are sufficient to account for their share of our Hegira. But are all the unmarried ladies young ladies? Certainly not! Besides the humble writer there are several equally venerable. Their bright faces, wit and sound sense are, however, such that they cannot fail to be desirable members of society in a new country."

Rio Janeiro was reached February 10, and, as several days were passed in that beautiful harbor, all had interesting visits to all parts of the city and its lovely suburbs. Rev. Mr. Simanton, an American missionary at Rio, came to the ship on the Sabbath and held religious services. They left that city on the 18th.

The Straits of Magellan were reached March 1st, and over three weeks were spent in making the passage through, as they called at Port Gallant, Sandy Point, and Lota. At the latter place they received their supply of coal, which accounted for much of the delay.

The Galapagos Islands were reached April 7, and a brief stay was had while some minor repairs to the engines were made.

April 24th they arrived safely in San Francisco harbor.

In a letter to a local paper, a few weeks after their arrival in Seattle, she says:

"I wonder if the good people of Washington Territory have any idea of the discouraging circumstances under which the

handful of female immigrants landed upon your shores! My friend and myself, arriving in San Francisco in good health and high courage, were surprised to find persons commissioned by friends in the East to seek us immediately on the arrival of the Continental, render us all the services of which we stood in need, and, if our spirits were so crushed that we desired to return, secure a passage for us. We had just finished what we considered the happiest three months of our lives, and it would be difficult to depict our state of mind, on reading letters from our friends bewailing our hard fate and beholding the actual presence of their agents, whom we had never seen before, but who evidently believed that we had been led by misrepresentation to take passage with a party of ignorant, vicious people, from whose presence we should fly as from a pestilence.

There was no end of testimony as to the dismal character of Washington Territory; the ignorance, coarseness and immorality of its people, and the impossibility of obtaining employment. It was added that the wrath of Washington Territory was such that Mr. Mercer's life was nearly in danger; that its people utterly repudiated the whole thing. One lady said in our presence: 'Of course, no respectable woman came on the Continental;' another assured us that we should never be respected on the Pacific Coast because we came in that disreputable ship. Friends assured us that Puget Sound was the last place in the world for women, and offered us all sorts of inducements to remain. Those who felt warranted by relationship positively vetoed leaving California. But Washington Territory had been the land of our dreams for many months. Many of us could not be satisfied until we had seen it, and we determined to go on, although our hopes were greatly depressed by such a mass of testimony.

Shade of Falstaff! How this world is given to lying! At the first sight of your beautiful little village my spirits began to revive. The fine structure occupying so grand a site, and devoted to education is not, I reflected, a bad commentary on the smaller houses below.

I now believe that only the most conscientious determination not to awaken hopes that would not be realized has led

Mr. Mercer to give impressions of Seattle far below the truth. There is much more of comfort and refinement than I expected. But the one thing above all others with which I am satisfied is the complete justification of Mr. Mercer's expedition, which I find in the facts stated publicly by Rev. Mr. Bagley. It is unfortunate that times have changed since the beginning of the enterprise, but surely that is no fault of Mr. Mercer's. For myself, I think the party is obtaining situations quite as rapidly as could be expected under the most favorable state of affairs, and I believe that is the opinion which the party generally holds. I am happy to say, also, that they have experienced the same agreeable surprises in regard to the country and the people which I have expressed above."

December 18, 1865, Governor Pickering received a dispatch from Mr. Mercer in New York, asking for a loan of three thousand dollars, and announcing that the party would sail on the 22d of that month. The Governor had no private fortune and was unable to respond in any sum, but at once called on the legislature, then in session at Olympia, to make an appropriation from the territorial treasury.

Accordingly the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives presented "House Bill No. 42—An act appropriating certain moneys to aid Mr. Mercer."

The majority of the committee recommended the appropriation of four thousand dollars for the following reasons:

"1. The reputation of the territory is, in a measure, at stake."

"2. The bare idea that five hundred ladies should be left in the City of New York disappointed and unprovided for, when they have come from their homes in good faith, is not to be entertained for a moment by any man claiming to be actuated by the feelings of humanity."

The minority submitted an adverse report, and after the bill reached its third reading it failed to pass by a vote of eight for and eighteen against it.

From San Francisco, besides the dispatch sent to Governor Pickering, mentioned by Mr. Mercer, he also sent the following:

"TO DANIEL BAGLEY, Seattle.

Will you and Horton authorize Phillips to sign indemnifying bond with me for two thousand dollars?

A. S. MERCER."

The guaranty asked for in the telegram appearing above was not sent, but instead a dispatch was sent to Mr. Mercer authorizing him to use funds that had been entrusted to his care by Mr. Bagley for another purpose. This did not afford the anticipated relief, for those funds had been used by Mr. Mercer months before. Right there was the secret of Mr. Mercer's failure at that time and at other times in his life. He was ever prone to take whatever he urgently hoped for as certain of accomplishment. When he had been promised the ship he took all else for granted. Large sums of money had been put into his hands by his relatives and friends for certain purposes. All these he diverted into this immigration scheme, and the failure of the enterprise made it impossible for him to pay back these moneys. He broke up several of his best friends and financially crippled others, and was made the subject of ugly charges by many of those whom he had injured. That he had used these moneys for his personal benefit no one claimed, but the fact that their money had gone toward the accomplishment of the immigration scheme did not reconcile to their losses those who felt they had been robbed by Mr. Mercer.

Mr. Mercer became interested in the matter of securing this immigration to Washington Territory because he realized that much public and private good would follow, but he did not lose sight of the financial profit that might also be obtained from it, as the following contract, with names omitted, will show:

"I, A. S. Mercer, of Seattle, W. T., hereby agree to bring a suitable wife, of good moral character and reputation, from the East to Seattle, on or before September, 1865, for each of the parties whose signatures are hereunto attached, they first paying to me or my agent, the sum of three hundred dollars,

with which to pay the passage of said ladies from the East and to compensate me for my trouble.

Seattle, W. T., March 1, 1865.

(Signed) A. S. MERCER.

Names of second parties to the above contract,''

(Names.)

In all the earlier stages of his great work he was not actuated by mercenary motives. He believed that his mission was one of immense benefit to the Territory and of great good to those whom he might induce to come out here. His every action, his whole attitude toward those who had entrusted themselves to his guidance and care was that of a chivalrous, pure-minded American gentleman.

The years that have elapsed since then have verified and justified his predictions as to the far-reaching and beneficial effects that were to result to the immigrants themselves and to the new land of their adoption. They have proved a blessing to every community from the Cowlitz northward to the boundary line. In public and at the fireside their teachings and their example have conserved the well-being of the people of which they and their children have formed an integral part.

THE EVOLUTION OF SPOKANE AND STEVENS COUNTIES.

By Thomas W. Prosch.

Prior to 1860 the county of Walla Walla was of vast area, approaching 200,000 square miles. It included all of Eastern Washington except a little strip along the Columbia River known as Skamania County, in which were a few people dwelling at the Cascades. Eastern Washington then meant all that it does now, and, in addition, all of Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming, reaching to the summits of the Rocky Mountains. In Walla Walla County at that time were perhaps two hundred white people and one hundred times as many, or about twenty thousand, Indians. The Indian wars of 1847-48 and 1855-56-57-58 had driven from this great and magnificent region the few white settlers who had there endeavored to make their homes, and the arbitrary exclusion orders of the military authorities generally prevented their return. A few daring individuals were scattered about prospecting for gold, trapping and hunting, trading, and occupying the country somewhat from the spirit of opposition and obstinacy—because they were not wanted by the Indians or the Federal soldiery. The policy of the territorial authorities was the reverse of that of General Wool, Colonel Wright, and the War Department in this respect. It favored the opening of the eastern lands to settlement and the confinement of the Indians to reserved lands set apart for their exclusive use. So Walla Walla County was created at an early day with a view to encouraging the location of white men and women within its borders. The same idea prevailed later in the creation of other counties in the immense district referred to. The operation was sometimes a slow one, requiring repeated efforts, as will be seen in what follows, concerning what are now two of the great counties of the State of Washington.

By act of the Washington legislature, approved January

29, 1858, the county of Spokane was legally created. The boundary lines were the Snake River from its mouth to the 46th parallel; thence east along that parallel to the summit of the Rocky Mountains; thence north by the mountain tops to the 49th parallel; thence west by that parallel to the middle of the Columbia River, and finally south by the river to the place of beginning—the mouth of the Snake. A glance at the map will show the inquirer that the area inclosed was immense, exceeding that of quite a number of the States of the American Union. Apparently there were a few people in the new county, or at least the legislators thought so, as Lafayette Alexander was appointed auditor; Patrick McKenzie, sheriff; Robert Douglas, John Owen and William McCreary, commissioners. There being no town, the county seat was located upon the farm of Angus McLeod. The territory described was made to compose a county for civil and military purposes, under the general laws, rules and regulations governing other counties, and entitled to elect the same officers other counties were entitled to elect.

Nothing came of this legislation. In the months required for printing the laws, the lack of postoffices and infrequency of mails, and the impossibility, perhaps, of reaching the individuals named, may be found the reason or reasons for their nonassumption of the offices and honors endeavored to be thrust upon them. Or it may be that they could see inconveniences and expenses connected with holding office under the conditions surrounding them, without compensating advantages, and that their inaction was of the nature of declension. The following legislature took notice of the failure of the previous appointees to qualify and organize the county. By law of the 18th of January, 1859, appointees were again provided for as follows: Robert Douglas, John McDugald and Angus McLeod, commissioners; Thomas Brown, sheriff; Patrick McKenzie, auditor; Thomas Sternsger, probate judge, and Solomon Pelkey, justice of the peace. As several new names appear among the appointees, it may be inferred that they were either newcomers to the county or that the legislators did not the year before know them. It is a fact that

difficulty was experienced more than once in finding a sufficient number of suitable men to fill the offices in the newly created counties of Washington Territory. This was plainly the case in Spokane both in 1858 and 1859, as provision was not made in either year for treasurer, coroner, assessor, constable, and other officers. The new officials were authorized to hold their offices until the next regular annual election, or until their successors were elected and qualified. No election was held in Spokane County owing to the failure of the newly appointed officials to qualify, organize and set in motion the county machinery. There is reason to believe that the few white people then in that vast region, dwelling chiefly in Bitter Root Valley, now in Montana, did not give unqualified approval to the legislative creation. By petition, signed in November and December of 1859, they plainly indicated their disapproval of inclusion within the county of Spokane. They then asked for the creation of Bitter Root County, extending five hundred miles along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains from the 41st parallel to the 49th. As the petitioners were chiefly Hudson Bay Company men, French Canadians and half-breeds, not at that time in good repute in Washington Territory, their request was coldly received by the legislature, and went unheeded and ungranted.

The territorial legislature, which then met every year, was determined not to be balked and defeated in this matter. In January, 1860, it again took notice of the nonaction of its appointees. In an act approved on the 17th of that month the county of Spokane was second time legally created. The boundaries and limits were as before, to-wit: The 49th parallel on the north, the Snake River and the 46th parallel on the south, the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Columbia River on the west. This time the seat of government was fixed upon the land claim of Dr. Bates. James Hayes, Faques Dumas, and ———— Leaman were named as commissioners; John Winn, sheriff; R. K. Rogers, treasurer; ———— Douglas, auditor; F. Wolf, coroner, and J. R. Bates, justice of the peace. A partial organization of the county was effected this time, the commissioners holding their first meeting on the 9th of May,

1860, when they established election precincts. July 18th they ordered the first warrant drawn, for $24.50. August 8th they fixed the liquor license at $200 per annum, and billiard table licenses at $30. The officials reported in 1861 225 white people in the county, of whom only one was of the female sex. The larger number of men at this time is to be accounted for by the fact that gold had been discovered in that region and a great number of miners and others were then rushing there from all parts of the Pacific Coast. The officials also reported assessable property to the amount of $142,174, consisting of horses, cattle, farms and mills, upon which the Territory, which was then conducted upon a very economical basis, levied a tax of one mill on the dollar, the charge being $142.17. Small as it was, the amount was not paid promptly, the first report of money received by the territorial treasurer from Spokane County being that of July 11, 1863, when $219.03 came to hand; no more money being received, by the way, until seventeen years later.

Notwithstanding the remissness of the county officials, the legislature proceeded upon the theory that things were moving on and that there was a county there with increasing population and political demands. Several new counties about this time were cut off from Walla Walla and Spokane on the east, named Idaho, Nez Perce, Shoshone, Boise and Missoula, and these new counties were later included in the territory of Idaho as organized in 1863. Meanwhile the Washington legislature, January 27, 1860, gave to the Walla Walla district court exclusive jurisdiction in Spokane County. This arrangement continued two years when the legislature (January 3, 1862) established the district of Spokane County, with jurisdiction in Spokane and Missoula counties, and court terms to be held at the seat of Spokane County. January 2, 1862, the office of assessor of Spokane County was abolished and the duties formerly devolving upon that official were placed upon the sheriff. January 19, 1863, the treasurer was authorized by law to loan the school funds in advantageous manner. Why this was done does not become apparent from the record, but it was probably because there being no children there were

no schools and no better way of using the money. Another court jurisdiction act was passed in January, 1863.

In conjunction with other counties Spokane was represented in the legislatures of 1861-62-63-64 by John A. Simms, J. R. Bates, B. F. Yantis, Daniel Stewart, and Isaac L. Tobey. Tobey seemed to have a grievance against his Spokane constituency, for on the 13th of January, 1864, he introduced in the house, bill No. 59, which he pushed with so much vigor that in less than a week it had passed both houses and was the law of the land. This bill declared "that the County of Spokane is hereby annexed to Stevens, and the two counties hereafter shall compose but one county to be known as the county of Stevens." Thus ended for the second time the county of Spokane, the existence of which was uncertain, changeful and troublous from its beginning, or attempted beginning, six years before. By the new law Colville was made the county seat until otherwise ordered by the people of the county. The officers of Spokane County were continued as the officers of Stevens County, and the legislative representation of both counties was given to the one county of Stevens.

By act of January 20, 1863, Stevens County was created. It was cut off from Walla Walla and included all that portion between the Wenatchee River on the south, the 49th parallel on the north, the Columbia River on the east, and the Cascade Mountains on the west. It was named in honor of Isaac Ingalls Stevens, the first Governor of Washington Territory, 1853 to 1857, and delegate to congress from 1857 to 1861. Stevens entered the Union army at the outbreak of the rebellion, and was successively colonel, brigadier general and major general. On the first of September, 1862, he was killed in battle at Chantilly, Virginia. The honor paid to his memory on this occasion by the legislature was a deserved one which met the hearty approval of all citizens. W. B. Yantis was made sheriff of the new county; Charles H. Campbell, auditor; Richard Longfield, ———— Doyle, and ———— Hill, commissioners. The seat was located temporarily at the store of H. Young. For judicial purposes Stevens County was attached to Spokane. It may be said that though Stevens has been continued

with numerous changes from that time to this, it now includes almost nothing of its original area, it being at this time all on the east side of the Columbia River except a small tract in the north. B. F. Yantis introduced in the house the bill creating Stevens County. Stevens made its first contribution to the territorial maintenance fund, $138, in the summer of 1864.

The legislature in January, 1865, legally defined the southern boundary of Stevens County as commencing at the eastern boundary line of the Territory of Washington, where it is intersected by Snake River; thence down the river to the Columbia; thence up the Columbia to the north line of Yakima County; and thence west to the summit of the Cascade Mountains. At the same session the sheriff was authorized to collect Chinese poll tax out of his county, pursuing any person who should attempt to evade the same. This Chinese poll tax was a source of considerable trouble and some income to the people of the eastern counties in those days. In November, 1863, the commissioners of Spokane County instructed the auditor to write to Dr. Isaac L. Tobey, the representative, to get a bill passed by the legislature to tax Chinamen. They suggested $1.50 per month as a proper charge, collectible quarterly by the sheriff. They also urged Dr. Tobey to have Stevens County attached or annexed to Spokane, alleging that the citizens had failed to organize their county as contemplated by law. The Columbia River was a serious obstacle to the collection of the poll tax, as the Chinese were chiefly placer gold miners and they only had to cross the river to get from the clutches of the officers on either side. The counties were consolidated as suggested, except that Spokane was merged into Stevens instead of Stevens into Spokane. By this union, and by the further law permitting the sheriff to chase and capture the fleeing Chinese in adjacent counties, it was hoped to either drive the Mongolians out of the country or get from them substantial revenue. In 1865, also, the judge of the First Judicial District was directed once a year to hold a term of court at the seat of Stevens County.

In 1865-66 Anderson Cox represented Walla Walla, Stevens

and Yakima in the council; in 1866-67 B. L. Sharpstein represented Walla Walla and Stevens in the council, and J. J. H. Van Bokkelen represented Stevens in the house; in 1867-68 Stevens and Walla Walla were represented in the council by J. M. Vansickle, and in the house Stevens by W. P. Winans; in 1869 C. H. Montgomery represented Stevens in the house, and J. M. Vansickle, Stevens and Walla Walla in the council; in 1871 H. D. O'Bryant represented Walla Walla and Stevens in the council, and W. P. Winans in the house. Stevens being in population the lesser county the joint councilman was always from the other part of the district. In the election of legislators the people there had some singular experiences. In 1860 they chose Hon. W. H. Watson to represent them in the house. That part of the Territory was not entitled to a member according to law. On presentation of his claim at the capitol he was refused a vote, but as partial compensation was made doorkeeper. Watson seems to have been a butt of ridicule among the members. One committee suggested that His Excellency, the Governor, appoint Judge Watson inspector of customs at Colville, with the rank and pay of Indian agent, and another committee recommended to the legislature the creation of a new State east of the Cascade Mountains, with Judge Watson as chief magistrate. In 1862 Charles H. Campbell was elected over B. F. Yantis by a vote of 48 to 38. Yantis went to Olympia to contest the propriety of his opponent's election. The latter was either frightened out of the field or concluded that it was not worth while, and made no appearance, Yantis being admitted with slight question and serving out the full term. In 1864 Isaac L. Tobey was re-elected to the House of Representatives. The pay of members then was $3 per day in currency, worth 40 cents on the dollar. As he could not get to Olympia on the mileage allowance and could not live there on the pay, Tobey resigned. The next year W. V. Brown was chosen to represent Stevens in the house, but he, too, refused the honor, and the county again was without a champion in that body. In 1866-67 there were no returns at the capital, but J. J. H. Van Bokkelen told the members that he had been elected. They took his word for it, and he served

as from Stevens County. It probably made a difference with the applicant for legislative honors in such cases what political party was in power.

Stevens County was not of great moneyed assistance to the Territory in the times under review. A number of years it paid nothing into the treasury, and again only turned court cost bills in as an offset to the regular Territorial tax. In the 70's, however, it became an annual source of support.

By statute approved November 5, 1875, the seat of Stevens County was located temporarily in the town of Spokane Falls, on the south side of Spokane River, and until the qualified electors of Stevens County should decide for themselves upon a place for the permanent location of the county seat, the place having the majority of votes cast at the next general election to be declared the permanent seat of Stevens County. The law directed the commissioners to have all the county records removed to and properly housed in Spokane Falls on or before May 1, 1876. In this case the created proved greater than the creator. The county commissioners declared the legislative act non-operative, and books, papers and officials remained at Colville instead of going to the then new village of Spokane Falls, now the great and grand city of Spokane.

On the 30th of October, 1879, the Governor approved a legislative act that for the third time created the county of Spokane. Probably no other county in the United States has had so many legal creations. The county as created on this third effort included all the country now embraced within the limits of Douglas, Lincoln, and Spokane counties, and more particularly described as follows: "Commencing at a point where the section line between sections 21 and 28 in township 14 north, range 27 east, strikes the main body of the Columbia River on the west side of the island; thence west to the mid-channel of the Columbia River; thence up the mid-channel of the Columbia River to the Spokane River; thence up the mid-channel of the Spokane River to the Little Spokane River; thence north to the township line between townships 29 and 30; thence east to the boundary line between Washington and Idaho Territories; thence south on said boundary line to the 5th standard

parallel; thence west on said parallel to the Columbia Guide Meridian; thence south on said meridian to the 4th standard parallel; thence west on the 4th standard parallel to the range line between ranges 27 and 28; thence south on said range line to the section line between sections 24 and 25 in township 14 north, range 27 east; thence west to the place of beginning." W. C. Gray, John H. Wells, and Andrew Lafevre were appointed commissioners with directions to provide for a special election for county officers to be held on the second Monday in December. The seat was located at Spokane Falls, but the people were given authority to change the location by majority vote at the next general election. Provision was made for revenue for the new county, and for a continuation until otherwise provided of all acts of a local nature then in force in the county of Stevens. The town of Cheney was for a few years the seat of Spokane County.

These two counties of Spokane and Stevens, and for sixteen years the one county of Stevens, 1864 to 1880, have been carved by the legislature into, at this writing, ten counties, namely: Chelan, Okanogan, Ferry, Stevens, Spokane, Lincoln, Douglas, Adams, Franklin, and Whitman. Their combined area is 28,-548 square miles. Their population in 1900 was 125,848. Other counties will be formed hereafter from the ten, and the inhabitants will increase indefinitely in number as time rolls on. As the reduced Spokane is today it is of 1,777 square miles, and the reduced Stevens 3,945 square miles. Their combined population, as both counties are increasing in this way very rapidly, is probably not far from 100,000. The statements immediately foregoing relate only to that portion of the two counties within the present limits of the State of Washington. Spokane County, as created in 1858, extended east to the summits of the Rocky Mountains, and included an area now in Idaho and Montana greater than that in Washington, and which, also, is cut up into a number of counties and occupied by many thousands of citizens.

EXTRACT FROM T. W. DAVENPORT'S "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN AGENT."

(Not yet published.)

The differences observable in the various tribes and races of mankind are not, as many suppose, radical variations, that is, something of a different kind, but merely degrees of the same kind. The negro in his native state, hugging his fetish as a preventive of disease or other misfortune, the idolators bowing down to blocks of wood or stone to appease the wrath of their gods, as they read it in the earthquake, tornado, pestilence or famine, seem to strike us at first as indicative of another kind of creature, but upon more mature reflection we see in all such a different, though a ruder manifestation of the same human faculties, veneration and fear as modified by intelligence, or rather by ignorance.

Perhaps the educated Christian wearing his crucifix suspended by a golden necklace would protest against being linked with the savage, whose desire for immunity from disease or other calamity causes him to wear a charm; and as respects the beautiful work of art worn by the former and the bag of stink worn by the latter, I would think the protest well taken, but the actuating and basic sentiment finding expression in one by enlightened and in the other by barbaric means is evidently the same quality of human nature. The Indians of the West Coast were given to amulets or charms, and generally kept them secreted. They believed, too, in a multiplicity of spirits distributed among the objects of nature, such as the spirits of the mountain, the stream, and smaller things. That is, the mountain had a "ta-man-a-was;" that was the name given by many. They also believed in a Great Spirit, but whether that idea was obtained from the missionaries, I cannot tell. When I arrived in Oregon in 1851, the Indians every-

where I met them talked about the *Sohli Tyee,* or God, though they still spoke of the spirit of things.

In either case he is not so far removed from civilized man and his religious habits as some suppose, and if logical perception is not sufficient proof of this, the conversion of the savage to Christianity and the adoption by him of the Christian symbols with entire satisfaction of his inherited traits ought to be conclusive. Through such manifestations it is not hard to discover that the Indian is a religious being and given to worship. He and his white brother are alike in seeing God in the clouds and hearing him in the wind; the only difference is, the red man's "soul was never taught to stray far as the solar walk or milky way." In some respects, however, I have been inclined to think him equally esthetic and more in practical conformity with Christian teaching than his more progressed white brother.

In the eastern part of Marion County, Oregon, there stands an isolated and most strikingly regular and beautiful butte some three hundred feet in height and covering nearly a section of land. It was fringed about its base, at the time of which I write, with fir groves, but its sides and well-rounded and spacious top were devoid of timber, except a few old and spreading oaks, and perhaps a half dozen gigantic firs, whose weighty limbs were drooping with age. A meridian section line passes over the middle of this butte, and four sections corner near its top. While running this line and establishing these corners in 1851, I observed many semi-circular walls of stone, each enclosing space enough for a comfortable seat, and as high as one's shoulders when in a sitting posture, upon cross-sticks as high as the knee. And what was the purpose of these stone chairs? I was determined to know, and the older white residents said the Indians made them, but for what purpose they could not say. I became a witness to the use, and was particularly impressed with the fitness for what I saw. Indians from the North and South traveling that way generally camped upon the banks of the Abiqua Creek, a rapid stream of pure, cold water, just issued from the mountains upon the plain. The butte was near, and this they ascended

and, taking seats within the stone sanctuaries, communed in silence with the Great Spirit. Bowing the head upon the hands and resting them upon the knees for a few moments, then sitting erect and gazing to the West over the enchanting valley interspersed with meadow, grove and stream, who can tell but they felt as sacred and elevated religious emotion as those who have succeeded them on the butte? The Catholics have purchased it and erected upon its summit an awe-inspiring cathedral, and there upon Mount Angel, as they have named it, the prayers of the religious ascend. The Indians' name for this grand mount, dedicated by them to the service of their God, was Tap-a-lam-a-ho, signifying in our language Mount of Communion; the plain to the West Chek-ta, signifying beautiful or enchanting.

Now, looking at and comparing the two modes of worship, could any unprejudiced person fail to give the preference to the so-called savage—that is, if we are to regard Christ's precepts as worthy of note? He did not climb to the top of Tap-a-lam-a-ho to show off his good clothes, to be heard of men, to proselyte, or to increase his worldly gear. What was his purpose? Evidently religious worship. What was the burden of his supplication? As to that we can only infer that, like other human beings, he prayed for what he wanted. He was not, however, in want of food, for the Abiqua was swarming with trout; the valley was blue with the bloom of his edible root, the sweet camas; from every grove came the love notes of the grouse, and the mountains near at hand were populous with bigger game. He did not want clothing, for the fur that warmed the bear warmed him. In all that great valley of the Willamette he had not an enemy from whom he sought deliverance, and being no politician and not aspiring to place, I have been at my wits' end in trying to fix upon a rational subject of his prayer, except it be that unrest of spirit which seeks escape from the bonds of clay and longs to rest in sublimer spheres, a characteristic of all the tribes of men. If not so, why should he ascend to the mountain top to pray? Why not pray on low ground? I put this latter question to the unostentatious worshippers; and although they were untaught

in history, had never heard of Moses' interviews with Jehovah upon Mount Sinai, or of the earthly rendezvous of the Grecian Gods and Goddesses upon Mount Olympus, their answer proved that they are at one with the whole human race, viz: "Soh-li Tyee mit-lite wake siah copa sohli illahee," which, translated into our language, means that God is near to the mountain top, or God is near by in the mountains.

ANTECENDNTS OF THE OREGON PIONEERS AND THE LIGHT THESE THROW ON THEIR MOTIVES.

By JOHN MINTO.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTIVE OF THE PIONEER HOME-BUILDERS IN OREGON.

It is the purpose of this paper to endeavor to give the prevailing sentiment of the heads of families who crossed the plains and mountains and made their homes in Oregon prior to the settlement of the Oregon boundary question in June, 1846, on the subject of which nationality—that of the United States or that of Great Britain—they intended to support by their movement to and settlement here.

As a means of indicating my point of view, I will say that I left England as a member of my father's family with a strong bias towards the United States form of government, so far as it differed from that of England in recognition of personal freedom and the individual right to have a voice or vote in framing the laws to which one should submit. I was only in my eighteenth year, but I had heard much discussion on the subject, and under the influence of my father's teaching had been led to believe that under the United States Government that personal freedom and the voting privilege could be attained as conceded rights.

On the passage from Liverpool to New York I had opportunity to read "The Pioneers," by Cooper, and the picture of life on the frontiers there given was a fascination to me, as, very soon after landing, the name of Oregon became. Before the end of my first year in America, I had resolved, if ever opportunity served, I would go to Oregon. Before the end of the second year I had answered the question of an American much more intelligent than myself as to "which side I would take in case I went to Oregon and war arose between the

Britain and United States governments for dominion over the country." With rising indignation at the doubt implied, I replied: "The United States, of course!" and was let down with the exclamation: "That's loyal, my friend." Between this occurrence in 1842 and November, 1843, I had more information as to life on the Western frontiers. I declared my intentions of citizenship in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in that month, and, in February, 1844, started from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to reach the frontiers of Iowa by the river system of the Mississippi, and at St. Louis fell into the human tide setting towards Oregon. Every other plan of life was forgotten.

Before noon of the day succeeding that on which I learned there was a chance for me, by my labor, to get to Oregon, I had as complete an outfit for the trip as my means could provide. With least possible delay I made my way to the rendezvous of Gilliam's Company, about twelve miles west of the present city of St. Joseph. Here I first met the leaders of this movement, and next morning I was under verbal engagement to give my labor in exchange for bed and board from the Missouri River to Oregon. I had a fair outfit of clothing, arms and ammunition for the trip. During the first hour I was at the camp, I learned of a proposed donation of land to encourage emigration to Oregon. It had little interest for me. I was too young to properly value it.

Two of us, who had come from St. Louis on the same boat, and as comrades by land part way, were being entertained by Colonel M. T. Simmons, when, in conversation with the late W. H. Rees, the land question came up, and Colonel Simmons said: "Well, the Donation Bill passed the Senate, but failed to reach a vote in the House, but I believe that, or a law like it, will pass, and I am going to Oregon anyhow."

Simmons and Rees were the first two of Gilliam's Company who attained legislative honors after arrival in Oregon, and from Simmons, Rees and I got information which led to our engagement to help R. W. Morrison, a highly esteemed settler near by, to get his family and effects to Oregon. Simmons received his title, as did Gilliam, by the election which formed

their followers into a rude military and civic organization for our trip; and Morrison was the first Captain of four elected, Rees was the First Sergeant with the duties of Adjutant, and I was elected as Corporal. Honors were easy, but the proceedings were conducted in serious earnest.

The family men of the body were almost all frontier settlers in Missouri, sons and grandsons of frontier settlers of Kentucky and Tennessee, tracing back to Virginia and North Carolina. From Captain Morrison I learned that most of them (himself included) had been influenced in their determination to go to Oregon by a series of addresses delivered at various points in 1842 in Missouri, then known as "Platte Purchase by Pete Burnett," as they called him. Personally, Morrison's reasons for the trip, given to his family relatives and friends, in my hearing the day before leaving his Missouri domicile, and which I fully endorsed, were: First, he believed that Oregon of right belonged to the United States, and he was going to help make that right good. Second, he supposed there were many of the native race in Oregon who needed instruction to a better condition of life than was then theirs; and, though no missionary, he had no objection to help in that work. Third, he was unsatisfied to live longer so far from the markets, that there were few products he could raise whose value in the world's markets would pay cost of production and shipment—especially when the producer, who would neither own nor be a slave, had to compete with breeders and owners of slaves. For these reasons he was "going to Oregon where there would be no slaves, and all would start in life even." In this declaration Mr. Morrison was a representative of the class of anti-slavery frontiersmen who came in 1843 and 1844 and took dominion over Oregon as American citizens from the British occupancy of the Hudson Bay Company who had held trade dominion over the country for twenty-five years. I was not only glad but proud to be an assistant to this family I had joined. My declared intent of citizenship was carried inside my vest as my most precious possession.

Most of the families marshaling under Gilliam as a leader were animated by sentiments so closely akin to those annunci-

ated by Mr. Morrison that my feelings went out towards them closely to the relations of father or mother or brother or sister to me, according to age. I became "John" to old and young, and was pleased with it, and it lightened the monotony of the journey to me. Many of the older men besides General Gilliam had seen service against the Indians and against the British at New Orleans, but more interesting to me than the talk of these men, even, was the campfire traditions of Gilliam's sister (Mrs. Sallie Shaw, wife of our second elected captain). Among her ancestry five brothers and their friends had fought against the British as far back as the Revolution.

The historian who settles to the belief that the movement to Oregon was "a blind and unintelligent action, performed by ignorant men, groping for exciting adventure," makes a grave mistake against the truth. It was not by chance that Thomas Jefferson interested himself for long years on the possible nature and condition of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. It was not by accident that he selected Meriwether Lewis to explore that country. It was not by accident Lewis chose as his associate in the work William Clark—younger brother of General George Rogers Clark—the winner of the Northwest territory from the British. It was not by chance that a generation after Lewis and Clark's exploit, one of the members of the United States senate was named Lewis F. Linn and became devoted to the occupation of Oregon by American citizens, and it was from Jefferson himself that Thomas H. Benton—Linn's associate senator—received the conception of planting 30,000 rifles in the valley of the Columbia as good American statesmanship. No! Aided by information slowly filtered from the campfires of adventurous men engaged in the fur and peltry trade from St. Louis to the Rocky Mountains and beyond, the character of the Oregon Country, together with its rightful ownership, was the theme of thought with leading frontiersmen passing from fireside to fireside, more by social intercourse than a multiplicity of books or papers. The few of these in use, especially on the southwestern frontiers, were more influential in producing the Oregon fever

than ten times the number of publications of the same character in the Eastern seaboard States or the eastern portion of the then West.

East of the Alleghanies Irving's "Astoria" was read as literature mostly. On the frontiers of Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana, Lewis and Clark's journal was read and passed from hand to hand for information till worn out.

The influence of this was indicated by the fact we had mature members in our company bearing the Christian names of Lewis and of Clark, Crockett and Boone. One of the youngest and favorite boys of the family I served on the way was named for Senator Benton of Missouri, another for Jefferson. These were not accidental facts. They prove a kinship of spirit—often of blood—to my mind.

On the way from St. Louis to Gilliam's camp the writer received a very correct outline of Irving's "Astoria" from Willard H. Rees, who was born and schooled in Hamilton County, Ohio. After starting, the only books I could find in Gilliam's train, except the Bible, were Lewis and Clark's journal and the "Prairie," by J. Fennimore Cooper. This, while the influences of social gatherings of the young on the rough, stony clearings of the west slopes of the Alleghanies after the labors of raising house or barn, a log rolling or corn husking was ended, would still introduce a parlor play with:

> "We'll march in procession to a far distant land,
> We'll march in procession to a far distant land,
> Where the boys will reap and mow,
> And the girls will knit and sew,
> And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio."

The writer participated in such plays in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, in 1842.

The actual historical frontier had reached Western Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa, Texas, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and the tide of frontier homebuilding enterprise had set definitely without much regard to prospects of personal gain, to Oregon. As one fired with the desire to participate in this movement, it shall be my aim in a succeeding chapter to give my estimate of the most intelligent men in Oregon in advance of the immigration

of 1844, and of those prominent in that year's movement in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

ESTIMATES OF LEADERS OF 1843 AND 1844.

Believing no other single individual exerted as large an influence in swelling the number of home-building emigrants to Oregon in the years 1843 and 1844 as Peter H. Burnett, I would ask the reader to refer to Burnett's statement of the considerations that impelled him to migrate to Oregon. (This statement is found in the opening pages of the following paper, pages 64 and 65.

His motives were patriotic as well as personal and pecuniary.

Mr. Burnett received the full consent of his creditors and set to work most vigorously to organize a company, visited surrounding counties, making speeches wherever he could get an audience, and succeeded beyond his own expectations.

Without any disparagement of many able men who became Mr. Burnett's fellow emigrants to Oregon in 1843-44, it is, I believe, true that he was all round the best equipped man for the work to be done in organizing American dominion over the Columbia River Valley. There were five other men who rose above the average of the emigration of 1843 to cope with the conditions they were to meet and overcome—the three Applegate brothers, Daniel Waldo, and J. W. Nesmith. Another man whose patriotic zeal for the settlement of Oregon had sped him on his way from Oregon to Washington and Boston during the time when Mr. Burnett was engaged as he tells, was feeding a fever of enthusiasm for the settlement of Oregon. Dr. Marcus Whitman was making his wonderful winter journey to convey his personal knowledge of the feasibility of reaching Oregon with wagons to the national administration, handicapped by his obligation to missionary association whose ignorant action did much to blight the just fame of this most patriotic missionary. (Note 1.) It was natural for Peter H. Burnett to

NOTE 1.—Doubtless the discovery by Captain Gray of the mouth of the Columbia, and the founding of Astoria and its history by Irving ["Astoria" by Irving was not published until 1836], animated Hall J. Kelley and indirectly brought to and left in Oregon a few Americans who were here as permanent

recognize the spirit and value of Dr. Whitman and seek his counsel for the journey before starting at Fitzhugh's Mill, to trust his statements at Fort Hall as to the possibility of getting thence to the Columbia River with their wagons and to defend him against the unreasonable complaints of his fellow travelers when receiving the benefit of the supplies from his store. It was natural also for J. W. Nesmith, after many years, to see the basis of humor in the florid speech of Mr. Burnett at Fitzhugh's Mill, as well as his serious and high estimate of the effect of Whitman's counsel at Fort Hall, to trust his (Whitman's) guidance and cling to their wagons placing himself with the foremost of the working force clearing the way. Each of these men were students of the human tide setting toward Oregon. Burnett, much the most advanced, seeking to swell the tide as a possible means of giving him ultimate opportunity of paying off the heaviest monetary obligations any man is subject to, crossed the plains and mountains with view to the settlement of the Oregon boundary question, which, strange to say, he did while continuing to lead the way in Americanizing the Pacific Coast from lower California to British Columbia. Always a close student of men and things, and using his personal influence by word and pen for peace, freedom and justice, Peter H. Burnett carved a first place as an American pioneer to the Pacific Coast. He should stand next to Whitman in that.

In several respects the life and service of Peter Henderson Burnett typifies the best spirit of early Oregon's army of occupation. Ever watchful to effect his public object peacefully, yet keeping constantly in view his business obligations, he was generous in the extreme in preferring other men to

settlers prior to March, 1843, but at that date the proceedings of forming the Provisional American Government would have failed except for the presence of a free trapper class represented by Russell, Newell, Meek, and Ebbarts, Virginians, and a very few ex-Canadian patriots like F. X. Matthieu; and this only began the contest for power, terminated by the homebuilders arriving in 1843 and 1844, whose knowledge of legal forms and diplomacy caused the officers of the Hudson Bay Company to accept the cover of the local laws of Oregon for the property in their care.

positions they could fill more successfully than he could himself. This spirit of "in honor preferring one another" he began on the way to Oregon by resigning the captaincy, to which he had been elected, so that the company could be divided and the "cow column" of loose cattle move forward separate from the family wagons and the patient work oxen have a better chance to feed. This was for the general food on the way. There, perhaps, never was a community interest established as a governing power in which better fitted men were given the places than during the period of the Provisional Government of Oregon, continuing so until it was superseded.

In two particulars P. H. Burnett was not sustained by those coming later: First, the law to discourage negroes from coming or being brought to Oregon. Second, the law forbidding the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. It is to the honor of the citizenship of Oregon that no man has ever been molested on account of his race.

In drafting this law forbidding negroes and mulattoes coming to or settling in Oregon the Hon. P. H. Burnett was representing a class rarely considered in legislation—the motherhood of the southwestern frontier. I remember distinctly Captain Morrison saying, "In Oregon there will be no slaves and we'll all start even," on hearing Mrs. Morrison say that the only living creature of which she ever felt fear was a fugitive slave. Mrs. Morrison at the time she said that was the most complete embodiment of the gentleness of womanhood and the courage of manhood I have ever seen in one personality. P. H. Burnett in his law, which yet remains, though never used, represented the just fears of girlhood and womanhood of slaves fleeing for life and liberty. His being a true representative of the Oregon pioneers was clearly demonstrated by their votes even as late as 1862 when General Lane retired from his high estate as a public man and representative of Oregon. At the election of 1862 only one man known to sympathize with slavery and secession was elected.

The Applegate brothers, next to Burnett, claim attention for effectiveness in Americanizing Oregon. The Hon. Jesse

Applegate was the oldest of the three brothers, and from a peculiar personal manner and mode of thought had more personal influence among men than his brothers, Lindsey and Charles, though perhaps both exceeded him in energy of character as men of action. They agreed as a family to put their means into live stock, a plan in which they had been joined by Daniel Waldo, with whom Jesse Applegate had been a partner in the ownership of a sawmill near St. Louis. (Note 2.)

Of the Applegate brothers I think it may be safely said the winning of Oregon for the United States was to them even more a first object than it was of Mr. Burnett, and they were more pasturalists than agriculturalists, as was Daniel Waldo. All of these left land unsold in Missouri.

In public affairs Jesse Applegate was the natural leader upon the highest plane of thought for the future of Oregon as an American community. He united in his character and acquirements in a remarkable degree the talents of statesmanship, civil engineer and a professional teacher by oral methods. The writer was under his influence for more than a month through much danger and toil, as a soldier, but the campfire

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NOTE 2.—The ignorance of the mission board Doctor Whitman enlisted under, the zeal for personal notice of some associated with him, and cold-blooded critics who judge him after his heroic death at his chosen post (maintained for eleven years as a school for the natives and seven years as a place of rest and relief for the way-worn immigrant) may detract from this self-devoted man all they please. To me who never saw him, but got my impressions of his public spirit from fireside converse with other missionaries, he stands in first place as an American homebuilder, Burnett next, among immigrants of 1843, Applegate, Nesmith, Waldo, and others following.

The origin of the Applegate family, according to a brief sketch given the writer by a daughter of Jessie Applegate, was English. Arriving in New England as early as 1635; from there to New Jersey, then to Maryland, and from Maryland to Kentucky in 1784. Fighters in the Revolutionary War, and hereditary enemies of British power. Waldo's father was from New England to Virginia in his youth. Nesmith was of the Scotch-Irish colony of New Hampshire —called his Oregon home Derry, and naturally affiliated with the Scotch-Irish of Western Virginia, who filtered through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri to become the advance wave of the opposing force against the spread of British dominion in America. Jesse Looney was from Alabama. T. D. Keiser from North Carolina through Arkansas. A critical analysis of the origin of heads of families in Oregon prior to the settlement of the Oregon boundary, will show much the largest number to have been born south of Mason and Dixon's line, opponents of Great Britain, and to slavery. The leading men coming in 1844 were frontiersmen also, and would average with the last three names mentioned above in character, but not with Burnett, Applegate, and Nesmith in ability as legislators in a formative period.

instruction given out to the younger men of the company of sixteen by Mr. Applegate was amply worth the cost of facing the danger and enduring the toil. From my point of view the abilities of P. H. Burnett and Jesse Applegate supplemented each other.

Daniel Waldo was of a different mold than either of the foregoing. Self-reliant in mind and aims, brusk in speech to bluntness, a lover of truth and justice, he had the saving grace of common sense in such a degree as made his selection as justice of his district a happy choice for the time and place. His residence amid the hills bearing his name was more the seat of government in 1845-46 for the east side of the Willamette Valley than was Green Point below Oregon City—the residence of Governor Abernethy. Industrial thrift, public spirit and hospitality, and a quick perception of justice often enabled Daniel Waldo to settle differences between men without forms of law. As justice of the peace under the Provisional Government of Oregon Mr. Waldo conducted his office much as his father had conducted that of judge of his county in Virginia. There were other heads of families who came in 1843 who were men above the average as leaders. Jesse Looney, James Waters, M. M. McCarver, and T. W. Keiser, and to these past middle life, may be added J. W. Nesmith and H. A. G. Lee, all except Nesmith frontiersmen from southwestern States. Looney and Keiser were general farmers, Waters seemed to give his attention mostly to defence against the Indians and assisting, as much as his time and means allowed, arriving immigrants.

General McCarver was a singular, if not an eccentric man. His chief aim as a pioneer seemed to be the location of towns, being concerned in locating Linnton on the Willamette, The Dalles on the Columbia, and Tacoma on Puget Sound. He was an almost incessant talker, and although I never heard a word against his integrity I never have been able to think of Mark Twain's "Colonel Sellers" without bringing to mind my impression of General M. M. McCarver.

As to Nesmith and Lee, they were both natural leaders. Of the former it is sufficient to say he made his own standing amongst men, though often rough and domineering. He filled

every one of the many positions of honor and trust worthily and well.

H. A. G. Lee was a man of different temperament from Nesmith. Quite as ambitious to serve he attracted young men whom Nesmith's tendency to domineer repelled. Lee's room in the chief hotel at Oregon City in 1845-46 was almost a common rendezvous for young men looking upward, and he had much of the gentle teacher's talent characteristic of Jesse Applegate, leaning more to military service. His dropping out of Oregon life was a loss to the young community. That occurred after the discovery of gold in California when we lost many good citizens by murder and by reckless exposure in placer mining, with a general result to Oregon of almost suspended industries for a few years.

The leaders of the emigration of 1844, were mostly a second installment of frontiersmen from the South rather than the East, who had been largely induced to make the venture by addresses delivered by Mr. Burnett, and by the publication of Whitman's winter journey. There were a few more men of mature age among them from east of the Ohio, and of single men also.

The whole of both years' emigration, so far as the writer knew them, were conspicuous for individuality of character and measure of acquirement. Even in business grasp, the difference between Peter H. Burnett and Daniel Delaney, though both Tennesseeans, was immense. Burnett, always a student of books and men, and always working upwards, a failure in his first efforts as a merchant he became a good success as a lawyer, a leader of people, a lover of freedom, and a statesman ardent in his convictions as to the value of the movement to Oregon, he used his pen freely to his fellow citizens east of the Rocky Mountains, yet lost no opportunity to mend his personal fortune, paying off principal and interest of his debts; in a word, lived in high endeavor and died in high honor.

Mr. Delaney, understood to be the man who came from East Tennessee and defined the locality he left as "High upon Big Pigeon, near K. Bullen's Mill," was a remarkably close economist in rearing live stock as well as in getting the produce of

the soil. He brought to Oregon a slave woman and three of his five sons. He rarely purchased anything, living as much as possible on what the farm furnished. He planted a large orchard on a very rocky piece of land and got fine results from it by thickly covering the surface with crops of straw produced on the level land which was chosen more for keeping stock through the winter without feed, than for grain. His custom was to begin with so many breeding animals and keeping them, increase up to the line of overstocking, sell for cash, reserving a certain number to start again, hide his money and keep on towards another sale. He did little labor himself, leaving that for the slave woman and his sons, who were all industrious and some of them very worthy citizens. Mr. Delaney's exercise was to go with his hounds and rifle wherever, in the near vicinity, beasts of prey might lurk, and depend on his dogs to bring them within range of his rifle. He must, in this way, have destroyed very many panther, lynx, and wild cats, as well as some bears, and so was a benefactor to his neighbors. He seemed to read his bible chiefly to find in it support for his dominion over the soul and body of his female slave. His sales and expenditures having been watched by a neighbor and professed friend for over a period of twenty years he was murdered for his treasures. Such was the end of a pioneer of 1843, whose life action in nearly every respect was the very opposite to that of Peter H. Burnett, who wielded the largest influence as leader of immigrants of 1843-44, and was the most complete representative of the motive of the enterprise of Americanization of Oregon and California, of which latter State he was the first elective Governor.

It should not be understood leadership is claimed for Mr. Burnett over all his brother pioneers in every respect. Some (I think a large number) would have fought for dominion after arriving here more readily than either he or Jesse Applegate, his able co-laborer, in getting the leading men in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's property to place it and themselves under the protection of the Provisional American Government.

It was common report that, in answer to a direct question of Lieutenant William Peel to Hon. Jesse Applegate at the home of the latter, "If he believed his neighbors would fight for possession of Oregon?" "Fight, Lieutenant, yes; they would not only fight you Britishers, but their own commanders also if they did not command to suit them." I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but it sounds like Mr. Applegate, though he, himself, was always for peaceful methods, if the object could be so attained, as were Burnett, H. A. G. Lee, General Palmer, Robert Newell, and James Waters, I believe. A strong indication that this question and answer between Lieutenant Peel and Mr. Applegate did occur is the fact that within fifteen or twenty miles of the Applegate residence, from which Mr. Peel and his party were traveling northward, the writer, listening to Mr. Daniel Matheny's question to Peel as to how he liked Oregon, heard the latter deliberately reply, "Mr. Matheny, it is certainly the most beautiful country in its natural state my eyes ever beheld," then after a slight pause, continued: "I regret to say that I am afraid we (the British) are not going to be the owners of it." This occurred within a month after the arrival of Lieutenant Peel and Captain Parks in Western Oregon as emissaries of the British Government at the head of which was Peel's father, Sir Robert Peel. At that time the open discussion of this question was often raised and sometimes hotly debated by the parties confined together in a single chinook canoe. The writer remembers having to take some very rough comments made by a Scotch sailor named Jack McDonald for the shamefulness, as he termed it, of my preferring the American cause against the country of my birth. I had to endure Jack's tongue, he being in one end of the canoe and I in the other, but, on landing he declined to support his right to question my right of choice.

Early in 1846 the finishing of Doctor McLoughlin's flouring mill at Oregon City was made the occasion of a ball by the young Americans, many of whom had assisted in the building. Lieutenant Peel and officers of the *Modeste* and of the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver were invited. It was a good

opportunity for Mr. Peel to poll the attendants as to their national predilection, and by the aid of Robert Pentland, an Englishman, the poll was made with the result that the majority present were Americans. A bet of a bottle of wine between Peel and Newell afforded excuse for the poll. Peel manifested chagrin at the result, pointed across the mill floor to a man who might easily be guessed to be an Englishman, and offered Newell another bet that that man would fight on the side of Great Britain in case of war over Oregon. Newell took the bet and Mr. Pentland went straight across the floor and said to the man: "Sir, which side would you support in case of war over the Oregon boundary?" The man without hesitation replied: "I fight under the Stars and Stripes, myself!" The man was Willard H. Rees, a neighbor of Newell and elected with the latter in the general election of 1847. Robert Newell was the ablest man of the American mountaineers.

As to Lieutenant Peel, he spent nearly a year in Oregon and used all the means in his power to increase pro-British sentiment, to be very generally gently defeated.

There was probably no leader in the settlement at that time who more certainly would have been ready to take the field for the American side than Cornelius Gilliam. As leader of the largest following of the immigration of 1844, Gilliam was by nature and prejudice most intensely opposed to British rule over Oregon. He was met at The Dalles with a liberal present of food sent by Dr. John McLoughlin. While partaking of this some of his family connection (one of his sons-in-law, probably) saw a chance to have a joke at his expense, and said: "General, they are trying to buy you up in advance." This raised a laugh, but Gilliam, who always took himself seriously, said, "Well, I have no objections to living in good neighborhood with the Hudson Bay Company as long as my rights are respected, but if they cut up any rustics with me, I will do my best to knock their stockade down about their ears." This story in different versions was campfire gossip while the writer, with Daniel Clark and S. B. Crockett, were engaged with a boat loaned by Doctor McLoughlin, probably the very boat which carried this present to Gilliam and his friends,

who used it to help others of his company down to Linnton. Originating thus in family fun, the incident kept in circulation till the Whitman massacre, when on Gilliam's appointment as commander of the volunteers to go against the Cayuses, it took the shape of a rumor that Colonel Gilliam intended to levy contribution on the Hudson Bay Company's property and occasioned an exchange of letters between Chief Factor Douglas and Governor Abernethy. (See Brown's History of Oregon, pp. 333-9.)

From the writer's point of view to settle Oregon as citizens of the United States was a prevailing sentiment among those who came before the year of the Whitman massacre, and if war had come, the Provisional Government would have put out even greater energies to fight the British and Indians combined than were exerted, as many of the heads of families besides General Gilliam had been suckled on stories of the Revolution of 1776 and the war of 1812. This influenced men from the East and North as well as those from the South and western frontiers, but the latter were in a greater degree under fireside and campfire tuition as books were less common and much less read. In Gilliam's trains the only two books I was able to borrow were Cooper's "Prairie" and Lewis and Clark's journal—the first showing little usage and the latter in tatters from much use.

To say that to save Oregon as rightful territory of the United States is too high a motive to be ascribed to the early pioneer homebuilders who crossed the plains and mountains to Oregon between 1842 and 1847 is unjust—as Daniel Clark, my traveling companion into Western Oregon, tersely put it in answer to the question of a British ship captain (who had just reached Vancouver with a cargo of goods for the Hudson Bay Company), of where he came from and his purpose in coming here, replied, "We've come from Missouri across the Rocky Mountains; we've come to make our homes in Oregon and rule this country." The writer was struck by this reply, received from Clark the evening of the day after it was made, as a concise statement of the general object of Gilliam's companies of the 1844 movement. This was the first motive given in the

writer's hearing by R. W. Morrison before leaving his Missouri residence, which knit me to his service on the way to Oregon with his family and his effects. He was the first of Gilliam's captains chosen by election. His sentiments pervaded Gilliam's following and those of Colonel Ford and Major Thorp, and to deny them that motive as one of the most important of their lives is to pronounce them irrational men which they certainly were not.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEN THAT SAVED OREGON.

The boat on which I had taken passage from St. Louis to Western Missouri had barely cast off and got into the stream when I found myself among men who were talking of Oregon, some with means to make their way, and others, like myself, seeking opportunity to work their way. The large majority of heads of families who crossed the plains in wagons in 1843 and 1844 were from the southern rather than eastern and northern States. There were some of the single men from the Middle West and even a few from Europe. But the largest number, both of heads of families and single men, traced their origin to the Scotch-Irish who had been pioneers inland from the caravans of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, and breaking over the Alleghanies became pioneers in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, keeping with them family traditions of battles against the English on such fields as King's Mountain and New Orleans and with the native race. They were not a reading people, and were far from being a money-seeking people, a prevailing ambition among them was to be the most western members of their respective families and to call no man master. They, in many cases, were the sons of sons of frontiersmen for generations back. Men who, from choice, would rather struggle with and overcome natural obstacles than jostle with men. They had great and varied individuality and used many words (not negroisms) different from the yeoman class of New York or Pennsylvania. As they left the frontier of Missouri for Oregon, they showed little sign of attrition with recent European immi-

grants. Their freedom from that was perhaps caused by their lack of school and post office facilities common to frontiersmen, but bearing hardest against anti-slavery family life in slave States, so much so that the emigration movement was at this time rather away from than into the frontier slave States. These very families gathering to follow Cornelius Gilliam to Oregon had the getting away from the institution of slavery very generally as a motive. Yet, while they remained in Missouri, they had demonstrated their determination not to submit to organized power which to their minds was more repulsive than African slavery. Many of the very men who in 1843 selected P. H. Burnett as their leader to Oregon had followed Gilliam's lead in the trouble arising between the Mormon settlement at Far West, Missouri, and the pioneer settlers previously located. As it is an admirable illustration of the character of the men who followed Burnett and Gilliam to Oregon later, I quote from Burnett's "Recollections of an Old Pioneer," page 59. Mr. Burnett, then residing at Liberty, Missouri, practicing law, was a member of an independent militia company at that place called the Liberty Blues, who were ordered to the battle ground, where Captain Bogard's company and Patton's company of the Mormon Danite band met. Mr. B. says: "We were ready and were off before night, and marched some ten miles under General Doniphan. The next day we reached the scene of the conflict, and encamped in open oak wood next to the prairie that extended from that point to 'Far West.' * * * Among those who had fallen in with us was a lad of about eighteen, quite tall, green and awkward. He was dressed in thin clothing, and when put on guard was told by the officer not to let any one take his gun. He said: 'No one would get his gun.' When the officer went around to relieve the guard this boy would not permit him to come near, presenting his gun with a most determined face. In vain the officer explained his purpose; the boy was inflexible and stood guard the remainder of the night, always at his post and always wide awake. The second night Doniphan's command were aroused from their sleep by the guards reporting the approach of a body supposed to be Mormons.

Doniphan called for twenty volunteers to go out to reconnoitre and bring on the action." Of these volunteers Mr. Burnett was one, mounted on a mare that had been trained to race and carried him in front in spite of himself, the steed thinking itself in a race. "I was about twenty yards ahead, when, sure enough, we saw in the clear moonlight a body of armed men approaching. We galloped on till within some hundred yards, then drew up and hailed them, when, to our great satisfaction, we found it was a body of militia under Colonel Gilliam from Clinton County, coming to join us. Thus ended the alarm. * * * During all this hubbub the boy who had persisted in standing guard the previous night slept until some one happened to think of him and asked where he was. He was then awakened and fell into the ranks without hesitation or trepidation." So much as to the fighting spirit of the community from which Burnett and Gilliam got their following to Oregon later. This meeting by moonlight, and joining forces produced the surrender of the Mormon leaders, Joseph Smith, Jr., Rigdon Wight and others, and Mr. Burnett proceeds to give a further characteristic of this people: "As I understood at the time a proposition was seriously made and earnestly pressed in a council of officers to try the prisoners by court-martial, and if found guilty execute them. This proposition was firmly and successfully opposed by Doniphan. These men (the Mormons) had never belonged to any lawful military organization and could not, therefore, have molested military law. * * * I remember that I went to Doniphan and assured him that we of Clay County would stand by him. Had it not been for the efforts of Doniphan and others from Clay, I think it most probable that the prisoners would have been summarily tried, condemned and executed."

These quotations are introduced here as illustration of the physical and moral courage of this district from which, a few years later, the largest proportion of the first homebuilders started to Oregon. The readiness to fight is well shown by the boy who would not give up his gun, and by Colonel Gilliam

with his command seeking his Mormon enemies by moonlight, and the higher courage that risks life deliberately to "stand for justice, truth and right" by legal methods.

The two forces here were the pioneer class of American citizens, mainly originating south of Mason and Dixon's line used to establishing law and order on lands won from the natice race, suddenly confronted by a horde of fanatics, mainly gathered at that time from the strata just above the submerged tenth of England's population, led by a comparatively few men of mixed nationalities intent on the nursing into existence of a new oligarchical religious system. The shrewd Mormon leaders secured Doniphan and Burnett to defend them under the forms of law in Missouri, which was done under a condition of public feeling so near mob violence that they were justified in one sitting within six feet of the other with a loaded pistol in hand while each in turn made his plea for law and order, and both came out of it with a moral power over their unruly fellows which carved them big niches in American history during the succeeding decade.

The pioneer element of Missouri succeeded, and ultimately Mormonism became an important pioneer element in winning to humanity the central portion of the great American desert, while the frontier family life represented by those who drove the Mormons from Far West came to the lower Columbia basin and began planting the thirty thousand rifles of Jefferson's conception, aided and encouraged by Floyd, Atcheson, Benton, and Linn, disciples of Jefferson. The means those statesmen proposed to use—armed occupation of Oregon, encouraged by a permanent interest in the soil—had just ended the Florida war of seven years' duration—vexatious, harassing and expensive—without either treaty negotiated or battle fought. Homebuilders going there, as Senator Benton states, "with their arms and plows."

Dr. Lewis F. Linn, as already stated, introduced a bill into the senate of the United States providing this land inducement so liberal as to be of doubtful passage, and indeed failed to pass the house, but it answered the purpose, and why it did so may (as the writer believes) be largely answered by the

fact the enterprise appealed to the imagination of a large community of born frontiersmen of kinship, by blood or spirit, dating back through seventy years of pioneer history commencing with what is known as the Dunmore War in 1774.

From a historical pamphlet by E. O. Randall, secretary of the Ohio Antiquarian and Historical Society, largely published in the West Virginia Historical Magazine for January, 1903, the writer culls the names of officers who took part in the battle of Point Pleasant, deemed by some historical students to have been really the first battle of the Revolutionary War because fought by Virginia volunteers drawn from the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, many of whom had reason for opposition to a recently proclaimed policy of the British crown. Mr. Randall says: "The American colonists had fought the French and Indian War with the expectation that they were to be, in the event of success, the beneficiaries of the result and be permitted to occupy the Ohio Valley as a fertile and valuable addition to their Atlantic Coast lodgments. But, the war over and France vanquished, the royal greed of Britain asserted itself and the London Government most arbitrarily pre-empted the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River as the exclusive and particular dominion of the crown, directly administered upon from the provincial seat of authority at Quebec. The parliamentary power promulgated the arbitrary proclamation (1763) declaring the Ohio Valley and the great Northwest territory should be practically an Indian reservation, ordering the few settlers to remove therefrom, forbidding the settlers to move therein, and even prohibiting trading with the Indians save under licenses and restrictions so excessive as to amount to exclusion.

On June 22, 1774, Parliament passed the detestable Quebec Act, which not only affirmed the policy of the crown adopted in the proclamation of 1763, but added many obnoxious features by granting certain civil rights to the French Catholic Canadians.

This policy of the crown stultified the patents and charters granted the American colonies in which their proprietary

rights extended to the Mississippi and beyond, embracing the very territory to which they were now denied admittance, and ordered to vacate where located under previous grants. The Quebec Act was one of the irritants complained of in the Declaration of Independence "for abolishing the free system of English law in a neighboring province establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule."

This was the condition in 1774 on the northern frontier of Virginia at a time when the head of the Ohio Valley was supposed to be part of that province. John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, Governor, held his allegiance due to the crown, but he also was eager to champion the cause of Virginia as against either the Indians or her sister colonies. He was avaricious, energetic, and interested in the frontier land speculation. He had appointed an agent or deputy at Fort Pitt, then deemed a Virginia town, and surveyors who were locating lands in the upper Ohio, who were attacked by Indians and driven out. It was a bitter race war on both sides, rendered more bitter to the Virginians by the very general belief that the Indians were furnished arms, ammunition and clothing from Detroit by the Quebec Government through French traders, now its special pets.

"In May the Virginia House of Burgesses, of which George Washington, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were members, resolved with a burst of indignation to set aside the first of June—when the Boston bill should go into operation—as a day of fasting and prayer to implore divine interposition for averting the heavy calamity which threatens the civil rights of America." Governor Dunmore at once dissolved that highly impertinent King insulting body. Meanwhile the race war on the northern and western frontier was growing more and more serious where the heat of patriotic resistance to the tyrannical measures of the mother country mingled with the bitterness of the race war for proprietary rights. And Governor Dunmore in August called out two bodies of militia and volunteers consisting of fifteen hundred each. The north-

ern division chiefly from country west of the Blue Ridge to be commanded by Lord Dunmore in person. The southern division roused in counties east of the Blue Ridge, led by General Andrew Lewis. The two armies were to proceed by different routes to the mouth of the Big Kanawha, unite and from thence cross the Ohio and penetrate the northwest country, defeat the red men and destroy all the Indian towns they could reach. This was the plan made by Dunmore, but which he failed to follow, thereby making his real intentions subject to suspicions which cloud his name yet. It is with the command under General Lewis we have to deal while it was left to meet the onset of the flower of the fighting force of the Ohio tribes in an all-day's desperate action, the Indians being under command of Comstalk, the famous warrior of his day. Both sides greatly suffered and were completely exhausted, the Indians drawing off, cowed so that their brave leader could get no further fight out of them. The result was their signing of a treaty Governor Dunmore had tried to make in the Scioto Valley on the day of the battle of Point Pleasant, though according to his plan of campaign he should have joined Lewis at Point Pleasant. In the belief about his failure and the brave and successful fight made without him the seeds of distrust of England and her policies were sown which nourished through three generations of family tradition by the frontier settlers of the Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, and Missouri, and reaching Oregon seventy years afterward, nerved the arms and steadied the aims of just such men as mustered under George Rogers Clark at old Vincennes and Jackson at New Orleans. Just such men as settled the Florida and Black Hawk Wars; and just such men as took dominion over Oregon and as marched through Mexico under Doniphan.

The writer was first led into this line of thought on reading a very interesting paper in the West Virginia Historical Magazine of October, 1902, by Miss L. K. Poage, of Ashland, Kentucky, on the leaders who lived after participating in the battle of Point Pleasant, and seventy years later many of the names of whom were found among the pioneers to Oregon.

It is not the purpose of the writer to mar Mr. Randall's fine description of the battle of Point Pleasant, October, 1774, but to show the names of leaders in the fight and the extraordinary proportion who never fought again. Beginning with that of General Andrew Lewis we have in Mr. Randall's list Colonel Charles Lewis, brother of the general, Colonel William Fleming, Colonel John Field, Captain Thomas Buford, Captains Evan, Shelby, and Herbert. Captains Shelby and Russell were part of Colonel Christian's force which, by faster marching, arrived in time to take part in the battle.

Miss Poage's admirable paper is written from the native Kentuckian's standpoint, and she confesses that it is "now impossible to secure a complete list of the Kentuckians who fought in the battle of Point Pleasant." I transcribe the names she mentions who did: Isaac Shelby, Samuel M. Dowell, Silas Harlan, Aezercah Davis, Abraham Chapline, Colonel George Slaughter, James Trimble, Wm. Russell (afterward colonel, but fifteen years of age when this battle was fought), two brothers, James and John Sandusky, Simon Kenton, who arrived as a messenger from Governor Dunmore, Captain James Mongomery, James Knox, James Harrod—leader of the first settlers of Harrodsburg, Kentucky—John Crawford, Colonel Joseph Crockett. This last is the name which attracted the writer and led to writing this paper in hope of stimulating pioneers to Oregon to gather up all they can for the annals of this State on their origin. It has been well said by one who has labored in this direction that the time will come when the record of a pioneer to Oregon will be equal to a title of nobility. Believing that, I give Miss Poage's note on Colonel Crockett who was in Captain Russell's command at Point Pleasant: "For services in the battle of Monmouth he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He spent the winter with Washington at Valley Forge and was second in command to General Clark in the campaign against the Northwestern Indians. He moved to Jessamine County, Kentucky, in 1784. President Jefferson appointed Colonel Crockett United States marshal for the District of Kentucky, which office he held for eight

years, and while in office he arrested Aaron Burr in 1806."

The foregoing brings us into line with the mind that conceived Oregon and planned its exploration, who appointed Meriwether Lewis to lead the exploration and commissioned William Clark as his associate not without knowledge (we may easily conceive) of the services of Generals Andrew Lewis and George Rogers Clark to liberty and progress.

Just seventy years from the date of the battle of Point Pleasant the writer emerged from the west timber line of the Blue Mountains of Oregon in company with Daniel Clark and S. B. Crockett. Learning recently that the latter was yet living in his 84th year, I wrote to learn if he was a family connection with the Colonel Joseph Crockett before mentioned, and received an affirmative reply. S. B. Crockett was one of the most effective helpers in the pioneer movement of 1844, and in that which reached Puget Sound in 1845, settling on Whitby's Island in the Sound, he induced his father's family to follow him also.*

We will now return to the rank and file of those who fought the Battle of Point Pleasant. Mr. Randall tells us: "The volunteers who were to form the army of Lewis began to gather at Camp Union, the levels of Greenbrier (Lewisburg), before the 1st of September. It was a motley gathering. They were not the King's regulars nor trained troops. They were not knights in burnished steel on prancing steeds. They were not cavaliers, sons from the luxurious manors. They were not drilled martinets. They were, however, determined, dauntless men, sturdy and weather-beaten as the mountain sides whence they came. They were undrilled in the arts of military movements, but they were in physique and endurance and power Nature's noblemen, reared amid the open freedom of rural life." * * * It was one hundred and sixty miles from Camp Union to their destination at the mouth of the Great Kanawha. The regiments passed through a trackless forest so rugged and mountainous as to render their

*S. B. Crockett died at Kent, Washington, while this was in typewriter's hands.

progress extremely tedious and laborious. They marched in long files through "the deep and gloomy woods with scouts and spies thrown out in front and on the flanks, while axemen went in advance to clear a trail over which they could drive the beef cattle and the pack-horses laden with provisions, blankets and ammunition. They struck straight through the wilderness, making their road as they went. On September 21st they reached the Great Kanawha at the present site of Charleston. Here they halted and built dugout canoes for baggage transportation down the river, * * * arriving there October 6th, to learn, in a few days, that Governor Dunmore had changed his plans and had reached Kentucky Plains with the object of making a treaty with the Indians rather than fight them."

I have quoted Mr. Randall's description of the men and their movement towards the point where the desperate fight occurred on October 10, 1774, under circumstances which must have sown the seeds of suspicion of Governor Dunmore's motives, which are not yet removed, and to call attention of my readers to the close parallel between the men and the methods of General Lewis' army and the homebuilders of 1843, who to reach the Columbia with their wagons (which were, in fact, their traveling family homes), cutting their way through the dense timber growth in the Burnt River Canyon, and through that of the Blue Mountains of Oregon, part of them to descend the Columbia in boats and canoes and on rafts, and part to take Indian trails of the mountain or river gorge, and so reach Western Oregon. This was when the change of dominion over Oregon began, and the finish was initiated by a small portion of the immigration of 1844 descending the lower Columbia late in 1845, and thirteen men cutting a wagon road through the fifteen miles of heavy Oregon forest to reach Budd's Inlet of Puget Sound.

The would-be historian who claims that Oregon was won by an aimless movement of a restless, unreflecting, adventurous people has the rather hard fact to ignore of why a cadet of the Crockett family was present, and a most effective axeman and hunter in cutting out this last fifteen miles of

American family road to the tide wash of the Pacific. He has got to find a rational reason for the names of Jefferson, Lewis, Clark, Russell, Fleming, Crockett, Boone, and many others appearing not only as family names among early Oregon pioneers to Oregon, but these names and those of Floyd, Linn and Benton were often bestowed on boy babies born in frontier cabins after the time of the Lewis and Clark exploration to successful overland emigration by family wagons. He has got to explain why Oregon has towns and counties, and mountains even, named for Jefferson, Lewis, Linn, and Benton.

Dominion over Oregon was the ripe fruit of patriotic statesmanship, conceived, cherished and nursed by Thomas Jefferson, and consummated by poor men influenced by the spirit of the lesser American patriots I have mentioned.

"RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER."

By Peter H. Burnett.

"The Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer," by Peter H. Burnett, has become a very scarce book. It contains what is probably the most valuable single account of some six years of the pioneer epoch of Oregon. It was written by a painstaking, fair and able observer, who had a prominent and creditable part in the history he narrates. He had the great advantage of a journal and other notes which were faithful, contemporary records. Upon these he based his "Recollections." Mr. Burnett's great activity as a correspondent, and his concern to be just and true, naturally resulted in his material, even, partaking of the definite, clear and complete character of history. The Quarterly will reprint Chapters III, IV, V, and VI, which cover the portion of the book pertaining directly to Oregon.—Editor.

CHAPTER III.

DETERMINING TO GO TO OREGON—ARRIVE AT THE RENDEZVOUS—REMARKS ON THE NATURE OF THE TRIP.

In the fall of 1842 I moved to Weston, in Platte County, having purchased an interest in the place. During the winter of 1842-43 the Congressional report of Senator Appleton in reference to Oregon fell into my hands, and was read by me with great care. This able report contained a very accurate description of that country. At the same time there was a bill pending in Congress, introduced in the Senate by Doctor Linn, one of the Senators from Missouri, which proposed to donate to each immigrant six hundred and forty acres of land for himself, and one hundred and sixty acres for each child. I had a wife and six children, and would, therefore, be entitled to sixteen hundred acres. There was a fair prospect of the ultimate passage of the bill.

I saw that a great American community would grow up, in the the space of a few years, upon the shores of the distant Pacific; and I felt an ardent desire to aid in this most important enterprise.

At that time the country was claimed by both Great Britain and the United States; so that the most ready and peaceable way to settle the conflicting and doubtful claims of the two governments was to fill the country with American citizens. If we could only show by practical test, that American emigrants could safely make their way across the continent to Oregon with their wagons, teams, cattle, and families, then the solution of the question of title to the country was discovered. Of course, Great Britian would not covet a colony settled by American citizens.

The health of Mrs. Burnett had been delicate for some three years, and it was all we could do to keep her alive through the winter in that cold climate. Her physicians said the trip would either kill or cure her. I was also largely indebted to my old partners in the mercantile business. I had sold all my property, had lived in a plain style, had worked hard, and paid all I could spare each year; and still the amount of my indebtedness seemed to be reduced very little.

Putting all these considerations together, I determined, with the consent of my old partners, to move to Oregon. I therefore laid all my plans and calculations before them. I said that, if Doctor Linn's bill should pass, the land would ultimately enable me to pay up. There was at least a chance. In staying where I was, I saw no reasonable probability of ever being able to pay my debts. I did a good practice, and was able to pay about a thousand dollars a year; but, with the accumulation of interest, it would require many years' payments, at this rate to square the account. I was determined not to go without the free consent and advice of my creditors. They all most willingly gave their consent, and said to me, "Take what may be necessary for the trip, leave us what you can spare, and pay us the balance when you can do so."

I followed their advice, and set to work most vigorously to organize a wagon company. I visited the surrounding counties, making speeches wherever I could find a sufficient audience, and succeeded even beyond my expectations. Having completed my arrangements, I left my house in Weston on the 8th day of May, 1843, with two ox wagons, and one small two-horse wagon, four yoke of oxen, two mules, and a fair supply of provisions; and arrived at the rendezvous, some twelve miles west of Independence, and just beyond the line of the State, on the 17th of May.

A trip to Oregon with ox teams was at that time a new experiment, and was exceedingly severe upon the temper and endurance of people. It was one of the most conclusive tests of character, and the very best school in which to study human nature. Before the trip terminated, people acted upon their genuine principles, and threw off all disguises. It was not that the trip was beset with

very great perils, for we had no war with the Indians, and no stock stolen by them. But there were ten thousand little vexations continually recurring, which could not be foreseen before they occurred, nor fully remembered when past, but were keenly felt while passing. At one time an ox would be missing, at another time a mule, and then a struggle for the best encampment, and for a supply of wood and water; and, in these struggles, the worst traits of human nature were displayed, and there was no remedy but patient endurance. At the beginning of the journey there were several fisticuff fights in camp; but the emigrants soon abandoned that practice, and thereafter confined themselves to abuse in words only. The man with a black eye and battered face could not well hunt up his cattle or drive his team.

But the subject of the greatest and most painful anxiety to us was the suffering of our poor animals. We could see our faithful oxen dying inch by inch, every day becoming weaker, and some of them giving out, and left in the wilderness to fall a prey to the wolves. In one or two instances they fell dead under the yoke before they would yield. We found, upon a conclusive trial, that the ox was the noblest of draft animals upon that trip, and possessed more genuine hardihood and pluck than either mules or horses. When an ox is once broken down, there is no hope of saving him. It requires immense hardships, however, to bring him to that point. He not only gathers his food more rapidly than the horse or mule, but he will climb rocky hills, cross muddy streams, and plunge into swamps and thickets for pasture. He will seek his food in places where other animals will not go. On such a trip as ours one becomes greatly attached to his oxen, for upon them his safety depends.

Our emigrants were placed in a new and trying position, and it was interesting to see the influence of pride and old habits over men. They were often racing with their teams in the early portion of the journey, though they had before them some seventeen hundred miles of travel. No act could have been more inconsiderate than for men, under such circumstances, to injure their teams simply to gratify their ambition. Yet the proper rule in such a case was to allow any and every one to pass you who desired so to do. Our emigrants, on the first portion of the trip, were about as wasteful of their provisions as if they had been at home. When portions of bread were left over, they were thrown away; and, when any one came to their tents, he was invited to eat. I remember well that, for a long time, the five young men I had with me refused to eat any part of the bacon rind, which accordingly fell to my share, in addition to an equal division of the bacon. Finally they asked for and obtained their portion of the bacon rind, their

delicate appetites having become ravenous on the trip. Those who were in the habit of inviting every one to eat who stood around at meal times, ultimately found out that they were feeding a set of loafers, and gave up the practice.

START FROM THE RENDEZVOUS—KILL OUR FIRST BUFFALO—KILL OUR FIRST ANTELOPE—DESCRIPTION OF THE ANTELOPE.

I kept a concise journal of the trip as far as Walla Walla, and have it now before me. On the 18th of May the emigrants at the rendezvous held a meeting and appointed a committee to see Doctor Whitman. The meeting also appointed a committee of seven to inspect wagons, and one of five to draw up rules and regulations for the journey. At this meeting I made the emigrants a speech, an exaggerated report of which was made in 1875, by ex-Senator J. W. Nesmith of Oregon, in his address to the pioneers of that State. The meeting adjourned to meet at the Big Springs on Saturday, the 20th of May.

On the 20th I attended the meeting at the Big Springs, where I met Colonel John Thornton, Colonel Bartleson, Mr. Rickman, and Doctor Whitman. At this meeting rules and regulations were adopted. Mr. Delaney, who was from high up on Big Pigeon, near Kit Bullard's mill, Tennessee, proposed that we should adopt either the criminal laws of Tennessee or those of Missouri for our government on the route. Wiliam Martin and Daniel Matheny were appointed a committee to engage Captain John Gant as our pilot as far as Fort Hall. He was accordingly employed; and it was agreed in camp that we all should start on Monday morning, May 22. We had delayed our departure, because we thought the grass too short to support our stock. The spring of 1843 was very late, and the ice in the Missouri River at Weston only broke up on the 11th of April.

On the 22d of May, 1843, a general start was made from the rendezvous, and we reached Elm Grove, about fifteen miles distant, about 3 P. M. This grove had but two trees, both elms, and a few dogwood bushes, which we used for fuel. The small elm was most beautiful in the wild and lonely prairie; and the large one had all its branches trimmed off for firewood. The weather being clear, and the road as good as possible, the day's journey was most delightful. The white-sheeted wagons and the fine teams, moving in the wilderness of green prairie, made the most lovely appearance. The place where we encamped was very beautiful; and no scene appeared to our enthusiastic vision more exquisite than the sight of so many wagons, tents, fires, cattle, and people, as were here collected. At night the sound of joyous music was heard in the tents. Our long

journey thus began in sunshine and song, in anecdote and laughter; but these all vanished before we reached its termination.

On the 24th we reached the Wakarusa River, where we let our wagons down the steep bank by ropes. On the 26th we reached the Kansas River, and we finished crossing it on the 31st. At this crossing we met Fathers De Smet and De Vos, missionaries to the Flathead Indians. On the 1st of June we organized our company, by electing Peter H. Burnett as Captain, J. W. Nesmith as Orderly Sergeant, and nine Councilmen. On the 6th we met a war party of Kansas and Osage Indians, numbering about ninety warriors. They were all mounted on horses, had their faces painted red, and had with them one Pawnee scalp, with the ears to it, and with the wampum in them. One of them, who spoke English well, said they had fasted three days, and were very hungry. Our guide, Captain Gant, advised us to furnish them with provisions; otherwise, they would steal some of our cattle. We deemed this not only good advice but good humanity, and furnished these starving warriors with enough provisions to satisfy their hunger. They had only killed one Pawnee, but had divided the scalp, making several pieces, some with the ears on and part of the cheek. Two of this party were wounded, one in the shoulder and the other in some other part of the body.

None of us knew anything about a trip across the plains, except our pilot, John Gant, who had made several trips with small parties of hired and therefore disciplined men, who knew how to obey orders. But my company was composed of very different materials; and our pilot had no knowledge that qualified him to give me sound advice. I adopted rules and endeavored to enforce them, but found much practical difficulty and opposition; all of which I at first attributed to the fact that our emigrants were green at the beginning, but comforted myself with the belief that they would improve in due time; but my observation soon satisfied me that matters would grow worse. It became very doubtful whether so large a body of emigrants could be practically kept together on such a journey. These considerations induced me to resign on the 8th of June, and William Martin was elected as my successor.

On the 12th of June we were greatly surprised and delighted to hear that Captain Gant had killed a buffalo. The animal was seen at the distance of a mile from the hunter, who ran upon him with his horse and shot him with a large pistol, several shots being required to kill him. We were all anxious to taste buffalo meat, never having eaten any before; but we found it exceedingly poor and tough. The buffalo was an old bull, left by the herd because he was unable to follow.

On the 15th of June one of our party killed an antelope. This is perhaps the fleetest animal in the world except the gazelle and

possesses the quickest sight excepting the gazelle and the giraffe. The antelope has a large, black eye, like those of the gazelle and giraffe, but has no acute sense of smell. For this reason this animal is always found on the prairie, or in very open timber, and will never go into a thicket. He depends on his superior sight to discern an enemy, and upon his fleetness to escape him. I have heard it said that when wolves are much pressed with hunger, they hunt the antelope in packs, the wolves placing themselves in different positions. Antelopes, like most wild game, have their limits, within which they range for food and water; and, when chased by the wolves, the antelope will run in something like a circle, confining himself to his accustomed haunts. When the chase commences, the antelope flies off so rapidly that he leaves his pursuers far behind; but the tough and hungry wolf, with his keen scent, follows on his track; and, by the time the antelope has become cool and a litle stiff, the wolf is upon him, and he flies from his enemy a second time. This race continues, fresh wolves coming into the chase to relieve those that are tired, until at last the poor antelope, with all his quickness of sight and fleetness of foot, is run down and captured. As soon as he is killed, the wolf that has captured him sets up a loud howl to summon his companions in the chase to the banquet. When all have arrived, they set to eating the carcass, each wolf taking what he can get, there being no fighting, but only some snarling, among the wolves. This statement I do not know to be true of my own knowledge, but think it quite probable. It seems to be characteristic of the dog family, in a wild state, to hunt together and devour the common prey in partnership. Bruce, in his account of his travels in Abyssinia, relates that he saw five or six hyenas all engaged in devouring one carcass; and that he killed four of them at one shot with a blunderbuss, loaded with a large charge of powder and forty bullets.

When the antelope once sees the hunter, it is impossible to stalk the animal. On the trip to Oregon I tried the experiment without success. When I saw the antelope, upon the top of a small hill or mound, looking at me, I would turn and walk away in the opposite direction, until I was out of sight of the animal; then I would make a turn at right angles until I found some object between me and the antelope, behind which I could approach unseen within rifle-shot; but invariably the wily creature would be found on the top of some higher elevation, looking at me creeping up behind the object that I had supposed concealed me from my coveted prey. The only practical way of deceiving an antelope is to fall flat upon the ground among the grass, and hold up on your ramrod a hat or handkerchief, while you keep yourself concealed from his view. Though exceedingly wary, the curiosity of the animal is so great

that he will often slowly and cautiously approach within rifle-shot.

On the 16th of June we saw a splendid race between some of our dogs and an antelope, which ran all the way down the long line of wagons, and about a hundred and fifty yards distant from them. Greyhounds were let loose, but could not catch it. It ran very smoothly, making no long bounds like the deer or horse, but seemed to glide through the air. The gait of the antelope is so peculiar that, if one was running at the top of his speed over a perfectly smooth surface, his body would always be substantially the same distance from the earth.

Lindsey Applegate gave this amusing and somewhat exaggerated account of a race between a very fleet greyhound and an antelope. The antelope was off to the right of the road half a mile distant, and started to cross the road at right angles ahead of the train. The greyhound saw him start in the direction of the road, and ran to meet him, so regulating his pace as to intercept the antelope at the point where he crossed the road. The attention of the antelope being fixed upon the train, he did not see the greyhound until the latter was within twenty feet of him. Then the struggle commenced, each animal running at his utmost speed. The greyhound only ran about a quarter of a mile, when he gave up the race, and looked with seeming astonishment at the animal that beat him, as no other animal had ever done before. Applegate declared, in strong hyperbolical language, that "the antelope ran a mile before you could see the dust rise."

CROSS TO THE GREAT VALLEY OF THE PLATTE—BUFFALO HUNT—DESCRIPTION OF THAT ANIMAL.

Ever since we crossed the Kansas River we had been traveling up Blue River, a tributary of the former. On the 17th of June we reached our last encampment on Blue. We here saw a band of Pawnee Indians, returning from a buffalo hunt. They had quantities of dried buffalo meat, of which they generously gave us a good supply. They were fine looking Indians, who did not shave their heads, but cut their hair short like white men. On the 18th of June we crossed from the Blue to the great Platte River, making a journey of from twenty-five to thirty miles, about the greatest distance we ever traveled in a single day. The road was splendid, and we drove some distance into the Platte bottom, and encamped in the open prairie without fuel. Next morning we left very early, without breakfast, having traveled two hundred and seventy-one miles from the rendezvous, according to the estimated distance recorded in my journal.

We traveled up the south bank of the Platte, which, at the point where we struck it, was from a mile to a mile and a half wide. Though not so remarkable as the famed and mysterious Nile (which,

from the mouth of the Atbara River to the Mediterranean Sea, runs through a desert some twelve hundred miles without receiving a single tributary), the Platte is still a remarkable stream. Like the Nile, it runs hundreds of miles through a desert without receiving any tributaries. Its general course is almost as straight as a direct line. It runs through a formation of sand of equal consistence; and this is the reason its course is so direct.

The valley of the Platte is about twenty miles wide, through the middle of which this wide, shallow, and muddy stream makes its rapid course. Its banks are low, not exceeding five or six feet in height; and the river bottoms on each side seem to the eye a dead level, covered with luxuriant grass. Ten miles from the river you come to the foot of the table lands, which are also apparently a level sandy plain, elevated some hundred and fifty feet above the river bottoms. On these plains grow the short buffalo grass, upon which the animal feeds during a portion of the year. As the dry season approaches, the water, which stands in pools on these table lands, dries up, and the buffalo are compelled to go to the Platte for water to drink. They start for water about 10 A. M., and always travel in single file, one after the other, and in parallel lines about twenty yards apart, and go in a direct line to the river. They invariably travel the same routes over and over again until they make a path some ten inches deep and twelve inches wide. These buffalo paths constituted quite an obstruction to our wagons, which were heavily laden at this point in our journey. Several axles were broken. We had been apprised of the danger in advance, and each wagon was supplied with an extra axle.

In making our monotonous journey up the smooth valley of the Platte, through the warm, genial sunshine of summer, the feeling of drowsiness was so great that it was extremely difficult to keep awake during the day. Instances occurred where drivers went to sleep on the road, sitting in the front of their wagons; and the oxen, being about as sleepy, would stop until the drivers were aroused from their slumber. My small wagon was used only for the family to ride in; and Mrs. Burnett and myself drove and slept alternately during the day.

One great difficulty on this part of the trip was the scarcity of fuel. Sometimes we found dry willows, sometimes we picked up pieces of drift-wood along the way, which we put into our wagons, and hauled them along until we needed them. At many points of the route up the Platte we had to use buffalo chips. By cutting a trench some ten inches deep, six inches wide, and two feet long, we were enabled to get along with very little fuel. At one or two places the wind was so severe that we were forced to use the trenches in order to make a fire at all.

On the 20th of June we sent out a party of hunters, who returned on the 24th with plenty of fresh buffalo-meat. We thought the flesh of the buffalo the most excellent of all flesh eaten by man. Its flavor is decidedly different from that of beef, and far superior, and the meat more digestible. On a trip like that, in that dry climate, our appetites were excellent; but, even making every reasonable allowance, I still think buffalo the sweetest meat in the world.

The American buffalo is a peculiar animal, remarkably hardy, and much fleeter of foot than any one would suppose from his round, short figure. It requires a fleet horse to overtake him. His sense of smell is remarkably acute, while those of sight and hearing are very dull. If the wind blows from the hunter to the buffalo, it is impossible to approach him. I remember that, on one occasion, while we were traveling up the Platte, I saw a band of some fifty buffaloes running obliquely toward the river on the other side from us, and some three miles off; and, the moment that their leader struck the stream of tainted atmosphere passing from us to them, he and the rest of the herd turned at right angles from their former course, and fled in the direction of the wind.

On one occasion five of us went out on fleet horses to hunt buffaloes. We soon found nine full-grown animals, feeding near the head of a ravine. The wind blew from them to us, and their keen scent was thus worthless to them, as the smell will only travel with the wind. We rode quietly up the ravine, until we arrived at a point only about one hundred yards distant, when we formed in line, side by side, and the order was given to charge. We put our horses at once to their utmost speed; and the loud clattering of their hoofs over the dry, hard ground at once attracted the attention of the buffaloes, which raised their heads and gazed at us for an instant and then turned and fled. By the time they started we were within fifty yards of them. The race was over a level plain, and we gradually gained upon the fleeing game; but, when we approached within twenty yards of them, we could plainly see that they let out a few more links, and ran much faster. I was riding a fleet Indian pony, and was ahead of all my comrades except Mr. Garrison, who rode a blooded American mare. He dashed in ahead of me, and fired with a large horse pistol at the largest buffalo, giving the animal a slight wound. The moment the buffalo felt himself wounded that moment he bore off from the others, they continuing close together, and he running by himself.

I followed the wounded buffalo, and my comrades followed the others. The moment I began to press closely upon the wounded animal, he turned suddenly around, and faced me with his shaggy head, black horns, and gleaming eyes. My pony stopped instantly, and I rode around the old bull to get a shot at his side, knowing that

it would be idle to shoot him in the head, as no rifle ball will penetrate the brain of a buffalo bull. But the animal would keep his head toward me. I knew my pony had been trained to stand wherever he was left, and I saw that the wounded bull never charged at the horse. So I determined to dismount and get a shot on foot. I would go a few yards from my horse, and occasionally the buffalo would bound toward me, and then I would dodge behind my pony, which stood like a statue, not exhibiting the slightest fear. For some reason the wounded animal would not attack the pony. Perhaps the buffalo had been before chased by Indians on horseback, and for that reason was afraid of the pony. At last I got a fair opportunity, and shot the buffalo through the lungs. The moment he felt the shot, he turned and fled. The shot through the lungs is the most fatal to the buffalo, as he soon smothers from the effects of internal hemorrhage. It is a singular fact that, before a buffalo is wounded, he will never turn and face his pursuer, but will run at his best speed, even until the hunter is by his side; but the moment a buffalo is wounded, even slightly, he will quit the band, and when pressed by the hunter will turn and face him. The animal seems to think that, when wounded, his escape by flight is impossible, and his only chance is in combat.

On the 27th of June our people had halted for lunch at noon, and to rest the teams and allow the oxen to graze. Our wagons were about three hundred yards from the river, and were strung out in line to the distance of one mile. While taking our lunch we saw seven buffalo bulls on the opposite side of the river, coming toward us, as if they intended to cross the river in the face of our whole caravan. When they arrived on the opposite bank they had a full view of us; and yet they deliberately entered the river, wading a part of the distance, and swimming the remainder. When we saw that they were determined to cross at all hazards, our men took their rifles, formed in line between the wagons and the river, and awaited the approach of the animals. So soon as they rose the bank, they came on in a run, broke boldly through the line of men, and bore to the left of the wagons. Three of them were killed, and most of the others wounded.

CROSS THE SOUTH FORK—ARRIVE AT FORT LARAMIE—CHEYENNE CHIEF—CROSS THE NORTH FORK—DEATHS OF PAINE AND STEVENSON—CROSS GREEN RIVER—ARRIVE AT FORT HALL.

On the 29th of June we arrived at a grove of timber, on the south bank of the South Fork of the Platte. This was the only timber we had seen since we struck the river, except on the islands, which were covered with cottonwoods and willows. From our first camp

upon the Platte to this point, we had traveled, according to my estimates recorded in my journal, one hundred and seventy-three miles, in eleven days.

On July 1st we made three boats by covering our wagon boxes or beds with green buffalo hides sewed together, stretched tightly over the boxes, flesh side out, and tacked on with large tacks; and the boxes, thus covered, were turned up to the sun until the hides were thoroughly dry. This process of drying the green hides had to be repeated several times. From July 1st to 5th, inclusive, we were engaged in crossing the river. On the 7th we arrived at the south bank of the North Fork of the Platte, having traveled a distance of twenty-nine miles from the South Fork. We had not seen any prairie chickens since we left the Blue. On the 9th we saw three beautiful wild horses. On the 14th we arrived at Fort Laramie, where we remained two days repairing our wagons. We had traveled from the crossing of the South Fork one hundred and forty-one miles in nine days. Prices of articles at this trading post: Coffee, $1.50 a pint; brown sugar, the same; flour, unbolted, 25 cents a pound; powder, $1.50 a pound; lead, 75 cents a pound; percussion caps, $1.50 a box; calico, very inferior, $1.00 a yard.

At the fort we found the Cheyenne chief and some of his people. He was a tall, trim, noble-looking Indian, aged about thirty. The Cheyennes at that time boasted that they had never shed the blood of the white man. He went alone very freely among our people, and I happened to meet him at one of our camps, where there was a foolish, rash young man, who wantonly insulted the chief. Though the chief did not understand the insulting words, he clearly understood the insulting tone and gestures. I saw from the expression of his countenance that the chief was most indignant, though perfectly cool and brave. He made no reply in words, but walked away slowly; and, when some twenty feet from the man who had insulted him, he turned around, and solemnly and slowly shook the forefinger of his right hand at the young man several times, as much as to say, "I will attend to your case."

I saw that trouble was coming, and I followed the chief, and by kind, earnest gestures made him understand at last that this young man was considered by us all as a half-witted fool, unworthy of the notice of any sensible man; and that we never paid attention to what he said, as we hardly considered him responsible for his language. The moment the chief comprehended my meaning I saw a change come over his countenance, and he went away perfectly satisfied. He was a clear-headed man; and, though unlettered, he understood human nature.

In traveling up the South Fork we saw several Indians, who kept at a distance, and never manifested any disposition to molest us

in any way. They saw we were mere travelers through their country, and would only destroy a small amount of their game. Besides, they must have been impressed with the due sense of our power. Our long line of wagons, teams, cattle, and men, on the smooth plains, and under the clear skies of the Platte, made a most grand appearance. They had never before seen any spectacle like it. They, no doubt, supposed we had cannon concealed in our wagons. A few years before a military expedition had been sent out from Fort Leavenworth to chastise some of the wild prairie tribes for depredations committed against the whites. General Bennett Riley, then Captain Riley, had command, and had with him some cannon. In a skirmish with the Indians, in the open prairie, he had used his cannon, killing some of the Indians at a distance beyond a rifle shot. This new experience had taught them a genuine dread of big guns.

The Indians always considered the wild game as much their property as they did the country in which it was found. Though breeding and maintaining the game cost them no labor, yet it lived and fattened on their grass and herbage, and was as substantially within the power of these roving people and skillful hunters as the domestic animals of the white man.

On the 24th of July we crossed the North Fork of the Platte by fording, without difficulty, having traveled the distance of one hundred and twenty-two miles from Fort Laramie in nine days. On the 27th we arrived at the Sweetwater, having traveled from the North Fork fifty-five miles in three days. On the 3rd of August, while traveling up the Sweetwater, we first came in sight of the eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains. This to us was a grand and magnificent sight. We had never before seen the perpetually snow-clad summit of a mountain. This day William Martin brought into camp the foot of a very rare carnivorous animal, much like the hyena, and with no name. It was of a dark color, had very large teeth, and was thought to be strong enough to kill a half-grown buffalo.

On the 4th of August Mr. Paine died of fever, and we remained in camp to bury him. We buried him in the wild, shelterless plains, close to the new road we had made, and the funeral scene was most sorrowful and impressive. Mr. Garrison, a Methodist preacher, a plain, humble man, delivered a most touching and beautiful prayer at the lonely grave.

On the 5th, 6th and 7th we crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and on the evening of the 7th we first drank of the waters that flow into the great Pacific. The first Pacific water we saw was that of a large, pure spring. On the 9th we came to the Big Sandy at noon. This day Stevenson died of fever, and we buried

him on the sterile banks of that stream. On the 11th we crossed Green River, so called from its green color. It is a beautiful stream, containing fine fish. On the margins of this stream there are extensive groves of small cottonwood trees, about nine inches in diameter, with low and brushy tops. These trees are cut down by the hunters and trappers in winter for the support of their mules and hardy Indian ponies. The animals feed on the tender twigs, and on the bark of the smaller limbs, and in this way manage to live. Large quantities of this timber are thus destroyed annually.

On the 12th of August we were informed that Doctor Whitman had written a letter, stating that the Catholic missionaries had discovered, by the aid of their Flathead Indian pilot, a pass through the mountains by way of Fort Bridger, which was shorter than the old route. We, therefore, determined to go by the fort. There was a heavy frost with thin ice this morning. On the 14th we arrived at Fort Bridger, situated on Black's Fork of Green River, having traveled from our first camp on the Sweetwater two hundred and nineteen miles in eighteen days. Here we overtook the missionaries. On the 17th we arrived on the banks of Bear River, a clear, beautiful stream, with abundance of good fish and plenty of wild ducks and geese. On the 22nd we arrived at the great Soda Springs, when we left Bear River for Fort Hall, at which place we arrived on the 27th, haveing traveled two hundred and thirty-five miles from Fort Bridger in thirteen days.

Fort Hall was then a trading post, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and was under the charge of Mr. Grant, who was exceedingly kind and hospitable. The fort was situated on the south bank of Snake River, in a wide, fertile valley covered with luxuriant grass and watered by numerous springs and small streams. This valley had once been a great resort for buffaloes, and their skulls were scattered around in every direction. We saw the skulls of these animals for the last time at Fort Boise, beyond which point they were never seen. The company had bands of horses and herds of cattle grazing on these rich bottom lands.

Up to this point the route over which we had passed was, perhaps, the finest natural road, of the same length, to be found in the world. Only a few loaded wagons had ever made their way to Fort Hall, and were there abandoned. Doctor Whitman in 1836 had taken a wagon as far as Fort Boise, by making a cart on two of the wheels and placing the axletree and the other two wheels in his cart. ("Gray's Oregon," page 133.)

We here parted with our respected pilot, Captain John Gant. Dr. Marcus Whitman was with us at the fort, and was our pilot from there to Grand Ronde, where he left us in charge of an Indian pilot, whose name was Stikas, and who proved to be both faithful and

competent. The doctor left us to have his grist-mill put in order by the time we should reach his mission.

We now arrived at a most critical period in our most adventurous journey, and we had many misgivings as to our ultimate success in making our way with our wagons, teams and families. We had yet to accomplish the untried and most difficult portion of our long and exhaustive journey. We could not anticipate at what moment we might be compelled to abandon our wagons in the mountains, pack our scant supplies on our poor oxen, and make our way on foot through this terribly rough country as best we could. We fully comprehended the situation, but we never faltered in our inflexible determination to accomplish the trip, if within the limits of possibility, with the resources at our command. Doctor Whitman assured us that we could succeed, and encouraged and aided us with every means in his power. I consulted Mr. Grant as to his opinion of the practicability of taking our wagons through. He replied that, while he would not say it was impossible for us Americans to make the trip in our wagons, he could not himself see how it could be done. He had only traveled the pack-trail, and certainly no wagons could follow that route, but there might be a practical road found by leaving the trail at certain points.

LEAVE FORT HALL—SAGEBRUSH LANDS—SALMON FALLS—THE SPEAR OF THE INDIAN FISHERMAN—CROSS SNAKE RIVER—KILL A LARGE SALMON.

On the 30th of August we quitted Fort Hall, many of our young men having left us with pack-trains. Our route lay down Snake River for some distance. The road was rocky and rough, except in the dry valleys, and these were covered with a thick growth of sage or wormwood, which was from two to three feet high, and offered a great obstruction to the first five or six wagons passing through it. The soil where this melancholy shrub was found appeared to be too dry and sterile to produce anything else. It was very soft on the surface, and easily worked up into a most disagreeable dust, as fine as ashes or flour.

The taste of the sage is exceedingly bitter; the shrub has a brown, somber appearance, and a most disagreeable smell. The stem at the surface of the ground is from one to two inches in diameter, and soon branches, so as to form a thick, brushy top. The texture of the stem is peculiar and unlike that of any other shrub, being all bark and no sap or heart, and appears like the outside bark of the grapevine. How the sap ascends from the root to the branches, or whether the shrub draws its nutriment from the air, I am not able to decide. One thing I remember well, that the stems of the green growing sage were good for fuel and burned most readily, and so

rapidly that the supply had to be continually renewed, showing that they were not only dry, but of very slight, porous texture. Had the sage been as stout and hard as other shrubbery of the same size we should have been compelled to cut our wagonway through it, and could never have passed over it as we did, crushing it beneath the feet of our oxen and the wheels of our wagons.

The geographical features of the Pacific Coast are Asiatic in their appearance, being composed of mountains and valleys. Our hills swell to mountains, and our valleys are to the eye a dead level, yet they generally descend about nine or ten feet to the mile. We have consequently very little gently undulating land, such as is generally found in the great Mississippi Valley. Gibbon, speaking of the route of the army of the Emperor Julian well but concisely describes the sageplains of this coast: "The country was a plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood; and, if any other kinds of shrubs or reeds grew there, they had all an aromatic smell, but no trees could be seen." ("Decline and Fall," chapter xxiv, pp. 477-8.)

Colonel Mercer of Oregon, delivered a lecture in the city of New York on April 6, 1878, as appears from the telegram to the "Daily Alta" of the 7th, in which he set forth the wonderful fertility of the sagebrush lands, which until recently have been supposed to be valueless. The sagebrush lands through which we passed in 1843 appeared to be worthless, not only because of the apparent sterility of the soil, but for the want of water. With plentiful irrigation, I think it quite probable that these lands in most places, might be rendered fruitful. Water is a great fertilizer and nothing but experiment can actully demonstrate how far these wilderness plains can be redeemed.

On the 7th of September, 1843, we arrived at the Salmon Falls on Snake River, where we purchased from the Snake Indians dried and fresh salmon, giving one ball and one charge of powder for each dried fish. We found several lodges of Indians here who were very poorly clad, and who made a business of fishing at the falls. The falls were about eight feet perpendicular at that stage of water, with rapids below for some distance. The stream is divided upon the rapids into various narrow channels, through which the waters pass with a very shallow and rapid current, so that the fisherman can wade across them. The salmon are compelled to pass up these channels, and readily fall a prey to the quick, sharp spear of the Indian fisherman. The spear consists of a strong, smooth pole, ten or twelve feet long and an inch and a half in diameter, made of hard tough wood, upon one end of which there is fastened a piece of sharp-pointed buckhorn about four inches long. The larger end of this piece of buckhorn is hollowed out to the depth of about three

inches and fastened on the end of the pole, which is tapered to fit into it. To the middle of this buckhorn there is securely fastened a thong or string of sinew, the other end of which is firmly attached to the pole about one foot above the buckhorn, leaving a considerable slack in the line. With this spear the Indian fisherman lies down or sits close to one of these narrow channels with the point of his spear resting near where the fish must pass. In this position he remains motionless until he sees a fish immediately opposite the point of the spear, as the fish slowly ascends the rapid current; when, with the quick motion of a juggler, he pushes his spear clear through the salmon before this powerful fish can dodge it. The buckhorn at once slips off the end of the pole on the other side of the fish the first flounce he makes; but he is securely held by the thong attached to the pole. No spear could be more skillfully designed or more effectually used than this.

One of our emigrants, having been informed before he started on the trip that the clear, living waters of the Columbia and its tributaries were full of salmon, had brought all the way from Missouri a three-pronged harpoon, called a gig. The metallic portion of this fishing instrument was securely riveted on the end of a smooth, strong pole about ten feet long, and two inches in diameter. The skillful fisherman held this gig in his right hand, raised above his head, and, when he saw a fish fifteen or twenty feet distant, he would pitch the weapon at his prey with such a sure aim as seldom to miss his mark.

This emigrant was joyful when we arrived at the falls, it being the first point where he could use his gig. He soon brought forth his instrument from the bottom of his wagon, where it had remained unused so long, and sallied forth to capture salmon. We all watched with deep interest, as he stood by one of these narrow channels, gig in hand. Very soon we saw him throw his gig, but he missed his mark. Again and again he tried his skill, but always failed. The fact was that the salmon, one of the most muscular of fishes, with keen sight and quick motion, had seen the thrown gig in time, and had effectually dodged it. Our emigrant came back greatly mortified because the Indians could beat him in catching salmon. He understood, after this trial, the difference between the agility of the salmon of the Columbia and that of the sluggish catfish of the Mississippi.

Before reaching the Salmon Falls we passed a large spring on the opposite side of Snake River. This spring furnished water enough for a large creek, which fell perpendicularly from a wall of basaltic rock two hundred feet high, forming a most beautiful scene on the river.

On the 10th of September we crossed the Snake River by fording

without difficulty, and in crossing we killed a salmon weighing twenty-three pounds, one of our wagons running over it as it lay on the bottom of the pebbly stream.

The full-grown male and female salmon from the ocean enter the streams that flow into it and, guided by a wonderful instinct, ascend to the upper branches, where they can deposit their numerous spawn in a place secure from enemies. The waters of these mountain streams are so clear as to remind one of Dryden's description—

> "Of shallow brooks, that flow so clear,
> The bottom did the top appear."

In the pebbly bottoms of these tributary streams the female salmon hollows out a cavity of sufficient depth to form an eddy, in which she can deposit her spawn without the danger of their being swept away by the current. The one we killed was doubtless in her nest which she refused to quit.

From all the information I was able to obtain while residing in Oregon, grown salmon which once leave the ocean never return. This was the opinion of Sir James Douglas, which was confirmed by my own observation. But there seems to be a difference of opinion on the question. I have lately conversed with B. B. Redding upon the subject, and it is his opinion that about ten per cent. return alive to the ocean, as about that proportion are caught in the Sacramento River on the upper side of the gill nets used by the fishermen. This may be the more correct opinion.

The male salmon is armed with strong, sharp teeth, and they fight and wound each other severely. While the female is making and guarding her nest, her mate remains close by, watching and waiting with the greatest fidelity and patience; and, when any other fish approaches too near, he darts at him with the utmost swiftness and ferocity. The spawn is always deposited in the pebbly bed of the stream where the water is swift and comparatively shallow, and where other fish are less likely to molest them. The eggs hatch in from forty to forty-five days.

For hours I have watched the efforts of salmon to pass over the Willamette Falls at Oregon City. For a space of one or two minutes I would not see a fish in the air. Then, all at once, I would see one leap out of the water, followed immediately by great numbers. Some would rise from ten to fifteen feet, while many would not ascend more than four or five; but all seemed equally determined to succeed. They had selected the most practicable point and approached very near the column of descending water, and rose from the eddy caused by the reflow. Occasionally one would go over, but the great majority pitched with their heads plump against the wall of rock behind the torrent, and fell back more or less wounded, to try again. There was a shelf in the rock three or four feet below the top, and

I have seen salmon catch on this shelf, rest for an instant, then flounce off and fall into the water below. So long as the salmon is alive its head will be found up stream and every effort made, though feeble, will be to ascend. Sometimes, when in very shallow water, the fish may descend to a short distance to escape an enemy for the time, but its constant instinct is to go up higher until it reaches the place to deposit its eggs.

BOILING SPRING—FORT BOISE—BURNT RIVER—THE LONE PINE—THE GRAND RONDE—THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—ARRIVE AT DR. WHITMAN'S MISSION—ARRIVE AT WALLA WALLA.

On the 14th of September we passed the Boiling Spring. Its water is hot enough to cook an egg. It runs out at three different places, forming a large branch, which runs off smoking and foaming. It rises half a mile from a tall range of hills covered with basaltic rock, and the plains around are covered with round rocks of the same kind. The water is clear and rises at the head of a small ravine.

On the 20th of September we arrived at Fort Boise, then in charge of Mr. Payette, having traveled from Fort Hall, two hundred and seventy-three miles, in twenty-one days. Mr. Payette, the manager, was kind and very polite. On the 21st we recrossed the Snake River by fording, which was deep but safe. On the 24th we reached Burnt River, so named from the many fires that have occurred there, destroying considerable portions of timber. It hardly deserves to be called a river, being only a creek of fair size. The road up this stream was then a terrible one, as the latter runs between two ranges of tall mountains through a narrow valley full of timber, which we had not the force or time to remove.

On the 27th of September we had some rain during the night, and next morning left Burnt River. Today we saw many of the most beautiful objects in nature. In the rear, on our right and left, were ranges of tall mountains, covered on the sides with magnificent forests of pine, the mountain tops being dressed in a robe of pure snow, and around their summits the dense masses of black clouds wreathed themselves in fanciful shapes, the sun glancing through the open spaces upon the gleaming mountains. We passed through some most beautiful valleys and encamped on the branch of the Powder River at the Lone Pine.

This noble tree stood in the center of a most lovely valley about ten miles from any other timber. It could be seen at the distance of many miles, rearing its majestic form above the surrounding plain, and constituted a beautiful landmark for the guidance of the traveler. Many teams had passed on before me, and at intervals, as I drove along, I would raise my head and look at that

beautiful green pine. At last, on looking up as usual, the tree was gone. I was perplexed for a moment to know whether I was going in the right direction. There was the plain, beaten wagon road before me, and I drove on until I reached the camp just at dark. That brave old pine, which had withstood the storms and snows of centuries, had fallen at last by the vandal hands of man. Some of our inconsiderate people had cut it down for fuel, but it was too green to burn. It was a useless and most unfortunate act. Had I been there in time I should have begged those woodmen to "spare that tree."

On the 29th and 30th of September we passed through rich, beautiful valleys between ranges of snowclad mountains whose sides were covered with noble pine forests. On October 1st we came into and through Grand Ronde, one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, embosomed among the Blue Mountains, which are covered with magnificent pines. It was estimated to be about one hundred miles in circumference. It was generally rich prairie covered with luxuriant grass and having numerous beautiful streams passing through it, most of which rise from springs at the foot of the mountains bordering the valley. In this valley the camas root abounds, which the Indians dried upon hot rocks. We purchased some from them and found it quite palatable to our keen appetites.

On the 2d of October we ascended the mountain ridge at the Grande Ronde and descended on the other side of the ridge to a creek, where we encamped. These hills were terrible. On the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th, we passed through the Blue Mountains, arriving at their foot on the 6th and encamping upon a beautiful stream of water. On the morning of the 5th there was a snow storm on the mountain. During our passage through the Blue Mountains we had great difficulty in finding our cattle, and the road was very rough in many places. Our camp was about three miles from the Indian village, and from the Indians we purchased Indian corn, peas, and Irish potatoes, in any desired quantity. I have never tasted a greater luxury than the potatoes we ate on this occasion. We had been so long without fresh vegetables that we were almost famished, and consequently we feasted this day excessively. We gave the Indians in exchange some articles of clothing, which they were most anxious to purchase. When two parties are both as anxious to barter as were the Indians and ourselves, it is very easy to strike a bargain.

On the 10th of October we arrived within three miles of Doctor Whitman's mission and remained in camp uptil the 14th.

The exhausting tedium of such a trip and the attendant vexations have a great effect upon the majority of men, especially upon those of weak minds. Men, under such circumstances, become

childish, petulant, and obstinate. I remember that while we were at the mission of Doctor Whitman, who had performed such hard labor for us, and was deserving of our warmest gratitude, he was most ungenerously accused by some of our people of selfish motives in conducting us past his establishment, where we could procure fresh supplies of flour and potatoes. This foolish, false, and ungrateful charge was based upon the fact that he asked us a dollar a bushel for wheat, and forty cents for potatoes. As our people had been accustomed to sell their wheat at from fifty to sixty cents a bushel, and their potatoes at from twenty to twenty-five cents, in the Western States, they thought the prices demanded by the doctor amounted to something like extortion, not reflecting that he had to pay at least twice as much for his own supplies of merchandise, and could not afford to sell his produce as low as they did theirs at home. They were somewhat like a certain farmer in Missouri at an early day, who concluded that twenty cents a bushel was a fair price for corn, and that he would not sell for more nor less. But experience soon taught him that when the article was higher than his price he could readily sell, but when it was lower he could not sell at all; and he came to the sensible conclusion that he must avail himself of the rise in order to compensate him for the fall in prices. So obstinate were some of our people that they would not purchase of the doctor. I remember one case particularly, where an intimate friend of mine, whose supplies of food were nearly exhausted, refused to purchase, though urged to do so by me, until the wheat was all sold. The consequence was that I had to divide provisions with him before we reached the end of our journey.

On the 16th of October we arrived at Fort Walla Walla, then under charge of Mr. McKinley, having traveled from Fort Boise, two hundred and two miles, in twenty-four days, and from the rendezvous, sixteen hundred and ninety-one miles, between the 22nd of May and the 16th of October, being one hundred and forty-seven days. Average distance per day, eleven and one-half miles.

DESCEND THE RIVER TO THE DALLES—LEAVE MY FAMILY THERE—GO TO VANCOUVER AND RETURN—GOVERNOR FREMONT.

A portion of our emigrants left their wagons and cattle at Walla Walla, and descended the Columbia in boats; while another, and the larger portion, made their way with their teams and wagons to The Dalles, whence they descended to the Cascades on rafts, and thence to Fort Vancouver in boats and canoes. William Beagle and I had agreed at the rendezvous not to separate until we reached the end of our journey. We procured from Mr. McKinley, at Walla Walla, an old Hudson's Bay Company's boat, constructed expressly

for the navigation of the Columbia and its tributaries. These boats are very light, yet strong. They are open, about forty-five feet long, five feet wide, and three feet deep, made of light, tough materials, and clinker built. They are made in this manner so that they may be carried around the Falls of the Columbia, and let down over the Cascades. When taken out of the water and carried over the portage, it requires the united exertions of forty or fifty Indians, who take the vessel on their shoulders, amid shouts and hurras, and thus carry it sometimes three-fourths of a mile, without once letting it down. At the Cascades it is let down by means of ropes in the hands of the Canadian boatmen.

We employed an Indian pilot, who stood with a stout, long, broad paddle in the bow of the boat, while Beagle stood at the stern, holding a long steering oar, such as were used upon flat-bottoms and keel-boats in the Western States. I remember that my friend Beagle, before we left Walla Walla, expressed great confidence in his skill in steering, as he had often passed the Ohio Rapids at Louisville. But these rapids were nothing to those on the Columbia. I have seen Beagle turn as pale as a corpse when passing through the terrible rapids on this river.

Our Indian pilot was very cool, determined, and intrepid; and Beagle always obeyed him, right or wrong. On one occasion, I remember, we were passing down a terrible rapid, with almost the speed of a race-horse, when a huge rock rose above the water before us, against which the swift and mighty volume of the river furiously dashed in vain, and then suddenly turned to the right, almost at right angles. The Indian told Beagle to hold the bow of the boat directly toward that rock, as if intending to run plump upon it, while the rest of us pulled upon our oars with all our might, so as to give her such a velocity as not to be much affected by the surging waves. The Indian stood calm and motionless in the bow, paddle in hand, with his features set as if prepared to meet immediate death; and, when we were within from twenty to thirty feet of that terrible rock, as quick as thought he plunged his long, broad paddle perpendicularly into the water on the left side of the bow, and with it gave a sudden wrench, and the boat instantly turned upon its center to the right, and we passed the rock in safety.

While passing through these dangers I was not much alarmed, but after they were passed I could never think of them without a sense of fear. Three of our emigrants were drowned just above the dalles, but we reached them in safety, sending our boat through them, while the families walked around them on dry land. These dalles are a great natural curiosity, but they have been so often

described that I deem it unnecessary to attempt any description myself.

When we arrived at the Methodist mission, located at the foot of the dalles, I saw at once that there must some day grow up a town there, as that was the head of safe steam navigation. From there to the Cascades, a distance of about fifty miles, the river is entirely smooth and without a rapid. At the Cascades there is a portage to be made, but once below them and there is nothing but smooth water to the ocean. I determined at once to settle at The Dalles; and, after consultation with Mr. Perkins, the minister in charge, I left my family there and proceeded to Vancouver, where I arrived about the 7th of November, 1843.

At Fort Vancouver I found Governor Fremont, then Lieutenant Fremont, who had been there a few days. He had left his men and animals at The Dalles, and had descended the river to the fort for the purpose of purchasing supplies, to enable him to make the trip overland to California during that winter. The preceding year he had made an exploring trip to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, but this was his first journey to Oregon and California.

The Hudson's Bay Company furnished him, on the credit of the United States, all the supplies he required, and sent them up the river in one of their boats, such as I have already described, and three Chinook canoes. These canoes are substantially of the same model as the clipper-ship, and most probably suggested the idea of such a form of marine architecture. They are made out of a solid piece of white-cedar timber, which is usually one-quarter of the first cut of a large tree. It is a soft wood, but very tough. This timber grows upon the banks of the Columbia, below Vancouver, to a very large size. It is easily split with wedges. The Indians manage to cut and burn down the trees, and then cut and burn off a part of the trunk, and split it into quarters. Then they hollow out the inside of the canoe, mostly by burning. For this purpose they kindle small fires along the whole length of the canoe, which they keep steadily burning, and, by careful and constant watching, they cause the fires to burn when and how they please. The outside they shape with their tomahawks, and, before these were introduced, they used sharp flint-stones for axes. These canoes are usually about thirty feet long, three feet wide, and two feet deep, and are sharp at both ends, with a gradual taper from near the center. No craft could have a more handsome model, or run more swiftly. They are light, strong, elastic, and durable, and are propelled by paddles. The boat was navigated by Canadian French, and the canoes by Indians.

Doctor McLoughlin and Mr. Douglas then chief factors at the fort, advised me to go for my family, and settle in the lower portion of

Oregon, and kindly offered me a passage up and down on their boat. We left the fort about the 11th of November in the evening, while it was raining. It came down gently, but steadily. We reached the foot of the rapids, three miles below the Cascades, before sundown on the third day. We found that the Indians could propel their canoes with paddles much faster than we could our boat with oars. We ascended the river to a distance of about one mile above the foot of the rapids; and just before dark we encamped upon a sand-beach, the only spot where we could do so without ascending higher up the rapids.

The Indians, with the three canoes, had passed on farther up the river, and, although we fired signal-shots, they could not be induced to return. They had with them the sugar and tea, and the Indian lodge, composed of buffalo skins, neatly dressed and sewed together. This lodge was in a conical form, about fourteen feet in diameter at the base and eighteen feet high, with a hole at the base of about two by three feet for a door, and one in the top for the escape of the smoke; a deer-skin formed the door-shutter, and the fire was built in the center, around which we sat with our backs to the lodge, and when we lay down we put our feet to the fire and our heads from it. In this way we could be warm and comfortable, and free from the effects of the wind and rain, without being at all incommoded by the smoke from our small fire, as it rose straight up and passed out through the hole in the top of the lodge. The lodge was supported by long, strong, smooth poles, over which it was tightly stretched. It was far superior to any cloth tent I ever saw.

When we encamped it was cloudy, but not raining, and we were very hungry after our day's hard work; but our bill of fare consisted of salt salmon and cold bread. We knew, from the appearance of the thickening but smooth clouds, that we should most likely have a rainy night. The lower portion of Oregon lies between the tall Cascade range of mountains and the ocean. This range runs almost parallel with the Pacific Ocean, and about a hundred and twenty-five miles from it. The clouds in the rainy season break upon this range; and the Cascades are at the point where the mighty Columbia cuts at right angles through it. We had been told that it rained oftener and harder at the Cascades than at almost any other point in Oregon, and, to our injury, we found it true.

Supper being ended, we laid ourselves down before a large fire. Governor Fremont wrapped himself in his cloak, keeping on all his clothes, and lay down upon a blanket. For myself, I had with me two pairs of large, heavy blankets, one pair of which I put folded under me, and covered myself with the other. Soon after we had lain down the rain began to fall gently, but continued steadily to

increase. At first, I thought it might rain as much as it pleased without wetting through my blankets, but before day it came down in torrents, and I found the water running under me, and into the pockets of my pantaloons and the tops of my boots. It was a cold rain, and the fire was extinguished. I could not endure all this, and I sat up during most of the remaining portion of the night upon a log of wood, with one pair of blankets thrown over my head, so as to fall all around me. In this way I managed to keep warm, but the weight of the wet blankets was great, and my neck at last rebelled against the oppression. I finally became so fatigued and sleepy that just before day, when the rain had ceased, I threw myself down across some logs of wood, and in that condition slept until daylight. As for Governor Fremont, he never moved, but lay and slept as well as if in comfortable quarters. My position was in a lower place on the beach than his, and this was the reason why the water ran under me and not under him.

Next morning we rose fresh and fasting and ascended to the Indian encampment, where the Governor found our Indians comfortably housed in the lodge, cooking breakfast. He was somewhat vexed, and made them hustle out in short order.

It took us some days to make the portage, it raining nearly all the while. At the head of the Cascades there were several large, projecting rocks, under one side of which the Indians could lie on the clean, dry sand, secure from the rain. They would build a fire in front and sit or lie under the projecting rocks; and, as they were at home with their kindred and families, they were in no hurry to go forward, and were not much disposed to go out in bad weather. At the Cascades there is a celebrated salmon fishery, where the Indians then lived in considerable numbers, supporting themselves in the summer upon fresh, and in the winter upon dried, salmon.

We were anxious to proceed, as Governor Fremont had still to make the perilous journey to California, but there were only some five to eight whites to several hundred Indians. But the cool, determined, yet prudent, Fremont managed to command our Indians and induce them to work. When nothing else would avail, he would put out their fires. Finding it necessary to work or shiver, they preferred to work.

When we had reloaded our craft, we set forward for The Dalles, and we had not gone more than ten miles before we could see clear out and beyond the clouds into the pure, blue sky. We were almost vexed to think we had been so near to a sunny region all the time we had been suffering so much from the rain. We soon reached a point on the river above where there had been no rain, and from that point to The Dalles we had cold, clear, frosty nights. We arrived in The Dalles about ten days after leaving Vancouver. I

went with the Governor to his camp of about forty men and one hundred animals.

I was with Governor Fremont about ten days. I had never known him personally before this trip. I knew he was on the way, but he traveled usually with his own company, and did not mingle much with the emigrants, as he could not properly do so, his men being under military discipline and our emigrants not. He was then about thirty years old, modest in appearance, and calm and gentle in manner. His men all loved him intensely. He gave his orders with great mildness and simplicity, but they had to be obeyed. There was no shrinking from duty. He was like a father to those under his command. At that time I thought I could endure as much hardship as most men, especially a small, slender man like Governor Fremont, but I was wholly mistaken. He had a small foot, and wore a thin calf-skin boot, and yet he could endure more cold than I could with heavy boots on. I never traveled with a more pleasant companion than Governor Fremont. His bearing toward me was as kind as that of a brother.

GO WITH MY FAMILY TO VANCOUVER—INDIAN TRADITION—THE TOWN OF LINNTON.

I returned with my family to Fort Vancouver on the 26th of November, 1843, and, as we passed the place of our encampment on the sand beach below the Cascades, the Canadian boatmen pointed toward it and laughed.

When we arrived at the Cascades on our return voyage we carried our baggage upon our shoulders three-fourths of a mile, when we reloaded and then "jumped" the rapids below. Until we had passed the rapids on our downward voyage, I had no adequate conception of the dangers we had passed through on the voyage from Walla Walla to the Dalles. During that perilous passage I was one of the oarsmen, and sat with my back to the bow of the boat, thus having no fair opportunity to observe well. My attention was mainly confined to my own portion of the work, and I had but little time to look up. But, in running the rapids below the Cascades, I had nothing to do but look on. It was almost literal "jumping."

There was then an Indian tradition that about a hundred years before the Cascades did not exist, but that there was a succession of rapids from the Dalles to where the Cascades are now. The whole volume of the Columbia is now confined to a narrow channel, and falls about thirty feet in the distance of a quarter of a mile. This tradition said that the river gradually cut under the mountain until the projecting mass of huge stones and tough clay slid into the river and dammed up the stream to the height of some thirty

feet, thus producing slack water to the Dalles. And I must say that every appearance, to my mind, sustains this view.

The Columbia, like most rivers, has a strip of bottom land covered with timber on one side or the other, but at the Cascades this bottom land is very narrow and has a very different appearance from the bottoms at places on the river above and below. The mountain on the south side of the river looks precisely as if a vast landslide had taken place there, and the huge rocks that lift their gray, conical heads above the water at a low stage go to prove that they could not have withstood that terrible current for many centuries. In the winter when the water is at its lowest stage, immense masses of thick ice come down over these Cascades and strike with tremendous force against the rocks, and the consequent wearing away must have been too great for those rocks to have been in that position many centuries.

But there is another fact that seems to me to be almost conclusive. As we passed upon the river the water was at a very low stage, and yet some twenty miles above we could see stumps of various sizes standing as thick beneath the water as trees in a forest. The water was clear and we had a perfect view of them. They were entirely sound and were rather sharp in form toward the top. It was evident that the trees had not grown in the water, but it had been backed up over their roots and the tops and trunks had died and decayed, while the stumps being under water, had remained substantially sound; and the reason why they were sharp at the top was that the heart of the timber was more durable than the sapwood which had decayed. Another reason for the sharpness of the stumps at the top is the abrasion caused by the floating masses of ice.

It was the opinion of Governor Fremont that these stumps had been placed in this position by a slide which took them from their original site into the river. But I must think that opinion erroneous because the slide could hardly have been so great in length, and the appearance of the adjacent hills does not indicate an event of that magnitude. It is much more rational, I think, to suppose that the slide took place at the Cascades, and that the Indian tradition is true. Another reason is that the river at the points where these stumps are found is quite wide, showing an increase of width by the backing up of the water over the bottoms.

I procured a room for my family at Vancouver until I could build a cabin. General M. M. McCarver and myself had agreed that we would select a town site at the head of ship navigation on the Willamette River. The general, having no family with him, arrived at the fort some time before I did, and selected a spot on the Willamette about five miles above its mouth at what we then supposed to be the head of ship navigation. Here we laid out a town calling it

Linnton for Doctor Linn. It was a fair site, except for one small reason: it was not at the head of ship navigation, which subsequent experience prove to be at Portland, some miles above. I had a cabin built at Linnton and lived there with my family from about the middle of January until the first of May, 1844. We performed a considerable amount of labor there, most of which was expended in opening a wagon road thence to the Tualatin Plains, over a mountain and through a dense forest of fir, cedar, maple, and other timber. When finished the road was barely passable with wagons. Our town speculation was a small loss to us, the receipts from the sale of lots not being equal to the expenses.

I found that expenses were certain and income nothing, and determined to select what was then called "a claim," and make me a farm. I knew very little about farming, though raised upon a farm in Missouri, and had not performed any manual labor of consequence (until I began to prepare for this trip) for about seventeen years. I had some recollection of farming, but the theory as practiced in Missouri would not fully do for Oregon. Mr. Douglas told me that I could not succeed at farming, as there was a great deal of hard work on a farm. I replied that, in my opinion, a sensible and determined man could succeed at almost anything, and I meant to do it. I did succeed well, but I never had my intellect more severely tasked, with a few exceptions. Those who think good farming not an intellectual business are most grievously mistaken.

PURCHASE A CLAIM—CLIMATE AND SCENERY OF OREGON—NUMBER OF OUR IMMIGRANTS—ASSISTANCE RENDERED OUR IMMIGRATION.

Some time in April, 1844, I went to the Tualatin Plains and purchased a claim in the middle of a circular plain about three miles in diameter. The claim was entirely destitute of timber, except a few ash trees which grew along the margin of the swales. The plain was beautiful and was divided from the plains adjoining by living streams of water flowing from the mountains, the banks of which streams were skirted with fir and white cedar timber. The surface of this plain was gently undulating, barely sufficient for drainage. I purchased ten acres of splendid fir timber distant about a mile and a half, for twenty five dollars. This supply proved ample for a farm of about two hundred and fifty acres.

These swales are peculiar winter drains, from ten to thirty yards wide, and from one to two feet deep. In the winter they were filled with slowly running water, but in summer they are dry, and their flat bottoms become almost as hard as brick. No vegetation of consequence will grow in these swales, and the only timber along their margins is scattering ash, from six to eight inches in diameter,

and from twenty to twenty-five feet high, with wide, bushy tops. The land on both sides of these swales being clean prairie, the rows of green ash in summer give the plain a beautiful appearance.

During the five years I remained in Oregon the rainy season invariably set in between the 18th of October and the 1st of November, and continued until about the middle of April, with occasional showers to July. In 1845 there were showers in August sufficient to sprout wheat in the shock. Always about the 10th of September we had frost sufficient to kill bean and melon vines. The season for sowing wheat and oats extended from the commencement of the rains until the first of May, and the harvest began about the 20th of July. We had snow every winter but one while I was in Oregon. At one time it was from six to eight inches deep, and remained upon the ground about ten days. The Columbia River was then frozen over at Vancouver; but this fact is not a true indication of the degree of cold, as this stream heads in a cold region, and the ice forms above and comes down in floating masses, and, when the tide is rising, there is little or no current in the river and it then freezes over very easily. During the winter, and most generally in February, there is an interval of fine weather which lasts about twenty days, with a cold wind from the north, and hard frosts.

But, during most of the rainy season, the rains are almost continuous. Sometimes the sun would not be seen for twenty days in succession. It would generally rain about three days and nights without intermission, then cease for about the same period (still remaining cloudy), and then begin again. These rains were not very heavy, but cold and steady, accompanied with a brisk, driving wind from the south. It required a very stout, determined man to ride all day facing one of these rains. They were far worse than driving snow, as they wet and chilled the rider through. The summers, the latter half of the spring, and the early half of the fall, were the finest in the world, so far as my own experience extends. Though the rainy seasons be long and tedious, they are, upon the whole, a blessing. The copious rains fertilize the soil of the fields and keep them always fresh and productive. In my own best judgment, Oregon is one of the loveliest and most fertile spots of earth. It is destined to be densely populated and finely cultivated. The scenery of her mountains and valleys is simply magnificent. Her snow-clad mountains, her giant forests, her clear skies in summer, and her green and blooming valleys, constitute a combination of the beautiful that cannot be excelled.

When we arrived in Oregon we more than doubled the resident population of the country. J. W. Nesmith, our orderly sergeant, made a complete roll of the male members of the company capable of bearing arms, including all above the age of sixteen years. This

roll he preserved and produced at the Oregon Pioneers' Celebration in June, 1875. I have inspected this roll as published in the "Oregonian," and find it correct, except in the omission of the name of B. B. Redding, who went to California, and included the name of A. L. Lovejoy, who came the year before.

The roll contained 293 names, 267 of whom arrived in Oregon. Of the 26 missing, six died on the way, five turned back on Platte River, and fifteen went to California. He also gives the names of many of the resident male population, and estimates their number at 157. John M. Shively* made a complete list of all the emigrants at the crossing of Kansas River, but that list has unfortunately been lost. Judge M. P. Deady, in his address before the Oregon Pioneers in June, 1875, estimated the immigration of 1843, men, women, and children, at nine hundred. My estimate would not be so high. I have always estimated the number arriving in Oregon as not exceeding eight hundred.

When we arrived in Oregon we were poor, and our teams were so much reduced as to be unfit for service until the next spring. Those of us who came by water from Walla Walla left our cattle there for the winter; and those who came by water from the Dalles left their cattle for the winter at that point. Even if our teams had been fit for use when we arrived, they would have been of no benefit to us, as we could not bring them to the Willamette Valley until the spring of 1844. Pork was ten and flour four cents a pound, and other provisions in proportion. These were high prices considering our scanty means and extra appetites. Had it not been for the generous kindness of the gentlemen in charge of the business of the Hudson's Bay Company, we should have suffered much greater privations. The company furnished many of our immigrants with provisions, clothing, seed, and other necessaries on credit. This was done, in many instances, where the purchasers were known to be of doubtful credit. At that time the company had most of the provisions and merchandise in the country, and the trade with our people was, upon the whole, a decided loss, so many failing to pay for what they purchased. Many of our immigrants were unworthy of the favors they received, and only returned abuse for generosity.

I remember an example, related to me by Captain James Waters, an excellent man, possessed of a kind heart, a truthful tongue, and a very patient disposition. As before stated, some of our immigrants passed from the Dalles to the Cascades on rafts made of

*John M. Shively is an engineer, and a plain, unassuming man, who was possessed of much greater genuine ability than most people supposed. Justice has never been done him. He was in Washington City in the winter of 185-'46, and was the originator of the project of a steamship line from New York to this coast by way of Panama.

dry logs. This was not only slow navigation, but their rafts were utterly useless after reaching the Cascades; and they were compelled to remain there for some days before they could descend the river to the fort. In the meantime their supplies of provisions had been consumed. Captain Waters was among the first of our immigrants to arrive at Vancouver, having no family with him, and he at once applied to Doctor McLoughlin for supplies of provisions for the immigrants at the Cascades, but had nothing wherewith to pay. The doctor furnished the supplies and also a boat to take them up, with the understanding that Captain Waters would navigate the vessel and sell the provisions to the immigrants at Vancouver prices. This was done, but many of the purchasers never paid, contenting themselves with abusing the doctor and the captain, accusing them of wishing to speculate upon the necessities of poor immigrants. The final result was a considerable loss, which Doctor McLoughlin and Captain Waters divided equally between them. I met Waters myself with the boat laden with provisions going up, as I passed down the river the first time, and there can be no doubt of the truth of his statement.

DR. JOHN M'LOUGHLIN—JAMES DOUGLAS—POLICY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY IN ITS COURSE WITH THE INDIANS.

Dr. John McLoughlin was one of the greatest and most noble philanthropists I ever knew. He was a man of superior ability, just in all his dealings, and a faithful Christian. I never knew a man of the world who was more admirable. I never heard him utter a vicious sentiment, or applaud a wrongful act. His views and acts were formed upon the model of the Christian gentleman. He was a superior business man, and a profound judge of human nature. He had read a great deal, and had learned much from intercourse with intelligent men. He spoke and wrote French and English equally well, having learned both languages while growing up from childhood.

In his position of chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company he had grievous responsibilities imposed upon him. He stood between the absent directors and stockholders of the company and the present suffering immigrants. He witnessed their sufferings; they did not. He was unjustly blamed by many of both parties. It was not the business of the company to deal upon credit, and the manager of its affairs in Oregon was suddenly thrown into a new and very embarrassing position. How to act so as to secure the approbation of the directors and stockholders in England, and at the same time not to disregard the most urgent calls of humanity, was indeed the great difficulty. No possible line of conduct could have escaped censure.

To be placed in that position was a misfortune which only a good man could bear with patience. I was assured by Mr. Frank Ermatinger, the manager of the company's store at Oregon City, as well as by others, that Doctor McLoughlin had sustained a heavy individual loss by his charity to the immigrants. I knew enough myself to be certain that these statements were substantially true. Yet such was the humility of the doctor that he never, to my knowledge, mentioned or alluded to any particular act of charity performed by him. I was intimate with him, and he never mentioned them to me. When I first saw him in 1843, his hair was white. He had then been in Oregon about twenty years. He was a large, noble-looking old man, of commanding figure and countenance. His manners were courteous but frank, and the stranger at once felt at ease in his presence.

Mr. James Douglas, (subsequently Sir James, and Governor of British Columbia), was a younger man than Doctor McLoughlin by some fifteen years. He was a man of very superior intelligence, and a finished Christian gentleman. His course toward us was noble, prudent, and generous. I do not think that at that time he possessed the knowledge of men that the doctor did, nor was he so great a philanthropist. I regarded him as a just and able man, with a conscience and character above reproach. In his position of Governor of British Columbia, he was censured by Mr. John Nugent, of California, as I must think, without sufficient reason. Errors of judgment Governor Douglas may have committed, as almost any man would have done at times in his trying position, but he must have radically changed since I knew him, if he knowingly acted improperly.

It was most fortunate for us that two such noble men were managers of the company at the time of our arrival. Our own countrymen had it not in their power to aid us efficiently. Many of them were immigrants of the preceding season; others were connected with the missions; and, altogether, they were too few and poor to help us much. The company could not afford to extend to succeeding immigrations the same credit they did to us. The burden would have been to great. This refusal led many to complain, but without sufficient reason.

From Doctor McLoughlin and others I learned a great deal in reference to the manner in which the business of the company had been conducted. At the time of the doctor's arrival in Oregon, and for many years afterward, the principal inhabitants were Indians, divided into various small tribes, speaking different languages. These Indians were mainly found upon the Columbia and its tributaries, and far outnumbered the hired servants of the company. The task of controling these wild people was one of great delicacy, requiring

a thorough knowledge of human nature and the greatest administrative ability. The doctor's policy was based upon the fundamental idea that all men, civilized or savage, have an innate love of justice, and will therefore be ultimately best satisfied with fair, honest dealing.

The company had its various trading posts located at convenient points throughout a vast territory. The Indian population being about stationary as to numbers and pursuits, it was not very difficult to calculate the amount of supplies likely to be required in each year. The company was in the habit of importing one year's supply in advance, so that if a cargo should be lost, its customers would not suffer. Its goods were all of a superior quality, purchased on the best terms, and we were sold at prices both uniform and moderate. Of course, prices in the interior were higher than on the seaboard, but they never varied at the same post. The Indians knew nothing of the intricate law of supply and demand, and could not be made to understand why an article of a given size and quality should be worth more at one time than at another in the same place, while the material and labor used and employed in its manufacture were the same. A tariff of prices, once adopted, was never changed. The goods were not only of the best, but of uniform quality. To secure these results the company had most of its goods manufactured to order. The wants of the Indians being very few, their purchases were confined to a small variety of articles, and consequently they became the very best judges of the quality of the goods they desired to purchase. No one could detect any imperfection in a blanket more readily and conclusively than an Oregon Indian. There was always kept an ample supply at each post, so that the customers of the company were not driven at any time to deal with rival traders, or do without their usual supplies.

It was evident that no successful competition with the company could last long under such circumstances. No one could continue to undersell them and make profit, and the competitor without a profit must fail. The uniform low prices and the good quality of its articles pleased the Indians, and the company secured their custom beyond the reach of competition. The company adopted a system that would work out best in the end, and, of course, was successful.

In the course of time the company induced the Indians to throw aside the bow and arrow and to use the gun; and, as the company had all the guns and amunition in the country, the Indians became dependent upon it for their supplies of these articles. It was the great object of the company to preserve the peace among the Indians within the limits of its trading territory, not only from motives of pure humanity, but from mercantile interest, as the destruction of

the Indians was the destruction of its customers, and the consequent ruin of its trade.

When the Indians went to war with each other, the doctor first interposed his mediation, as the common friend and equal of both parties. When all other means failed, he refused to sell them arms and ammunition, saying that it was the business of the company to sell them these articles to kill game with, not to kill each other. By kindness, justice, and discreet firmness, the Indians were generally kept at peace among themselves. They found it almost impossible to carry on war.

But the task of protecting the servants of the company against the attacks of the Indians was one of still greater difficulty. The doctor impressed the Indians with the fact that the company was simply a mercantile corporation, whose purpose was only trade with the natives; that its intention was only to appropriate to its exclusive use a few sites for its trading posts and small parcels of adjacent lands, sufficient to produce supplies for its people, thus leaving all the remainder of the country for the use and in the exclusive possession of the Indians; and that this possession of limited amounts of land by the company would be mutually beneficial. Even savages have the native good sense to discover the mutual benefits of trade. The Indians wanted a market for their furs, and the company customers for its merchandise.

It was an inflexible rule with the doctor never to violate his word, whether it was a promise of reward or a threat of punishment. There is no vice more detested by Indians than a failure to keep one's word, which they call lying. If it were a failure to perform a promised act beneficial to the Indians themselves, they would regard it as a fraud akin to theft; and, if a failure to carry out a threat of punishment, they would consider it the result of weakness or cowardice. In either case, the party who broke his pledged word would forfeit their respect, and in the first case would incur their undying resentment.

To guard against the natural jealousy of the Indians, and insure peace between them and the servants of the company, it became necessary to adopt and enforce the most rigid discipline among the latter. This discipline was founded upon the great principle that, to avoid difficulty with others, we must first do right ourselves. To make this discipline the more efficient, the doctor adopted such measures as substantially to exclude all intoxicating liquors from the country. When a crime was committed by an Indian, the doctor made it a rule not to hold the whole tribe responsible for the unauthorized acts of individuals, but to inflict punishment upon the culprit himself. In cases of crime by Indians, the doctor insisted upon just punishment; and, if the culprit escaped for a time, the

pursuit was never given up until he was captured. In some cases, several years elapsed between the date of the crime and that of the capture of the fugitive. Certain and just punishment was always inflicted upon the criminal. This the doctor was able to accomplish through the company's agents at the different posts, and by negotiation with the leading Indian chiefs, and the offer of rewards for the arrest of the fugitive.

In this manner the doctor secured and kept the confidence of the Indians. When he first arrived in Oregon, and for some time thereafter, whenever boats were sent up the Columbia with supplies, a guard of sixty armed men was required; but, in due time, only the men necessary to propel the boats were needed. The Indians at the different portages were employed and paid by the company to assist in making them.

The Indians soon saw that the company was a mere trading establishment, confined to a small space of land at each post, and was, in point of fact, advantageous to themselves. The few Canadian-French who were located in the Willamette Valley were mostly, if not entirely, connected by marriage with the Indians, the Frenchmen having Indian wives, and were considered to some extent as a part of their own people. But when we, the American immigrants, came into what the Indians claimed as their own country, we were considerable in numbers; and we came, not to establish trade with the Indians, but to take and settle the country exclusively for ourselves. Consequently, we went anywhere we pleased, settled down without any treaty or consultation with the Indians, and occupied our claims without their consent and without compensation. This difference they very soon understood. Every succeeding fall they found the white population about doubled, and our settlements continually extending, and rapidly encroaching more and more upon their pasture and camas grounds. They saw that we fenced in the best lands, excluding their horses from the grass, and our hogs ate up their camas. They instinctively saw annihilation before them.

As illustrative of the difficulties of Doctor McLoughlin's position, I will state the facts of a few cases, as they were related to me substantially by the doctor himself.

The shore of the Columbia River in front of Fort Vancouver was covered with cobble-stones, which were used by the company as ballast for its returning ships. The principal chief of the Indians concluded that the company ought to pay something for these stones; and one day, in the presence of a large crowd of his people (assembled, perhaps, for that purpose), he demanded payment of the doctor. Of course, the doctor was taken by surprise, but at once comprehended the situation. He knew, if he consented to pay in this case, there would be no end to exactions in the future. How

best to avoid the payment without giving offense was the question. He knew that the Indians possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous; and, after reflecting a moment, he picked up a cobble-stone and solemnly offered it to the chief, saying: "Eat this." The Indians present at once saw how ridiculous it was to demand payment for that which was of no practical value to them, and set up a loud shout of derisive laughter. The chief was so much ashamed of his silly demand that he walked off in silence, and never after that demanded payment for things of no value to him.

While the company's ships lay at anchor in the river opposite the fort, the doctor occasionally granted a permit, written, to some particular Indian to visit the ships. On one occasion he granted such a permit to an Indian who was seen by other Indians to go on board, but was not seen by them to return, though, in fact, he did so return. Within a day or two thereafter, the brother of this Indian, being unable to find him, and suspecting that he had been enticed on board the ship, and either murdered or forcibly imprisoned for the purpose of abduction, applied to the doctor for a permit to visit the ship. As the Indian concealed his reason for asking the permit, the doctor supposed he was influenced by an idle curiosity, and refused the request. The Indian returned again for the same purpose, and was again refused. He came the third time, with the same result. He then concluded that his brother must either be imprisoned on the ship or had been murdered, and he at once resolved upon revenge. In the evening of the same day, about an hour before sunset, a shot was heard, and the gardener came running into the fort in great terror, with a bullet hole through the top of his hat, saying that an Indian had fired upon him from behind the garden fence. The gates of the fort were at once closed, and all hands prepared for defense. Upon subsequent investigation, the body of the missing Indian was found in the bushes, in the rear of the fort. He had evidently fallen down in a fit, and expired where his body was found. No attempt was made to punish the surviving brother, as he had acted under a very natural mistake.

On one occasion the Indians determined to take and sack Fort Vancouver. The plot for this purpose was conceived, and in part executed, with consummate ability.

Two of their most powerful chiefs quietly went from Fort Vancouver to Nesqually, a trading post on Puget Sound, and remained there several days. While there, they made themselves minutely acquainted with everything about the fort. They then speedily returned to Fort Vancouver, and at once sought and obtained an interview with Doctor McLoughlin and his associates. One of the Indians was the speaker, while the other carefully watched to see what im-

pression their statements would make. The company's interpreter, a very shrewd Canadian, was present during the interview.

The Indians stated that they left Nesqually at a certain time, which was true; and that the Indians in that vicinity had attacked and captured the fort by surprise, and had slaughtered all the inhabitants, amounting to a certain number of persons, which number they specified truly. The Indians were subjected to a severe cross-examination without betraying the slightest embarrassment, and without making any contradictory statements. When asked how many persons were in the fort at the time, what were their several ages, sexes, appearances, employments, and the position that each occupied in the fort, they invariably gave the correct answer. It was impossible to detect any contradictions in their statements. All were perfectly consistent, as the only falsehood was the alleged fact that Fort Nesqually had been taken and the people killed. The doctor and his associates were greatly perplexed, and left in much doubt. The Canadian interpreter was asked his opinion, and he replied: "Let me sleep on it one night." Next morning he said he did not believe the story; that the Indians were such liars that he could not believe them; that they had before deceived them. This view prevailed.

The object of these Indians was to induce the company to send nearly all its men to Nesqually to punish the alleged murderers, thus reducing the force at Fort Vancouver to such an extent that it could be readily taken. These Indians knew, from the invariable practice of the company, that such a crime, if committed, would not escape punishment if practicable. If they could only make the doctor believe their narrative, he would at once dispatch an ample force to Nesqually.

The traders in charge of interior trading posts were often exposed to peril from Indians. The company could only keep a few men at each post, and the Indians at times would become discontented. A rude people, depending entirely upon the spontaneous productions of Nature for a supply of provisions, must often suffer extreme want. In such a case men become desperate, and are easily excited to rash acts. Mr. McKinley told me that the Indians on one occasion attempted to rob Fort Walla Walla, and were only prevented by the most cool, intrepid courage of the people of the post.

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CORRECTIONS.

The proof sheets of the article entitled "The Origin and Authorship of the Bancroft Pacific States Publications: A History of a History" should have been sent to the author, but they were not, and as the author was not given an opportunity to see it, he wishes the following corrections made:

All parentheses which appeared as such in the copy were intended as footnotes.
In no instance should there be a colon before a parenthesis.
Page 289, read "a library on the beginning and early chapters of Pacific Coast history such as in".
Page 293, read "See" for "see".
Page 294, read "Pamphlet" for "pamphlet".
Page 300, biography of Fisher should be on preceding page.
Page 300, no comma after sixteen.
Page 303, read "purchase." for "purchase,".
Page 304, read "Preface" for "preface".
Page 305, read "Oak;" for "Oak."
Page 306, read "question)" for "question" and "1873." for "1873.)"
Page 319, read "often writing" for "after writing".
Page 320, the sentence beginning "With one exception" should not be included in parenthesis with biography of Petroff.
Page 328, no comma after "Denver".
Page 351, in the parenthesis "Histories" for "History".
Page 353, comma after *Statesman*.
Page 355, "Inter Pocula" for "inter pocula".
Page 359, "Chittenden (History" for "(Chittenden's History".
Page 363, "interpolation" for "interpretation".

ASAHEL BUSH, FOUNDER OF THE OREGON STATESMAN.

On page 370 in the paper on the "Pioneer Papers of Puget Sound" Joseph S. Smith is given the credit for launching the *Oregon Statesman*. The paper was started by the Hon. Asahel Bush.

THE QUARTERLY

OF THE

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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[1] BEGINNINGS OF OREGON—EXPLORATION AND EARLY SETTLEMENT AT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

By H. W. SCOTT.

I trust I may be able to present the theme on which I am to speak to-night, though my treatment of it will necessarily be inadequate, in a way that will possess some interest for this audience. My discourse is to be devoted to the discovery and exploration of Oregon, and to the first settlement in Oregon, of which Astoria was the seat. I can give the subject but slight treatment, yet I indulge some hope that I may present some parts of the history in a way that may entertain you.

Man, says the poet, is given power to look before and after; and he adds that surely this power was not given "to rust in us unused." Another remarks that if we are indifferent to our ancestors and to what we have derived from them, we are not likely to look to the welfare of our posterity.

I believe it is with satisfaction that our people note an increasing interest in the history of the "Origins of Oregon." Attention to this history must become, more and more, a part

[1]Address delivered before the Clatsop County Teachers' Institute, April 19, 1901.

of the education of our children and youth. Our system of public instruction must be depended on as the main agency in this work. The materials of the early history of Oregon are very rich and abundant. Indeed the amount of material is almost an embarrassment; and he who begins an address, which necessarily must be brief, can do no better than to imitate the manner of the epic cyclist, who, in his invocation of the muse, asked to be instructed or permitted to begin anywhere—at any part of the story.

By invitation I am to-day to give a short account of the beginnings of our history, at this place where those beginnings were made. This locality was the destination of our very first pioneers. Here was the scene of their work. Here, in the vision of the poet, was the band of pioneers, founders of commonwealths, the first low wash of the waves of migration, where soon was to roll a great human sea. We are approaching the end of the first centenary cycle of this movement and the beginning of the second. It is especially fit therefore, that new interest in our history should now be awakened.

In preparation for the Lewis and Clark Centennial there will be much to say and do, till that event shall have been disposed of. During the next four years Oregon, and we trust, neighbor States, also, will be busy with it. We had the centennial of discovery in 1892, when Professor John Fiske was here and delivered his admirable address on the achievement of Captain Gray in his good ship *Columbia*. We are now soon to have the centennial of the exploration which confirmed to us the great country reached by the discovery. The history of these transactions, as the beginning of American empire on the Pacific Coast, is a record of profound interest. It has its place among the events of first importance in the development of the United States.

The Spaniards, earliest navigators along the shores of the Pacific, missed the Columbia River, and never penetrated the great estuary since known as Puget Sound. Nevertheless, it is well attested that the Spanish navigator, Heceta, in August, 1775, was off the mouth of the great river, noted its position

and observed the vast flow of fresh water; and within the next thirteen years the place was distinguished on Spanish charts as the mouth of the San Roque. It was examined by Meares, an English navigator, in July, 1788, who, however, reported that no river existed here. Nearly four years later "this opinion of Meares was subscribed without qualification by Vancouver, after he had examined the coast minutely, under the most favorable conditions of wind and weather, and, notwithstanding the assurance of Gray to the contrary." Thus Greenhow. The actual discovery of the mouth of the river was made May 11, 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, a New England navigator, who says in his log-book, under that date: "Beheld our desired port, bearing east-south-east, a distance of six leagues. At 8 A. M., being a little to the windward of the entrance of the harbor, bore away and ran in east-north-east between the breakers, having from five to seven fathoms of water. When we were over the bar we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered." Captain Gray remained in the river from the 11th to the 20th of May. He ascended it about 25 miles. Meares left as a memento of his failure the name of Cape Disappointment to the promontory on the north side, where the river debouches into the ocean.

Gray, sailing out of the river to the northward, met Vancouver, who had sailed into the Straits of Fuca, and was completing his examination of Puget Sound—so-called by Vancouver for a member of his party. Later in the year Vancouver sailed for the Bay of San Francisco, leaving his lieutenant, Broughton, to examine the Columbia River. Broughton, in the *Chatham*, entered the river in November, 1792. Finding it difficult to ascend the river with his bark, small as it was, he took his launch and made his way up the stream 100 miles. To the ultimate point he reached he gave the name of Vancouver. All the way up and down he sprinkled names plentifully. Walker's Island was named for one of his men. To Tongue Point he gave the name it bears to this day. Young's River and Bay he called for Sir

George Young of the British Navy. To Gray's Bay he gave the name it bears as a compliment to the discoverer whose ship had lain in it some months before. When Broughton entered the river he found a small English vessel which had been up the coast to the northward on a trading voyage, and on its return southward had turned into the Columbia River. This vessel remained in the river till Broughton was ready to sail with his own brig, the *Chatham*. It was the bark *Jenny*, and her commander was Captain Baker. His name is perpetuated in Baker's Bay. The *Chatham* and the *Jenny* went to sea together; and Baker, though disappearing then and there from history, has left his name to us forever.

The importance to the United States of obtainment of a footing upon the Pacific was seen even at this early day; but it was appreciated only by a few of our statesmen. To Thomas Jefferson the honor is due to quick and early apprehension of the significance of Gray's discovery. Confirmation of our title to Oregon was associated in his mind with the acquisition of Louisiana. Each was a necessary part of the imperial scheme. Even before the acquisition of Louisiana Jefferson had planned an expedition across the continent to the Oregon country and to the Pacific Ocean. The expedition was not organized, however, before the purchase from France was completed; for in fact we had no right to send an exploring party through the country of the Upper Missouri. A few years later the expedition of Zebulon Pike, into Colorado and southward into Spanish territory was arrested by the troops of Spain; but after the members had been held as prisoners for a time they were returned to the United States. France probably would not have been prepared to arrest an expedition from the United States traversing her territory to reach the Pacific Ocean; but with the completion of the Louisiana purchase the danger of such an incident was averted. The Lewis and Clark party was organized quickly after the purchase, and started up the Missouri River in the year 1804. Wintering at Mandan, on the Missouri, it pressed on in 1805, passed over the Rocky Mountains in the summer of that year,

descended the Kooskooskie branch of Snake River, and followed the great water courses of the West, till on the 7th of November, 1805, the horizon of the Pacific Ocean burst upon the view between the two lines of breakers that marked the debouch of the great river into the great Pacific sea.

The country was already called "Oregon," though the name had as yet obtained very little currency. In Carver's Travels, published in London in 1778, the name had first appeared. The origin of the name is one of the enigmas of history. Carver professed to have received it from the Indians in the country of the Upper Mississippi, where he had been pushing his explorations. The Indians, he says, told him of the River Oregon, flowing to the Western Ocean; but how much of the tale was his own invention it is impossible to say. He had a geographical theory and was seeking confirmation of it; for the great breadth of the country was known from the general trend of the Pacific Northwest Coast line, and it was naturally believed that so great a country must contain a great river. Yet the Indians of the Upper Mississippi country could not have known anything about it. Carver hit upon the name "Oregon" in some way we never shall know. Jefferson used the word in his instructions to Lewis and Clark, showing that it was beginning to have a vogue before "Thanatopsis" was written; but it was Bryant's solemn poem, with its sonorous verse, which appeared in the year 1817, that familiarized the word "Oregon" and soon put it on every tongue. Various accounts of the Lewis and Clark expedition had appeared both in the United States and Europe before the appearance of "Thanatopsis," but undoubtedly it was Bryant's expression, "Where rolls the Oregon," that did most to spread the name before the world.

The men of the Lewis and Clark expedition were the first Americans who came across the continent to the Oregon country and the Pacific Ocean. Alexander Mackenzie, twelve years earlier, had come from Canada, passing through the continent and over the mountains from Peace River, which flows into Athabasca Lake, and thence discharges its waters

through the Great Slave River and the Mackenzie, into the Arctic Ocean. From the headwaters of Peace River Mackenzie passed on west to the stream which later took the name of Fraser River, and after following the river for some distance, struck directly west for the Pacific, which he reached in July, 1793. Mackenzie was the first man who crossed the continent to the Pacific Ocean north of the Spanish possessions, which at that time had an indeterminate northern boundary. This boundary was fixed afterward at the forty-second parallel by treaty between the United States and Spain.

On the results of the expedition of Mackenzie and of the voyage of Vancouver the British Government was already basing a large and general claim to sovereignty on the Pacific. President Jefferson hastened the organization of the exploring expedition to go overland from the United States, for the purpose of strengthening the rights we had acquired through Gray's discovery, and of anticipating further expeditions and claims of Great Britain. Lewis and Clark were not here too soon, for the English already had other expeditions in preparation, and their explorers were on the Upper Columbia but a little later than the return of Lewis and Clark from the mouth of the stream. Simon Fraser, in 1806-8, followed to the sea the river that bears his name, believing at first, as Mackenzie before him had believed, that he was on the Columbia; and another Englishman, David Thompson, whose name is perpetuated in the well-known tributary of the Fraser, was the first man who explored the upper courses of the Columbia River, and some years later he followed it through its whole course to the sea—arriving at Astoria in July,1811—some four months after the occupation by the Americans. President Jefferson had been exceedingly anxious that the Lewis and Clark expedition should escape the notice of Great Britain and of the British Northwest Company, with whom disputes about territorial rights were feared—but in fact, the expedition did not escape their notice; for no sooner did Lewis and Clark appear on the Missouri than their expedition was

discovered by the British, and in 1805 the Northwest Company sent out its men to establish posts and occupy territories on the Columbia. This party, however, got no farther than the Mandan villages on the Missouri, but another party, dispatched in 1806, crossed the Rocky Mountains by the passage of Peace River, and formed a small trading establishment near the 54th degree of latitude, the first British post west of the Rocky Mountains. But it was not until 1811 that any Englishman came through to the country of the Lower Columbia, and then the Pacific Fur Company, or Astor party, was already established here.

But north of the Columbia River there was basis for the claims of Great Britain; and the controversy known in our history as the Oregon Question, arose. Neither party was, in truth, able wholly to exclude the other, but it was the expedition of Lewis and Clark that gave us the strength of our argument. The talk on our side of "fifty-four-forty or fight" was merely a cry of a party; say rather the insolence of partisanship, for Great Britain's claims to a standing below "fifty-four-forty" rested on a basis too solid to be disposed of in this way; and, besides, our claim of "fifty-four-forty" rested merely upon a convention between the United States and Russia, through which the latter had named "fifty-four-forty" as the southern boundary of her American possessions. But to this convention Great Britain was not a party, and she justly declared that her rights could not be concluded through any negotiation in which she had not participated, or in whose results she had not promised agreement. The question, therefore, was still open as between Great Britain and the United States. Both countries had undoubted claims. Great Britain, by retrocession of Astoria to the United States, after the War of 1812, had acknowledged our right in the country. She had, indeed, never made any serious pretension to the territory south of the Columbia River, but had insisted on that stream as the boundary line. We had, however, in Gray's discovery, in the exploration of Lewis and Clark and in the settlement of Astoria, a chain of title that made it impossible

for us to consider this claim. Still, there could be no termination of the dispute till the slow migration of our people to the Oregon country gradually established American influence here; and finally the considerable migration of 1843 gave the Americans a decided preponderance, especially in the country south of the Columbia. But the boundary question dragged along, the British claiming as far south as the Columbia and we claiming as far north as fifty-four-forty, till the final settlement in the year 1846.

The hibernation of the Lewis and Clark party at Fort Clatsop is a familiar story here, especially, since so many of the people have visited the spot and are perfectly acquainted with the surroundings. It is known, of course, that the party first encamped on the north side; but exposure to winter's winds caused them to seek a more sheltered position on the south side, to which they removed about one month after their arrival. From the journal of Captain Lewis we ascertain that rain sometimes fell here, even before there was an official Weather Bureau to guage it. The country round and about is very fully and accurately described in the journal. It is hoped that the site of Fort Clatsop may be acquired for the State. Officials of the State Historical Society have visited it, and some negotiation has been had concerning it. The spot where salt was made by evaporation of sea water for use during the winter and for the return journey has been identified and inclosed. It is in Seaside Grove, between the Necanicum and the ocean, and since identification the "salt cairn" is seen by everyone who visits Clatsop Beach.

Hitherto the journal of Lewis and Clark with its descriptions of the country as it was then, of the Indians and their mode of life, has been too little studied by our people. It should be in all our libraries; knowledge of it is indispensable to any fair comprehension of the basis of our history. It should be studied as the "Anabasis" of the Western World. We are coming to the first centennial of this expedition and intend to celebrate it; but we shall not know much about it, unless we study the journal of Lewis and Clark. Oregon is

under great obligations to the labors of the late Dr. Elliott Coues, for his edition of 1893, with notes and commentary—the best ever published.

A first-rate authority for the condition of affairs at Astoria, from the arrival of the Astoria party in March, 1811, till abandonment of the enterprise in 1813, is Gabriel Franchere, whose book, written in French and published in Montreal in 1819, was translated into English and republished in New York in 1854. Franchere, it is well known, came in the *Tonquin* and remained in the country till Astor's partners here sold out the business to agents of the British Northwest Company, when he returned home, across the continent. It was a large party that left Astoria April 4, 1814. In all there were ninety persons, who embarked in ten canoes. Franchere reached Montreal in September. His statements make it certain that the partners of Astor could have maintained their position in the country had they possessed resolution and courage. Astoria was not in fact captured by the British, but was transferred under a business arrangement to agents of the Northwest Company. True, the British sloop of war *Raccoon*, of 26 guns, arrived at Astoria soon after the transfer had been made, and it would not have been possible to hold Astoria after that, even had the Americans desired. But Franchere says the Pacific Fur Company need not have retired from the country. "It was only necessary," he explains, "to get rid of the land party of the Northwest Company, who were completely in our power; then remove our effects up the river upon some small stream, and await results. The sloop of war arrived, it is true; but as in the case I suppose she would have found nothing, she would have left, after setting fire to our deserted houses. None of their boats would have dared to follow, even if the Indians had betrayed them to our lurking place. But those at the head of affairs had their own fortunes to seek, and thought it more for their interest, doubtless, to act as they did; but that will not clear them in the eyes of the world, and the charge of treason to Mr. Astor's interests will always be attached to their characters."

The principal in this betrayal of Mr. Astor's interests, as well as those of the United States, was Duncan McDougal, who had left the Northwest Company in 1810, to enter Astor's service. He came out in the *Tonquin,* and soon after took to wife the daughter of old Concomly, chief of the Clatsops. An amusing account of the unctuous and piscivorous nuptials is given in some of the chronicles of the time. There are features of the story better suited to private reading than to public recital. McDougal remained here till April, 1817, when he finally left "Fort George" and returned to Canada. In selling Mr. Astor out he seems to have been overborne by the superior tact and force of J. G. McTavish, the principal agent of the Northwest Company. One of his associates in the Pacific Fur Company (Alexander Ross) says that McDougal was "a man of but ordinary capacity, with irritable peevish temper, the most unfit man in the world to head an expedition or to command men." Another chronicler says that old Concomly, after the transfer, "no longer prided himself upon his white son-in-law, but whenever he was asked about him, shook his head and said his daughter had made a mistake, for, instead of getting a great warrior for a husband, she had married a squaw." But we shall dwell here no further on these incidents in the early social life in Oregon.

Other writers at first hand, besides Franchere, who have dealt with this early history, are Alexander Ross and Ross Cox, both of the Pacific Fur Company, or Astor party. Ross came in the *Tonquin,* Cox in the *Beaver,* Astor's second vessel; Cox's book was published in London in 1831; that of Ross in London in 1849. Ross spent not less than fifteen years in the Columbia River region, after which he settled at Red River. Cox's book covers six years at Astoria from 1811 to 1817. Both narratives have high value.

The same must be said of that portion of the journals of Alexander Henry, which is devoted to the Lower Columbia country. By the painstaking annotations of Dr. Coues, these journals also have been made to possess an inestimable value to all who feel an interest in the early history of Oregon.

Alexander Henry, of the English party, came to Astoria November 15, 1813. In his journal he has minutely described the conditions then existing here. He visited the Willamette country, of which he has given a description; in one way or another he mentions every man in the country at that time. and, moreover, he made a special catalogue of their names. His journal terminates abruptly, with an unfinished sentence May 21, 1814. On the following day he was drowned in going from "Fort George" to the ship *Isaac Todd*, which was lying in the river below. Donald McTavish, one of the old proprietors of the Northwest Company, and five boatmen were drowned at the same time.

Incomparable among those who have contributed to the literature of this time is Irving; but the historical element in his "Astoria" is overlaid on almost every page by the romantic. He is everywhere on the borderland of romance, when not wholly within its realm. But the art is of so high quality, simple and unobtrusive, that the reader scarcely suspects the narrative, which is true, indeed, in its outline, and apparently the perfection of truth, from the way it appeals to the imagination, through the attractive dress in which it is presented. Irving's story is an epic. Of his tale of the journey of the overland party of the Astor expedition, an appreciative reviewer has said: "No story of travel is more familiar to the public than the tale told by Irving of this adventure, because none is more readable as a tale founded on fact. The hardships and sufferings of the undisciplined mob that struggled across the country were terrible; some deserted, some went mad, some were drowned or murdered, and the survivors reached Astoria in pitiable plight, in separate parties, at different times. This was the second transcontinental expedition through the United States, having been preceded only by that of Lewis and Clark; but to this day no one knows exactly the route. Irving plies his golden pen elastically, and from it flows wit and humor, stirring scene and startling incident, character to the life; but he never tells us where these people went, perhaps for the simple reason that he never knew.

He wafts us westward on his strong plume, and we look down upon those hapless Astorians, but we might as well be ballooning for aught we can make of this celebrated itinerary." As to description of the route, this is a true criticism; but Irving has supplied the imagination with a truer picture of the hardships of the expedition, coming and going, than any diary written on the journey could have given us. Men who go through hardships can seldom describe them. Indeed, the most dreadful horrors that men suffer are little remembered.

The only descendant, so far as I know, of any member of the original Astor party now living in Oregon is Colonel Crooks, of Portland, who holds an official position in the O. R. & N. Co. His father, Ramsay Crooks, came with the overland or Hunt party, and returned in the same way. Much of the journey both ways was made in winter, and the sufferings of the party from destitution, fatigue and cold were extreme. Ramsay Crooks and John Day were separated for a time from their main party, were robbed by the Indians and stripped of their clothing, and as the weather was still wintry (it was early spring), they were saved only by simple good fortune. Perhaps we should say it is "one of those miraculous escapes." Some of their companions, whom they had not seen for a long time, and were not known by them to be in the vicinity, appeared, and they were rescued. Day became insane, and died, it is believed, at Astoria, for to that place he was sent back by Indians after the party had started on its return to the East. Crooks lived to an old age, and died in the State of New York in the year 1859.

It has come to pass now, in the course of nature, that the citizens of longest residence in Oregon are those who were born here prior to 1840, or perhaps I should say 1842. With the single exception of the venerable William, of Forest Grove, I know no survivor of the immigrants of American nativity who came previous to that year. But there is a man still living at Port Hill, in the Kootenai country, North Idaho, who saw Oregon before any other person now living

saw it. This is David McLoughlin, son of Dr. McLoughlin, now over 80 years of age.[1]

He was here in his early boyhood, with his father, over 70 years ago. I am permitted to read an extract from a letter written by him to a friend in Portland, only a few days since, which is very interesting. He says:

"Oregon was a fine country in my early days—a park on a large scale, that could not be surpassed even by artificial culture. It mattered not at what point immigrants or travelers entered this western shore of America, at each of its thresholds a scene of beauty awaited them. Before the Anglo-Saxon race penetrated the Rockies there was no civilzation in the country that is worth mention. It was in its natural state of beauty, romantic and grand, with its endless prairies, streams and forests and wild animals of all kinds for the use of man. Here and there, scattered throughout the country, snow-capped mountains were to be seen, enhancing the grandeur of its scenery.

"The Rockies for many long years served as a barrier against the advance of civilization. This barrier was at last overcome by the immigrants seeking after a new country in the valleys of the far Columbia in 1835-49. But this is not the place to commemorate the trials and privations endured by the immigrants before they reached their final haven. From the banks of the Missouri to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains they struggled on with a constancy almost unparalleled in history.

"The savage man, the savage beasts, hunger, thirst and disease; in fact, every kind of impediment which nature could place in their way, had all been overcome with Anglo-Saxon tenacity—yet the long journey and accumulations of terrors for their families had shaken the hearts of the stoutest among them.

"It was between Walla Walla and Willamette valleys that the immigrants suffered most, on account of the rains and

[1]David McLoughlin died in May, 1903.

boisterous weather in the fall of the year. I believe there was not one but gave a heartfelt prayer of thanks when they saw the broad valley of the Willamette bathed in the sunlight beneath them and learnt from others that this was the land of Ophir they sought and that these virgin acres were to be theirs.

"Therefore, the immigrants and pioneers of Oregon, men and women of the Anglo-Saxon race, who have given to the western shore of the continent its greatness, deserve the greatest praise, honor and reward for their valor and endurance in raising the Oregon region to its present rank of greatness in so short a time. It is marvelous. It surpasses imagination of man. It has grown to an empire State in wealth, population, culture, and in trade, all in about 60 years.

"They have cleared away the forests, bridged the streams, built cities, spanned the continent and crossed and recrossed and checkered it with highways of iron; they have planted orchards and vineyards upon side hills and in every valley within its borders. It is marvelous to contemplate the achievements and exploits of these people."

And to the missionary effort that preceded the general immigration a debt is due that never should miss acknowledgement, when the story of the acquisition and settlement of Oregon is recited. The missionary enterprise began with Jason Lee in 1834. Next came Samuel Parker in 1835. Whitman and Spaulding, with W. H. Gray, followed in 1836. In 1838 came Walker and Eells. By 1840 there were in Oregon 13 Methodists and six Congregational ministers, 13 lay members of the Protestant missions, three Roman Catholic missionary priests, and a considerable number of Canadian settlers of the Roman Catholic faith. If the missionary effort did not succeed as its authors hoped in its direct purpose of helping the Indians to uplift and regeneration, it did succeed greatly in its secondary purpose, which the American missionaries ever kept in view, namely, in lending aid to the foundation of a commonwealth under the sovereignty of the United States. Long time there was disinclination to give the

missionary work in Oregon the credit that justly was its due; for after the rush of immigration began the missionary people were, so to speak, inundated by it, and what they had done was for a time overlooked. But going back, as now we must, to the study of our "origins"—and we shall do this more and more—we are compelled to recognition of the great work which the missionaries did. I do not say that Oregon would not have been held without them; but they were a powerful factor in holding it.

The story of the toilsome march of the wagon trains over the plains will be received by future generations almost as a legend on the borderland of myth, rather than as veritable history. It will be accepted, indeed, but scarcely understood. Even now to the survivors who made the journey the realities of it seem half fabulous. It no longer has the appearance of a rational undertaking. Rapid transit of the present time seems almost to relegate the story to the land of fable. No longer can we understand the motives that urged our pioneers toward the indefinite horizon that seemed to verge on the unknown. Looking back at the movement now, a mystery appears in it. It was the final effort of that profound impulse which, from a time far preceding the dawn of history, has pushed the race to which we belong to discovery and occupation of western lands.

Oregon, from the circumstances of her settlement and its long isolation, and through natural interaction of the materials slowly brought together, has a character almost peculiarly its own. In some respects that character is admirable In others it is open to criticism. Our situation has made for us a little world in which strong traits of character peculiarly our own have been developed; it has also left us somewhat—indeed, too much—out of touch with the world at large. We do not readjust ourselves readily to the conditions that surround us in the world of opinion and action—forces now pressing in upon us steadily from all sides.

The life of a community is the aggregate life of the individuals who are its units, and the general law that holds for the

individual holds for the society. Only as the conduct of the man as an individual and of the man in society is brought into harmony with surrounding forces, under the government of moral law, can any community make progress; and of this progress experience becomes the test. In our day the multiplying agencies of civilization operating with an activity constantly cumulative and never before equaled, are turned, under pressure of moral forces, into most powerful instruments for the instruction and benefit of mankind. It is probable that nothing else has contributed so much to the help of mankind in the mass, either in material or moral aspects, as rapid increase of human intercourse throughout the world. Action and reaction of peoples on peoples, of races upon races, are continually evolving the activities and producing changes in the thought and character of all. This influence develops the moral forces as rapidly as the intellectual and material; it has brought all parts of the world into daily contact with each other, and each part feels the influence of all the rest. Common agents in this work are commerce in merchandise and commerce in ideas. Neither could make much progress without the other. Populations once were stagnant. Now they are stirred profoundly by all the powers of social agitation; by travel, by rapid movements of commerce, by daily transmission of news of the important events of the world to every part of the world. Motion is freedom; it is science, it is wealth, it is moral advancement. Isolated life is rapidly disappearing; speech writing, the treasures of the world's literature, diffused throughout the world, enlarge and expand the general mind, and show how much is contained within humanity of which men once never dreamed.

The true life of a people is both a history and a poem; the history is a record of the material development resulting from their industrial energy; the poem represents the growth of character, the evolution of the moral, intellectual and spiritual forces that make up their inner life. These two phases must unfold together, if there is to be any real progress. There is an antagonism between them, yet each is necessary to

the other. Without cultivation of the material and mechanical, which acts upon matter and produces wealth, man is a mere idler and dreamer, at his best little better than the Arabian nomad. Without cultivation of the moral sentiments, or attention to the calls of his inner and higher nature, he loses himself in gross materialism, and no answer is found in him to appeal to ideas, to heroism, or to exalted virtue.

Phases of the life of a people pass away, never to return. In the first settlement of a country the conditions of nature produce our customs, guide our industries, fix our ways of life. Later, modifications take place, fashioned on changing conditions. This process, long delayed through our isolation, is now going on rapidly before our eyes.

In one of his "Ramblers" Dr. Johnson says, truly: "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of human beings."

The study of our own history is chiefly valuable for its moral significance and influence. It fixes our attention upon the organization and structure of our society, and carries the influence of other times on into our own. It stirs up to activity the forces and agencies that build up character, that indicate duty, that prompt to action. These are the forces we want. Busied only with our own times and the conditions they present, we fall into levity; we forget what we owe to our predecessors, and therefore do not know what we possess, nor realize its value. Only can we know what we have or where we are by study of the course through which our present position has been attained. To live merely in the present, without regard to the past, is to be careless of the future. If a people do not know their own history it is the same as if they had no history. For, as Bacon says, in one of his pregnant sentences: "The truth of knowing and the truth of being is all one; the man is what he knoweth." It is not enough that this historical knowledge be possessed by the few. "The remnant" should not be only the custodians of such a heritage. We may hope that study of our Pacific

Northwest history will now and henceforth receive the wide attention it deserves. Not the least, therefore, of the grounds upon which we ought to welcome the coming centennial of exploration is the educational work in our own history that it will effect among us. The inspiration of their past is the greatest of motives for a progressive people.

This is a rambling address, not intended to concentrate attention upon any particular event in our history, but merely to contribute a little to the interest of a special occasion, by passing before the mind some of the incidents and events readily offered to the gleaner of our earliest records, with some reflections thereon. The approach of the Lewis and Clark centennial makes all this mass of matter—and the mass of it is great—worth renewed study; for in the celebration of this centennial we should have a knowledge of the underlying facts of our history, as well as of detail and proportion. It was the Lewis and Clark expedition that enabled us to follow up the claim based on discovery of the Columbia River, and enabled us, moreover, to anticipate the English in their further exploration and discovery. It enabled us to hold the country west of the Rocky Mountains and south of the 49th parallel, to the United States. It gave us the footing that enabled us to negotiate with Spain for the southern boundary of the Oregon country, which was fixed at the 42d parallel. And, as we were already firmly placed on the Pacific Coast at the time of the war with Mexico, it was one of the direct sources of our acquisition of California by the double method of conquest and purchase. Thus we have acquired on the Pacific a vast coast line; we have established great and growing States, supported by a cordon of interior States from the Mississippi westward; we are in position for defense in war and for defense and aggression in trade; at our Pacific ports we are nearest of all the great nations of commerce and civilization to the trade of the Orient. The Lewis and Clark expedition, to which the great results so plainly run back, stands therefore as one of the leading episodes of our national history. We must celebrate its

centennial in 1905, and celebrate it in a manner and on a scale commensurate with its national and historical importance. Oregon, of course, must take the lead in the preparation for this event. It is worth while, then, to use every opportunity to awaken interest in the history of the beginnings of American dominion in the Pacific Northwest.

It is in this spirit that I have responded to the invitation for the present occasion. On such a subject it is almost natural to fall into tediousness or prolixity, by attempting to cover too much ground. Short essays, or lectures, in series, offer an excellent method for popular treatment of this great subject, and this can be done with special thoroughness under direction of our State educational system.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE OREGON STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

By P. W. Gillette.

Away back, long before the white man had seen the Pacific Coast or even America; before history in this country began, and when vague legendry filled its place, and current events were handed down from generation to generation by dim traditions; and when, as the Indians say, the gorge of the Columbia through the Cascade Mountains was much narrower than it is now, a part of the huge mountain fell into and dammed up the great river. But ere long the impetuous water forced its way through and under the fallen mountain, leaving a natural bridge spanning the river. Unnumbered ages passed, when an earthquake came, causing the earth to shake, the mountains to totter, and causing the bridge to fall into the river, filling its channel with masses of stone and forming an obstruction to navigation now known as the "Fall," or "Cascades of the Columbia." As far back as Indian tradition goes, the Cascades of the Columbia have been an important point on account of the break in navigation, making a portage of everything carried in boats an absolute necessity.

Its importance was greatly increased by the extensive fishing grounds made by the "long narrows," and rapid current of the river at that place, enabling the Indians with spear and scoop-net to capture vast quantities of salmon, which made them an easy living, as well as an article of great value in trade with other tribes. The village of Wish-ram at the head of the falls was a mart of trade. Irving said: "These Indians were shrewder and more intelligent than other Indians. Trade had sharpened their wits, but had not improved their honesty, for they were a community of arrant rogues and freebooters." They took every possible advantage the

location gave them, always making exorbitant demands and charges for any privilege granted or service rendered, and often robbed weak and unprotected parties. When Lewis and Clark passed there with well-armed and well-drilled men they were unmolested, but seven years later, when Wilson P. Hunt arrived there with his half-starved, worn-out and discouraged party, they were very troublesome and insolent. Soon after this part of the country fell into the hands of the white men, he, too, saw the importance of that location and eagerly seized it, and was no less willing to make it a source of profit, in fact, to use it "for all it was worth," proving that human nature is the same, be it Indian or white man. F. A. Chenoweth, afterwards Judge Chenoweth, of Corvallis, settled at the Cascades, and in 1850 built the first portage road on the line of the old Indian trail, which had been in use so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

His road was a railroad built entirely of wood, and the car was drawn by one lone mule. The road was on the north side of the Columbia, and at that time was in Oregon. I saw him in Salem in the winter of 1852 and 1853, a Representative from the Cascades. He was made a Circuit Judge in Oregon Territory by President Pierce and lived to be an octogenarian.

Then there were no settlers east of the Cascade Mountains, and no immediate prospect of any, so he sold his road to D. F. and P. F. Bradford, who were either more hopeful of the future, or had better foresight than Judge Chenoweth. They rebuilt the road in 1856, making many improvements on it.

The Indian massacre at the Cascades occurred while this improvement was being made. The men were attacked while at work, and fled in all directions; one or two of them being killed.

This road was rebuilt again in 1861, with iron rails, and had steam locomotives. It was the first railroad of the kind built in Oregon, and though small was the beginning of railroading in the Northwest.

This was the first railroad propelled by steam power I ever traveled upon.

Some time later in the '50's Colonel Ruckel and H. Olmstead built and operated a portage road on the south bank of the Columbia.

Before the portage roads and the steamships combined their interests, the portage company received half the freight charges on all freights to their destination. If the price was $40 per ton from Portland to The Dalles, and that was the regular price for many years, the portage men got $20 per ton for carrying it around the falls, six miles.

The old *Columbia* was the first steamboat, I believe, to go as far as the Cascades. The first steamboat built above the Cascades was the *James R. Flint*, built by the Bradfords, J. O. Vanbergen, and James R. Flint, of San Francisco. She was a small side-wheel boat, with single engine "geared" to the shafts, and when in motion sounded more like a thrashing machine than a steamboat. On her first trip down from The Dalles old Dr. Newell was a passenger, and for a time seemed nervous and disturbed. He finally asked one of the employes what made that rattling sound. "Oh, that's only the cook grinding coffee," was the reply.

In the fall of 1861 the *Flint* was taken over the Cascades and run between Portland and Oregon City. Later on she was cut in two, lengthened, and the machinery of the old *Columbia* put into her and named *Fashion*.

The Bradfords next built the *Mary*, a double-engine boat, to run between the Cascades and The Dalles. The *Mary* was lying at the Upper Cascades at the commencement of the Indian massacre in 1856, and was dispatched to The Dalles in great haste for relief. She brought back a company of cavalry in barges.

About the same time a messenger was sent to Portland and Vancouver for assistance, and the steamer *Belle* was dispatched, with Second Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan and 40 men. This was Sheridan's first battle. In less than 10 years he had become one of the greatest heroes of his age, a renowned general, and had made the name of Sheridan imperishable.

Soon after building the *Mary* the Bradfords built the *Hassalo* to run on the Cascades and Dalles route. In the meantime R. R. Thompson, L. W. Coe and others built a small boat at the Upper Cascades to be taken to the Upper Columbia beyond Celilo. When she was about ready to start out on her first trip, by some mistake her lines were cast off before she had steam enough to stem the current of the river and she drifted over the falls. She received so little injury that she was taken to Portland, fitted up and sold to go to Fraser River. The same parties then built the *Wright* at Celilo in 1859. She was the first steamboat that ever disturbed the waters of the Columbia beyond Celilo. The *Wright* made a bushel of money for her owners.

The old steamer *Belle*, built by Captain Dick Williams, S. G. Reed and others, was the first boat to run regularly between Portland and the Cascades. In those early days there were no settlers east of the mountains, therefore nearly all of the transportation business on the river was for the Government, transporting soldiers, guns, military supplies, etc.

Transportation between Portland and The Dalles was $40 per ton by measurement, and passenger fare proportionately high.

The Government bought a quantity of hay at San Francisco for the military post at Fort Dalles. By the time it reached its destination it had cost "Uncle Sam" $77 per ton.

Buckle and Olmstead built the steamer *Mountain Buck* and put her on the route between Portland and the Cascades, and soon after built the little steamer *Wasco*, to run between the Cascades and The Dalles, which, with their portage road, gave them a through line to The Dalles; this was near 1859 or 1860. Their line, of course, took away much of the business from the portage road on the north side of the river and the boats running in connection with it.

Benjamin Stark, S. G. Reed, R. Williams, Hoyt and Wells, owned the steamers *Belle, Senorita,* and *Multnomah,* one of which ran from Portland to Astoria; the others, in connec-

tion with the Bradford road and their boats, from the Cascades to The Dalles. O. Humason owned the portage road from Dalles City, around the dalles of the Columbia to Celilo, 15 miles, using oxen and mules and great freight wagons to carry passengers, until the portage railroad was built in 1862.

Before the steamer *Wright* made her appearance on the river above Celilo all freight was transported above Celilo on what was called schooners, which were simply schooner-rigged barges.

During the greater part of the year there is a strong wind on that part of the river, which often enabled them to make good time. I saw one or two of these crafts as late as 1862. But they soon disappeared when steamboats came, and, like all primitive things, were pushed aside by the hand of progress.

By 1859 the transportation business had greatly increased, and there being two complete lines between Portland and The Dalles, produced strained relations between the two opposing companies, and a rate war seemed imminent. Several efforts had already been made to combine all the different interests under one management, but all had failed. At length an arrangement was reached. The portage roads at the Cascades and the steamboats, wharfboats and property belonging with them, were appraised, each at its cash value, the whole amounting to $175,000. On the 29th day of December, 1860, articles of incorporation were signed and filed at Vancouver, Clark County, Washington Territory, incorporating the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, shares $500 each. There were 16 shareholders, the largest being R. R. Thompson, with 120 shares; Ladd & Tilton, 80 shares; T. W. Lyles, 76 shares; J. Kamm, 57 shares; J. C. Ainsworth, 40 shares; and so on down, the smallest share holder having but three shares.

In October, 1862, the company filed new articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, at Salem, and also with the County Clerk of Multnomah County, Oregon, with a capital stock of $2,000,000, represented by 25 shareholders, at

$500 a share. Bradford & Co. were the largest shareholders, having 758 shares; R. R. Thompson, 672; Harrison Olmstead, 558; Jacob Kamm, 354; and so on down, the smallest shareholder having but eight shares.

This combination put both portage roads and the gorge of the Columbia into the hands of a corporation, giving it perfect control of all transportation to and from every point beyond the Cascades. Thus owning both portages and all the steamboats, it is needless to say that the Oregon Steam Navigation Company found it unnecessary to consult any one as to what prices they should charge. Such an opportunity, with such unlimited power, seldom ever falls into the hands of man. It made them the absolute owners of every dollar's worth of freight and passage going up or down the great valley of the second largest river in America.

In 1855 there were no settlers living beyond the Deschutes River, but after that date they began to spread out over the country pretty fast. Previous to that date, the government had given transportation companies nearly all the carrying trade they had. But by 1860 the natural growth of the country was making considerable business. In 1861 the discovery of gold at Orofino awakened a new life in the valley of the Columbia. As if by magic the tardy wheels of commerce were unfettered, human thought and energy unshackled and turned loose with determined purpose to meet the great emergency and reap the golden harvest.

From Portland to "Powder River, Orofino, and Florence City" mines, the country resounded with the busy whirr of trade. All the steamboats and portage roads were taxed to their greatest capacity. So great was the demand for transportation that the Oregon Steam Navigation Company had to build new steamboats and improve their roads at the Cascades. The old portage wagon road at The Dalles was entirely inadequate to do the immense business, and the company was obliged to build a railroad from Dalles City to Celilo, 15 miles.

So enormous were the charges for freight and passage, I

am credibly informed, that the steamer *Okanogan* paid the entire cost of herself on her first trip. It makes my head swim now, as memory carries me back to those wonderfully rushing days, when the constant fall of chinking coin into the coffers of the company was almost like the flow of a dashing torrent. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company had become a millionaire-making machine.

The price of freight from Portland to The Dalles, about 100 miles, was $40 per ton; from Dalles to Celilo, 15 miles, $15 per ton; from Dalles to Wallula, $55 per ton; and from Portland to Lewiston, $120 per ton.

All freight, excepting solids, such as lead, nails, etc., were estimated by measurement, 40 cubic feet making a ton.

Passage from Portland to The Dalles was $8, and 75 cents extra for meals. From Portland to Lewiston passage was $60, and meals and beds were $1 each. Now the price of freight between Portland and The Dalles on farm products by boat is only $1.50 per ton; for passage, $1.50, and 25 cents for meals. By the railroad, freight on farm products between Portland and The Dalles is $1.50 per ton, and passage $2.75; between Portland and Wallula, by rail, freight on farm products is $3.30 per ton; passage, $8.50. Between Portland and Lewiston, by rail, freight on farm products is $4.25 per ton; passage, $14.60. At the present time freights are classified, some classes being much higher than the products of the farm. Yet, notwithstanding the astounding reduction in rates, transportation companies of to-day are thriving and prosperous.

H. D. Sanborn, a merchant of Lewiston in 1862, informed me that among a lot of freight consigned to him, was a case of miner's shovels. The case measured one ton, and contained 120 shovels. The freight, $120 per ton, made the freight on each shovel $1.

A merchant at Hood River said that always before the railroad was built freight from Portland to Hood River, 85 miles, on a dozen brooms was $1.

To better illustrate this method of measurement, I will have to relate an anecdote:

When O.B.Gibson was in the employment of the company at The Dalles, he went down to get the measurement of a small mounted cannon that had to be shipped for the Government. After measuring several ways and figuring up the amount, he seemed so much perplexed that he attracted the attention of two soldiers who were lying in the shade of a pine tree near by. One of them finally called out, "What's the trouble Cap?" "I am trying to take the measurement of this blamed gun, but somehow I can't get it right," said Gibson. "Oh, I'll show you," said the soldier, leading up a pair of harnessed mules that stood near and hitching them to the gun. "Try it now, Cap." "Thanks, that makes it all right. I see now why I could not get the correct measurement."

In measuring a wagon or any piece of freight the full length, height and thickness were taken and carried out full size, the largest way of the piece. To make this method of measuring tonnage clearer, I will give one more illustration. "Old Captain" T. W. Lyles, of San Francisco, was a large stockholder in the company, and frequently visited Portland to look after his interests. Once while here he attended a meeting of the board of directors. After the principal part of the business had been transacted, Captain Lyles arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I move that Eph Day, a purser on one of our boats, be discharged from the service of the company." Now Eph Day was one of the favorite pursers, and everybody sprang up to know what was the matter with Eph Day. After quiet had been restored Captain Lyles said: "I see, gentlemen, that Eph Day is purser on a boat of only 150 tons register, yet I find that he comes in at the end of every trip with a report of having carried from 250 to 300 tons of freight, and, gentlemen, he substantiates his reports by bringing in the cash for those amounts of freight. Now, while I do not claim to be much of a steamboat man, yet I can see, gentlemen, that if we allow our boats to be overladen in this manner and made to carry twice as much as they were

designed to carry, they will soon be worn out and we will have no boats."

The meeting adjourned amidst roars of laughter, and Eph Day kept his place and still measured up big loads of freight. The Florence City gold excitement of 1862 brought the Oregon Steam Navigation Company a flood of prosperity. They could not possibly take all the business offered. At Portland the rush of freight to the docks was so great that drays and trucks had to form and stand in line to get their turn in delivering their goods. Their lines were kept unbroken day and night for weeks and months. Shippers were obliged to use the greatest vigilance and take every advantage to get their goods away. Often a merchant would place a large truck in line early in the morning, then fill it by dray loads during the day. That great rush continued for months. A San Francisco merchant established a store in Lewiston and shipped via Portland a large stock of goods, which arrived in Portland in the spring, but they did not reach Lewiston until late in the summer, because he had no one here to get them in line to take their turn. So, notwithstanding the enormous price of freight and passage it was impossible for them to meet the demand. So great was the increase of business on the Columbia, and so attractive the high rates received, that it tempted the People's Transportation Company, of Salem, to put on an opposition line to compete for a part of the glittering prize. But they soon learned what they should have known in the beginning, that it was impossible for any one to compete with a company who held the valley of the Columbia by the throat, and had undisputed possession of the portage roads. So they were only too glad to withdraw, and be satisfied with the Willamette River. Rates were cut down some during the short contest, but were soon restored. Some time in the '70's Henry Villard was sent to Oregon in the interest of German bondholders in the Holladay Railroad and Steamship Line. Mr. Villard had been associated with Mr. Gould in some railroad matters and had acquired a snug fortune. During his visits to Oregon his shrewd business eye

saw the great value and importance of the property of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and he made up his mind to capture the valuable prize if possible.

Some time in the fall of 1879 the press telegrams in the Portland papers announced in the most plausible matter of fact way that Jay Gould, who was then in the zenith of his financial glory, was preparing to extend his railroad system west, to the navigable waters of the Columbia, and was going to put a line of steamboats on that river to operate in conjunction with his road until it could be extended to the seaboard. Those telegrams seemed so reasonable and business-like that many really believed that Mr. Gould was going to put this project into operation. Not long after, and before the talk produced by them had died out, it was announced that the Oregon Steam Navigation Company had sold its entire property, with all its privileges and appurtenances, to Henry Villard. Whether Mr. Villard had any hand in setting up the Gould scare crow, I know not, nor do I know whether it had any influence in causing the company to make the sale, but a prominent physician of this city informed me that after the sale was consummated, the papers all signed, and it had become known the Gould story was all a hoax, the president of the company was so chagrined and disappointed that he fell ill and was confined to his bed for many days. The doctor might have been mistaken, but he believed it himself, as he was a man who never told anything he did not believe to be true.

That valuable property was sold for $5,000,000. a small sum for property possessing such wonderful advantages, and that was then paying 15 per cent on the purchase price, with the most flattering prospect of a rapid and constant increase.

For the year ending November 30, 1879, which was the last year the Oregon Steam Navigation Company owned and operated their property, the income of the company was $1,600,000, while the expense, repairs, etc., amounted to $850,000, leaving a profit of $750,000. At that rate it would, in about six and a half years, make enough to pay the purchase price.

They received about $3,000,000 more than the actual cost of the property. The $175,000 put in when the company was first organized, in 1860, was about all the cash ever put up. That small sum was the prolific nest egg from which so many fortunes and millionaires were hatched.

It may be interesting to mention that for many years after the organization of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company they paid no attention to or had any boat on the river between Portland and Astoria, considering it of so little importance as to be unworthy their attention. Not until the salmon-packing business had reached considerable magnitude did they give it any notice. In 1865 the company found the Astoria route had grown to be of sufficient value to be worth taking. All they had to do was to notify parties running boats on that route that they wanted possession, and that the company would buy their boats if the price suited. Of course the price suited, because no one would be foolish enough to oppose the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company grew out of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, continuing its business, and almost immediately began the construction of a railroad up the Columbia from Portland. That company was controlled by men in touch with the modern business world in the older States, and at once adopted a broader and more liberal course, fully understanding that the rapid development and settlement of the country would advance their interest and increase their business. They soon reduced the rate of transportation, giving the farmer better compensation for his labor and encouraging him to produce more. The "live-and-let-live" policy which they inaugurated at once gave a new stimulus to the whole country.

Unquestionably, the Oregon Steam Navigation Company had held in check and kept back the growth of the country east of the Cascade Mountains for years, though perhaps unintentional on its part. It had so long been accustomed to receive such exceedingly liberal compensation for its services that I have no doubt they believed farm products could not

be carried to Portland at rates that would leave anything for the farmer. Captain James W. Troup, who commanded one of the boats on the upper river, said to me that he had so many applications to bring wheat to Portland, which he had no authority to do, that he finally went to the president of the company and asked for permission to do so, but he was informed that it was impossible; that wheat was not worth its transportation. The next season the people fairly begged him to carry their wheat to market, and he made another appeal. That time the company yielded, and President J. C. Ainsworth said: "Well, Captain Troup, you may try it, do the best you can." Wheat has been pouring down the Columbia ever since, and the Inland Empire is one vast wheat field.

The career of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company was a great success. It would have been almost impossible, even under bad management, for it to have been anything else. Its beginning was small, but, aided by the peculiar advantages it possessed, and the growth of the country, it soon grew into one of the greatest money-making concerns in America.

After years of solicitation and appeal, the government of the United States began what it should have done years before, the construction of a canal around the falls of the Columbia, which has opened a free channel to trade and commerce that will forever unloose the hand of greed from the throat of the Columbia River. It is almost as important that a canal be constructed at the dalles of the river, and so give one of the best wheat-growing districts of the earth an open passage to the markets of the world. It has become almost one of the established policies of the government to free the channels of our great rivers of all impediments to navigation. In no other way can such valuable and general service be rendered to the people.

It is not my desire to criticise or censure the management of Oregon's first great corporation, which was so intimately connected with the early history, commerce, revenue, and progress of our own State. Perhaps any other set of men

would have done the same thing under similar circumstances. Nevertheless it is certainly a great misfortune to any people to be so absolutely within the power of any man or set of men as were the people of the Columbia Valley. It was too great a power to be entrusted to the hands of men.

In reviewing the career of this most interesting corporation, one can but view with wonder and amazement the ease and rapidity with which colossal fortunes were made. And I can but regret, on their own account, that but one or two of that company has left any little token of good-will or any memento of kindness to the place or people where they were so specially favored by fortune, and so liberally patronized by the business public. Had they even erected a small drinking fountain, where the faithful dray and truck horses, that indirectly carted millions of dollars into their pockets, could have slaked their thirst, that would have somehow served to ameliorate and soften the memory of them. But the most of them seemed to prefer to be remembered only as members of a corporation that took every possible advantage of one of the most extraordinary opportunities that ever fell into the hands of men to amass fortunes for themselves.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LANE COUNTY.

By W. B. DILLARD.

When the white people first reached the land now included within the present limits of Lane County, the only tribe of Indians that lived in it was the Callapooias, although it was visited and made the place of short stops by various other tribes.

The Callapooias were short, heavy set, and extremely dark, with black eyes and straight hair. They had some traits of character peculiarly of their own. They were rarely known to commit any act of depredation or lawlessness in the sight of man or to raise their arm to injure him, but were ever ready to take advantage of an unprotected woman, and compel her to prepare for him a meal which he would sit down and enjoy, or force her to remain a passive spectator while he helped himself to the limited supply of winter's food. These Indians were ofttimes caught and severely flogged by the early settlers, but never tried to get revenge on the body of the man who flogged them. Even during the trouble with the Rogue River Indians in 1853, the Callapooias remained friendly to the whites, who, though did not think it safe to trust them too far, but barricaded themselves in different places throughout the country. In the southern part of the county the settlers gathered at the house of J. Cochran and prepared to resist an attack, but were not molested.

The chief of the tribe was Shellou, a man of shrewd mind, a close observer of nature, and renowned as a medicine man. One winter the Klickitats, who were going south, were compelled to camp near the Callapooias until the snow should melt. Shellou, who claimed to have superhuman power, was offered three horses if he would cause the snow in the mountains to melt. He kept putting them off until he noticed that it had turned warmer, and that the snow had begun to fall

from the trees, then he accepted their proposal. The next morning the snow had nearly all disappeared, and he was given the horses.

In the winter of '54 he was visited by the Klamaths for assistance for a sick squaw. After he had used his skill as a medicine man, she was able to resume her journey, but the next night she died. This so incensed the Klamaths that the next night they returned and killed the chief. Shellou was the last chief of the tribe, though they still continued the practice of allotting the different sections of the country to members of their tribe, who regarded it as his illahee.

In 1856 the Government removed these Indians to a reservation in Yamhill County, but only succeeded in placing about one-half of the tribe on the reservation. The rest returned to their former abode, but have gradually disappeared, until at present (1904) only one remains.

Though the Indian is no more, we have permanent reminder of his existence in the names he has left us; thus: Wineberry means red huckleberry; Willamette means "big river, almost, not quite." The dispute in regard to the pronunciation of the word was due to the fact that the nearer to the mouth of the river one went, the broader the sound in pronouncing it.

Spencer Butte was so named because Spencer, a man in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, being alone on the butte in search of game, was killed by an Indian to avenge the death of some of their tribe at the hands of some of the representatives of the company.

Except the settlements of the fur companies at Astoria and Vancouver, the first permanent settlement was made at French Prairie, in the Willamette Valley, as the most favored spot for farming, a nucleus for a future commonwealth. When the stream of immigration began to flow in it naturally chose this valley for its home, so new settlements were made at convenient distances from the old ones.

But one of these immigrants, wishing to select a place for a home that would not be reached by very many men for at

least two years, so he could send word to his folks and friends in the East and have room for them near him when they would come. So in 1846 Elijah Bristow, with three companions, Captain Scott, William Dodson, and Eugene F. Skinner, left the settlements far behind and journeyed southward. When this party reached a point on the Middle Fork, a few miles southeast of its junction with the Coast Fork, to form the Willamette, and had crossed the river and ascended the south bank, they were struck with the beauty and grandeur of the scene before them. Then E. Bristow, as he raised his hat and let the refreshing breeze cool his heated brow, exclaimed: "What a pleasant hill! This is my claim; here will I live, and when I die, here will I be buried."

So he proceeded to erect a claim cabin, and stepped off his claim of 640 acres. About October 1, 1846, he completed his house, a log cabin, which was the first one erected in Lane County. Mr. Dodson next marked off his claim, south and east, and adjoining Mr. Bristow's. Mr. Scott selected the one on the north, which, however, he abandoned and settled on the south bank of the McKenzie, opposite the mouth of the Mohawk. The next spring Mr. Skinner settled on the claim on which a part of Eugene now stands.

The name Pleasant Hill was given to the claim of Mr. Bristow, at his request, by the legislature of Oregon in an act passed December 27, 1847.

Late in 1847 quite a company arrived in Lane County by way of the southern route, or as follows: When 61 miles below Fort Hall they crossed over the ridge into the Humboldt Valley and down it for 300 miles; thence 50 miles across the desert to Black Rock; thence through Surprise Valley, Fandango Valley, by Goose Lake, up Lost River, by Klamath Lake, over the Cascades into Rogue River Valley; thence across to and through Umpqua Valley to Lane County.

Among these immigrants were: Isaac Briggs, Elias Briggs, Prior Blair, Charles Martin, and their families, who settled near Mr. Bristow; Cornelius Hills, who settled across the river north of Mr. Bristow; Benjamin Davis, John Akin,

H. Noble, and Charnel Mulligan, who settled near Mr. Skinner; while Abram and Louis Coryell settled near the junction of the Coast and Middle Forks. Their cabin, which was finished November 3, 1847, was the last house along the road till one reaches the Sacramento Valley. The next year L. Coryell and D. Hasty put in a ferry on the Umpqua. They expected a large immigration, but were disappointed, though they had a good trade in ferrying miners on their way to the gold fields in California. In May Coryell sold out to a Mr. Hendricks and went to the gold fields, where he remained a few years, when he returned to Lane County, where he still resides, an honored resident of Crow.

In this year John Diamond and M. Wilkins settled near where Coburg now stands, Jacob C. Spores settled at the place afterwards known as Spores Ferry, while James Chapin settled one and one-half miles of where Cottage Grove now stands.

Other settlers of this year were: Cornelius Hills, E. W. Griffith, W. S. Davis, Ephriam Hughes, George Gilbert, A. O. Stevens, Isaac Stevens, J. Ware, —— Snook, R. J. Hills, and Luther White.

In the early '50's J. Diamond, in company with four other men, while viewing a road up the Middle Fork over the Cascades scaled a lofty peak called Diamond's Peak, in honor of the first white person who reached its snowy summit.

These early settlements were made the nucleus around which future immigrants settled. These pioneers had few of the necessities, and none of the comforts, of life, but what little they had they were ever ready to divide with the weary traveler, and the cry of sickness, hunger, or distress was quickly responded to. They had endured many hardships and privations, but were eager to make life pleasant for those who came after them.

The immigration of 1848 more than doubled the population of the county; all of whom settled near some former settler, except the Fergusons, Richardsons, Browns, and Hintons, who formed the first settlements on the banks of the Long

Tom. During this year Elias Briggs located a claim where Springfield now stands, and a Mr. Wells took one where Cottage Grove now stands. Springfield was so named because a spring bubbled forth in a field near the road, while Cottage Grove was named by Mr. Pierce, its first postmaster.

The year 1849 brought only a very few people to Lane County, and 1850 and 1851 brought but few more.

In 1848 President Polk appointed General Joseph Lane, of Indiana, Territorial Governor of Oregon. General Lane, coming by the southern route, arrived in Oregon March 2, 1849, and immediately assumed the duties of his office. Lane County, named from Oregon's first Governor, was organized by an act of the legislature, passed January 24, 1851.

The first election was held the first Monday in June, 1851, at which only 57 votes were cast, but so fast was the increase in population during '52 and '53 that 394 votes were cast in the election of June, 1853, that located the county seat on the donation claim of Charnel Mulligan.

The first white child born in the county was a daughter of H. Noble, born November, 1847. The second was a daughter of Mrs. Wells,, born March 15, 1848; and the third, a child of J. Briggs, born June 21, 1848. The first native son was Wade Martin, born in the fall of 1848, while J. M. Hendricks, the second, was born in June, 1849.

The first white person buried in the county was an immigrant, who died in 1846, and was buried about three miles south of Creswell. The second was a little child of Mrs. I Wells, who fell from a wagon and was killed. It was buried at Skinner's. The third was a young man, 19 years of age, by the name of Gilliam, who took sick at Blair's and soon died.

Educational matters were not neglected during these early pioneer day. The first schoolhouse was built near the home of Mr. E. Bristow in 1850, its first teacher being W. W. Bristow. The same year, and near the schoolhouse, was erected the first church.

Means of communication with the Eastern States was very

slow, very often taking as much as six months for people here to hear from their friends or relatives in the East. When the first post office was established at Pleasant Hill, in 1850, the mail was carried from Oregon City on horseback. The first mail carrier was Smiley Carter, and the second was Hart Crosby.

The first couple married in the county was the widow Wright and a man by the name of Luce. The second wedding was a double one, in which George Coryell and Charles Sweet married the McBee girls.

The first sawmill erected in the county was the one erected by E. P. Castleman, on Blair's farm, but was moved to Cloverdale in 1851. There it was used to saw the timbers for a flour mill, which was erected the next year by William R. Jones.

In 1854 Jones and Gilfrey started a store, and in 1855 Gilfrey laid out a townsite. Cloverdale was named by Jones from a town in California, and was a prosperous village till the coming of the railroad in 1871, when it was moved to the present site of Creswell.

To the men who made these settlements we owe a debt of gratitude that never can be paid. By their thrift, industry, and endurance, they made possible the rapid growth and development of Lane County. Then may not we, who are reaping the fruits of their labors, say: "All hail the pioneers of Lane County."

The foregoing was carefully compiled from notes set down more than 30 years ago by Mrs. S. Rigdon, and corrected by L. Coryell, a pioneer of '47. I have set down all that is not already a matter of record.

[1]TRANSPLANTING IOWA'S LAWS TO OREGON.

By F. I. Herriott, Ph. D.

Our trite saying that "America is but another name for Opportunity" might well be changed to "America is but another name for Experiment." It is no exaggeration to say that the people of the United States have done more experimenting in the making of laws and in the administration of government than the people of any other nation on the globe. This has resulted chiefly from the nature of our multiform government that is at once federal and national, as regards the relations of States to each other and to the National Government. Within our national jurisdiction there are practically half a hundred sovereign States each and all engaged in practicing the methods and arts of self government. There is but little let or hindrance to experimentation in the making of laws and institutions.

But while there is the greatest range of freedom for originality there is a surprising similarity in the fundamental principles of our laws and in the primary institutions of the States. English common law and traditions are our common heritage and constitute the ground work of our institutions. But what may be called the acquisitive or adaptive disposition of Americans leads to the prompt observation of the workings of laws in other States and to their adoption where they work well. Moreover, by reason of our peculiar mode of creating territories out of the national domain it has generally happened that the laws of parent or adjacent territorial organizations have been continued or "extended" over the new territorial acquisitions; or they have been imposed *ad interim* until the inhabitants could assemble their

[1]Reprinted from Annals of Iowa, July, 1904.

law-makers and enact a body of laws. But from the nature of the conditions confronting pioneers they were almost certain to adopt bodily the laws of their ancestral States. The social traditions and political inheritance of the first inhabitants, or rather the dominant elements determined whether the laws of this or that State were adopted.

We have some interesting examples of such transplanting of laws in the establishment of the territories of Iowa and Oregon. When Iowa was given a separate territorial existence in 1838 the laws of Wisconsin were "extended" over the new Territory. The bulk of the laws adopted, however, were those taken over from Michigan when Wisconsin was cut off from that jurisdiction in 1834; and the major portion of those were the growths from the ordinances made for the government of the old Northwest Territory pursuant to the great ordinance of 1787. But the members of the first territorial legislature of Iowa knew little and cared less about the genealogy of the laws they enacted in 1838-39. They were but little learned in laws or in law-making. They had no new and radical notions to promote. The late Theodore S. Parvin, who was the first secretary of the council or senate in 1838-39, has told us how little the members knew of the real needs of the people, how ignorant they were of law-making, how they selected here and there from the statutes of various States as fancy or State pride prompted them; how each member felt in duty bound to get as large a number of the laws of his own State enacted by the new Territory.[1] The matter that was important and urged was to inaugurate the new government and it did not signify much to them one way or other what laws were adopted so that they gave the people the form and substance of laws that would satisfy the traditional notions. Professor Jesse Macy has shown us[2] how remote often the laws actually adopted were from corresponding to or regulating the actual life and conduct of

[1]See Professor Macy's Institutional Beginnings in a Western State: Annals of Iowa, 3d series, vol. V, p. 337.

[2]Ibid.

the daily affairs of the people in the first years of the territories.

We have in Oregon, however, a striking instance of the conscious and deliberate adoption bodily of the laws of another State. The event was of more than academic interest to us in Iowa as the laws adopted by the pioneers in Oregon were the statutes enacted by our first territorial legislature in 1838-39.

The settlement of Oregon constitutes one of the romantic chapters in our pioneer history and not the least noteworthy in the annals of the diplomacy of our National Government. Long continued efforts were made to arouse effective interest in that region; but with meagre results. From 1820 on to 1829, John Floyd, of Virginia, and Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, had striven earnestly in Congress to induce the National Government to take vigorous steps to establish our authority in that region and to give the pioneers the protection of laws and institutions established in accordance with our forms and processes. But they failed. In 1838, however, another champion arose in the person of Lewis F. Linn, another senator from Missouri. He, like his colleague Benton, sought to arouse public interest in the vast territory in the far Northwest and between 1839 and 1843, the year of his death, introduced various bills and resolutions relating to Oregon, one of which in particular is of interest to Iowans.

Meantime events were rapidly conspiring in Oregon to bring matters to a crisis. The settlers were more or less divided in their allegiance. There were the active friends and adherents of the Hudson Bay Company. The Americans were greatly disturbed by local dissensions, personal jealousies, contentions with the Indians, and religious rivalries. All these things thwarted united, consistent, and continuous efforts to bring about the establishment of our national authority. In 1841 the need of civil organization was made apparent on the death of a noted settler, Ewing Young, near the Methodist Mission station in the Willamette Valley. He died without heirs and how to distribute his property so as

to give valid title brought home to the settlers the fact that they were in a land without laws and government. Steps were taken to bring about the establishment of some form of government. As a consequence of their proceedings one Dr. Ira L. Babcock was appointed Supreme Judge with probate powers, and it was resolved that "until a code of laws be adopted by this community Doctor Babcock be instructed to act according to the laws of the State of New York."[1] [[2]] Various efforts were made between 1841, after that resolution was taken, and 1843, to get under headway with the new government, but they availed little until May 2, 1843. On that date a meeting took place at Champoick (also given Champoeg), between Salem and Oregon City, where amidst tense feeling and by a close vote it was decided to establish a "Provisional Government" and a committee of nine were designated to draft a plan and to report to the people on the 5th of July following. Speaking of that committee and its work, Mr. J. R. Robertson, of Oregon, writing in 1900, observes:

"This committee is of great importance in the history of civil government in Oregon, because of the responsibility which rested upon it, and because of the excellence of its work. Its members were neither learned nor acquainted with the law, but they possessed good judgment and common sense. Their meeting place was an old barn belonging to the Methodist Mission."[3]

The report of the committee is interesting and instructive. It exhibits the political thought and habits and wishes of the pioneers, uninfluenced by the immediate surroundings of civilization and the formal procedure and political ceremony so important in the operations of political institutions. We have there a practical illustration of the creation of a civil

[1] See Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, vol. II, p. 101. Article by H. W. Scott on "The Provisional Government."

[[2] A note in H. H. Bancroft's History of Oregon, vol. I, p. 294, says: "At this time there was but one copy of the laws of the State of New York in the colony." —EDITOR.]

[3] Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, vol. I, p. 35.

society somewhat after the fashion dreamed of by Rousseau; and what is more, we perceive some of the notions expounded by the French philosopher. The document presented sets forth exalted principles of civil liberties and righteousness.

We, the people of Oregon Territory, for purposes of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations until such time as the United States of America extends their jurisdiction over us.

Be it therefore enacted by the free citizens of Oregon Territory:

For the purpose of fixing the principles of civil and religious liberty, as the basis of all laws and constitutions of government that may hereafter be adopted.

Be it enacted that the following articles be considered as the articles of a compact, among free citizens of this Territory.[1]

There then follow a series of articles specifying the fundamental rights and privileges that should never be denied to the inhabitants of the Territory, and setting forth in considerable detail the nature, powers and methods of administration of a number of offices of the new government. Article 12 of section 2 of the proposed Articles, reads as follows:

The laws of Iowa Territory shall be the laws of this Territory, in civil, military, and criminal cases; where not otherwise provided for, and where no statute of Iowa applies, the principles of commono law and equity shall govern. [2]

After this comprehensive section the committee with superfluous caution proceeds to particularize a number of the statutes of Iowa that shall be the law under the new government, *e. g.*, those relative to weights and measures, to wills and testaments, vagrants, elections, etc. Then again in Article 19 the following resolution is inserted:

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[1] The extracts from the "Report" of the legislative committee given above are taken from a typewritten copy given the Historical Department of Iowa by Professor Edmond S. Meany, Head of the Department of History in the University of Washington.

[2] A note in J. Henry Brown's "Political History of Oregon"—Provisional Government, vol. I, p. 102, says: "There was only one law book at this time in Oregon, and that was a copy of the Statutes of Iowa."—EDITOR.]

Resolved, That the following portions of the laws of Iowa, as laid down in the statute laws of the Territory of Iowa, enacted at the first session of the legislative assembly of said Territory held at Burlington, A. D., 1838-9, published by authority, Du Buque, Bussel, and Reeves, printers, 839. Certified to be a correct copy by Wm. B. Conway, Secretary of Iowa Territory, be adopted as the laws of this Territory. viz:

There are listed by title with reference to the pages whereon found in the collection referred to in the resolution some thirty-seven laws, including those already mentioned in Articles 13, 14, and 15.[1]

This draft of a constitution or articles of government was adopted at the meeting at Champooick, July 5, 1843. The subsequent history of the Provisional Government that continued until the erection of the Territorial Government in 1848-[9] it is not necessary here to follow. The instrument underwent some changes, but none that vitally changed the character of the original "compact."[2] Under it their government, said one of their chroniclers, was " 'strong without an army or navy, and rich without a treasury,' and 'so effective that property was safe, schools established and supported, contracts enforced, debts collected, and the majesty of the law vindicated.' "[3]

The question presents itself, why did the pioneers of Oregon select the laws of Iowa for the regulation of their private and governmental affairs? Why choose the laws of Iowa

[1] The officers of the Provisional Government did not have a very staunch faith in the efficacy of the article 12 of section 2 given as we find the "Executive Committee" in their report to the legislature urging that "the militia law of Iowa" and "that the laws of Iowa be taken into consideration concerning blacks and mulattoes." See their message of June 18, 1844, given in Bancroft's History of Oregon. Vol. I, pp. 429, 430.

[2] In 1845 the legislature refused to call their articles of government a "constitution" but referred to it in submitting a revision to the people for approval as a "compact."

[3] Quoted by Robertson: *Ibid*, p. 39. In the "Organic Law" drafted in June, 1845, and adopted by the people at an election July 26, all specific reference to Iowa's laws was omitted. See "organic and other general laws of Oregon," 1843-1872, pp. 46-51.

rather than those of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, or Massachusetts? Why, after the resolution directing the use of the laws of New York, did the committee set them aside and select the laws of the new Territory on this side the Mississippi? Did the members of that committee that met in the barn of the Methodist Mission have before them the statutes of these several States and after due examination and deliberation decided that the laws of Iowa were most fit for their circumstances? What suggested and what induced the adoption of the committee's report that the laws of Iowa should be adopted? In 1843 Iowa was but little more than a name to the people of the East, let alone to the pioneers of that remote Northwest. It could hardly be that many of Iowa's first settlers had left our eastern counties and journeyed across the Missouri and over the mountains, or around by Darien and up the coast and found lodgment in the valleys of the Columbia.[1] Bancroft asserts that the early settlers in Oregon were not familiar with the laws of Iowa which they had adopted.[2] What then led to their adoption?

It is not unlikely that some of the committee that drew up the original draft for the articles providing for the Provisional Government possessed or happened to get possession of a copy of the Iowa laws enacted in 1838-39, and thus it was mere chance, and the urgency of circumstances, that pressed the settlers on to the speedy establishment of some form of government that brought about the transplanting of Iowa's first laws to Oregon. It is to be recalled that the Territorial Printer at Burlington was delayed for months in publishing our first laws because he could not get a copy of

[1] There is evidence that Iowans were very much interested in Oregon and in the emigration to the Columbia. In April, 1843, was organized at Bloomington, Iowa, (now Muscatine) the "Oregon Emigration Company." David Hendershott (a member of the third legislature of Iowa that met at Burlington in 1841) presided at the meeting April 1. On April 19, a mass meeting was held at Bloomington, in which Geo. M. Hinkley of Louisa County was in the chair and it was decided to favor the organization of a company to start for Oregon May 10. See extracts taken from *Iowa Territorial Gazette* and other papers given in the Oregon Historical Quarterly. Vol. 2, pp 191-192, pp. 390-392 and vol. 4, pp. 177-178 and pp. 403-404.

[2] See H. H. Bancroft's History of Oregon. Vol. I, p. 428.

the statutes.[1] So that it is not at all improbable the pioneer law-makers of Oregon had only the choice of the Iowa statutes or nothing.

Another explanation may be ventured, however, that is worthy of consideration. As previously stated, Senator Lewis F. Linn, of Missouri, was an ardent champion of the establishment of our national authority in the disputed region in the Northwest. Between February 7, 1838, and his death in 1843, he introduced a number of bills and resolutions, and made various reports, all looking to the same end. On December 16, 1841, Senator Linn introduced a bill in the Senate relative to the Oregon Territory that, among other provisions, extended the civil and criminal laws of Iowa over all of the territory west of the Missouri River, south of latitude 49 degrees, north of the boundary of Texas and east of the Rocky Mountains. In addition, the jurisdiction of Iowa was extended over all the country from the mountains to the ocean between latitudes 42 and 54 degrees. The bill also provided that two associate justices of the supreme court of Iowa, in addition to those already appointed for Iowa, were to be placed in charge of two judicial districts to be established in the region there specified, wherein they were to conduct district courts after the manner pursued in the courts of Iowa. This bill was referred to a select committee which reported favorably, but before it came up for consideration, Lord Ashburton arrived in Washington to negotiate with Webster with a view to an adjustment of the boundary disputes then endangering the peace between England and the United States. On account of the delicate situation the Senate did not debate the Linn bill until 1843, when, after a lively debate, the bill passed the Senate February 3, 1843, by a vote of 24 to 22;[2] but it failed in the House.

[1] Annals, vol. V, 3d series, p. 358. Note of the writer in "Chapters in Iowa's Financial History."

[2] See Benton's "Thirty Years View," vol. II, pp. 470-482, where the bill is given in part. There is no indication in Senator Linn's speech of the reasons that led him to provide for the adoption of the laws of Iowa. See Linn's speech in reply to that of Senator McDuffie in opposition: Congressional Globe, 1842-43; pp. 149-155.

Here again a question offers, why did a senator from Missouri urge the imposition of the laws of Iowa upon the people of Oregon? Why not those of Missouri, or Illinois, or Michigan, rather than those of a fledgling territory? Two explanations suggest themselves.

The first explanation is that Iowa was adjacent to the Territory in controversy. It was consequently simply a matter of course that Senator Linn should propose to extend over Oregon and the intervening region the government and laws of the territory lying next to the lands in question. The second is that Lewis F. Linn, Benton's colleague in the Senate, was a half brother of Henry Dodge, the first Governor of Wisconsin and Iowa. They saw much of each other during this period in Linn's career; for from 1841 to 1845 Dodge was the territorial delegate of Wisconsin in Congress. It is not, therefore, a violent presumption to believe that in the course of their intimate conversations, Dodge gave Linn much sage counsel and made suggestions that the latter made use of. It would not be strange if Dodge should urge upon Linn the wisdom of making use of the Iowa laws, made up as they were chiefly of statutes that he, Dodge, himself had helped to frame in the Council of Michigan, or had signed as Governor of Wisconsin. The Iowa laws reproduced the traditional institutions and methods of administration common to the free States carved out of the Northwest Territory. Hence, it would be polite for a Missourian, in those days when slavery was charging the air with suspicion of everything that came from south of Mason's line, if he wished to secure Northern sentiment in favor of his bill, to urge the adoption of the laws of a territory like Iowa.

Now, it is more than probable that the nature of the provisions of Linn's bill had by 1843 become known to the pioneers in Oregon. Learning that the laws of Iowa were those urged for their government by their staunchest friends in the halls of Congress, it would have been the natural and the diplomatic thing, if such a suggestion is not preposterous, for the committee that drew up the articles for the Provis-

ional Government that were formally adopted by the Oregonians July 5, 1843, to have of set purpose adopted the laws of Iowa because their action would then commend itself to the friends of the Territory in the East.

The attention of Judge C. B. Bellinger was called to Dr. Herriott's paper and to the notes of Bancroft and Brown. The work of Judge Bellinger on the Oregon Codes, and his special interest in the period of the Provisional Government, make his statement on this matter valuable, if not conclusive. He submits the following:

"I attach no importance to the Bancroft footnote. It is a mere guess of the writer, and is not supported by any known fact. If there had been such a copy as Bancroft refers to, it is probable that the meeting of July 5, 1843, which adopted the laws recommended by the legislative committee appointed at the meeting of May 2nd preceding, would have adopted the New York instead of the Iowa laws. There is nothing to explain a change in the predeliction for the New York laws shown by the meeting of 1841, unless it is the fact that the legislative committee became possessed of the laws of the State of Iowa, and had no other. Brown is to be relied on rather than Bancroft. I knew Brown intimately. It is probable that Brown's authority is Gray, and Gray is the only person, so far as appears, who could speak from actual knowledge. Gray says, of the proceedings of the meeting of 1841, 'I query whether there was a single copy of the laws of that State (New York) in the country for ten years after the last resolution (the resolution of 1841) was passed. I know there was none at the time, and only a single copy of the laws of Iowa two years after.' Gray's History of Oregon, p. 201. Gray's statement ought to be conclusive of the matter. He was a member of the legislative committee of July, 1843. The members of that committee were evidently without legislative experience or legal knowledge. Some of the members of the committee were opposed to sitting with open

doors, because they 'did not want to expose their ignorance of making laws.' They feared that they 'might be ashamed of what they had done.' In such a case copies of the laws of other States, by which to model their own acts, would be invaluable. They happened to have the laws of Iowa, and nothing else, and so these laws were adopted. They were adopted because of the copy which the committee possessed, and that was reason enough. There could be no question about adopting the laws of Missouri, since there wasn't a copy of the laws of that State in the country at the time. Professor Herriott probably assumes that the framers of the Provisional Government of July, 1843, were mainly immigrants from the states of Iowa and Missouri, as was the case with reference to the population after the immigration of the fall of 1843. As a matter of fact, the framers of the original Provisional Government were missionaries, lay members, and Rocky Mountain men, together with some of the representatives of the Hudson Bay Company. It is doubtful if either Iowa or Missouri was represented upon the legislative committee in question. Gray was a New York man, and was an active promoter in the organization. I believe that most of the other American members of that committee were from New York, or other extreme Eastern States. Newell, one of the mountain men, was, I believe, originally from Ohio. The provisions of the Linn bill for the extension of the laws of Iowa over Oregon, were probably not known by the members of that committee, and there is nothing to indicate that the question of anti-slavery opposition to the adoption of Oregon by the General Government was ever thought of. Gray has undertaken to give a full report of the proceedings of the committee, and a matter of that importance, if it had been discussed, or even thought of, would certainly have been referred to in the proceedings which he has reported. Anent Dr. Herriott's suggestion that the laws of Iowa, rather than those of Missouri, were adopted for fear of anti--slavery influence in opposition to the recognition of the new government, the pro-slavery influence in Congress would likely have

been equally dangerous to the aspirations of the promoters of the Provisional Government. It would have been the policy of the legislative committee to have steered between Scylla and Charybdis by picking out the statutes wanted, and adopting them as original enactments, and so avoid the danger of offending the susceptibilities of either party by showing partiality for the laws of any particular State. It would be interesting if a history of that lone Iowa statutes could be obtained. The long and short of the matter is, that the legislative committee adopted the laws of Iowa because they had the laws of Iowa, and no other laws."

J. Quinn Thornton, in his "Oregon and California," (vol. II, p. 31) published in 1849, in mentioning reasons why organization was not effected in 1841, says: "They were, too, without either books (excepting one copy of the Iowa statutes), to which to refer for assistance in framing their laws, or a press upon which to print them when framed." Doctor Herriott's first surmise seems then to have the strongest foundation.—EDITOR.

"RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER"—CONTINUED.

By Peter H. Burnett.

CHAPTER IV.

Rocky Mountain Trappers—Their Peculiar Character—Black Harris—Joseph L. Meek—O. Russell—Robert Newell.

When we arrived in Oregon we found there a number of Rocky Mountain hunters and trappers, who were settled in the Willamette Valley, most of them in the Tualatin Plains. The invention of the silk hat had rendered the trapping of beaver less profitable. Besides, most of these men had married Indian women, and desired to settle down for life. They had been too long accustomed to frontier life to return to their old homes. Oregon offered them the best prospects for the future. Here was plenty of land for nothing, and a fine climate.

These trappers and hunters constituted a very peculiar class of men. They were kind and genial, brave and hospitable, and, in regard to serious matters, truthful and honest. There was no malice in them. They never made mischief between neighbor and neighbor. But most of them were given to exaggeration, when relating their Rocky Mountain adventures. They seemed to claim the privilege of romance and fabe when describing these scenes. As exceptions to this rule, I will mention Judge O. Russell, now living in El Dorado County, California, and Robert Newell, now deceased. Their statements could be relied upon implicitly.

Having been so long accustomed to the idle life of the Rocky Mountains, they were not at first pleased with the hard work and drudgery of farming. Meek told me that soon after their arrival in Oregon they applied to Dr. McLoughlin to purchase supplies on credit. This application

sistently, and finally asked the Doctor what they should do,
sistently, and, finally asked the Doctor what they should do.
He replied in a loud voice: "Go to work! go to work! go to work!" Meek said that was just the thing they did not wish to do.

The romancing Rocky Mountain trapper would exercise his inventive talent to its utmost extent in telling the most extraordinary stories of what he claimed he had seen, and he that could form the most extravagant fiction, with a spice of plausibility in it, was considered the greatest wit among them. The love of fame is inherent in the breast of man; and the first man in a village is just as proud of his position at the first man in a city or in an empire.

I knew, in Missouri, the celebrated Black Harris, as he was familiarly called, and was frequently in his company. He, perhaps, invented the most extraordinary stories of them all, and thenceforward he had no rival. He said that on one occasion he was hunting in the Rocky Mountains alone, and came in sight of what he supposed to be a beautiful grove of green timber; but, when he approached it, he found it to be a perified forest; and, *so sudden* had been the process of petrification, that the green leaves were all petrified, and the very birds that were then singing in the grove were also petrified in the act of singing, because their mouths were still open in the petrified state. This story I did not myself hear from Harris, but I learned it from good authority.

From these Rocky Mountain trappers I learned something in regard to that interesting animal, the beaver. Many persons suppose, from the fact that the beaver is always found along the streams, that he lives, like the otter, on fish. This is a mistake. The beaver lives entirely upon vegetable food, and for this reason its flesh is esteemed a great delicacy. The animal feeds mainly upon the bark of the willow tree, which grows in abundance along the rich, moist margins of the streams, and is a very soft wood, easily cut by the beaver, with his large, sharp teeth. In countries where the streams freeze over in winter, the beaver makes his dam across the

stream of mud and brush, so intermixed as to make the structure safe and solid. In this work he uses his fore-paws, not his tail, as some have supposed. The tail is used as a propelling and steering power in swimming. The object in damming the stream is to deepen the water, so that it will not freeze to the bottom, but leave plenty of room below the ice for the storage of the winter's supply of food. In summer the beaver cuts down the green willows, and divides them into logs of proper length, so that they can be readily moved. These logs are deposited at the bottom of the pond, and kept down by mud placed upon them. The willow in its green state is almost as heavy as water, and these logs are easily sunk and confined to the bottom. On one portion of his dam the beaver constructs his house, above the water, with an entrance from beneath. This gives him a warm home and safe retreat in winter.

The mode of trapping the beaver is peculiar. The trap itself is never baited. The animal has in his body a secretion something like musk. The trapper finds out the home of the beaver, and selects a place on the side of the pond where the water is shallow near the shore; and there, in the edge of the stream, he drives down a stake of hard, seasoned wood, which the beaver can not cut. To this stake he fastens a chain that is attached to the trap, and then sets the trap in water some six inches deep. On the shore, exactly opposite the trap, he places a bait of the secretion. The beaver always swims up the center of the pond, and when he comes immediately opposite the bait he turns at right angles and goes straight toward it, but is caught in the trap while passing over it. So soon as he feels the trap he endeavors to escape, and drags the trap into deep water as far as the chain will permit. The steel trap is so heavy that the beaver can not possibly swim with it, but is confined by its weight to the bottom, and is there drowned, as the beaver, like other amphibious animals, can remain alive under water only for a limited time.

The beaver is easily tamed, and makes a very docile and

interesting pet. He is remarkably neat and cleanly in his habits, as much so as the domestic cat, and almost as much so as the ermine, which never permits its snow-white covering to be soiled.

I am not aware that any wild animal, except the glutton, ever preys upon the beaver or otter. Their terrible teeth are most formidable weapons, and few wild animals would venture to attack them. Besides, they are covered with a large, loose skin and thick fur, so that the teeth of another animal can hardly reach a vital part. It is a well-known fact that one otter will vanquish a number of large, brave dogs. Every bite of the otter leaves a large gash, like that made by the huge tusks of the wild boar.

Among the most noted of these trappers was my neighbor and friend, Joseph L. Meek, whose life has been written by Mrs. Victor, of Oregon. Meek was a tall man, of fine appearance—a most genial, kind, and brave spirit. He had in his composition no malice, no envy, and no hatred. I do not remember ever to have heard that he had a personal difficulty with any one. In relating his Rocky Mountain adventures, he was given, like a majority of his comrades, to exaggeration.

His comrades told a story upon him, which he admitted to me was true. A party of them, while in the Rocky Mountains, were one day stopping to rest, when they saw a band of hostile Indians, mounted and charging down upon them, at the distance of a few hundred yards. Meek and his comrades mounted their animals in the hottest haste; but the fine mule Meek was riding became sullen and would not budge. Meek screamed out at the top of his voice: "Boys, stand your ground! We can whip 'em. Stand your ground, boys!" But his comrades were of a different opinion, and were fleeing from the Indians as fast as possible. However, as the Indians approached, Meek's mule began to comprehend the situation, changed its mind, and set iff at its utmost speed in pursuit of its companions. In a short time Meek and his mule were alongside of the fleeing hunters; and very soon Meek passed them, whipping his mule and crying out most lustily:

"Come on, boys! We can't fight 'em! Come on, boys! Come on!"

I remember a story Meek told to myself and four others, as we were returning from Oregon City to our homes in the Tualatin Plains. He said that on one occesion he was out hunting by himself, some four hundred miles from Brown's Cove, in the Rocky Mountains, where his company were staying, and that one night his horse escaped, leaving him afoot. He started on foot, with his rifle on his shoulder; but the first day he lost the lock of his gun, so that he could kill no game. The result was, that he walked that long distance, less 15 miles, in eight days, and without anything to eat, except one thistle-root, and that purged him like medicine. He said that toward the end of his trip he would often become blind, fall down, and remain unconscious for some time; then recover, and pursue his painful journey. At last, in this way, he reached a point within 15 miles of Brown's Cove, where one of his comrades happened to find him, and took him into camp.

I replied: "That was a most extraordinary adventure, Joe; and, while I don't pretend to question your veracity in the least, don't you really think you might safely fall a snake or two in the distance?" He declared it was four hundred miles. "But," said I, "may you not be mistaken in the time?" He insisted he was only eight days in making the trip on foot. "But, Joe," I continued, "don't you think you may be mistaken as to the time in this way? When you had those attacks of blindness, fell down, and then came to again, don't you think you might have mistaken it for a new day?" He said he was not mistaken. "Then," said I, "this thing of walking four hundred miles in eight days, with nothing at all to eat, and being physicked into the bargain, is the most extraordinary feat ever performed by man." He said no man could tell how much he could stand until he was forced to try; and that men were so healthy in the Rocky Mountains, and so used to hard times, that they could perform wonders.

Meek was a droll creature, and at times very slovenly in

his dress. One day in summer I called for him, sitting on my horse at his yard fence. He came to the door and put his head out, but would not come to the fence, because his pantaloons were so torn and ragged. He was then sheriff; and at the next term of our circuit court I drew up a fictitious indictment against him, charging him with notorious public indecency; had it endorsed on the back: "People of Oregon vs. Joseph L. Meek. Notorious Public Indecency. A true bill," and quietly placed it among the real indictments. Very soon Meek was looking through the bundle of indictments, and found this one against himself. He, of course, supposed it genuine; and it would have amused an invalid to see the expression of his face. I soon told him it was only a joke, which was apparent upon the face of the indictment, as it had not the signatures of the proper officers.

On one occasion he came to my house, wearing one of the most splendid new white figured-silk vests that I had ever seen, while the remainder of his dress was exceedingly shabby. He was like a man dressed in a magnificent ruffled shirt, broadcloth coat, vest, and pantaloons, and going barefoot.

The second or third year after my arrival in Oregon, and in the month of October, before the rainy season set in, I was about to start for Oregon City with a load of wheat, to secure a winter's supply of flour, when Meek asked me to let him put ten bushels in the wagon, and he would go with me. I said all right; that I would be at his place the next morning early, with my wagon and team, and for him to have his wheat ready. He promised he would. According to my promise, I was at his house next morning by eight; but Meek had to run his wheat through the fan, and put it into the sacks. The result was that I had to help him, and it was ten by the time we were loaded up. In a great hurry, I asked him if he had anything to eat, as I only had some bread in the wagon, the only thing I could bring. I saw he was rather embarrassed, and said: "Have you any meat?" "No!" "Have you any butter?" "No!" "What, then, have you?" "Plenty of squashes." I said: "Roll them in." He soon

brought as many squashes as his long arms and big hands could carry, put them into the wagon, and were off. I drove the team and he rode his horse.

On the way Meek rode ahead of me, and overtook Mr. Pomeroy, going to Oregon City with a wagon loaded with fresh beef. Meek, in a good-humored, bantering way, said: "Pomeroy, I have an execution against you, and I can not let you take that beef out of this county." Pomeroy, with equal good-humor, replied: "Meek, it is a hard case to stop a man on the way to market, where he can sell his beef, and get the money to pay his debts." "Well," said Meek, "it does look a little hard, but I propose a compromise. Burnett and I will have nothing to eat to-night but bread and squashes. Now, if you will let us have beef enough for supper and breakfast, I will let you off." Pomeroy laughed and told Meek to help himself. When we encamped, about sundown, some eight miles from the city, Meek did help himself to some choice ribs of beef, and we had a feast. I had had nothing to eat since the morning of that day but bread, and I was hungry after my hard drive. I roasted the squashes and Meek the beef, and we had a splendid supper. I found this beef almost equal to buffalo-meat. We both ate too much, and Meek complained that his supper had given him "the rotten belches."

I have already mentioned the name of Judge O. Russell as one of the Rocky Mountain men. He is a native of the state of Maine, and came to the mountains when a young man, in pursuit of health. All his comrades agreed that he never lost his virtuous habits, but always remained true to his principles. He was never married. He was at one time one of the executive committee of our Provisional Government in Oregon, and most faithfully did he perform his duty. He is a man of education and of refined feelings. After the discovery of gold he came to the mines, and has been engaged in mining in El Dorado County, California, ever since.

When in Oregon, he was occasionally a guest at my house, and would for hours entertain us with descriptions of moun-

tain life and scenery. His descriptive powers were fine, and he would talk until a late hour at night. My whole family were deeply attentive, and my children yet remember the Judge with great pleasure. He was always a most welcome guest at my house. He did not tell so many extraordinary stories as the average Rocky Mountain trapper and hunter, but those he did tell were true. I remember one instance.

He said that he and a colored man were out hunting together on one occasion, and wounded a large grizzly bear. A grizzly bear, when wounded, will rush upon the hunter if near him; but, if at a distance from the hunter, the animal will retire into thick brush, and there conceal himself as well as possible. In this case, the bear crept into a small but thick patch of willows, and so concealed himself that the hunters had to approach very near before they could obtain a shot. The Judge and his comrade, with loaded and cocked rifles in hand, separately approached, on different sides, almost to the edge of the thicket, when the grizzly, with a loud, ferocious cry, suddenly sprang to his feet and rushed toward the Judge, and, when within a few feet of him, reared upon his hind legs, with his ears thrown back, his terrible jaws distended, and his eyes gleaming with rage. The Judge said that he knew that to retreat was death, and that the only chance was to make a sure shot. With the accuracy and courage of a skillful hunter, he fired as the bear stood up, and gave him a fatal shot through the heart. The bear fell, and the colored man came up as pale as a colored man could be, and exclaimed, "that was a 'roshus animal."

Robert Newell was a native of the state of Ohio, and came to the Rocky Mountains when a young man. He was of medium height, stout frame, and fine face. He was full of humanity, good-will, genial feeling, and frankness. He possessed a remarkable memory, and, though slow of speech, his narrations were most interesting. In his slow, hesitating manner, he would state every minute circumstance in its proper place, and the hearer was most amply compensated in the end for his time and patience. I knew him well, and have

often listened to his graphic description of incidents that came under his observation while he was in the service of the Missouri Fur Company. I remember a very interesting narration which I heard from him. I can only give the substance.

The hired men of the company were mostly employed in trapping beaver and otter. A war grew up between the whites and Indians, as usual.. It was not desirable to the company, and its manager made efforts to secure peace. For this purpose he consulted with Newell, and asked him if he would be willing to go as a commissioner to the Crow Indians to treat for peace. Newell consented, upon condition that he should only take with him an interpreter and a cook.

With these two men Newell boldly made his way to the Crow camp. The Indian chiefs assembled in the council-lodge, and the orator on the part of the tribe brought in a bundle of small sticks. He commenced and stated an aggressive wrong against the Crows on the part of the whites, and demanded for that a certain number of blankets. Having done this he laid aside one stick, and then proceeded to state another grievance and to lay aside another stick, and so on until the bundle was exhausted. The number of these complaints was great, and the amount of merchandise demanded far exceeded the ability of the company to pay.

Newell said that while this process was going on he felt himself almost overwhelmed. He could not make a detailed statement of wrongs committed by the Indians against the whites sufficient to balance this most formidable account. He had not prepared himself with a mass of charges and a bundle of sticks to refresh his memory. In this emergency he determined to take a bold, frank position, and come directly to the point by a short and comprehensive method. When it came to his turn to speak he told the council that he was sent as the mere agent of the company, and was not authorized to enter into any stipulation for payment to either party; that he did not come to count over the wrongs committed in the past; that both parties had done wrong often, and it was

difficult to say which party had been oftenest or most to blame; that he came to bury the past and to stipulate for peace in the future, and wished to know of them whether they would mutually agree to be friends for the time to come. This was the best possible ground to be taken, and so pleased the assembled chiefs that they entered into a treaty of peace.

But, a very short time after this treaty was made, and before Newell and his two men had left, a sad accident occurred that well nigh cost Newell his life. One night before bedtime, the cook had hung a small kettle above the fire in Newell's lodge, and had pretty well filled it with choice pieces of fat buffalo meat, with intent to have a feast. After doing this, the careless cook went out, and the kettle boiled over; and the first thing that Newell saw was the fire blazing out at the top of the lodge. When he first saw it he was at the lodge of one of the chiefs, a short distance off. In the hurry and confusion of the moment Newell ran to his lodge, seized the kettle, and gave it a sudden sling, and it happened to strike an Indian in the face and scalded him terribly. The Indian gave a loud scream, which at once aroused all the camp. The excitement was terrific. The act could not be denied, and the injury was palpable and most grievous. It was thought that both the eyes of the Indian had been put out; and his friends and kindred were vehement and loud in their demands for punishment. The principal chief at once summoned a council to consider the case. The chiefs met in the council lodge, while the people, including men, women, and children, squatted in front of the door, leaving a narrow passage for the prisoner, with his interpreter, to enter the lodge. Newell said that as they passed through this enraged mass of people they exhibited the utmost hatred against him, especially the women, who manifested their intense animosity in every way, by word, and gesture. In passing by them, they would lean away and shrink from him, as if his touch was pollution itself.

When he entered the dimly lighted council lodge all was grim and profound silence. Not a work was spoken, nor a move

made, for some time. Then one of the chiefs commenced howling like a large wolf, the imitation being almost perfect. After he had ceased there was again profound silence for some moments; and then another chief successfully imitated the fierce cry of the panther; and then, after another pause, a third chief most energetically imitated the loud cry of an enraged grizzly bear. He said that he had never witnessed a scene of terror equal to this. All the chiefs except the principal one seemed to be his enemies. He thought his chance of escape exceedingly small.

The head chief was an old man of superior native intellect, and, though uneducated, he understood human nature. He seemed to comprehend the case well. He could see no malicious motive for the act. He told Newell to state the facts to the council truly, and he thought there might be some hope for him.

Newell, through his interpreter, stated to them all the facts as they occurred; and this just statement, and Newell's manly and honest face, and frank manner, had a great effect upon the principal members of the council. It was also found that the poor Indian had not been so severely hurt as at first supposed, and that his sight was not totally destroyed. The council sat nearly all night, and then decided to postpone the case until time should show the extent of the injury. In the meantime Newell and his companions were not allowed to depart, but were to be detained until the case should be finally decided.

But another painful incident soon occurred that seriously imperiled their lives.

One day an Indian horseman was seen to approach the camp rapidly; and, when within some hundred yards, he dismounted, rolled up his buffalo robe, took hold of one end of the roll, and slowly and solemnly swung it around his head several times; then folded it up, and sat upon it, and brought both his open hands slowly down his face several times in succession. The Indians in camp at once understood the sad significance of these signs. They knew that he was a mes-

senger, sent to inform them that the smallpox had broken out at another camp of their tribe. He would not come near, for fear of communicating the disease to them.

Newell said that he had never witnessed such a scene of sorrow as this. The women and children filled the camp with their loud wailings and bitter lamentations; and despair sat upon the countenances of the men. The Indians were now more hostile than ever, because they believed that this terrible scourge, far worse to them than war itself, had been introduced by the trappers. They knew that this fell disease was never heard of in their country until white men appeared among them. They thronged around Newell and his comrades, and it seemed that they would slaughter them outright.

But the old chief was equal to the occasion. He at once mounted his horse and rode through the camp, saying to all that it was useless to weep and lament, and ordering the people to pack up at once and be off for the Wind River Mountain. This order was instantly obeyed; the cries and lamentations at once ceased, and Newell said he never saw lodges so quickly taken down and packed up as he did on this occasion. In less than one hour the whole camp was on the march to the place mentioned. In due time they arrived safely at the Wind River Mountain, where the sky was clear, the climate cool and healthy, and game abundant. It being in midsummer, the deer had followed up the melting snows to crop the fresh grass as soon as it sprang up just below the snow line, and to be in a cool atmosphere, where the flies would not torment them. Here the Indians recovered from their alarm and excitement. Not a case of smallpox appeared in camp. All were healthy and had plenty to eat. The poor fellow that was scalded recovered in this healthy locality, and was not so seriously injured as was at first supposed. Newell became popular with the Indians, and they at last let him depart in peace.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Soon after my arrival at Linnton,, I was consulted as to the right of the people of Oregon to organize a Provisional Gov-

ernment. At first I gave my opinion against it, thinking we had no such right; but a few weeks' reflection satisfied me that we had such a right, and that necessity required us to exercise it. Communities, as well as individuals, have the natural right of self-defense; and it is upon this ground that the right to institute governments among men must ultimately rest. This right of self-preservation is bestowed upon man by his Creator.

We found ourselves placed in a new and very embarrassing position. The right of sovereignty over the country was in dispute between the United States and Great Britain, and neither country could establish any government over us. Our community was composed of American citizens and British subjects, occupying the same country as neighbors, with all their respective natural prejudices and attachments, and so distant from the mother countries as to be to a great extent beyond the reach of home influences. We had, therefore, a difficult population to govern; but this fact only rendered government the more necessary.

We also found, by actual experiment, that some political government was a necessity. Though political government be imperfect, it is still a blessing, and necessary for the preservation of the race. Without it, the strongest and most reckless characters in the community would be tyrants over the others. The theory of the wandering savage, to leave the kindred of the murdered victim to revenge his death, would not answer for a civilized race of men. The weak and timid, the peaceful and conscientious, and those who had no kindred, could not be protected under such a theory. Without any law but that of individual self-defense, we found it impossible to get along in peace. When a person died, the worst characters could seize upon his estate under some pretense or other, and defeat the just rights of defenseless heirs. So long as these violent, bad men had only to overcome and defeat single individuals, they had no fears. It is only when the combined force of a whole community is brought to bear

upon these desperadoes that they can be effectually kept in order.

As we could not, with any exact certainty, anticipate the time when the conflicting claims of the two contending governments would be settled, we determined to organize a Provisional Government for ourselves. In this undertaking our British neighbors ultimately joined us with good will, and did their part most faithfully, as did our American citizens.

I was a member of "the Legislative Committee of Oregon" of 1844. It was composed of nine members elected by the people, and consisted of only one house. The year before, the people of Oregon had substantially organized a Provisional Government; but the organization was imperfect, as is necessarily the case in the beginning of all human institutions. We improved upon their labors, and our successors improved upon ours.

Our legislative committee held two sessions, one in June, and the other in December of that year, each session lasting only a few days. In our then condition, we had but little time to devote to public business. Our personal needs were too urgent, and our time too much occupied in making a support for our families. Our legislation, however, was ample for the time. There was then no printing establishment in Oregon. We passed an act in relation to land claims, the first section of which provided that "all persons who have heretofore made, or shall hereafter make permanent improvements upon a place, with a *bona fide* intention of occupying and holding the same for himself, and shall continue to occupy and cultivate the same, shall be entitled to hold 640 acres, and shall hold only one claim at the same time; *provided*, a man may hold town lots in addition to his claim." The seventh and last section gave all persons complying with the provisions of the act "the remedy of forcible entry and detainer against intruders, and the action of trespass against trespassers." This act was passed June 25, 1844. It will be seen that the remedy against intruders was simple, cheap,

quick, and efficient, and well adapted to existing circumstances.

By an act passed June 27, 1844, the executive power was vested in a single person, to be elected at the then next annual election by the people, and at the annual election to be held every two years thereafter, to hold his office for the term of two years, and receive an annual salary of $300. By the same act the judicial power was vested in the circuit courts, and in the justices of the peace; and the act provided that one judge should be elected by the qualified voters at the annual election, who should hold his office for one year, and whose duty it was to hold two terms of the circuit court in each county every year; and for his services he should receive an annual salary of $500, and also legal fees for probate business. By the same act the legislative power was vested in a house of representatives, composed of members elected annually by the people.

The first section of the third article of the same act was as follows:

Section 1. All the statute laws of Iowa Territory passed at the first session of the legislative assembly of said Territory, and not of a local character, and not incompatible with the condition and circumstances of this country, shall be the law of this government, unless otherwise modified; and the common law of England and principles of equity, not modified by the statutes of Iowa or of this government, and not incompatible with its principles, shall constitute a part of the law of this land.

Article V was in these words:

Section 1. All officers shall be elected by the people once a year, unless otherwise provided, at a general election to be held in each county on the first Tuesday in June in each year, at such places as shall be designated by the judge of the circuit court.

Sec. 2. As many justices of the peace and constables shall be elected from time to time as shall be deemed necessary by the circuit court of each county.

The seventh article fixed the time of holding the terms of the circuit courts in the several counties, and gave the judge

the power to designate the several places of holding said terms by giving one month's notice thereof.

We also passed on June 24th an act consisting of eight sections, prohibiting the importation, distillation, sale, and barter of ardent spirits. For every sale or barter the offender was to pay a fine of $20; and for establishing and carrying on a distillery, the offender was subject to be indicted before the circuit court as for a nuisance, and, if convicted, to a fine of $100; and it was made the duty of the court to issue an order directing the sheriff to seize and destroy the distilling apparatus, which order the sheriff was bound to execute.

On June 22d an act containing 26 sections was passed concerning roads and highways. On December 24th an act was passed allowing the voters of Oregon at the annual election of 1845 to give their votes for or against the call of a convention.

The following act in relation to Indians was passed December 23d:

Whereas, The Indians inhabiting this country are rapidly diminishing, being now mere remnants of once powerful tribes, now disorganized, without government, and so situated that no treaty can be regularly made with them:

And Whereas, By an act passed in July 1843, this government has shown its humane policy to protect the Indians in their rights;

And Whereas, The Indians are not engaged in agriculture, and have no use for or right to any tracts, portions, or parcels of land, not actually occupied or used by them; therefore,

Be it enacted by the legislative committee of Oregon, as follows:

Section 1. That the Indians shall be protected in the free use of such pieces of vacant land as they occupy with their villages or other improvements, and such fisheries as they have heretofore used.

Sec. 2. That the executive power be required to see that the laws in regard to Indians be faithfully executed; and that whenever the laws shall be violated, the said Executive shall be empowered to bring suit in the name of Oregon against such wrong-doer in the courts of the country.

An act was passed on June 27th fixing the number of members of the next House of Representatives at 13, and apportioning the representation among the then five counties of Oregon.

All necessary local bills were passed, and our little government was put into practical and successful operation. Having adopted the general statutes of Iowa and the common law, we had a provision for every case likely to arise in so small a community.

At first the great difficulty was to make our little government efficient. Our people honestly differed very much in their views as to our right to institute government. In 1843 there were 52 affirmative and 50 negative votes. There were so many of our people who were conscientiously opposed to the organization of any government that we found it a delicate matter to use force against men whose motives we were sure were good. Still, government had to be practically enforced.

Joseph L. Meek was selected in May or July, 1843, for sheriff. He was the very man for the position. He was both as brave and as magnanimous as the lion. Do his duty he would, peacefully if possible, but forcibly if he must. If we had selected a rash or timid man for sheriff, we must have failed for a time. To be a government at all, the laws must be enforced.

Meek soon had his courage fully tested. A stout carpenter named Dawson was engaged in a fight in the winter of 1843-44, and a warrant was at once issued for his arrest, and placed in Meek's hands to be executed. Dawson was no doubt of opinion that we had no right to organize and enforce our government. Meek went to Dawson's shop, where he was at work at his bench with his jack-plane. Meek walked in, and said laughingly, "Dawson, I came for you." Dawson replied that Meek had come for the wrong man. Meek, still laughing, said again, "I came for you," and was about to lay his hands on Dawson, when the latter drew back with his jack-plane raised to strike. But Meek was not only stout,

but active and brave; and, seizing the plane, he wrested it by force from Dawson. Dawson at once turned around and picked up his broad-axe; but at the moment he faced Meek he found a cocked pistol at his breast. Meek, still laughing, said: "Dawson, I came for you. Surrender or die!" Very few men will persist under such circumstances; and Dawson, though as brave as most men, began to cry, threw down his broad-axe, and went with Meek without further objection. Dawson declared that, as *he* had to submit, every other man must; and he was no longer an enemy of our government.

This intrepid performance of his official duty so established Meek's character for true courage in the exercise of his office that he had little or no trouble in the future; and the authority of our little government was thus thoroughly established.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE—HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY THE EARLY SETTLERS.

We were a small, thinly settled community, poor and isolated from the civilized world. By the time we reached the distant shores of the Pacific, after a slow, wearisome journey of about two thousand miles, our little means were exhausted, and we had to begin life anew, in a new country. The wild game in Oregon was scarce and poor. The few deer that are found there seldom become fat. The wild fowls are plentiful in the winter, but they constitute an uncertain reliance for families settled some distance from their usual places of resort. Besides, we had no time to hunt them, and the weather was generally too wet to admit of it. Had the country contained the same amount and variety of wild game, wild fruits, and honey as were found in the Western States at an early day, our condition would have been better. But the only wild fruits we found were a variety of berries, such as blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, and cranberries, which were not only abundant, but of excellent quality. We only found one nut in the country, and that was the hazelnut in small quantities. There were no wild grapes or plums, and no honey.

For the first two years after our arrival the great difficulty was to procure provisions. The population being so much increased by each succeeding fall's immigration, provisions were necessarily scarce. Those who had been there for two years had plenty to eat; but after that the great trouble was to procure clothing, there being no raw materials in the country from which domestic manufacture could be made. We had no wool, cotton or flax.

But, after we had grown wheat and raised pork for sale, we had new difficulties in our way. Our friends were arriving each fall, with jaded teams, just about the time the long rainy season set in. The community was divided into two classes, old settlers, and new, whose views and interests clashed very much. Many of the new immigrants were childish; most of them discouraged, and all of them more or less embarrassed. Upon their arrival they found that those of us who preceded them had taken up the choice locations, and they were compelled either to take those that were inferior in quality or go farther from ship navigation.

There was necessarily, under the circumstances, a great hurry to select claims; and the newcomers had to travel over the country, in the rainy season, in search of homes. Their animals being poor, they found it difficult to get along as fast as they desired. Many causes combined to make them unhappy for the time being. The long rainy seasons were new to them, and they preferred the snow and frozen ground to the rain and mud. There were no hotels in the country, as there was nothing wherewith to pay the bills. The old settlers had necessarily to throw open their doors to the new immigrants, and entertain them free of charge. Our houses were small log cabins, and our bedding was scarce. The usual mode of travel was for each one to carry his blankets with him, and sleep upon the puncheon floor. Our families were often overworked in waiting upon others, and our provisions vanished before the keen appetites of our new guests. "They bred a famine wherever they went."

As illustrative of the then condition of things, I will relate

an incident which I had from good authority. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I had known in Missouri, came to Oregon in 1844, and selected a claim on the outskirts of the settlements. He was a man of fair means and had a large family. His place was upon the mainly traveled route which led to the valleys above and beyond him. The consequence was that he was overwhelmed with company. He had to travel many miles to secure his supplies, and had to transport them, especially in winter, upon pack-animals. He was a man of very hospitable disposition, but the burden was so great that he concluded he could not bear it. The travelers would eat him out of house and home. He determined, under the severe pressure of these circumstances, to put up a hotel sign. He went into the woods, cut down a tree, split out a slab some two feet long and one wide, shaved it off smooth on both sides with his drawing-knife, and wrote upon it with charcoal, "Entertainment," and swung it upon a pole before his door. The result was that travelers passed by without stopping, as they had naught wherewith to pay, and were too honest to pretend to be able. My friend said that for two months he had the greatest relief. His stock of provisions lasted much longer, and he was quite easy in his circumstances. But at the end of the two months he began to be lonesome; and by the time the third month had passed he became so lonely that he took down the sign, and after that he had plenty of company.

Our new immigrants not only grumbled much about the country and climate in general, but had also much to say against those of us who had written back to our friends, giving them a description of the country. In the winter of 1843-44 I had, while at Linnton, written some hundred and twenty-five foolscap pages of manuscript, giving a description of the journey and of the country along the route, as well as of Oregon. I had stated the exact truth, to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief; and my communications were published in the *New York Herald,* and were extensively read, es-

pecially in the Western States.* I, therefore, came in for my full share of censure. They accused me of misrepresentation.

In a letter I wrote on the Sweetwater, a tributary of the North Fork of the Platte, I stated that, up to that point, the road we had traveled was the finest natural route, perhaps, in the world. With out any regard to the place from which the letter bore date, they construed it as a description of the *entire* route. Consequently, whenever they came to any very bad road, they would most commonly say, "this is more of Burnett's fine road."

In my communications published in the *Herald,* I gave as much statistical information as I could well do, giving the prices of most kinds of personal property; and, among other articles mentioned, I stated that feathers were worth 37 1-2 cents a pound. Two or three years afterward, the demand having increased faster than the supply, the price went up to 62 1-2 cents. I was therefore accused of misrepresentation in this case. They would say: "Now, Burnett, here is a plain case. You said feathers were worth 37 1-2 cents, and we find them worth 62 1-2 cents." I would answer: "That seems to be too plain a case even for a lawyer to get around; yet, I have this to say, that I did not assume to act the prophet, but only the historian. I told you what the price was then, and not what it would be two or three years later."

I remember that on one occasion, in passing a house late in the fall, I saw that a new immigrant family occupied it, from the fact that it had previously stood vacant; and I determined to call. The lady told me the name of the State from which they came, gave me other particulars in regard to the family, and asked me how long I had been in the country. Finally she inquired for my name; and, when I told her it was Burnett, she said: "We abused you a great deal on the road. I suppose we ought not to have done it, but we did do it." I could not but laugh, there was such perfect frankness in her statement. It was the whole truth and no more.

* These letters are reprinted in the December Quarterly, 1902, (Vol. III, No. 4.

I said to her: "Madam, that makes no difference. On a trip like that some one must be abused, and it is well to be some one who is not present."

I made it a rule never to become irritated, and never to enter into any heated discussion with them in reference to the country or the journey to it. My usual plan was to listen kindly to their complaints. They often declared that the country was so poor they would return to their former homes. In such cases I would good humoredly reply that "misery loved company; that we found ourselves in a bad fix, and wanted our friends to come here to comfort us; that, as to their going back, it was out of the question; that, if the country was as poor as they supposed, they would never be able to get back; and, if it was not so bad as they believed, they would not wish to return; and that, anyhow, we had them just where we wanted them to be, and they had better make up their minds to stand it."

At any public gathering it was easy to distinguish the new from the old settlers.

> They were lank, lean, hungry, and tough;
> We were ruddy, ragged, and rough.

They were dressed in broadcloth, and wore linen-bosomed shirts and black cravats, while we wore very coarse, patched clothes; for the art of patching was understood to perfection in Oregon. But, while they dressed better than we did, we fed better than they. Of the two, we were rather the more independent. They wanted our provisions, while we wanted their materials for clothing. They, seeing our ragged condition, concluded that if they parted with their jeans, satinets, cottons, and calicoes, they would soon be as destitute as we were; and therefore they desired to purchase our provisions on credit, and keep their materials for future use. This plan did not suit us precisely. We reasoned in this way, that if they wished to place themselves in our ruddy condition, they should incur the risk of passing into our ragged state—they should take the good and bad together. We therefore insisted upon an exchange. After much grumbling

on their part, the parties ultimately came to an agreement. But in many cases the new immigrants had nothing to give in exchange, and we had to sell to them on credit.

I remember that a new immigrant purchased a place in my neighborhood one fall, and in the succeeding month of June came to my house and asked if I had any wheat in my garner. I told him I had, but I was compelled to purchase some clothing for my family, and my wheat was the only thing I had with which I could pay for the articles we required; that I could not see how we could do without, or how else to obtain them. He said his wife and children were without anything to eat, and that he had a good growing crop, and would give me three bushels after harvest for every bushel I would let him have now. I could not withstand such an appeal, and said I would furnish him with the wheat, and would only require the same quantity after harvest.

But the state of discontent on the part of the new immigrants was temporary, and only lasted during the winter. In the spring, when the thick clouds cleared away, and the grass and flowers sprang up beneath the kindling rays of a bright Oregon sun, their spirits revived with reviving nature; by the succeeding fall they had themselves become old settlers, and formed a part of us, their views and feelings in the meantime having undergone a total change.

It was interesting to observe the influence of new circumstances upon human character. Among the men who went to Oregon the year I did, some were idle, worthless young men, too lazy to work at home, and too genteel to steal; while some others were gamblers, and others were reputed thieves. But when they arrived in Oregon they were compelled to work or starve. It was a dire necessity. There were there no able relatives or indulgent friends upon whom the idle could quarter themselves, and there was little or nothing for the rogues to steal; and, if they could steal, there was no ready way by which they could escape into another community, and they could not conceal themselves in Oregon. I never saw so fine a population, as a whole community, as I

saw in Oregon most of the time I was there. They were all honest, because there was nothing to steal; they were all sober, because there was no liquor to drink; there were no misers, because there was no money to hoard, and they were all industrious, because it was work or starve.

In a community so poor, isolated, and distant, we had each one to depend upon his own individual skill and labor to make a living. My profession was that of the law, but there was nothing in my line worth attending to until some time after my arrival in Oregon. I was therefore compelled to become a farmer. But I had not only to learn how to carry on a farm by my own labor, but I had to learn how to do many other necessary things that were difficult to do. It was most difficult to procure shoes for myself and family. The Hudson's Bay Company imported its supply of shoes from England, but the stock was wholly inadequate to our wants, and we had no money to enable us to pay for them; and as yet there were no tan-yards in operation. One was commenced in my neighborhood in 1844, but the fall supply of leather was only tanned on the outside, leaving a raw streak in the center. It was undressed, not even curried. Out of this material I made shoes for myself, my eldest son, and a young hired man who was then living with me. To keep the shoes soft enough to wear through the day, it was necessary to soak them in water at night.

My father, in the early settlement of Missouri, was accustomed to tan his own leather, and make the shoes for the family. In my younger days he had taught me how to do coarse sewed work. But now I had to take the measures of the foot, make the last, fit the patterns to the last, cut out the leathers, and make the shoes. I had no last to copy from, never made one before, and had no one to show me how. I took the measures of all the family, and made what I supposed to be eight very nice lasts and upon them I made the shoes, using tanned deer-skin for the females and small boys. The shoes were not beautiful, nor all comfortable, as they were not all good fits.

In the fall of 1846 my brother, William, came to Oregon, and afterwards lived with me about nine months. He was a good mechanical genius, and could do well almost any kind of work. He could make a splendid last and a good boot. One day I showed him my lasts. He was too generous to wound the feelings of his elder brother by criticising his poor work. He said not a word, but in a few days thereafter he made a pair of right and left lasts for himself. I observed how he did it, and the moment the first last was about finished I saw that mine were very poor. They were almost flat, scarcely turning up at the toe at all. I quietly took my lasts and cast them into the fire, and then set to work and made an entire new set; and I never gave up the attempt until I succeeded in making not only a good last, but a good shoe.

In the course of about two years we had other tan-yards in successful operation, where we could have hides tanned on shares. I had in the meantime made a trade for a small herd of cattle; and after this I had an ample supply of good leather, and upon that point I was at ease.

The greatest difficulty I had to encounter for the want of shoes was in 1844. I had sown some three acres of wheat about the first of May, and it was absolutely necessary to enclose it by the first of June to make a crop. I did not commence plowing until about the 20th of April. My team was raw, and so was I, and it required several days' trial to enable us to do good work. While I was engaged in making and hauling rails to fence in my wheat, my old boots gave out entirely, and I had no time to look for a substitute. I was worse off than I was when without a hat in Bolivar, Tennessee.

I was determined to save my wheat at any sacrifice, and I therefore went barefoot. During the first week my feet were very sore; but after that there came a shield over them, so that I could work with great ease, and go almost anywhere except among thorns.

But we had another trouble on our hands. By permission of a neighbor of ours, a sincere minister, we were allowed to occupy temporarily the log cabin then used for a church,

upon condition that I would permit him to have services there every Sunday. Our minister was always regular in his attendance, and the congregation consisted of about thirty persons. I could not well absent myself from church, as it was my duty to attend. I therefore quietly took my seat in one corner of the building, where my bare feet would not be much noticed. The congregation collected, and the services went on as usual, with the addition of some church business, which happened to come up on that occasion. The sea-breeze set in early that day, and before the church business was finished it became quite cool. Our minister was a thin, spare man, very sensitive to cold, and requested me to make a fire in the stove. I did not hesitate a moment, but went through the congregation and made the fire. They wore moccasins, and stared at my bare feet as I passed.

There was no money in the country, and the usual currency consisted in orders for merchandise upon the stores, or wheat delivered at specified points. Our community had an ample opportunity to practically learn the value of a sound circulating medium. No one who has not had the practical experience can fully appreciate the true importance of such a medium as a great labor-saving device.

A savage people, who have little or no property to sell, and very few wants to gratify, may get along with a system of barter. An Indian generally has nothing to sell but furs and peltries, and wants nothing in return but arms, ammunition, blankets, tobacco, beads, and paint. All he wants he can find at one place, and all he has to dispose of he can readily bring to the same place. But the property of a civilized race of men is so various in kind, so large in amount, and the ownership and possession change so often, that a good circulating medium is a very great, if not an absolute, necessity. For example, a farmer may have a pair of oxen for sale, and may want a pair of plow-horses. In case there be no circulating medium, he will have great difficulty in making an exchange. He may find a number of persons who have plow-horses for sale, but none of them may want his oxen.

But should he, after much inquiry and loss of time and labor, succeed in finding some one who has a pair of plow-horses to exchange for a pair of oxen, most likely there will be a difference in value; and how shall this difference be adjusted?

In the course of my practice as a lawyer, I had received orders upon an American merchant at Oregon City until the amount to my credit upon his books was $49. I called upon him to take up the amount in goods; and he said to me: "Judge, my stock is now very low, and I would suggest to you to wait until my new goods shall arrive from Honolulu. I am going there to purchase a new supply, and will return as soon as I can." I readily assented to this suggestion.

After waiting about three months I heard he had returned with his new stock; and Mrs. Burnett and myself set about making out a memorandum of what we wanted. But the great difficulty was to bring our wants within our means. After several trials we made up our memorandum, consisting mostly of drygoods,, and only six pounds of sugar. I went to Oregon City, and at once called upon the merchant. I asked him if he had any satinets? None. Any jeans? None. Any calico? None. Any brown cotton? None. I then asked what he had. He said tools of various kinds, such as carpenters' implements, and others. He said he feared I would think the prices high, as he had to pay high prices, and must make a little profit upon his purchases. This statement was no doubt true. He had purchased in a market where the stocks were limited and the prices high.

I then made a selection of several implements that I had not on my memorandum, which amounted in all to about thirteen dollars, and found the prices more than double those at Vancouver. I became tired of paying such prices for articles I could do without for the time, and inquired if he had any brown sugar, and at what price. He said plenty, at 12 1-2 cents a pound. This was the usual price, and I replied at once that I would take the balance in sugar. I went home knowing that we had sugar enough to last for a long time,

and that we could use Oregon tea. There grows among the fir timber of that country a small aromatic vine which makes a very pleasant tea, about as good as the tea made from the sassafrass root in the Western States.

On another occasion, while I was judge of the supreme court, a young hired man, my son Dwight, and myself had on our last working-shirts. It was in harvest time, and where or how to procure others I could not tell. Still I was so accustomed to these things that I was not much perplexed. Within a day or two a young man of my acquaintance wrote me that he desired me to unite him in marriage with a young lady whose name he stated. I married them, and he gave me an order on a store for $5, with which I purchased some blue twilled cotton (the best I could get), out of which my wife made us each a shirt. The material wore well; but, having been colored with log-wood, the shirts, until the color faded from them, left our skins quite blue.

I never felt more independent than I did on one occasion, in the fall of 1847. In the streets of Oregon City I met a young man with a new and substantial leather hunting shirt, brought from the Rocky Mountains, where it had been purchased from the Indians. I said to him, "what will you take for your leather hunting shirt?" He replied, "seven bushels of wheat." I said at once, "I will take it." I measured out the grain and took the article. I knew it would last me for several years. I found it a most excellent article of dress in clear weather for rough work. I wore it to the California gold mines in the fall of 1848, and after my arrival there during most of the winter of 1848-49. A nephew of mine took it with him to the mines in the spring of 1849, and it was lost to me. I regretted this loss, because I desired to preserve it as a memento of old times. It was made of the best dressed buckskin, with the flesh side out, to which the dust would not adhere; and it was easily kept neat and clean for that reason.

For the first two years after our arrival in Oregon we were frequently without meat for weeks at a time, and sometimes

without bread, and occasionally without both bread and meat at the same time. On these occasions if we had milk, butter, and potatoes, we were well content.

I remember on one occasion that several gentlemen from Oregon City called at my house in the Plains, and we had no bread. I felt pained on my wife's account, as I supposed she would be greatly mortified. But she put on a cheerful smile and gave them the best dinner she could. Oregon was a fine place for rearing domestic fowls, and we kept our chickens as a sort or reserve fund for emergencies. We had chicken, milk, butter, and potatoes, for dinner; and our friends were well peased, and laughed over the fact of our having no bread.

In May, 1845, we were entirely without anything in the house for dinner. I did not know what to do, when my wife suggested a remedy. The year before we had cultivated a small patch of potatoes, and in digging had left some in the ground, which had sprung up among the young wheat. We dug a mess of these potatoes, which sufficed us for a meal, though not very good. That year I sowed about one acre in turnips, which grew to a large size. The vegetables most easily grown in new countries are lettuce, turnips, potatoes, and squashes.

The country improved rapidly in proportion to our population. The means of education were generally limited to ordinary schools. In the course of three or four years after my arrival in Oregon, our people had so improved their places that we were quite comfortable. There was no aristocracy of wealth, and very little vice. I do not think I ever saw a more happy community. We had all passed through trials that had tested and established our patience; and our condition then was so much better than that of the past that we had good cause for our content. Few persons could be found to complain of Oregon.

BECOME CATHOLIC—MY GENERAL RULE AS TO CHARGES AGAINST ME.

In the fall of 1844 a Baptist preacher settled in my immediate neighborhood who had the published debate between

Campbell and Purcell; and, as the Catholic question was often mentioned, and as I knew so little about it, I borrowed and read the book. I had the utmost confidence in the capacity of Mr. Campbell as a debater; but, while the attentive reading of the debate did not convince me of the entire truth of the Catholic theory, I was greatly astonished to find that so much could be said in its support. On many points, and those of great importance, it was clear to my mind that Mr. Campbell had been overthrown. Still, there were many objections to the Catholic Church, either not noticed by the Bishop, or not satisfactorily answered; and I rose from the reading of that discussion still a Protestant.

But my thoughts continually recurred to the main positions and arguments on both sides, and, the more I reflected upon the fundamental positions of the Bishop, the more force and power I found them to possess. My own reflections often afforded me answers to difficulties that at first seemed insurmountable, until the question arose in my mind whether Mr. Campbell had done full justice to his side of the question. Many of his positions seemed so extreme and ill-founded that I could not sanction them. All the prejudices I had, if any, were in his favor; but I knew that it was worse than idle to indulge prejudices when investigating any subject whatever. I was determined to be true to myself, and this could only be in finding the exact truth, and following it when known.

My mind was therefore left in a state of restless uncertainty; and I determined to examine the question between Catholic and Protestants thoroughly, so far as my limited opportunities and poor abilities would permit. In the prosecution of this design, I procured all the works on both sides within my reach, and examined them alternately side by side. This investigation occupied all my spare time for about eighteen months.

After an impartial and calm investigation, I became fully convinced of the truth of the Catholic theory, and went to Oregon City in June, 1846, to join the old church there. There

I found the heroic and saintly Father De Vos, who had spent one or more years among the Flathead Indians. He received me into the church. The reasons for this change are set forth substantially in my work entitled "The Path Which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church," from the preface to which the foregoing statement is taken.

I was the only Catholic among my numerous living relatives. None of my ancestors on either my paternal or maternal side had been Catholics, so far as I knew. All my personal friends were either Protestants or non-professors, except four: Dr. McLoughlin, Dr. Long, and Mr. Pomeroy, of Oregon, and Graham L. Hughes, of St. Louis. Nine-tenths of the people of Oregon were at that time opposed to my religion. Nearly all the Catholics of Oregon were Canadian-French, in very humble circumstances, many of them being hired, menial servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. I had no reason for the change from a popular to an unpopular religion but the simple love of truth; and, as I have so long borne whatever of censure may have been heaped upon me in consequence of this change, I think I can afford to die in the Old Church.

When I was a young man I was often much concerned as to what others might think of me; and at times I was deeply pained by what others did say of me. In due time, however, and after full consideration and more experience, I came to this final conclusion, that it was my duty to do what was right in itself, and to avoid so far as I could even the *appearance* of evil; and then, if others wrongfully blamed me, it would be their fault, not mine. I saw I could control myself, and was therefore responsible for my own conduct, but I could not control others, and was not responsible for their actions, so long as I did right myself, and avoided all appearance of evil. If I should make myself unhappy because other people erred in their judgment of me, then my happiness would be within their power and in their keeping. I thought it my duty to keep my happiness under my own control so far as I could. I had confidence in the good sense and justice

of good men, and was perfectly willing to await their ultimate decision. When I knew I was in the right, I was able and prepared to bear the censure even of the wise and good; but I "did not hanker after it."

I never would engage in newspaper controversies or personal squabbles. If I was unjustly censured, I paid no attention to it, and gave myself no trouble about it. In this way I have mainly led a life of peace with my fellow men. I have very rarely had the sincerity of my motives called in question. The general course of the press toward me has been impartial and just.

I have never claimed to be a *liberal* man, as many people construe that almost indefinable term; but I have scrupulously sought to be just to all men. The character of a just man is enough for me. I esteem and reasonably desire the approbation of good men; but I love the right more. I can do without the first, but not the last.

But I must depart from my usual course to notice certain charges against me by W. H. Gray, in his "History of Oregon." My nephew, George H. Burnett, Esq., of Salem, Oregon, was a guest at my house in San Francisco in January, 1878, and mentioned to me the fact that such charges had been made. I had never seen the work at that time. In May, 1878, I procured and read the book. I notice these charges because they are in the form of *historical* facts or opinions. Had Mr. Gray made these charges verbally, or in a newspaper article, I should never have noticed them in any form.

MISSTATEMENTS OF W. H. GRAY.

On pages 374-5 Mr Gray, in speaking of the members of the legislative committee of 1844, says:

Peter H. Burnett was a lawyer from Missouri, who came to Oregon to seek his fortune, as well as a religion that would pay best and give him the most influence; which in the legislative committee was sufficient to induce that body to pay no attention to any organic law or principle laid down for the government of the settlements. In fact, he asserted that there were no constitutional provisions laid down or adopted by the people in general convention at Champoeg the year pre-

vious. Mr. Burnett was unquestionably the most intelligent lawyer then in the country. He was a very ambitious man—smooth, deceitful, and insinuating in his manners.

As regards the imputation of improper motives to me in the above extract, if intended as the assertion of fact, such assertions are untrue; and, if intended as expressions of opinions, such opinions are mistaken. These charges are made not only without proof, but against both the evidence and the fact.

I went to Oregon for three purposes:

1. To assist in building up a great American community on the Pacific Coast.

2. To restore the health of Mrs. Burnett.

3. To become able to pay my debts.

Before I became a believer in the truth of the Christian religion, I had sought fortune with avidity, but, after that fundamental change in my views, I ceased to pursue riches, and my only *business* object was make a decent living for my family, and pay what I owed. Considering the large amount of my indebtedness, I could not have been so visionary as to suppose I could accomplish in distant and isolated Oregon more than the three objects mentioned.

As regards my change of religion, and the motives which led to it, I have already stated the simple truth. At the time I joined the Old Church I was independent in my pecuniary circumstances, so far as a *decent living* was concerned. I had a claim of 640 acres of most excellent land, well improved, and well stocked with domestic animals and fowls. With the industrious and sober habits of myself and family, we were secure of a good living.

As to my influence in the committee, it could not possibly have arisen from any change of religion, for these simple and conclusive reasons: That I was then a Protestant, without any idea of becoming a Catholic, and every member was opposed to the Catholic religion. My influence arose from the fact of my qualifications and my good character. Waldo, McCarver, Gilmore, and Keizer had traveled with me across

the plains, and had seen me fully tested in that severe school of human nature. Waldo knew me by reputation, and Gilmore personally, in Missouri.

As to the assertion that I was very "ambitious," the fact is not correctly stated. I had a reasonable desire for distinction, but never so great as to induce me to sacrifice my personal independence or compromise my true dignity. I never sought any position under the Provisional Government of Oregon, and I do not remember to have personally asked any citizen to vote for me. I was elected a member of the legislative body in 1844, and again in 1848, and judge of the supreme court in 1845, without any serious efforts on my part. I have been a candidate before the people six times: once in Missouri, twice in Oregon, and three times in California; and I was seccessful in every case. I resigned the office of district attorney in Missouri to go to Oregon in 1843, and my seat in the legislature of Oregon in 1848 to come to California, and the office of governor of this State in January, 1851, when the salary was $10,000 per annum. I was appointed on the 14th of August, 1848, by President Polk, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of of the Territory of Oregon. My commission did not reach me until the spring of 1849, in California. This appointment I declined, as I could not accept it and pay my debts. This was done before any movement was made to organize a State Government in California, and before I had any expectation of being governor. I can safely say that the remark of President Jefferson, in regard to the office-holders of his time, that "deaths were few and resignations none," can not justly apply to me.

As to the charge of being deceitful, it is the precise opposite of the truth. No man of decent manners and good character ever called upon me without receiving my candid opinion, where I had any mature judgment upon the question. I am not a disputatious spirit, ready to engage in a wordy quarrel upon any and every subject, however trivial; but in regard to all important subjects, on all proper occasions, I am frank to speak just what I think.

As to the falsity of all these charges, I can refer to all good men who have known me longest and best. I lived in Missouri some twenty-one years, and have resided in California nearly thirty years, and I appeal to all good men who have known me, without regard to their religion or place of nativity.

THE QUESTION WHETHER THERE WERE ANY CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS IN THE LAWS OF 1843 CONSIDERED.

The legislative committee of 1844 did maintain the position that there were no constitutional provisions adopted by the people at their mass meeting, July 5, 1843.

It appears that there were two publications claiming to be copies of these laws; one by Charles Saxton, published in 1846, and the other by the compiler of the "Oregon Archives," in 1853. (Gray's "Oregon," 352.) I shall use the copy given by Mr. Gray, as he ought to know best, and which is found in his history, beginning on page 353.

At a meeting of the people held May 2, 1843, at Champoeg, the proposition to establish a Provisional Government was put to vote; and, upon a division, there were found to be 52 for and 50 against it. (Gray's "Oregon," 279.)

At that meeting, Robert Moore, David Hill, Robert Shortess, Alanson Beers, W. H. Gray, Thomas J. Hubbard, James A. O'Neal, Robert Newell, and William Dougherty [William M. Doughty?] were chosen to act as a legislative committee, and instructed to make their report on the 5th of July, 1843, at Champoeg. (Gray, 280-81.)

On the 5th of July, 1843, said committee made their report, which was adopted at the mass meeting of citizens at Champoeg. The question whether there were any, and, if so, what constitutional provisions in the laws adopted at said meeting, was one that admitted of discussion; but, upon as full a consideration of the subject as our limited time and opportunities allowed, we became satisfied that there were none.

In their report the committee say, "the legislative committee recommend that the following *organic laws* be

adopted." The term *organic* does not necessarily mean constitutional, because whether the laws were constitutional or not, they were equally organic. We were aware of the fact that there were no lawyers among the members of the committee, and that there were then no law-books in the country, except one copy of the statutes of Iowa; but we knew that the members were Americans, and that all Americans competent to read a newspaper must know that the fundamental laws of the United States, and of the several states, were called *constitutions;* and hence we supposed that the committee would surely have used the plain, ordinary, and appropriate term *constitution* to designate their fundamental law, had they intended it as such.

But, besides the want of proper language to designate a constitution, the nature of the laws themselves seemed to show a different intent. From the face of the code, no one could tell where the constitutional laws ended and the statutory began. It was either all constitution or all statute. All were adopted at the same public meeting, and were recommended by the same committee. That committee "recommended that the following *organic laws* be adopted." Now, whatever laws were recommended by them were all of the same character, or they failed to distinguish one portion from another. There being no mode of amendment provided, these laws, if constitutional, could only be amended in violation of their own terms; that is, by revolution. If considered as statutory provisions, then there was a plain mode of amendment provided in article VI, section 2, which enacts that "the legislative power shall be vested in a committee of nine persons, to be elected by the qualified electors at the annual election."

The code goes into the most minute provisions, such as fixing the fees of the recorder and treasurer, and for solemnizing marriage. It also contains a militia law, and a law on land claims, and a resolution making the statute laws of Iowa the laws of Oregon. Such provisions, in their very nature, are but statutory.

Considering the "organic laws," (so named by the committee) as composing a constitution, not amendable except by revolution, the legislative committee of 1844 had nothing to do worth mentioning. In this view it was a useless body, constituted for an idle and vain purpose. We came to the conclusion that our legislative committee had practical legislative power, and that it was our duty to exercise it. While we were not disposed to make useless changes, we were obliged to amend the code in many respects, as will be seen from what follows.

Article VI, section 2, vests "the judicial power in a supreme court, consisting of the supreme judge, and two justices of the peace, a probate court, and justice court." If a majority of the persons composing the supreme court, under this quaint and original theory, could make the decision, then the two justices of the peace could overrule the supreme judge. If, on the contrary, it required the unanimous consent of all three, then there would often be no decision at all.

Our committee amended this by the act of June 27, 1844. The first section of the second article of that act is as follows: "Section 1. The judicial power shall be vested in the circuit courts and as many justices of the peace as shall from time to time be appointed or elected according to law." The second section provides for the election of one judge, and makes it his duty to hold two terms of the circuit court in each county, at such times and places as shall be directed by law; and the third section fixes the jurisdiction of the circuit courts, including probate powers.

The fifth article of section 2 vested the executive power in a committee of three persons. This provision was adopted not because it met the approbation of the legislative committee of 1843, but from necessity, as their instructions were against a governor (Gray's "Oregon," 349). We repealed this provision, and vested the executive power in a single person.

Article XVII. All male persons of the age of sixteen years and upward, and all females of the age of fourteen years and upward, shall have the right to marry. When either of the

parties shall be under twenty-one years of age, the consent of the parents or guardians of such minors shall be necessary to the validity of such matrimonial engagement. Every ordained minister of the gospel, of any religious denomination, the supreme judge, and all justices of the peace, are hereby authorized to solemnize marriage according to the law, to have the same recorded, and pay the recorder's fee. The legal fee for marriage shall be $1, and for recording 50 cents.

This extreme law made the marriage of persons under the age of twenty-one years, without the consent of their parents or guardians, invalid, and therefore void; thus subjecting the young people to the charge and consequences of living in a state of adultery, and their innocent children to all the consequences of bastardy.

Our committee passed the following act:

An Act Amendatory of the Act Regarding Marriage.

Section 1. That all males of the age of sixteen years and upward, and all females of the age of twelve and upward, shall be deemed competent to enter into the contract of marriage.

Sec. 2. That when either of the parties about to enter into the marriage union shall be minors, the male under the age of twenty-one year, or the female under the oge of eighteen, no person authorized to solemnize the rights of matrimony shall do so without the consent of parent or guardian of such minor; and in case such person shall solemnize such marriage without the consent of the parent or guardian of such minor, he shall be liable to pay such parent or guardian the sum of $100, to be recovered by action of debt or assumpsit before the proper court: *Provided*, however, that the want of such consent shall not invalidate such marriage.

Sec. 3. That all acts and parts of acts coming in conflict with this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

The legislative committee of 1843 was properly called a committee, because its duty was to prepare a code to be submitted to the mass meeting of citizens, held on the 5th of July, 1843, for their approval or rejection; the *legislative* power being exercised by the people themselves on that occasion. But, as already stated, the legislative power was vested by the sixth article, section 2, of the laws of 1843, in

a committee of nine persons. To call a legislative body a *committee* was a misnomer; and we amended that provision by vesting the legislative power in a House of Representatives composed of members elected annually by the people.

The laws of 1843 made no provision for the support of the government, except putting in circulation a subscription paper, as follows:

We, the subscribers, hereby pledge ourselves to pay annually to the treasurer of Oregon Territory the sum affixed to our respective names, for defraying the expenses of the government: *Provided*, That in all cases each individual subscriber may at any time withdraw his name from said subscription, upon paying up all arrearages and notifying the treasurer of the colony of such desire to withdraw.

Our committee were fully satisfied that no government could be practically administered without taxation; and we therefore passed a revenue law containing twelve sections.

The law of 1843 in relation to land claims is as follows:

Article I. Any person now holding or hereafter wishing to establish a claim to land in this Territory, shall designate the extent of his claim by natural boundaries, or by marks at the corners and upon the lines of said claim, recorded in the office of the Territorial Recorder, in a book to be kept by him for that purpose, within twenty days from the time of making said claim: *Provided*, That those who shall be already in possession of land shall be allowed one year from the passage of this act to file a description of their claims in the recorder's office.

Art. II. All claimants shall, within six months from the time of recording their claims, make permanent improvement upon the same, by building or inclosing, and also become occupant upon said claims within one year of the date of said record.

Art. III. No individual shall be allowed to hold a claim of more than one square mile, or six hundred and forty acres, in a square or oblong form, according to the natural situation of the premises, nor shall any individual be able to hold more than one claim at the same time. Any person complying with the provisions of these ordinances shall be entitled to the same process against trespass as in other cases provided by law.

Art. IV. No person shall be entitled to hold such a claim upon city of town lots, extensive water privileges, or other situation necessary for the transaction of mercantile or manufacturing operations: *Provided,* That nothing in these laws shall be so construed as to affect any claim of any mission of a religious character made prior to this time, of any extent not more than six miles square.

Our committee passed the following act, June 25, 1844:

An Act in relation to Land Claims.

Section 1. That all persons who have heretofore made, or shall hereafter make, permanent improvements upon a place, with a *bona fide* intention of occupying and holding the same for himself, and shall continue to occupy and cultivate the same, shall be entitled to hold six hundred and forty acres, and shall hold only one claim at the same time: *Provided,* A man may hold town lots in addition to his claim.

Sec. 2. That all claims hereafter made shall be in a square form, if the nature of the ground shall permit; and in case the situation will not permit, shall be in an oblong form.

Sec. 3. That in all cases where claims are already made, and in all cases where there are agreed lines between the parties occupying adjoining tracts, such claims shall be valid to the extent of six hundred and forty acres, although not in a square or oblong form.

Sec. 4. That in all cases where claims shall hereafter be made, such permanent improvements shall be made within two months from the time of taking up such claim, and the first settler or his successor shall be deemed to hold the prior right.

Sec. 5. That no person shall hold a claim under the provisions of this act except free males over the age of eighteen, who would be entitled to vote if of lawful age, and widows: *Provided,* No married man shall be debarred from holding a claim under this act because he is under the age of eighteen.

Sec. 6. That all laws heretofore passed in regard to land claims be and the same are hereby repealed.

Sec. 7. That all persons complying with the provisions of this act shall be deemed in possession to the extent of six hundred and forty acres, or less, as the case may be, and shall have the remedy of forcible entry and detainer against intruders, and the action of trespass against trespassers.

On December 24, 1844, we passed the following explanatory and amendatory act:

Section 1. That the word "occupancy," in said act, shall be so construed as to require the claimant to either personally reside upon his claim himself, or to occupy the same by the personal residence of his tenant.

Sec. 2. That any person shall be authorized to take six hundred acres of his claim in the prairie, and forty acres in the timber, and such parts of his claim need not be adjoining to each other.

Sec. 3. That when any two persons take up their claims jointly, not exceeding twelve hundred and eighty acres, they may hold the same jointly for the term of one year, by making the improvements required by said act upon any part of said claim, and may hold the same longer than one year if they make the said improvements within the year upon each six hundred and forty acres.

The land law of 1844 dispensed with recording of claims, because, under the then existing condition of the country, it was an onerous burden upon the new immigrant. The great body of the immigration arrived late in the fall, just as the rainy season set in; and to require each locater of a claim to travel from twenty to one hundred miles to the recorder's office, and return through an Oregon winter, was indeed a harsh condition. Under the land law of 1843, the old settler was allowed one year within which to record his claim, while the new settlers were only allowed 20 days. Besides, recording a claim without a proper survey was of very doubtful utility, as parties would be very apt to include within their lines more than six hundred and forty acres.

By the land law of 1843, as will be seen, *all* persons, of every age, sex, or condition, could hold claims. If a man had several sons, he could hold one claim for himself and each of his sons, though under age; and, as each claimant had six months within which to make his improvements, and one year within which to become an occupant, from the date of the record, the act left open the door to speculation, and monopoly to a grievous extent. A man having a number of children could record one claim in the name of each child one month before the annual arrival of the new immigrants, and that record would hold the land for six months; thus

forcing the late comers either to go farther for locations, or purchase these claims of his children. Besides, this act did not require the locater to make his improvements with the *bona fide* intention of occupying and holding the claim for himself, but only required the improvements to be made; thus allowing claims to be made for speculative purposes.

But one of the most objectionable provisions of the land law of 1843 was the proviso allowing each mission six miles square, or 36 sections of land. From what Mr. Gray says, page 344, it appears that this proviso was adopted to gain the support of those connected with the Methodist and Catholic missions; as, without such support, it was feared the attempt to establish a government at that time would fail. The committee of 1843, in their short experience, learned one great truth; that civil government is a *practical* science; and that, while a true statesman can adapt his legislation to existing circumstances, he can not create or control them; and for that reason he is often compelled to choose between evils, and to support measures that his individual judgment will not approve. Our legislative committee of 1844 were placed in more independent circumstances; and, having no fear of the mission influence, we repealed this proviso.

THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE OF 1844—MISTAKES OF W. H. GRAY.

On page 383 Mr. Gray, speaking of the legislative committee of 1844, says:

"In fact, the whole proceedings seemed only to mix up and confuse the people; so much so that some doubted the existence of any legal authority in the country, and the leading men of the immigration of 1843 denounced the organization as a missionary arrangement to secure the most valuable farming lands in the country."

The writer is correct as to the fact of confusion and opposition among the people, but most sadly mistaken as to the true cause. It was not the measures passed by the legislative committee of 1844, but the laws of 1843 that caused the confusion and opposition. It is very true that many of "the

leading men of the immigration of 1843 denounced the organization as a missionary arrangement to secure the best farming lands in the country." They had much apparent reason for their opposition, and that reason was found in the laws of 1843, especially in the proviso allowing each mission six miles square, and not in the land law of 1844, which repealed this objectionable proviso. Whatever else may be said against the laws of 1844, they were plain, simple, and consistent, as a whole, and could not have produced the confusion mentioned.

The first time I was in Oregon City, to the best of my recollection, was when I went there to take my seat in the legislative committee in June, 1844. Previous to that time I do not remember to have seen the laws of 1843. After all the examination I could give them, I saw that no regular and efficient government could be sustained without a revenue; that no certain and reliable revenue could be had without taxation; that no system of taxation could be enforced unless the great and overwhelming majority of the people were satisfied with the government, and that such majority would not support the organization unless they believed they were receiving an equivalent in the form of protection for the money they paid in the shape of taxes. Many good men doubted our legal right to organize any government. Our object was to gain the consent of *all* good men; and, to do this, we must make good laws. Of course, the bad would oppose *all* government.

In consulting upon our then condition, we were for a time much perplexed to know what peaceable course to pursue, in order to secure the consent of all good men to our organization. We knew that Americans were devotedly attached to two things: Land and the privilege of voting. Our committee, therefore, passed an act to provide by taxation the means necessary to support the government, the fourth section of which was as follows: "Sec. 4. That any person refusing to pay tax, as in this act required, shall have no

benefit of the laws of Oregon, and shall be disqualified from voting at any election in this country."

By this provision we plainly said to each citizen substantially as follows: "If you are not willing to pay your proportion of the expenses of this government, you can not sue in our courts or vote at our elections, but you must remain an outlaw. If any one should squat or trespass on your claim, or refuse to pay you what he owes, you can have no protection from our organization. If you can do without our assistance, we certainly can do without yours."

This provision very soon had its legitimate effect. As the elections approached, those who had been opposed began to doubt, and finally yielded. The friends of the organization were active, kind, and wise in their course toward those opposed. When one opposed to the government would state that fact, some friend would kindly remind him that his claim was liable to be "jumped," and that he could not alone defend his rights against the violent and unprincipled; and that it was a desolate and painful condition for a citizen, in a civilized community, to be an *outlaw*.

After the laws passed by the legislative committee of 1844 became known, there was no serious opposition anywhere. It is my solemn opinion that the organization could not have been kept up under the laws of 1843.

On page 375, Mr. Gray, speaking of the legislative committee of 1844, says:

"On motion of Mr. Lovejoy (another lawyer), the several members were excused from producing their credentials."

This statement is true so far as it goes; but, without the explanatory facts, it might convey a false impression. The laws of 1843 made no provision as to the manner of conducting elections, except by adopting the laws of Iowa; and as there was but one copy in the country, and this was the first election held in Oregon, and as two-thirds of the voters were late immigrants, the various officers of the election knew nothing of their duties, and gave no credentials to the members elect; and, of course, they could produce none. We

knew that we had been fairly elected, and our respective constituents also knew the fact, and no one was found to dispute it; and, as credentials are only evidence of the fact of the election of the person mentioned, we had in this case the next best evidence to prove our election. We did the best we could under the circumstances.

"Such being the composition of the legislative committee of Oregon in 1844, it is not surprising that interests of classes and cliques should find advocates, and that the absolute wants of the country should be neglected. The whole time of the session seems to have been taken up in the discussion of personal bills." (Page 378.)

I find it difficult to justly characterize this sweeping misstatement.

The two sessions of the committee of 1844 occupied together fifteen to seventeen days; and in that time we passed 43 bills, some of them of considerable length, and most of them of general importance. Among these 43 acts there were not exceeding eight that could be properly termed personal, viz.: Act granting Hugh Burns a right to keep a public ferry; act authorizing Robert Moore to establish and keep a ferry; act to authorize John McLoughlin to construct a canal around the Willamette Falls; act for the relief of John Connor; act appointing Jesse Applegate engineer; act authorizing L. H. Judson and W. H. Wilson to construct a mill-race in Champoeg County; act amending the several acts regulating ferries; act for the relief of J. L. Meek.

These acts were all just in themselves, and some of them of public importance. Public ferries are public conveniences. The act to authorize John McLoughlin to construct a canal enabled him to bring the water to propel his extensive flour mill, and was of much public benefit. The act for the relief of John Connor was a short act of one section, remitting a fine and restoring him to citizenship. The act appointing Jesse Applegate engineer authorized him to survey a route for a canal at the expense of J. E. Long, and report the result to the next session of the legislature. The act au-

thorizing Judson and Wilson to construct a mill-race was of a similar nature to the one in regard to John McLoughlin. The act to amend the several acts regulating ferries simply fixed the rate of toll of the two ferries across the Willamette River, at Oregon City. The act for the relief of J. L. Meek is a short one, giving him further time to finish the collection of the revenue for the year 1844.

The acts of the legislative committee of 1844 will fill some thirty printed pages, while the laws of 1843 only occupy seven pages of Gray's "History." If we spent a part of our time in the discussion of personal bills, we passed but a few of them, and did a large amount of other legislative work.

"The proposed constitutional revision was also strongly recommended by the executive committee, and the legislative committee went through the farce of calling a convention, and increased the number of representatives, and called it a legislature." (Page 383.)

The executive committee, in their communication to our committee, dated December 16, 1844, says:

We would advise that provision be made by this body for the framing and adoption of a constitution for Oregon previous to the next annual election, which may serve as a more thorough guide to her officers and a more firm basis of her laws."

It will be seen that, while the executive committee recommended that provision should be made for the framing and adoption of a constitution previous to the next annual election, they did not suggest the mode in which this should be done. Our legislative committee thought that a convention, composed of delegates elected by the people for the *sole* and *only* purpose of framing the fundamental law, was the American, and the proper mode. When the people come to choose delegates to a constitutional convention, they are very apt to duly appreciate the great importance of the work to be done, and will therefore generally select the best and most competent men for that great purpose. The body that forms a constitution should have but *one* task to accomplish, for the

simple and conclusive reason that nothing is more difficult than to frame a good constitution. The greatest statesmen and the mightiest intellects among men have essentially differed as to the true theory of a constitution. The members of a constitutional body should not have their attention distracted by ordinary statutory legislation. A *perfect* constitution has never yet been framed, and, most likely, never will be.

While we could not see the great and immediate *necessity* of a constitution for mere temporary government, we thought that, if the subject sought was necessary at all, then the work should be well and thoroughly done, so that our constitution would be an honor to our new country. Believing, as we did, that a constitutional convention was the only appropriate and competent body to frame a constitution that would stand the test of fair criticism, and be beneficial in its practical operation, and not seeing any pressing necessity for immediate action, we did *not* go "through the farce of calling a convention," as asserted by the author; but we passed the following act, December 24, 1844:

Section 1. That the executive committee shall, in the manner prescribed by law for notifying elections in Oregon, notify the inhabitants of all the respective counties qualified to vote for members of the legislature at their next annual election, to give in their votes for or against the call of a convention.

Sec. 2. The said votes shall be in open meeting received, assorted, and counted, and a true return thereof made to the executive committee, agreeable to the requisitions of the law regulating elections.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the executive to lay the result of the said vote before the legislative committee for their information.

While we had our doubts as to the necessity of a constitution for a mere temporary government (which we then had every reason to believe would last only a year or two), we thought it but just to submit the question of calling a convention to the people for their decision. It is usual to submit such a question to the people, as was lately done in California

The treaty of June 15, 1846, between Great Britain and the

United States, settled the question of sovereignty over Oregon in favor of our country; and the act of Congress creating a Territorial Government was passed August 14, 1848. The treaty was delayed beyond our reasonable expectations; and the creation of a Territorial organization was postponed by the Mexican War, which was not foreseen by our committee in December, 1844.

We did increase the number of representatives from 9 to 13, and we really thought we were moderate in this respect. According to Mr. Gray's estimate, the immigration of 1843 amounted to 875 persons, and the whole population at the end of the year to about twelve hundred people. (Page 360-61.) If, then, some three hundred and twenty-five persons were entitled, under the laws of 1843, to nine members in the legislative committee, how many representatives should 1200 have under the law of 1844? We only increased the number from 9 to 13, when the same ratio of representation to population would have given us 27. We did call the law-making body of Oregon a legislature, and left off the word "committee" for reasons already stated.

DOCUMENTS.

*A BRIMFIELD HEROINE—MRS. TABITHA BROWN.

How a plucky woman from Hampden County, Massachusette, made her way to Oregon and started the Pacific University. A thrilling story of peril from exposure, starvation, and Indians. The heroine a Massachusetts woman of sixty-six years.

(The following letter has recently come to light, showing what hardships a company of emigrants from Missouri to Oregon endured in 1846. It was written by Mrs. Tabitha Brown, the widow of Rev. Clark Brown, who preached in Brimfield from 1797 to 1803. Mrs. Brown was a daughter of Dr. Joseph Moffet, physician in Brimfield, his native place, some 40 years. Mrs. Brown was born in 1780, and was therefore sixty-six years old when she made the journey that she describes. This letter was written in 1854, in her seventy-fifth year. For some time after becoming a widow she was a teacher in Maryland and Virginia, and afterwards, to improve her situation and to help her boys, she removed to Missouri, where she lived a good many years. Within this period the other members of her father's family became widely scattered, and their locations unknown to her. In 1846 she stated for Oregon with her son and daughter and their families, a Captain John Brown, brother of her deceased husband, accompanying them. She was eight months on the way, and the amount of suffering she passed through, and the courage with which she met it, will be seen in the letter itself.)

Forest Grove, Oregon Territory, August, 1854.

My Brother and Sister:

It is impossible for me to express to you the unspeakable pleasure and happiness your letter of the 29th of June gave me. Not hearing from you for so great a length of time, I had concluded myself to be the last one of my father's family remaining here, a pilgrim in the wide world, to complete the work that God gave me to do. Oh, that I could be present with you and Margaret and relate in the hearing

*Reprinted from "Congregational Work" June, 1903. Compare QUARTERLY, September, 1902, (No. 3, vol. III.)

of your children the numerous vicissitudes and dangers I have encountered by land and sea since I parted with you in Brimfield. It would fill a volume of many pages. But I will give a few items from the time I left Missouri, in April, 1846, for Oregon.

THE PARTY AND THEIR OUTFIT.

I expected all three of my children to accompany me, but Mathano was detained by sickness, and his wife was unwilling to leave her parents. I provided for myself a good ox wagon-team, a good supply of what was requisite for the comfort of myself, Captain Brown and my driver. Uncle John insisted on coming, and crossed the plains on horseback. Orus Brown, with his wife and eight children, Virgil K. Pringle, Pherne Brown, husband and five children, fitted out their separate families and joined a train of forty or more for Oregon, in high expectation of gaining the wished-for land of promise. Our journey, with little exception, was pleasing and prosperous until after we passed Fort Hall. Then we were within eight hundred miles of Oregon City, if we had kept on the old road down the Columbia River.

THE FALSE GUIDE.

But three or four trains of emigrants were decoyed off by a rascally fellow who came out from the settlement in Oregon assuring us that he had found a new cut-off, that if we would follow him we would be in the settlement long before those who had gone down the Columbia. This was in August. The idea of shortening a long journey caused us to yield to his advice. Our sufferings from that time no tongue can tell. He said he would clear the road before us, so that we should have no trouble in rolling our wagons after him. But he robbed us of what he could by lying, and left us to the depredations of Indians and wild beasts, and to starvation. But God was with us. We had sixty miles of desert without grass or water, mountains to climb, cattle giving out, wagons breaking, emigrants sick and dying, hostile Indians to guard against by night and day, if we would save ourselves and our horses and cattle from being arrowed or stolen.

We were carried hundreds of miles south of Oregon into Utah Territory and California; fell in with the Clamotte [Klamath] and Rogue River Indians, lost nearly all our cattle, passed the Umpqua Mountains, 12 miles through. I rode through in three days at the risk of my life, on horseback, having lost my wagon and all that I had but the horse I was on. Our families were the first that started through the canyon, so that we got through the mud and rocks much better than those that followed. Out of hundreds of wagons, only one came through without breaking. The canyon was

strewn with dead cattle, broken wagons, beds, clothing, and everything but provisions, of which latter we were nearly all destitute. Some people were in the canyon two or three weeks before they could get through. Some died without any warning, from fatigue and starvation. Others ate the flesh of cattle that were lying dead by the wayside.

After struggling through mud and water up to our horses' sides much of the way in crossing this 12-mile mountain, we opened into the beautiful Umpqua Valley, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts. We had still another mountain to cross, the Calipose, besides many miles to travel through mud, snow, hail, and rain.

A DREADFUL JOURNEY.

Winter had set in. We were yet a long distance from any white settlement. The word was, "fly, everyone that can, from starvation; except those who are compelled to stay by the cattle to recruit them for further travel." Mr. Pringle and Pherne insisted on my going ahead with Uncle John to try and save our own lives. They were obliged to stay back a few days to recruit their cattle. They divided the last bit of bacon, of which I had three slices; I had also a cup full of tea. No bread. We saddled our horses and set off, not knowing that we should ever see each other again. Captain Brown was too old and feeble to render any assistance to me. I was obliged to ride ahead as a pilot, hoping to overtake four or five wagons that left camp the day before. Near sunset we came up with the families that had left that morning. They had nothing to eat, and their cattle had given out. We all camped in an oak grove for the night, and in the morning I divided my last morsel with them and left them to take care of themselves. I hurried Captain Brown so as to overtake the three wagons ahead. We passed beautiful mountains and valleys, saw but two Indians in the distance during the day. In the afternoon Captain Brown complained of sickness, and could only walk his horse at a distance behind. He had a swimming in his head and a pain in his stomach. In two or three hours he became delirious and fell from his horse. I was afraid to jump down from my horse to assist him, as it was one that a woman had never ridden before. He tried to rise up on his feet, but could not. I rode close to him and set the end of his cane, which I had in my hand, hard in the ground to help him up. I then urged him to walk a little. He tottered along a few yards and then gave out. I then saw a little sunken spot a few steps ahead and led his horse to it, and with much difficulty got him raised to the saddle. I then told him to hold fast to the horse's mane and I would lead by the bridle. Two miles ahead was another mountain

to climb over. As we reached the foot of it he was able to take the bridle in his own hand and we passed over safely into a large valley, a wide, solitary place, but no wagons in sight.

The sun was now setting, the wind was blowing, and the rain was drifting upon the sides of the distant mountain. Poor me! I crossed the plain to where three mountain spurs met. Here the shades of night were gathering fast, and I could see the wagon tracks no further. Alighting from my horse, I flung off saddle and saddle-pack and tied the horse fast to a tree with a lasso rope. The Captain asked me what I was going to do. My answer was, "I am going to camp for the night." He gave a groan and fell to the ground. I gathered my wagon sheet, which I had put under my saddle, flung it over a projecting limb of a tree, and made me a fine tent. I then stripped the Captain's horse and tied him, placed saddle, blankets and bridles under the tent, then helped up the bewildered old gentleman and introduced him to his new lodging upon the bare ground. His senses were gone. Covering him as well as I could with blankets, I seated myself upon my feet behind him, expecting he would be a corpse before morning.

THE SITUATION.

Pause for a moment and consider the situation. Worse than alone, in a savage wilderness, without food, without fire, cold and shivering wolves fighting and howling all around me. Dark clouds hid the stars. All as solitary as death. But that same kind Providence that I had always known was watching over me still. I committed all to Him and felt no fear. As soon as light dawned, I pulled down my tent, saddled my horse, found the Captain able to stand on his feet. Just at this moment one of the emigrants whom I was trying to overtake came up. He was in search of venison. Half a mile ahead were the wagons I hoped to overtake, and we were soon there and ate plentifully of fresh meat. Within eight feet of where my tent had been set fresh tracks of two Indians were to be seen, but I did not know that they were there. They killed and robbed Mr. Newton, only a short distance off, but would not kill his wife because she was a woman. They killed another man on our cut-off, but the rest of the emigrants escaped with their lives. We traveled on for a few days and came to the foot of the Calipose Mountain. Here my children and my grandchildren came up with us, a joyful meeting. They had been near starving. Mr. Pringle tried to shoot a wolf, but he was too weak and trembling to hold the rifle steady. They all cried because they had nothing to eat; but just at this time their own son came to them with a supply, and all cried again. Winter had now set in. We were many days crossing the Calipose

Mountain, able to go ahead only a mile or two each day. The road had to be cut and opened for us, and the mountain was covered with snow. Provisions gave out and Mr. Pringle set off on horseback to the settlements for relief, not knowing how long he would be away, or whether he would ever get through. In a week or so our scanty provisions were all gone and we were again in a state of starvation. Many tears were shed through the day, by all save one. She had passed through many trials sufficient to convince her that tears would avail nothing in our extremities. Through all my sufferings in crossing the plains, I not once sought relief by the shedding of tears, nor thought we should not live to reach the settlement. The same faith that I ever had in the blessings of kind Providence strengthened in proportion to the trials I had to endure. As the only alternative, or last resort for the present time, Mr. Pringles's eldest son, Clark, shot down one of his father's best working oxen and dressed it. It had not a particle of fat on it, but we had something to eat—poor bones to pick without bread or salt.

BLESSED RELIEF.

Orus Brown's party was six days ahead of ours in starting; he had gone down the old emigrant route and reached the settlements in September. Soon after he heard of the suffering emigrants at the south and set off in haste with four pack horses and provisions for our relief. He met Mr. Pringle and turned about. In a few days they were at our camp. We had all retired to rest in our tents, hoping to forget our misery until daylight should remind us again of our sad fate. In the stillness of the night the footsteps of horses were heard rushing toward our tents. Directly a halloo. It was the well-known voice of Orus Brown and Virgil Pringle. You can realize the joy. Orus, by his persuasive insistence, encouraged us to more effort to reach the settlements. Five miles from where we had encamped we fell into the company of half-breed French and Indians with packhorses. We hired six of them and pushed ahead again. Our provisions were becoming short and we were once more on an allowance until reaching the first settlers. There our hardest struggles were ended. On Christmas day, at 2 P. M. I entered the house of a Methodist minister, the first house I had set my feet in for nine months. For two or three weeks of my journey down the Willamette I had felt something in the end of my glove finger which I supposed to be a button; on examination at my new home in Salem, I found it to be a 6¼-cent piece. This was the whole of my cash capital to commence business with in Oregon. With it I purchased three needles. I traded off some of my old clothes to the squaws

for buckskin, worked them into gloves for the Oregon ladies and gentlemen, which cleared me upwards of $30.

THE BEGINNING OF PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

Later I accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Tualaten Plains, to spend the winter with them. I said to Mr Clark one day, "Why has Providence frowned on me and left me poor in this world. Had he blessed me with riches, as he has many others, I know right well what I would do." "What would you do?" "I would establish myself in a comfortable house and receive all poor children and be a mother to them." He fixed his keen eyes on me to see if I was in earnest. "Yes, I am," said I. "If so, I will try," said he, "to help you." He purposed to take an agency and get assistance to establish a school in the plains. I should go into the log meeting-house and receive all the children, rich and poor. Those parents who were able were to pay $1 a week for board, tuition, washing, and all. I agreed to labor for one year for nothing, while Mr. Clark and others were to assist as far as they were able in furnishing provisions. The time fixed upon to begin was March, 1848, when I found everything prepared for me to go into the old meeting-house and cluck up my chickens. The neighbors had collected what broken knives and forks, tin pans, and dishes they could part with, for the Oregon pioneer to commence house-keeping with. I had a well-educated lady from the East, a missionary's wife, for a teacher, and my family increased rapidly. In the summer they put me up a boarding-house. I now had 30 boarders of both sexes, and of all ages, from four years old to twenty-one. I managed them and did all my work except washing. That was done by the scholars. In the spring of '49 we called for trustees. Had eight appointed. They voted me the whole charge of the boarding-house free of rent, and I was to provide for myself. The price of board was established at $2 per week. Whatever I made over my expenses was my own. In '51 I had 40 in my family at $2.50 per week; mixed with my own hands 3,423 pounds of flour in less than five months. Mr.Clark made over to the trustees a quarter section of land for a town plot. A large and handsome building is on the site we selected at the first starting. It has been under town incorporation for two years, and at the last session of the legislature a charter was granted for a university to be called Pacific University, with a limitation of $50,000.00. The president and professor are already here from Vermont. The teacher and his lady for the academy are from New York. I have endeavored to give general outlines of what I have done. You must be judges whether I have been doing good or evil. I have labored for myself and the rising generation, but I have not

quit hard work, and live at my ease, independent as to worldly concerns. I own a nicely furnished white frame house on a lot in town, within a short distance of the public buildings. That I rent for $100 per year. I have eight other town lots, without buildings, worth $150 each. I have eight cows and a number of young cattle. The cows I rent out for their milk and one-half of their increase. I have rising $1,100 cash due me; $400 of it I have donated to the University, besides $100 I gave to the Academy three years ago. This much I have been able to accumulate by my own industry, independent of my children, since I drew 6¼ cents from the finger of my glove..

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BOTANISTS OF THE OREGON COUNTRY.

By ANSEL F. HEMENWAY.

This paper will attempt to consider those who have made the more important botanical collections and researches in "The Oregon Country," that is in that part of Northwest America which was once called the Oregon Territory. It included what is now Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

The first botanical collectors to visit "The Oregon Country" came with exploring expeditions. They made collections along the Coast, but were not careful in keeping record of the localities from which they obtained their specimens; so that when the collections were taken to Europe, specimens from Oregon, California, South America, and various islands of the Pacific were mixed. The species names of some of our indigenous plants are all there is to remind us that these collectors ever existed.

Thaddaeus Haenke was perhaps the first botanist to visit Oregon. He collected specimens along the Western Coast of the American continent from Patagonia to Bering's Strait. He first saw the coast in 1789. He died in Bolivia in 1817. His collections are now at Madrid and at Prague.

Archibald Menzies, a Scottish botanist, first came to the Northwest Coast in a trading vessel in 1786, or, as some authorities say, in 1779. In Vancouver's expedition he was surgeon on the ship Discovery. In the account of Vancouver's voyage about all the mention of Menzies is the statement that they named an island in the Columbia after him. His collections were sent to England.

Josef M. Mocino, a Spanish botanist, coasted from California to Nootka in 1792. There were several Russian botanists that made collections in Oregon and California, between 1816 and 1824. Among them may be mentioned G. H. von Langsdorff, A. von Chamisso, Johann F. Eschscholtz, and Baron von Wrangel.

The most important of the early botanists of the Pacific Coast was David Douglas. As the Quarterly begins, in the pages following this sketch, a reprint of the original memoir of the life of Douglas and of his letters and journal describing his explorations in the Oregon country, the reader is referred to that account. With Douglas came Dr. John Scouler, a physician and scientist. They sailed around South America, then northward, entering the Columbia April 7, 1825. They tarried at its mouth and began their collections by finding the pretty salal blossoms, Gaultheria Shallon. The rest of the month of April was spent at Fort George. As it rained nearly every day, they did not have a pleasant time for botanical excursions. They next went to Fort Vancouver, where for ten days they made extensive collections. Returning to Fort George, they made botanical explorations till the last of May.

Dr. Scouler makes mention of the abundance of Camas, Camassia Esculentia, the bulbs of which formed so important part of the Indians' food. They found some rare flowers, such as Pyrolas and the Orchids, Calypso borealis and Corallorhiza inatta. Then leaving Douglas, Dr. Scouler crossed the bar of the Columbia for the second time and sailed on a trading vessel along the coast of Washington up to Nootka. On July 7 the vessel started back and arrived at the Columbia

September 7, 1825. During this trip Scouler visited almost every accessible bay or inlet which he passed. Along the coast of Washington the lichens and mosses were so plentiful that he could find forty different species in an hour. He also mentions the abundance of Saxifrage and mimulus on the rocky banks of the bays and rivers. Many of the Indian tribes were so treacherous that they did not dare to leave the vessel to make collections of furs or plants.

Returning to Fort George and finding it deserted, Dr. Scouler proceeded to Fort Vancouver, where he found Douglas. For fifteen days Douglas and Scouler made excursions and examined specimens; but as the weather had been very dry, they found but few flowers. Dr. Scouler left Douglas September 20, and on October 25 sailed out of the Columbia for the Sandwich Islands.

One of the first generalizations that Dr. Scouler makes about "The Oregon Country" in his "Journal of a Voyage to Northwest America—Columbia, Vancouver, and Nootka Sound," is that the damp climate favors an abundant growth of mosses and lichens. In this journal (still in manuscript, but soon to be published in the Quarterly) he does not attempt to give many names of the flowers he found nor the species of those he does mention. As he was a physician, he seemed to be much more careful in his zoological notes. He gives a minute description of the external and internal organs of almost every new species of fish or bird he found, while he describes in detail but few flowers.

Thomas Nuttall, the botanist, who visited the Columbia valley in 1834-5, did, perhaps, the most work for the botanical knowledge of the flora of the United States as a whole. He was born in England in 1786. A love of natural science, he says, and perhaps also a hope to improve his position in the world brought him to the United States when only 22 years old. In spite of poverty and consequent necessity of working for a living, he had at this age a good knowledge of the language and history of his country and was somewhat familiar with natural history and even with Latin and Greek.

He had been interested in mineralogy, but his first visit to Professor Parton, a Philadelphia botanist, "decided his vocation to the worship of flora, to whose shrine he remained devoted to the last days of his life."

In 1810-11 Nuttall, with Mr. John Bradbury, went up the Missouri River to the Mandan village. They accompanied to that point Wilson P. Hunt's overland expedition, a part of the Astor enterprise. Later he explored the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. As a result of these investigations he published in 1818 "The Genera of the North American Plants." "Upon this work principally stands the reputation of Mr. Nuttall as a profound botanist." Then he explored the Arkansas River and its tributaries, traveling more than 5,000 miles in a period of sixteen months, mainly over a country never before visited by scientific explorers. In 1832 he wrote a "Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada."

In March, 1834, Nuttall started for the Northwest Coast with the Wyeth Expedition, arriving at the Snake River in the following August. Then they went to The Dalles and down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver. Nuttall made several short trips into the surrounding country collecting botanical specimens, exploring the Willamette as far as the falls. On December 13, he started for the Sandwich Islands to winter. In the following spring he returned and made further excursions, going up the Columbia as far as The Dalles. In October he went again to winter in the Sandwich Islands. The next summer he spent in California, after which he returned to his home in Massachusetts. The results of this journey were published in 1840 in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society." Thomas Nuttall spent the last seventeen years of his life in England, where he died September 10, 1859.

Mr. Nuttall did not enjoy himself in society; he had such a retiring disposition. "To me," said Mr. Nuttall, "hard-

ships and privations are cheaply purchased if I may but roam over the wild domain of Primeval Nature and behold,

> 'Another Flora there of bolder hues,
> And richer sweets beyond our garden's pride.' "

Elias Durand in his "Memoir of Thomas Nuttall," says: "No other explorer of the botany of North America has personally made more discoveries, no writer except perhaps Asa Gray has described more new genera and species."

Mr. W. D. Brackenridge and Dr. Charles Pickering, botanists with the United States Exploring Expedition, under Lieutenant Wilkes, went from the Columbia by land to California in 1841. An account of their collections was given by Dr. Torrey in the Botany of the Expedition, to which the writer has not had access.

Dr. John S. Newberry and Dr. J. T. Cooper made some botanical explorations in Oregon and Washington in connection with the Pacific Railroad Surveys. In the report of this Survey, Vol. VI, part III, Dr. Newberry gives some general observations on the plant life in Northern California and Oregon and also a description of the forest trees in the same region. Most of the botanical names of the trees he mentions have been changed since his time. From this report we may conclude that he made collections in the Cascade and Coast Mountains, the Klamath, Des Chutes, and Willamette Valleys, as well as in California and Nevada. In Vol. XII., Part II., there is a botanical report by Dr. J. T. Cooper, who visited many parts of Washington and Oregon. He does not mention as many trees as Dr. Newberry, but he gives a description of most of our common shrubs. He also made some observations on the life in fresh and salt water.

M. Duflot de Mofras, who was sent by the French government on an expedition to the west coast of North America in 1840-2, seems to have interested himself in making a botanical collection. In an appendix to his "Explorations du Territoire de Oregon des Californies" there is a catalogue of the principal plants of the Northwest Coast. It enumer-

ates about 290 species, but has not the form and accuracy to be of much scientific value.

Captain John C. Fremont had predilections for botany, but his passage through the Oregon country (on the trail of the pioneers to Fort Vancouver and thence along the eastern slope of the Cascade range to California) was accomplished during autumn and winter months, unfavorable for attention to plant life and the work of collecting. His collections are described by Dr. Torrey in "Plantae Fremontianae" in the "Smithsonian Contributions" for 1850.

Fremont mentions meeting a German botanist named Luders on the Columbia, at a little bay below the Cascades, which was called after him Luders' Bay.

Professor A. Wood made important collections on his journey from San Diego through Oregon in 1866.

In recent times there have been so many who have more or less extensively investigated the flora of this part of the United States that only a few of the more important of them will be mentioned. The following have made important collections or investigations in Oregon: Messrs. Joseph and Thomas Howell, of Milwaukie; Mr. R. D. Nevius, of The Dalles; Professor Henderson, now in the University of Idaho; Professor J. G. Lemmon, of California, and Professor B. J. Hawthorne, of the University of Oregon. Mr. W. Suksdorf, of White Salmon; Mr. W. C. Cusick, of Union, and Professor C. V. Piper, of Pullman, have made important collections in Washington. The work of Dr. Henry N. Bolander and Mr. E. Hall also covered a wide range of collections on this coast.

The one who has done the most substantial work for the botany of the northwestern part of the United States, Mr. Thomas Howell, is worthy of a more detailed discussion. He came to Oregon in 1850. He wished to know the plants and trees that grew about him, so he began collecting as early as 1876. But he soon found that there was no work that described completely the flora in this section of the United States. He undertook, to overcome this difficulty, the enor-

mous task of familiarizing himself with the plants of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho and then collecting and writing descriptions of them. Mr. Howell thus began the writing of his "Flora of Northwest America" in 1882. When he had prepared the first fascicle of this work he found another obstacle to surmount, for there was no typesetter in Oregon able to "set up" the technical matter. But the indefatigable collector was not to be thus hindered from bringing together the results of years of field experience, so he learned to set type, and during the past eight years has "set up" form after form until the 816 pages have been printed. It is the only botanical work that covers this part of the United States.

Mr. Howell's descriptions are usually general enough to include possible variation. While he has divided several families, he has not favored the elevation of every variety to the rank of a species. He has followed the arrangement of Bentham and Hooker. His work describes 3,150 species; 2,370 of which are herbaceous flowering plants. The rest are trees, shrubs, sedges, and rushes. As Mr. Howell wished to see for himself every flower he described, he necessarily had to endure many hardships in making journeys to out-of-the-way places. He has done all this work purely because he loved the science, without hope of any remuneration at the end worth considering and with practically no aid but the encouragement of his friends. During the printing of the "Flora" his friend, Mr. Martin Gorman, gave him aid of a more practical value by reading and revising the proofs. Mr. Howell has donated his large collection of plants to the herbarium of the University of Oregon, where it is now being deposited. The people of this State might well honor Mr. Howell for his unselfish efforts to advance the scientific knowledge of our Northwest Coast.

The great diversity of soil and variation of climate and altitude in this Oregon Country has offered a very rich field for botanical investigations. Our plants have remained so long undescribed that they seem to a botanical student to

take delight in showing all sorts of variation from their Eastern cousins. Our lower forms of plant life, which are very numerous, have not yet been thoroughly investigated or described, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Howell will receive enough encouragement to induce him to write a second volume which will describe these lower forms.

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LITERARY REMAINS OF DAVID DOUGLAS, BOTANIST OF THE OREGON COUNTRY.

[Reprinted from "The Companion to the Botanical Magazine," Volume II, London, 1836.]

EDITORIAL PREFATORY NOTES.

Several of the following numbers of the Quarterly will be taken up largely with the publication of the journals of two scientists, David Douglas and Dr. John Scouler. These men rendered the different branches of natural history conspicuous services through explorations conducted in the "Oregon Country." Dr. Scouler came as surgeon to the Hudson Bay Company's vessel, the William and Anne, and gave his attention mainly to the fauna of the Pacific Northwest during the year 1825. Mr. Douglas came at the same time and continued his work in this region mainly as collector of plants with intense, one might almost say desperate, zeal during the major part of the time from 1825 to 1833.

The journal kept by Dr. Scouler during his explorations in the Pacific Northwest has, I believe, never been published. Through the keen search for Oregon material, conducted by Mr. Charles E. Ladd, of Portland, it was secured for the region to which it mainly pertains, and it was generously turned over to the Oregon Historical Society. It will be published in the pages of the Quarterly along with the reprint of the Douglas material. Probably not a copy of the work containing the Douglas narrative is to be found in Oregon. It is believed that the value of both of these documents will be materially enhanced by their being brought into conjunction. They will be found to be very interesting and exceedingly important sources of Oregon history.

These documents represent the best type of contemporary records of extensive and intimate experiences with the In-

dians and with the Hudson Bay people. They contain accurate observations of the conditions in Oregon during a decade for which other sources are very scarce. Students of nature in the Pacific Northwest will take keenest delight in every word of these pioneers of science on this coast. These modest accounts of the noble daring of lonely travelers as they took their lives into their hands and penetrated the vast solitudes of "Old Oregon," suffering extreme privations and enduring appalling hardships for the benefit of mankind, will appeal to all. Now and then they meet with natives ready to stoop to acts of basest treachery. When we consider the motives of these pioneers, their fortitude and their persistence, I think that we shall be impressed with the fact that the quality of their heroism is unique.

An explorer in that early time covering the ground so thoroughly as did Douglas was of necessity brought into intimate contact with pretty much all the white people established here. He saw all that was here and all that was being planned. His records, therefore, afford not a little help toward an understanding of the forces and tendencies shaping affairs on Oregon soil.

It will be remembered that it is this Douglas for whom the Douglas spruce (*Pseudotsuga Douglassi*) was named. While it is quite fitting that the tree that is the monarch of the forests of the Pacific Northwest—the largest and most important timber tree—should bear the name of this indefatigable explorer of the flora and fauna of that region, yet the reader of his journals and letters will be struck with the fact that it was the sugar pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) that impressed him most. He was virtually a worshiper of it. There was no limit to the sacrifice he was willing to make to secure specimens of its cones and twigs. Having found it he went into ecstasies over it.

This number of the QUARTERLY contains the first installment of the memoir, journal and letters of Douglas. It is the record of these investigations of the flora of the Pacific Northwest and of California that won for him high rank

among the botanists of the world. The collections of Douglas furnished the major portion of the materials of several "inestimable works." These, says Dr. Hooker, "will constitute a lasting memorial of Mr. Douglas's zeal and abilities; whilst not only in this country (Great Britain), but throughout Europe and in the United States of America, there is scarcely a spot of ground deserving the name of a garden which does not owe many of its most powerful attractions to the living roots and seeds which have been sent by him to the Horticultural Society of London." A list of 154 plants is given in the body of the records as introduced from the Pacific Northwest into Europe by Douglas. A list of forty-seven more represents those secured in California. Douglas's own statement of his collections, to be found in a letter written October 23, 1832—which was a year before his work in the Pacific Northwest closed—is as follows: "I think that I added not less than 150 undescribed species this year, including some new genera, which will bring up the entire amount of flowering plants to scarcely less than 7,000 distinct species."

GENERAL SCHEDULE OF DOUGLAS'S MOVEMENTS.

Leaves England in company with Dr. Scouler for the Columbia July 25, 1824. Enters the Columbia April 7, 1825. Leaves Fort Vancouver with the Annual Express for England (overland to Hudson Bay) March 20, 1827. Leaves England for second exploration of the Columbia country October, 1829. Arrives in the Columbia June 3, 1830. Arrives in California from the Columbia December 22, 1830. Goes to the Sandwich Islands August, 1832. Returns to Fort Vancouver October, 1832. Leaves for the Sandwich Islands November, 1833. Was killed there July 12, 1834.

AN OUTLINE OF HIS EXPLORATIONS.

On the outward voyage the William and Anne touches at the Madeira Islands, Rio Janeiro, Juan Fernandez, and Gallipagos Islands. The notes of the naturalists indicate that they are very active at the above points and through-

out the voyage. The vessel arrives opposite the mouth of the Columbia on February 12, 1825. It crosses the Columbia bar April 7th. For some two weeks botanical operations are carried on near the mouth of the river. Both sides are visited and expectations are realized. Fort George is about to be abandoned. Douglas makes the newly located Fort Vancouver his headquarters from April 20 to May 10. In company with Dr. Scouler he goes down the Columbia. Returning alone at the end of the month he departs up the Columbia June 20 to a point a few miles above Celilo Falls. On July 19 starts to return down the river that he may prosecute researches at the coast. Arrives at Vancouver August 5th. Dries and packs collections until the 18th. On August 19 ascends the Willamette, passing the falls and continuing for two days beyond to a village of Calapooia Indians twenty-four miles above the falls. Camps several days near a "saline" spring. A hunting party goes west over a ridge of mountains. At this camp Douglas's attention is first called to the seed of "a remarkably large pine." These seeds were carried by the natives in pouches and eaten by them as nuts. He learned that the tree grew in the mountains to the south. Returns to Vancouver "richly fraught" with "treasure collected."

Spends a few days in arranging specimens and drying seeds. On the 5th of September, with an Indian chief as guide, he proceeds to the Cascades, where he tries to reach the summits of the mountains, first on the north side and then on the south. On the 13th he re-embarks for Vancouver. Spends the rest of the month of August packing collections. Dr. Scouler returns from a voyage to the north. A wound in Douglas's knee, received in packing, disables him for several weeks. On October 22 he starts down the Columbia in a small canoe, accompanied by four Indians. He aims to visit Dr. Scouler and old shipmates on the William and Anne, which is about to weigh anchor for England. He misses the vessel and continues on a trip to Grays Harbor and the Chehalis River, as he had planned. Suffers great hardships,

exposed to a season of incessant rains, the wound in his knee still giving him much trouble. From the upper Chehalis he crosses over to the Cowlitz and passes down to the Columbia. Reaches Vancouver November 15 from a very unsatisfactory trip. Poor health and inclemency of weather preclude any thought of botany from November 15 to December 30. On December 18 the Annual Express arrived at Vancouver. As it had left Hudson Bay before ship had arrived from England, he was "heavily disappointed" in not receiving anything from home. On December 24 rain drives him from his bark hut. Dr. McLoughlin invites him into his half-finished house. On Christmas Day his troublesome knee prevents his joining the gentlemen in an after-breakfast airing on horseback.

An extended account of the fauna of the Columbia follows. Douglas evidently turned his investigations in that direction during the remaining winter months.

He feels constrained to devote another season to explorations of the Columbia country, even though this decision meets with the disapproval of the Horticultural Society of London. His plans now are to return home by crossing the continent to Hudson Bay in the spring of 1827. Should circumstances forbid his doing that he will proceed to England by sea.

Proposes to make Walla Walla, Spokane, and Kettle Falls his headquarters during the spring and summer months of 1826 that he may do justice to the upper country. Hopes to send the most of his collections by the vessel leaving Vancouver in November and to carry package of seed across to Hudson Bay in the spring of 1827. On March 20, in company with McLeod and Ermetinger, he starts up the Columbia. They have trying experiences with the Indians in passing Celilo Falls. Reach Priest Rapids April 1. On April 6 they arrive at the establishment on the Okanogan River. Proceeds thence to the junction of the Spokane with the Columbia. Botanizes there until the 19th, then accompanies party to Fort Colville, near Kettle Falls. On May 9 he starts

for abandoned establishment at Spokane that he might meet there a Canadian who possessed extensive knowledge of the country and its productions, and who, Douglas wished, should repair his gun. On the 13th he goes back to Kettle Falls. Botanizes the surrounding country. June 5 starts for Walla Walla. From the 17th to the 24th makes first excursion to the Blue Mountains. Between June 26 and July 3 makes second trip to the Blue Mountains. On the 10th starts down the Columbia to meet company bringing letters. Anxiety much allayed on receiving letters, read and reread. On the 18th goes with a party up the Snake to "its forks" (150 miles). On the 25th makes side trips into the Blue Mountains. On the 31st starts overland to Kettle Falls via Spokane. In crossing Cedar River loses seeds, notebook and knapsack. From August 7 to 15 busy collecting plants. Hearing of chance to send collections by last direct vessel to England for some years, he prepares to start for Vancouver. Troubles between Indian parties prevent his securing a guide. On the 19th sets out with one Indian. On the 23rd arrives at Okanogan settlement. Meets there McDonald and Ermetinger. "At noon of the last day of August, the day previous to that (the 1st of September) on which the ship was fixed to sail, landed at Point Vancouver, whence in poor plight, weary and travel-soiled, glad at heart, though possessing nothing but a shirt, leather trousers and an old hat, having lost my jacket, neck-kerchief and worn out my shoes, I made my way to the fort, having traversed 800 miles of the Columbia Valley in twelve days, unattended by a single person except my Indian guide." September 1 gets chests into boat leaving for the *Dryad*. September 2 to 15 gleans seeds of species of plants collected the year before.

1826

On the 20th of September starts on an expedition to the Umpqua, "or Aguilar River," to procure cones of "gigantic pine." On the 22nd arrives at McLeod's encampment at McKay's abandoned establishment on the Willamette. Country having been burned over, conditions are very unfavorable for botanizing. Adventure with "grisly bear" in the upper

Willamette Valley. On the 16th strike the Umpqua. Douglas soon sets out for the upper courses of the river in search for the "much-wished-for" pine. Lies stunned for several hours from fall into deep gully. On the 24th experienced terrible storm. At midday of the 25th reached his "long-wished-for pine." Loses no time in examining trees and collecting twigs and cones. Is impressed with it as "beautiful and immensely grand." Makes and records measurements of a large tree. The report of his gun, fired to bring down cones, reveals his presence to eight Indians. Thes show spirit of fiendish hostility and render his situation perilous in the extreme. Douglas's coolness and his tactics, showing a grim determination to defend himself, cowed them. October 28 to November 7 travels to camp on lower Umpqua, and is there exposed to severe drenching winter storm and threatened by skulking bands of hostile Indians. Starts back to Vancouver, which is reached after a journey of twelve days of extreme misery, disheartened by the loss of nearly the whole of his collections while crossing the Santiam.

December 9 revisits coast in hopes of replacing some of the objects he had lost. The undertaking still more unfortunate than the first. Suffers wreck of canoe and returns home to Vancouver sick of effects of wet and cold. On the 6th of March once more visited the sea and was again driven back by bad weather, having failed this third and last time.

On March 20, 1827, by the Annual Express, in company with Dr. McLoughlin, he started for England. It is "an interesting country" he could "not quit without much regret." Goes via Fort Colville and Kettle Falls. The long, arduous tramp across the continent is described in detail. Arrived at the York Factory, Hudson Bay, about August 11. Botanized a month. Sailed from Hudson's Bay September 15. Arrives at Portsmouth on the 11th of October.

His great success in so perilous an exploration made him a "lion among the learned and scientific men in London." Dr. Hooker summarizes the results of Douglas's expedition. Plans are soon made for another. This time he was to do

for California what had been done for the Columbia region. He was not, however, able to stay away from the Oregon country. He was equipped also for making astronomical, meteorological, geographical, and other observations, and was to extend his explorations even into Siberia.

Left England October, 1829. Arrives in Oregon on June 3, 1830. Spends six months in Oregon, but the journal of his activities from this time on on the Pacific Coast in Oregon and California is lost. We have only brief accounts in letters. The journals of his former expedition had from time to time been carefully dispatched to the Horticultural Society of London, which had been his main support. But soon after starting on his second exploration changes took place in the Horticultural Society which impelled Douglas to resign as its collector, and there was then no one to whom he was bound to communicate the results of his investigations. It will be noticed later also that he met with a very disastrous accident, in which he lost many of his records.

Arrives at Monterey from the Columbia December 22, 1830. Goes to the Sandwich Islands August, 1832. Early in March, 1833, was at Puget Sound. On March 19 starts up the Columbia to Okanogan with a cattle party. His plans to go to Thompson's River, Alexandria, and upper Caledonia, and to come down through the Fraser River country. On the 13th of June is wrecked at Stony Islands in the Fraser River and loses his botanical notes and journal. He returns broken in strength and spirit. Coming back via Thompson's River and Okanogan he tarries for a time at Walla Walla. Made occasional journeys with Mr. Pambrun to the Blue Mountains. Attempted the ascent of Mount Hood.

Soon starts for the Sandwich Islands with the intention of proceeding from there to England. He makes ascent of Mount Roa and on July 12, 1834, is found dead in a pit dug as a trap for wild cattle on the islands.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS.

By Sir W. J. Hooker.

It is not willingly that the following record of the successful labours of Mr. David Douglas in the field of natural history and of his lamented death has been so long withheld from the public; a circumstance the more to be regretted, because his melancholy fate excited a degree of interest in the scientific world which has rarely been equalled, especially towards one who had hitherto been almost as unknown to fame as to fortune. But the writer of this article was anxious to satisfy public curiosity by the mention of some further particulars than what related merely to Mr. Douglas's botanical discoveries; and this could scarcely be done but through the medium of those friends whose personal acquaintance was of long standing, and especially such as knew something of his early life. This has at length been accomplished through the kindness of Mr. Douglas's elder brother, Mr. John Douglas, and of Mr. Booth, the very skillful and scientific gardener at Carclew, the seat of of Sir Charles Lemon, Bart. It is to Mr. Booth, indeed, that I am indebted for almost all that relates to the subject of this memoir, previous to his entering the service of the Horticultural Society, and for the copies of some letters, as well as several particulars relative to his future career.

David Douglas was born at Scone, near Perth, in 1799, being the son of John Douglas and Jean Drummond,* his wife.

* It is not a little remarkable that the mother of Mr. Douglas should have borne the same name with that of another enthusiastic naturalist, who nearly at the same age, and after devoting a similar number of years to scientific researches upon the same vast continent of North America, met with an untimely grave

His father was a stone mason, possessed of good abilities and a store of general information, rarely surpassed by persons in his sphere of life. His family consisted of three daughters and as many sons, of whom the subject of this notice was the second. At about three years of age he was sent to school in the village, where the good old dame,

> "Gentle of heart nor knowing well to rule,"

soon found herself mastered by her high-spirited little scholar, who

> "Much had grieved on that ill-fated morn,
> When he was first to school reluctant borne,"

and took every opportunity of showing his dislike to the restraint by playing truant, or defying the worthy lady's authority. At the parish school of Kinnoul, kept by Mr. Wilson, whither he was soon sent, David Douglas evinced a similar preference to fishing and bird-nesting over book learning; he was often punished for coming late, not knowing his lessons, and playing the truant; but no chastisement affected him so much as the being kept in school after the usual hour of dismissal. His boyish days were not remarkable for any particular incidents. Like others at his time of life, he was lively and active, and never failed of playing his part in the usual sports of the village; a taste for rambling, and much fondness for objects of Natural History being, however, very strongly evinced. He collected all sorts of birds, though he often found it difficult to maintain some of these favorites, especially the hawks and owls. For the sake of feeding a nest of the latter, the poor boy, after exhausting all his skill in catching mice and small birds, used frequently to spend the daily penny with which he should have procured bread for his own lunch, in buying bullock's liver for his owlets, though a walk of six miles to and from school might well have sharpened his youthful appetite. He was likewise much attached to fishing, and very expert at it, and when he

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soon after arriving at a neighboring island, almost at the very same period as the subject of this memoir. It will be seen at once that I allude to Mr. Thomas Drummond.

could not obtain the proper tackle, had recourse to the simple means of a willow wand, string, and crooked pin, with which he was often successful. From his earliest years nothing gave Douglas so much delight as conversing about travelers and foreign countries, and the books which pleased him best were "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Robinson Crusoe." The decided taste which he showed for gardening and collecting plants caused him to be employed, at the age of 10 or 11 years, in the common operations of the nursery ground, attached to the garden of the Earl of Mansfield, at Scone, under the superintendence of his kind friend and master, Mr. Beattie, with the ultimate view of his becoming a gardener. Here his independent, active, and mischievous disposition sometimes led him into quarrels with the other boys, who, on complaining of David to their master, only received the reply, "I like a devil better than a dult," an answer which showed that he was a favorite, and put a stop to further accusations. In the gardens of the Earl of Mansfield he served a seven years' apprenticeship, during which time it is admitted by all who knew him that no one could be more industrious and anxious to excel than he was, his whole heart and mind being devoted to the attainment of a thorough knowledge of his business. The first department in which he was placed was the flower garden, at that time under the superintendence of Mr. McGillivray, a young man who had received a tolerable education, and was pretty well acquainted with the names of plants and the rudiments of Botany. From him Douglas gathered a great deal of information, and being gifted with an excellent memory, he soon became as familiar with the collection of plants at Scone as his instructor. Here the subject of this notice found himself in a situation altogether to his mind, and here, it may be said, he acquired that taste for botanical pursuits which he so ardently followed in after life. He had always a fondness for books, and when the labor of the day was over, the evenings, in winter, invariably found him engaged in the perusal of such works as he had obtained from his friends and acquaintances,

or in making extracts from them of portions which took his fancy, and which he would afterwards commit to memory. In summer, again, the evenings were usually devoted to short botanical excursions, in company with such of the other young men as were of a similar turn of mind to himself, but whether he had then any intention of becoming a botanical collector we have now no means of ascertaining. He had a small garden at home, where he deposited the living plants that he brought home. It may be stated that these excursions were never pursued on the Sabbath day, his father having strictly prohibited young Douglas from doing so, and this rule he at no time broke. The hours which might be called his own were spent in arranging his specimens and in reading with avidity all the works on Travels and Natural History to which he could obtain access. Having applied to an old friend for a loan of some books on these subjects, the gentleman (Mr. Scott), to David's surprise, placed a Bible in his hands, accompanied with the truly kind admonition, "There, David, I can not recommend a better or more important book for your perusal."

It has frequently occurred to us, when admiring the many beautiful productions with which the subject of this memoir has enriched our gardens, that, but for his intercourse with two individuals, Messrs. R. and J. Brown, of the Perth nursery, these acquisitions, in all probability, would have been

"The flowers on desert isles that perish."

At this period of Douglas's life, these gentlemen were very intimate with Mr. Beattie, and their visits to Scone afforded opportunities to him to gain their acquaintance. Both were good British Botanists, and so fond of the study as annually to devote a part of the summer to botanizing in the Highlands; hence their excursions were often the subject of conversation, and it is believed that from hearing them recount their adventures and describe the romantic scenery of the places they had visited in search of plants, Douglas secretly formed the resolution of imitating their example.

Having completed the customary term in the ornamental department, he was removed to the forcing and kitchen garden, in the affairs of which he appeared to take as lively an interest as he had previously done in those of the flower garden. *Lee's Introduction to Botany,* and *Donn's Catalogue,* his former textbooks, if they may be so termed, were now laid aside, and *Nicol's Gardener's Calendar* taken in their stead. The useful publications of Mr. Loudon, which ought to be in the hands of every young gardener, had not then made their appearance; so that his means of gaining a *theoretical* knowledge of his business were very limited, when compared with the facilities of the present day; but what was of more consequence to one in his situation, he had ample scope for making himself master of the *practical* part, and it is but justice to state that, when he had finished his apprenticeship, he only wanted age and experience in the management of men to qualify him for undertaking a situation of the first importance.

His active habits and obliging disposition gained the friendship of Mr. Beattie, by whom he was recommended to the late Mr. Alexander Stewart, gardener at Valleyfield, near Culross, the seat of the late Sir Robert Preston, a place then celebrated for a very select collection of plants. Thither David Douglas went in 1818, after having spent the preceding winter months in a private school in Perth, revising especially such rules in arithmetic as he thought might be useful, and in which he either had found or considered himself deficient. He was not long in his new situation when a fresh impulse seized him. The kitchen garden lost its attraction, and his mind became wholly bent on Botany, more especially as regarded exotic plants, of which we believe one of the very best private collections in Scotland was then cultivated at Valleyfield. Mr. Stewart finding him careful of the plants committed to his charge, and desirous of improvement, encouraged him by every means in his power. He treated him with kindness and allowed him to participate in the advantages which he had himself derived from having

access to Sir R. Preston's botanical library, a privilege of the utmost value to one circumstanced like Douglas, and endowed with such faculties of mind and memory as he possessed. He remained about two years at Valleyfield, being foreman during the last twelve months to Mr. Stewart, when he made application and succeeded in gaining admission to the botanical garden at Glasgow. In this improving situation it is almost needless to say that he spent his time most advantageously and with so much industry and application to his professional duties as to have gained the friendship and esteem of all who knew him, and more especially of the able and intelligent curator of that establishment, Mr Stewart Murray, who always evinced the deepest interest in Douglas's success in life. Whilst in this situation he was a diligent attendant at the botanical lectures given by the professor of Botany in the hall of the garden, and was his favorite companion in some distant excursions to the Highlands and islands of Scotland, where his great activity, undaunted courage, singular abstemiousness, and energetic zeal at once pointed him out as an individual eminently calculated to do himself credit as a scientific traveler.

It was our privilege, and that of Mr. Murray, to recommend Mr. Douglas to Joseph Sabine, Esq., then honorary secretary of the Horticultural Society, as a botanical collector; and to London he directed his course accordingly in the spring of 1823. His first destination was China, but intelligence having about that time been received of a rupture between the British and Chinese, he was dispatched, in the latter end of May, to the United States, where he procured many fine plants, and greatly increased the Society's collection of fruit trees. He returned late in the autumn of the same year, and in 1824 an opportunity having offered through the Hudson's Bay Company, of sending him to explore the botanical riches of the country in the Northwest America, adjoining the Columbia River, and southward towards California, he sailed in July for the purpose of prosecuting this mission.

We are now come to the most interesting period of Mr. Douglas's life, when he was about to undertake a long voyage and to explore remote regions, hitherto untrodden by the foot of any naturalist. In these situations, far indeed from the abodes of civilized society, frequently with no other companion than a faithful dog, or a wild Indian as a guide, we should have known little or nothing of his adventures were it not for a journal which he kept with great care (considering the difficulties, not to say dangers, which so frequently beset him in his long and painful journeyings), and which has been deposited in the library of the Horticultural Society of London. From that journal is here selected whatever is likely to prove interesting to our readers; and these extracts, with some occasional observations and extracts from the few letters which were received by his friends during the continuance of this mission, will prove more than any language we can employ, Mr. Douglas's high qualifications as a naturalist and traveler.

Compare this Journal with that published by Royal Horticultural Soc. 1914. Do some contain where exclusive material appears in other & vice versa the same year, in other totally different

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH-WESTERN PARTS OF THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA DURING THE YEARS 1824-25-26-27.

By DAVID DOUGLAS, F. L. S.

While so much geographical information has, of late years, been added to the general stock of knowledge, and so many distinguished individuals have assiduously devoted their talents to the investigation of the northern parts of this country, the Horticultural Society of London, desirous of disseminating among the gardens of Britain the vegetable treasures of those widely extended and highly diversified countries, resolved on sending a person experienced in the modes of collecting and preserving botanical subjects, and of transmitting seeds to England. I had the pleasure of being the individual selected, having previously extensively traveled on the eastern parts of the same Continent for a similar purpose. Before entering on this brief statement, I must beg to return my grateful thanks to John Henry Pelly, Esq., Governor, and Nicholas Garry, Esq., Deputy-Governor of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company, for the kind assistance I, on all occasions, experienced at their hands, and for much valuable information received both before and after my arrival in England. To the enlightened zeal with which these gentlemen forward every enterprise for the advancement of science, and to the warm interest they always showed on my behalf, I am happy to have this occasion of bearing my grateful, though feeble testimony. I also beg leave to thank the different residents, partners, and agents of this company, both individually and collectively.

I embarked on Sunday, the 25th of July, on board the Hudson's Bay Company's brig, William and Ann[e], Captain Henry Hanwell, destined for the entrance of the River Colum-

bia. To beguile the monotony attending long voyages, I held myself fortunate in having a companion in Dr. Scouler* of Glasgow, a man skilled in several, and devotedly attached to all, branches of Natural History, a pupil of Dr. Hooker, by whom he was powerfully recommended to the H. B. C. as surgeon to the vessel, in order that he might have an opportunity of prosecuting his favourite pursuit. A few days of favorable weather carried us clear of the shores of England, and on the 9th of August we passed the high grounds of the Island of Porto Santo, and anchored on the following afternoon in the Bay of Funchal, Madeira. So far as the experience of a two days' visit went, I was much gratified with this delightful island. My companion and I visited the summit of one of the highest mountains, stocking our herbaria with several interesting, though not new plants; we also walked into the vineyards in the neighborhood of the town, saw the hospital, churches, and other establishments, and resumed our voyage on the 12th of August towards Rio Janeiro. As we approached the Equator, the temperature increased, its greatest height being 84 degrees in the shade at 3 P. M. on the 21st, and its minimum 59 degrees. The mornings were peculiarly pleasant and fine. Near the Cape de Verd Islands, the *Exocaetus volitans* was frequently seen, skimming from wave to wave, and sometimes dropping on the deck of our vessel, which lay very low in the water; the screaming noise of *Phaeton aethereus* and the never absent *Procellaria pelagia*, or *Mother Cary's Chicken*, formed the only alleviation to the motonony of sky and water. For ten degrees on each side of the Line, the weather was very variable, sometimes calm, sometimes with thunder and lightning, and sudden gusts of wind, which rendered this part of our voyage somewhat tedious. We, however, arrived within sight of Cape Frio on the 26th of September. Towards evening the ship was surrounded by a vast variety of sea birds, and I saw for the first time the Albatross, *Diomedea exulans*.

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The magnificent prospect of the harbor of Rio is well known. One feature in Brazilian scenery which particularly strikes the European eye is, that the palms always grow largest on the summit of the highest hills. During my stay I had the pleasure to become known to William Harrison, Esq., residing at Botofogo, through whose instrumentality many beautiful plants* have been introduced to England, and who bestows great pains on collecting subjects in other departments of Natural History, illustrative of Brazil. In company with this gentleman and his relation, Mr. Henry Harrison, I made a short journey to the interior, where I was excessively gratified with the rich luxuriance of the forest, though the season was too early to display it in all its glory, and particularly delighted with the curious and endlessly varied forms of the *Orchideae*. Mr. Harrison cultivates with great success about seventy species of this family of plants, by simply nailing them to the garden wall, and giving them the assistance of the bark or wood whereon they naturally grew, to aid them in climbing and supporting themselves. He possesses also an aviary, containing several rare and beautiful native birds.

I also made the acquaintance of the late John Dickson, Esq., surgeon, R. N., who was never so happy as when he had the opportunity of doing any act of kindness. On the 15th of October I quitted this charming place with much regret, increased by having been scarcely able to add any dried plants to my collection, owing to the earliness of the season and the continued rain. For a few days, until we got clear of land, the weather was changeable, accompanied by wet in the evenings.

At 4 A. M. on Tuesday, the 19th of October, a fine breeze sprang up, and we bore away for the south, gradually leaving the fine weather. Off the River Plata, in latitude 37 degrees south, longitude 37 degrees west, immense shoals of *Fucus pyriformis* passed the ship, some specimens of which

* Of these, especially the Epiphytes, a very great number have been figured in the Botanical Magazine and Register.

measured sixty feet in length, with a stem, at the thickest part, of three inches in diameter. On the root was a variety of *Asterias*, *Beroe*, and other *Molluscae*. In this parallel *Procellaria Capensis* and *P. fuliginosa* began to be common, and I captured several with a small hook and line. In passing between the mainland and the Falkland Islands, November 5, an indescribable and piercing chillness told us we were drawing near the dreary and inhospitable regions of Cape Horn, of which in a few days longer we became fully aware.

While within the parallels of 50 degrees and 59 degrees south latitude, I caught sixty-nine specimens of *Diomedeae*, consisting of *D. exulans*, *fuliginosa*, and *chlororhynchos;* the last, though a smaller bird than the first, reigns lord paramount over the rest, and compels them all to flee at his approach. It is stated by most authors that these birds are taken with the greatest ease during calm weather, but I have invariably found the reverse to hold good; it was only during the driving gusts of a storm that I could secure them, and on such occasions they fight voraciously about the bait, the hook often being received into the stomach. The appearance of these birds is grand and majestic; the largest which I ever saw measuring twelve feet four inches, from tip to tip of the extended wings, and four feet from the point of the beak to the end of the tail. As respects their flight, the same remarks apply to all the species. When sitting on the water their wings are raised exactly like a swan; when feeding they are somewhat higher, with a constantly tremulous motion like those of the hawk tribe; and when elevating themselves from the water to soar in the air they first walk the water, skimming the surface with the points of their pinions for the distance of several hundred yards, before they seem able to raise themselves, which they finally do with the utmost grace, and with scarcely any apparent movement of their wings. They are of a bold and savage disposition, which is especially displayed when they are captured.

Of *Larus* and *Procellaria* I caught many by the same means—a hook baited with fat pork. In these latitudes a

white-striped porpoise was observed, of smaller size, but equal velocity in its motions with the common one. Till we passed the 50 degrees parallel of south latitude on the Pacific side of the continent, we were subject to boisterous weather, high seas, hail, rain, and thick fogs. On the 14th of December the Island of Massafuera was distinctly seen, distant seven leagues, appearing like a dark bare rock. We passed near enough to ascertain that it was far from being fertile, though a little verdure might be descried in the valleys, with some stunted trees on the hills, and a few goats browsing on the rocky clefts. A high surf breaking on the beach prevented a boat from being sent on shore, and we consequently bore away for the Island of Juan Fernandez; the wind failing, however, we did not reach it till ten days afterwards. This classic island, which might be properly termed the Madeira of the southern hemisphere, is very mountainous and volcanic; its hills beautifully clothed with verdure to their summits, which, except in very clear weather, are enveloped with clouds, the scorched and rocky soil admirably contrasting with the deep green of its lovely vegetation. On the second day we landed in Cumberland Bay, so named by Anson in 1741. As we approached the shore we were surprised to observe a small vessel lying in the bay, and on the beach a little hut, with smoke arising from it. When on the point of stepping from the boat a man, to our astonishment, sprang from the bushes and directed us to a sheltered creek. He gave us the following account of his adventures. His name is William Clark, a native of Whitechapel, London, and being a sailor, came to the coast of Chili about five years ago, in a Liverpool vessel, called Solland, and was there discharged. He is now in the employment of the Spaniards, who visit Juan Fernandez for the purpose of killing seals and wild cattle, both of which are plentiful. His companions, five Spaniards, were on the other side of the island, following their customary pursuit, and came to see him once a week, during which time he was left to take charge of the little bark and other property. The poor fellow, when he first observed us,

took us for pirates, as we were all armed, and abandoning his hut, fled to the woods, but hearing us speak English, he sprang from his retreat and welcomed us with a pleasure which it would be difficult to describe. He had spent five weeks here, and meant to stay about as much longer. His clothing consisted of a pair of coarse woolen trousers, of which it would be hard to detect the original material and color, with a cotton and a flannel shirt, and a hat (he preferred, however, going bareheaded), but no coat. The surgeon and I gave him all that we could spare from our own slender stock, for which he was very thankful. His little hut was built of stones and turf, thatched with the straw of the wild oat. In one corner lay a bundle of straw and his blanket; a log of wood to sit upon composed all the furniture. His only cooking utensil was a common castiron pot, with a wooden bottom, in which he boiled his food by sinking it a few inches in the floor of his dwelling, and placing the fire round the sides. He longed to taste roast beef (having had none for seven years), and one day tried to bake some, as he termed it; but the bottom of his culinary apparatus, as might be expected, gave way in the process, so that poor Clarke was unable to accomplish his new fashion of preparing the national dish.

It was agreeable to find that this poor exile possessed a good deal of information; his library amounted to seventeen volumes—a Bible and common prayer book, which he kept concealed in a secret place when his Spanish companions were with him; some odd volumes of "Tales of my Landlord" and "Old Mortality;" several of voyages, and Cowper's poems, out of which he had learnt by heart the one upon Alexander Selkirk; and what is still more worthy of notice, a finely bound copy of "Robinson Crusoe," of which the poor fellow might himself be considered the latest and most complete edition. Like most English sailors, he had no aversion to rum; I gave him a single dram, which, as he had been long unaccustomed to it, made him forget his exile, and, like the heroes of Troy,

> "He fought his battles o'er again,
> And slew the slain three times."

A few years ago the Spaniards formed a colony here, but it is now abandoned, the houses and fort are destroyed, and twenty-six pieces of large cannon lay upon the beach. The vestiges of a church are still to be seen, with the following inscription upon the lintel of the door: "*La casa de Dios es la puerta del cielo, y se colocada, 24 Septembre,* 1811." The house of God is the gate of heaven, built 24th September, 1811. Near this is a circular oven built of London fire-brick, seven feet in diameter within, bearing a date 1741, and therefore probably built by Anson during his residence. Some pigeons, of a small blue species, now occupy it as their cote. There were eggs in, but no young ones; I pointed it out to Clark, and advised him to make use of this colony. In the old gardens were *Peaches* of three or four sorts, growing luxuriantly with fruit about half ripe; *Quinces, Apples,* and *Pears.* We took some of these fruits for puddings, with abundance of *Figs* in a vigorous state of bearing. *Vines* thrive well, and were in blossom. The only fruit which was, however, in perfection, was a large, pale-reddish *Strawberry,* of which the fruit had a not unpleasant flavour; the leaves, stem, and calix very downy. I dried a paper full of its seeds lest the species should prove indigenous to this island or the coast of Chili.

Before leaving Juan Fernandez I sowed a small quantity of *Vine, Pears,* and other fruit-seeds which I had brought with me, and a portion of culinary vegetables, leaving some with Clark, whom I recommended to try them in various parts of the island, as radishes were the only vegetable he had. We spent part of a day in fishing, and caught a sort of rock cod and a small fish, which was unknown to me. Both were good eating. On quitting the shore Clark presented us with a fine female goat (not, however, one that had belonged to Robinson Crusoe, as it was quite young); we left him standing on a large stone on the beach, expecting to see us again the next morning, but hardly had we reached the ship when a strong easterly wind set in, and we were speedily carried far from that enchanting spot, and from my new and

interesting acquaintance, Clark. No pen, indeed, can correctly describe the charming and rural appearance of this island,* the numerous rills descending through the valleys, overshadowed by luxuriant verdure, and terminating in dark recesses and rocky dells, where waved the feathery fronds of *Lomatia*, *Aspidia*, and *Polypodia*, several species of which are new and of truly princely form and growth. On the hills

* Mrs. Marie Graham (now Mrs. Callcott) gives a no less charming account of Juan Fernandez, and the view from her talented pencil engraved in her "*Journal of a Residence in Chili*" bears her out in her description. "It is," she says, "the most picturesque place I ever saw, being composed of high perpendicular rocks, wooded nearly to the top, with beautiful valleys; and the ruins of the little town in the largest of these heightens the effect. It was too late to go ashore when we anchored; but it was bright moonlight, and we stayed long on the deck at night, admiring the extraordinary beauty of the time." "The valleys are exceedingly fertile, and watered by copious streams, which occasionally form small marshes, where the *Panke* grows very luxuriantly, as well as water cresses and other aquatic plants. The little valley where the town is, or rather was, is full of fruit trees, and flowers, and sweet herbs, now grown wild; and near the shore it is covered with radishes and seaside oats. After dinner I walked to the valley called Lord Anson's park; and on our way found numbers of European shrubs and herbs,

'Where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild:'

and in the half-ruined hedges, which denote the boundaries of former fields, we found apples, pears, and quince trees, with cherries almost ripe. The ascent is steep and rapid from the beach, even in the valleys, and the long grass was dry and slippery, so that it rendered the walk rather fatiguing, and we were glad to sit down under a large quince tree on a carpet of balm, bordered with roses, now neglected, and rest, and feast our eyes with the lovely view before us. Lord Anson has not exaggerated the beauty of the place, or the delights of the climate; we were rather early for its fruits; but even at this time we have gathered delicious figs, and cherries, and pears, that a few more days' sun would have perfected. I was quite sorry to leave our station in the park and return to the landing place to embark for the dark close ship."

"The next morning," she remarked, "I had reached a lonely spot, where no trace of man could be seen, and where I seemed to have no communication with any living being. I had been some hours alone in this magnificent wilderness; and thought at first I might begin with exaltation to cry,

'I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.'

yet I very soon felt that utter lonliness is as disagreeable as unnatural; and Cowper's exquisite lines again served me—

'Oh solitude! where are the charms
That sages have been seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.'

And I repeated over and over the whole of the poem, till I saw two of my companions of the morning coming down the hill, when I hurried to meet them, as if I had really been 'out of humanity's reach.' "—ED.

grow several kinds of *Escallonia*, *Berberis*, *Lobelia*, *Hordeum*, and *Avena*. During my short stay I gathered seventy distinct and highly interesting plants. The species of birds were few, and not beautiful; I killed a *Strix*, and several of the dark kind of *Columba*, which is very abundant.

Our course was then directed to the Gallipagos, lying under the Equator, in longitude 80 degrees west, which we pleasantly gained on the 9th of January, 1825, having kept our Christmas day in latitude 37 degrees south, longitude 84 degrees west, by feasting on the goat which Clark had given us, and drinking the health of our friends in England. The heat is by means so oppressive in the same latitude on the Pacific as the Atlantic Ocean, for though the difference in the mercury is trifling, there is a cooling breeze which always renders the air agreeable. We passed along the east side of Chatham Island, which is mountainous, and apparently bare of vegetation; and went on shore the following day on James's Island, about thirty-seven miles further west. The whole of the Gallipagos are mountainous and volcanic, with vestiges of many craters, covered with lava, but the hills do not seem to exceed 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Their verdure is scanty, as compared with most tropical countries, owing, apparently, to the parched nature of the soil and the absence of springs of fresh water. The only spring I saw was flowing from a crevice in one of the craters; some of the trees attained a considerable size in the valleys, but they are not numerous, and with little variety of species. The birds, however, are abundant, and some of them exceedingly handsome, but so ignorant were they of man's devices that they suffered themselves to be killed with a stick, so that a gun was only needed when they sat high on the top of a tree or rock. Many of the smaller kinds perched on my hat, and even unconsciously settled on the gun (that instrument of their destruction) which I carried on my shoulder. During my visits to the island of two hours a day for three days I killed forty-five individuals of nineteen genera, all of which I skinned carefully, and had then the mortification of losing

all but one, a species of *Sula*, from the constant rain that prevailed for twelve days after leaving the Gallipagos. Among them were two kinds of *Pelican*, four of *Sula*, and four *Hawks* (one of the latter was particularly fine, of nearly an orange color), and a very small *Pigeon*. A species of rock cod was so abundant near the shore as to be taken without any bait, and the sharks were so voracious as to bite continually at the oars, as their points were raised from the water. The woods teemed with land tortoises; some weighed 400 pounds, and the shores with turtle. With my collection of plants I was almost as unfortunate as that of birds—out of the 175 species which I gathered I could save but fifty, and these in a very miserable state, as I had no place below in the vessel where I might store them, nor could I pack them damp, and the rain ruined everything exposed on the deck. There was nothing, however, which I regretted so much as the destruction of a specimen of a new *Lacerta*, from twenty to thirty inches long, of a dark orange color, and with a rough, warty skin. We had made good soup of these creatures when upon the island. Never did I experience greater mortification than from the loss of these collections, the Gallipagos have been so little visited by scientific persons, that everything becomes of interest which is brought from thence, and I have now little or nothing to show that I have been there! I have, however, secured seeds, in a good state, of a very singular species of *Cactus*, which grows in the valleys. The trunk is two or three feet in diameter, and from forty to fifty feet high; it belongs to the section *Opuntia*, and has large bright yellow flowers, and very long flexible spines. Also of a fine *Gossypium* or cotton plant, which is a shrub four to ten feet high, with yellow blossoms and yellow cotton; and of a plant which will probably be found to belong to the *Coniferae*. The thermometer stood frequently at 96 degrees, and the heat was most oppressive; on one occasion, when the rain ceased for an hour, and the sun broke forth, it raised such a steam from the ground as proved almost suffocating.

After leaving James's Island, we passed along the east

side of Albemarle Island, so near as to ascertain that it was inhabited, from seeing lights upon it after dark; some blue lights which were sent off from our ship were also answered, but instead of being able to land, we were suddenly driven off the shore by a tremendous thunder storm. Never did I witness anything equal in grandeur and singularity to the vividness and curious forms of the flashes of lightning; four tons of water were obtained from the sails and deck, which proved a most acceptable relief to us, increasing our allowance, and enabling us to wash our clothes. The remainder of our voyage within the tropics was attended with variable winds, frequent rain, and almost nightly storms of thunder and lightning. In latitude 34 degrees north, I caught an undescribed species of Albatross, akin to *Diomedea fuliginosa*, but a smaller and less powerful bird. The *D. exulans*, as found in the higher latitudes of the Pacific, is much smaller than it is in the Southern Hemisphere, and will probably prove a distinct species. Our second mate, who kindly assisted me in taking these birds (and, as I mentioned before, they can only be captured in the most stormy weather), fell upon the wet deck, being driven down by the violence of the gale, and fractured his thigh so severely as to suffer most dreadful torture for several succeeding weeks.

On the 12th of February we were in the latitude of the Columbia River, longitude 136 degrees west, but the weather was so boisterous, with such a tremendously heavy sea running, that we were obliged to lay to, day after day, endeavoring repeatedly to enter, for six weeks, up to the 1st of April, and suffered more storms than we had done during the whole of our previous voyage of eight months. On the 3rd of April we saw Cape Disappointment twenty-eight miles ahead, and were approaching it with a fair breeze when a strong westerly wind again drove us out to sea; a second attempt was made three days after, when we got within four miles, but with no better success. In short, we could declare the hurricanes of Northwest America to be a thousand times worse than those of the noted Cape Horn. In this latitude there is abundance of a small species of *Physalis*, of a transparent

azure hue, which were frequently washed on the main-yard by the spray breaking over the vessel.

At last, on the morning of the 7th, a favorable wind rising, we were within forty miles of the entrance to the harbour, and joy and expectation sat on every countenance, all hands endeavoring to make themselves useful in accomplishing this wished-for object. Dr. Scouler and I kept the soundings, and safely passed over the sandbar, where many vessels have been injured and others lost. We happily gained the much-desired harbor, and anchored in Baker's Bay, on the north-side of the Columbia, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Several cannon shots were immediately fired to announce our arrival to the establishment seven miles up the river, but they were not answered. Thus terminated my long and tedious voyage of eight months and fourteen days. The joy of viewing land, and the hope of being able, in a few days, to range through this long-desired spot, and to resume my wonted pursuits and enjoyments, may be easily imagined. We spent the evening in great mirth, and went to rest early at night, happy to be able to sleep without the noise and motion and other disagreeable attendants of a long sea voyage. I think I may truly reckon this as among the happiest moments of my life.

The following day, April 8, was so rainy and cold that we could not leave the ship, but the next morning Dr. Scouler and I went ashore on Cape Disappointment. On stepping out of the boat we picked up *Rubus Spectabilis* (*B. Reg. t.* 1444) and *Gaultheria Shallon*, with several other plants which had only been known to us in the Herbaria, or by name. Many species of *Vaccinium*, not however yet in flower, with *Tiarella* and *Heuchera*, both in full blossom, grew in the woods. In a few hours we returned to the ship, amply gratified. We found that during our absence a canoe with one Canadian and several Indians had been sent from the fort, bringing fresh provisions, potatoes and butter. The latter also offered game, dried salmon and fresh sturgeon, with dried roots and preserved berries of several kinds, for barter, and as they put many questions to us, by the aid of

a little English and many signs, we viewed them with much curiosity and interest. The natives showed themselves sufficiently shrewd in bargaining for the trinkets, molasses, and bread which we gave them in exchange for their provisions. The practice of compressing the forehead, of perforating the septum of the nose and ears, and inserting shells, bits of copper, beads, or in fact any kind of hardware, gives a stranger a curious idea of the singular habits of these people.

On Monday, the 11th, the ship went up the river, and anchored on the side opposite the establishment at Point Ellis, and the following day we were received by Mr. McKenzie, the person then in charge, who informed us they were about to abandon the present place for a more commodious situation ninety miles up the river, on the north side. Also, that the chief factor, John McLoughlin, Esq., was there, but would be down as soon as he received intelligence of the ship's arrival. From Mr. McKenzie we experienced great attention, and though we did not quit the vessel till the 19th, I was daily on shore. With respect to the appearance of the country, my expectations were fully realized, in its fertility and variety of aspect and of soil. The greater part, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with *Pines* of various species. . The Atlantic side of this great continent much exceeds the western coast in the variety of its kinds of forest trees; there are no *Beeches*, *Magnolias*, *Gleditschias*, or *Juglans*, and only one kind of *Oak* and of *Ash* on the Pacific side.

Cape Disappointment, on the southern [northern] bank of the river at the ocean, is a remarkable promontory of rock, forming a good sea-mark, elevated about 700 feet above the level of the sea, and covered with *Pines* and brushwood. The country to the northward, near the ocean, is hilly. The opposite point, called Point Round, or Point Adams of Lewis and Clark, is low, and in many places swampy; a ridge of low hills runs for about forty miles southward, skirting the sea, as far as Cape Lookout [Tillamook Head], so named by Vancouver. The breadth of the Columbia is

about five miles at its mouth, not including Baker's Bay, which has a deep bend; the current is very rapid, and produces great agitation when the wind blows from the westward, dashing the water over the sand-bar quite across the river, so that no channel can be perceived, and it becomes impossible for a vessel to go out or in with safety.

My paper for preserving plants being all in the hold of the ship, I could do but little in collecting, though we continued our excursions every day, when the weather permitted, and were frequently meeting with objects which caused us much gratification. Nothing gave me, I think, greater pleasure, than to find *Hookeria lucens* in abundance in the damp, shady forests, growing with a plant whose name also reminded me of another valued friend, the *Menziesia ferruginea*. All my paper and trunks were sent ashore on the 16th, and on the 19th I embarked in a small boat with Mr. John McLoughlin, the chief factor, who received me with demonstrations of the most kindly feeling, and showed me every civility which it was in his power to bestow.

The following night, at 10 P. M., we arrived at Fort Vancouver, ninety miles from the sea, the spot where the officers of Captain Vancouver completed their survey of the river in 1792. The scenery round this place is sublimely grand—lofty, well-wooded hills, mountains covered with perpetual snow, extensive natural meadows, and plains of deep, fertile, alluvial deposit, covered with a rich sward of grass, and a profusion of flowering plants. The most remarkable mountains are Mounts Hood and Jefferson, of Vancouver, which are at all seasons covered with snow as low down as the summit of the hills by which they are surrounded. From this period to the 10th of May, my labour in the neighborhood of this place was well rewarded by *Ribes sanguineum* (Bot. Reg. t. 1349. Bot. Mag. t. 3335), (a lovely shrub), which grows abundantly on the rocky shores of the Columbia and its tributary streams, producing a great profusion of flowers and but little fruit, except in the shady woods, where the blossoms are comparatively few; I also found

Berberis Aquifolium (Bot. Reg. t. 1425), B. *glumacea* (Ejusd. t. 1426. De Cand. B. *nervosa* of Pursh), *Acer macrophyllum* (Hook, Fl. Bor. Am. v. 1. t. 38), and *Scilla esculenta* (Bot. Mag. t. 2774), the *Quamash* of the natives, who prepare its roots in the following manner. A round hole is scraped in the ground, in which are placed a number of stones and a fire is kept burning on them till they are red hot, when it is removed and replaced by some brushwood and straw, on which the roots are laid (covered with leaves, moss, or straw, with a layer of earth), and they remain there until they are baked or roasted, a process which occupies a few hours, after which they are taken out and hung up to dry. Sometimes the natives bruise these roots or pound them into cakes and round lumps, which they lay upon the shelves in their lodges for winter use. When cooked they have a sweetish and by no means unpleasant taste, and a very palatable beverage might probably be prepared from them. Lewis and Clark observe that they are apt to produce bowel complaint if eaten in large quantities, as they certainly do flatulence. The plant abounds in all alluvial plains, on the margins of woods and banks of rivers. *Pyrola aphylla* (Hook Fl. Bor. Am. t. 137), *Caprifolium occidentale* (B. Reg. t 1457), and a multitude of other plants, delighted me highly; nor can I pass over the beauty, I might say the grandeur, of *Lupinus polyphyllus* Bot. Reg. t. 1096, and *var. albiforus,* t. 1377), covering immense tracts of low land on the banks of streams, with here and there a white-flowered variety, and growing to a height of six or eight feet, wherever the ground was partially overflowed. The *Gaultheria Shallon* (Bot. Mag. t. 2843, Bot. Reg. t. 1372), is called by the natives *Salal* and not *Shallon*, as stated by Pursh, whose figure and description are, however, good; it grows abundantly in the cool pine forests, most luxuriantly in the shady places near the ocean. I have seen it as far as forty miles above the Grand Rapids of the Columbia River, but it is not so vigorous as when found nearer the sea. The fruit is abundant and very good, so that I hope it will ere

long find a place in the fruit garden as well as the ornamental border. I also gathered, among other curious plants, a noble species of *Arbutus*, *A. procera* (Bot. Reg. t. 1753). We had abundance of excellent salmon, brought to us by the native tribes, which they sold very cheap. I returned to Fort Vancouver at the end of the month, having increased my collection of plants by seventy-five species, and also killed four quadrupeds and a few birds.

Till the 20th of June, I employed myself in the vicinity of Fort Vancouver in procuring seeds of early flowering plants, and collecting various objects of natural history, when I availed myself of the departure of the boats for the inland establishments, to accompany them as far as seemed advisable. Starting from the mouth of the river at 8 o'clock in the morning, in a small boat with one Canadian and five Indians, we proceeded about forty miles that day. The current was strong, owing to the melting of the snow on the mountains, and when we came to open parts of the banks, unobstructed by timber or rocks, I botanized as we went along. We supped on roasted sturgeon and bread, with a basin of tea, and slept in the boat which we dragged on shore. The next day we passed the Grand Rapids, forty-six miles above the Fort; the scenery at this place is wild and romantic, with high mountains on each side, clothed with timber of immense size. The Rapid is formed by the river passing through a narrow channel, 170 yards wide; the channel is rocky, obstructed by large stones and small islands, with a fall of 147 feet, the whole rapid being about two miles long. In many places the banks rise perpendicular to a height of several hundred feet, over which are some fine water falls; the rocks are chiefly secondary, sandstone, limestone, and blue granite. Whole petrified trees are visible close to the water's edge, both of *Pine* and *Acer Macrophyllum*.

This being the season of salmon fishing, I had opportunities of seeing prodigious numbers taken simply with a small hoop or a scoop-net, fastened to the end of a pole. The fish are of excellent quality and average about fifteen pounds

in weight. In the still parts of the water, immense quantities are caught in these nets, to which are attached spindles formed of the wood of *Thuja plicata*, which is very buoyant and which serve as corks, while small oblong stones answer the purpose of lead. The rope of the net is made from a species of *Salix*, or from the *Thuja*, and the cord of *Apocynum piscatorium* (*A. hypericifolium?*), a gigantic species peculiar to this country, whose fibre affords a great quantity of flax.

The country continues mountainous as far as the lower branch of the Multnomak River, the Belle Vue Point of Vancover, about seventy miles from the ocean, where the banks again become low, and the background rises gradually. On the south, towards the head water of the Multnomak, we saw a ridge of snowy mountains, and one which was very conspicuous and of a conical form in the distance, far exceeding the others in height. This, I have no doubt, is Mount Jefferson, of Lewis and Clark. Another was equally striking due east, and one due north; the former, Mount Hood, and the latter Mount Saint Helens, of Vancouver; their height must be very great, at least 10,000 or 12,000 feet, and I am informed that two-thirds are continually wrapped in snow, of which there is hardly any sensible diminution even in summer, immense barriers of ice rendering every attempt to reach the summits quite impracticable. From the Grand Rapid to the Great Falls, seventy miles, the banks are steep, rocky, and in many places rugged; and the hills gradually diminish in elevation, and are thinly covered with stunted timber and shrubs but a few feet high. Here we were no longer fanned by the huge *Pine*, the *Thuja* and *Acer*, nor gratified by observing the perpetual quiver of the beautiful *Populus tremuloides*. Far as the eye can reach there is but a dreary waste of barren soil, thinly covered with scanty herbage. Here, however, I found the beautiful *Clarckia pulchella* (Bot. Mag. t 2918), *Calochortus macrocarpus* (Bot. Reg. t. 1152), *Lupinus aridus* (Bot. Reg. t. 1242), and *leucophyllus* (Bot. Reg. t. 1124), *Brodiaea grandiflora* (Bot. Mag. t. 2877, Bot. Reg. t. 1183), etc. The present bed of

the river at the falls is 600 feet lower than the former one, and of decomposed granite. I could not at this season go higher than a few miles above the falls, but was amply repaid by *Purshia tridentata** (Hook. Fl. Bor. Am. t. 1. t. 58), *Bartonia albicaulis* (Bot. Reg. t. 1446), *Bartonias albicaulis, B.* (Bot. Mag. t. 2894. Bot. Reg. 1174), and several *Pentstemons,* † and seeds of many desirable plants, many of which I secured during this expedition.

Early in the morning of the 19th of July, I descended the river in an Indian canoe for the purpose of prosecuting my researches on the coast, a design which was in a great measure frustrated by the tribe among whom I lived going to war with the nations residing to the northward, in that very direction which I intended to follow. During my stay several persons were killed and some wounded in a quarrel. The principal chief in the village, Cockqua, treated me with the utmost fidelity, and even built me a small cabin in his own lodge, but the immense number of fleas occasioned me to remove to within a few yards of the river; still my friend was so much interested in my safety that he watched himself a whole night, at the time when he expected the war party. In the morning about 300 men in their war garments, danced the war dance, and sang several death songs, which caused in me certainly a most uncomfortable sensation, and the following morning brought us seventeen canoes, carrying nearly 400 men, when after several harangues, it was mutually agreed to suspend hostilities for the present.

A sturgeon was caught by one of my companions which measured twelve feet nine inches from the snout to the tip of the tail, and seven feet round the thickest part, and its weight exceeded 500 pounds. Among the plants which I found on this occasion were *Lupinus littoralis* (Bot. Mag. t.

*To this genus the *Cerocarpus* of Humboldt and Kunth is very nearly allied, of which a species was afterwards found by Mr. Douglas in California.—ED.

†See Bot. Reg. and Bot. Mag. for several of these beautiful genus introduced by Mr. Douglas.—ED.

2952), *Carex Menziesii*, *Juncus Menziesii* and *globosus*, *Vaccinium ovatum*, *parvifolium* (Hook Fl. Bor. Am. v. 1. t. 128), and *ovalifolium* (Hook. Fl. Bor. Am. v. 1. t. 127). I also obtained seeds of the beautiful *Spiraea ariaefolia* (Bot Reg. t. 1367), of *Gaultheria Shallon*, *Ribes sanguinem*, *Berberis*, and other valuable and interesting plants.

Before taking leave of my Indian friends, I purchased several articles of wearing apparel, things used in their domestic economy, etc., for which I paid in trinkets and tobacco. I arrived at Fort Vancouver again on the 5th of August, and employed myself until the 18th in drying the specimens I had collected, and making short journeys in quest of seeds and other plants; my labours being materially retarded by the rainy weather. As there were no houses yet built on this new station, I first occupied a tent which was kindly offered me, and then removed to a lodge of deer skin, which soon, however, became too small for me in consequence of the augmentation of my collections, and where also I found some difficulty in drying my plants and seeds. A hut constructed of the bark of *Thuja occidentalis* was my next habitation, and there I shall probably take up my winter quarters. I have only been in a house three nights since my arrival in Northwest America, and these were the first after my debarkation. On my journeys I occupy a tent wherever it is practicable to carry one; which, however, is not often, so that a canoe turned upside down is my occasional shelter; but more frequently I lie under the boughs of a pine tree, without anything further. In England, people shiver at the idea of sleeping with a window open; here each person takes his blanket and stretches himself, with all possible complacency on the sand, or under a bush, as may happen, just as if he were going to bed. I must confess that although I always stood this bivouacking remarkably well, and experienced no bad effects from it, I at first regarded it with a sort of dread, but now habit has rendered the practice so comfortable to me, that I look upon anything more as mere superfluity.

But to return from this digression: I again set off on the 19th for the purpose of ascending the River Multnomak, one of the southern tributaries of the Columbia. This is a very fine stream, with remarkably fertile banks; thirty-six miles above the junction with the Columbia are falls of forty-three feet perpendicular height, over which the whole breadth of the river is precipitated, forming one unbroken sheet at this season of the year, but in spring and autumn divided into three channels. There is but little current thus far, as the stream is gorged back by the waters of the Columbia. The portage over the falls is no small undertaking. I killed several of the *Cervus Leucurus,* or long white-tailed deer, as well as some of the black-tailed kind, *C. macrotis.* Two days farther took me to the village of the Calapoori Indians, a peaceful, well-disposed people, twenty-four miles above the falls, and where I formed my camp for several days. A hunting party started from hence, proceeding westerly over the ridge of mountains. Near my encampment was a saline spring, to which the deer frequently resorted, as well as the beautiful ringed species of *Columba,* whose elegant movements when picking up and licking the saline particles that were found round the edge afforded me great amusement. In the extensive plains, bounded on the west by the mountainous woody part of the coast, and on the east by high mountains, and as also on the banks of the River Sandiam, one of the rapid branches of the Multnomak, grows abundance of the *Escholtzia Californica* (Bot. Reg. t. 1168. Bot. Mag. t. 2287), also *Iris tenax* (Bot. Reg. t. 1218, Bot. Mag. t. 3343), *Nicotiana multivalvis* (Bot. Reg. t. 1067), two new species of *Trichostemma,* and many other delightful plants. I procured some curious kinds of *Myoxus, Mus, Arctomys,* a new species of *Canis,* of singular habits, and a genus of animals which had been hitherto undescribed (probably *Geomys Douglasii* of Richardson's *Fauna Boreali-Americana*). In the tobacco pouches of the natives I found the seeds of a remarkably large Pine, which they eat as nuts, and from whom I learned that it grows on the moun-

tains to the south; no time was lost in ascertaining the existence of this truly grand tree, which I named *Pinus Lambertiana;* but no perfect seeds could I find, and I returned to my rendezvous at Fort Vancouver, richly fraught with the treasure I had collected.

A few days were devoted to arranging my last collection, and drying the seeds I had gathered, without loss of time, on the 5th of September, having engaged a chief as my guide, and accompanied by one Canadian, I started on a journey to the Grand Rapids. Two days were consumed in ascending the Columbia, though I was favoured with a fair wind; I pitched my camp close to Chumtalia's (my guide) house, taking the precaution of having the ground well drenched with water, to prevent the annoyance of fleas, from which, however, I did not wholly escape. On the Saturday morning, as soon as Chumtalia learned that it was my intention to visit the summit of the mountains on the north side of the river, he forthwith fell sick, and presently framed an excuse for not accompanying me on the expedition. He, however, sent a younger brother to guide me, together with two young men from the village, and I left the Canadian at the tent, to take care of my books, etc., charging Chumtalia to supply him with salmon, and to see that no harm should befall him. To encourage my guides, I was under the necessity of giving them the whole of the provisions the first day, except four small biscuits and a little tea and sugar; at our first encampment, about two-thirds up the mountain, we left our blankets, intending, after having reached the summit, to return thither and sleep. But our path being dreadfully fatiguing, climbing over the shelving detached rocks and fallen timber, the night overtook us ere we had reached the top. I killed a half-grown eagle, on which we fared, and with a little tea, made in an open kettle, and drunk out of vessels formed of bark, we passed a tolerable night, without any bedding. Previous to lying down, I used the precaution of drying all my clothes, which were drenched with perspiration from the violent exercise I had taken. The following day, in the dusk of

evening, I regained my camp, faint and weak, but much pleased to find that all had gone well during my absence. My feet suffered so severely from this three days' journey that I was totally unable to prosecute my fatiguing researches without taking some rest, and therefore amused myself with fishing and shooting seals (*Phoca vitellina*), which were sporting in vast numbers in the rapid where the salmon are particularly abundant. Two days after I succeeded in persuading Chumtalia to attend me to the mountains on the south side of the river, which he willingly did. The ascent was easier than the former one, and I reached the top after a labourious walk of fifteen hours, having had the good fortune to fine a new species of Pine, *Pinus Nobilis* and *P. amabilis*, the grandest trees of the tribe, *Helonias tenax*, with a new *Rhododendron* and a second *Pterispora* (?), also some interesting individuals of the genus *Ribes*, rewarded my labour; on the rocky part of the mountain, *Arbutus tomentosa* (Bot. Mag. t. 3320. Bot. Reg. t. 1791), was not rare, and I procured seeds of several species of *Pentstemon*. On the morning of the 13th I re-embarked in my canoe and soon after midday reached Fort Vancouver, so different is the length of time occupied in ascending and descending the river. There I had the pleasure to find Dr. Scouler returned from his northern voyage, and so delighted was I to hear of his success, and he to be informed of my movements, that we sat and talked over our respective journeys, till the sun, rising over the noble stream, apprised us that a new day had begun, and sent us off to seek a few hours' repose. The rest of this month was devoted to packing my collections, consisting of sixteen large bundles of dried plants from America, and eight gathered in other places, a large chest of seeds, one of birds and quadrupeds, and another containing various articles of dress, etc. A portion of each kind of the seeds was reserved in order to be sent across the continent in the ensuing spring.

An originally slight wound which I had received, now becoming troublesome, compelled me to desist from my labours for some weeks, by which I lost a valuable portion of time,

at an important season of the year; from the 23rd of October to the 15th of November, was thus passed.*

In consequence of receiving this wound on my left knee, by falling on a rusty nail, when employed in packing the last of my boxes, I was unfortunately prevented from carrying my collection to the ship myself, and accordingly wrote a note to Captain Hanwell, requesting he would have the goodness to place them in an airy situation, particularly the seeds, and that, if possible, their place of deposit should be above the level of the water. To this note I received a very kind answer, assuring me that my directions should be attended to. On the 7th my leg became violently inflamed, and a large abcess formed on the knee joint, which did not suppurate until the 16th. This unfortunate circumstance, occurring at the period when I wanted to be employed in gathering seeds, gave me much uneasiness; but learning, on the 22nd of October, that the ship had been detained by contrary winds, and finding myself better, and being also very desirous of losing as little time as possible at this important season, I left Fort Vancouver in a small canoe, with four Indians, for the purpose of visiting my old shipmates, on my way to Whitby's Harbour of Vancouver, or the mouth of the Cheeheelie River, in latitude 48 degrees north, near which place grow some plants of which I had previously obtained but imperfect or no specimens, or of which I wished to collect the seeds. Among them was *Helonias tenax*, a very desirable plant for cultivation. I camped at the junction of the Multnomak River with the Columbia, after having made a distance of twenty miles, when a strong westerly wind setting in from the sea obliged me to have my canoe examined, and new-gummed before starting again; I had not proceeded many miles when it struck against the stump of a tree, which split it from one end to the other, and compelled me to paddle hastily to shore with the water rushing in upon me. During the time the Indians were employed in repairing the damage,

*As the period included within these dates covers the time during which Douglas made the arduous trip to Grays Harbor the transcriber must have been confused.—ED. QUARTERLY.

I turned cook, made a basin of tea for myself and cooked some salmon for my companions, after which we proceeded on our route. About 8 o'clock the same evening we put ashore at the village of Oak Point, to procure some food, when an Indian handed me a letter from Dr. Scouler, the surgeon of the ship, in which my friend informed me that they would not probably leave the bay for some days, and as the vessel had been seen there that morning, I was desirous of writing to Mr. Sabine at the latest possible date. After obtaining a few dried salmon, and a wild goose, we proceeded four miles farther down the river till midnight, when we stopped to take a little supper, hoping before daybreak the next morning to reach the sea, from whence we were still about forty-five miles distant. At 4 o'clock in the morning a strong breeze set in from the sea, which produced a very angry swell on the river, and obliged me to coast along its shore (a measure indeed almost necessary under any state of wind, because my canoe was in so frail a condition) and afterwards to haul our bark across a narrow neck of land at Tongue Point, when unfortunately a sudden change of wind enabling the ship in the bay to weigh her anchor we missed her by just one single hour! This was a severe disappointment, as besides not seeing Dr. Scouler, I had my letters written all ready to hand on board.

Leaving my canoe men to lie down and sleep, I took my gun and knapsack, and proceeded along the bay in search of seeds. At dark I returned to the lodge of *Madsue*, or "*Thunder*," one of the Chenook chiefs, where I found his brother, *Tha-a-mux*, a chief of the Cheeheelie River, on Whitby's Harbour, and as he was then going home I acceded to his request to accompany me. The following morning *Com Comly*, the chief of all the Chenooks on the north side of the river, sent his canoe with twelve Indians to ferry me across the Columbia to Baker's Bay, on the south [north] side, which they performed with great skill, though a violent storm overtook us in the middle of the channel, by which we lost a few pounds of flour and a little tea, all the provisions we had ex-

cept some ounces of chocolate, which I carried in my pocket. This canoe was so much larger and more commodious than my own, that I had succeeded in bargaining for the loan of it, and I attribute my preservation to the strength of the boat and dexterity of the Indians; by which, though the sea repeatedly broke over us, we reached the shore in perfect safety, and encamped at sunset near Knight's River, in Baker's Bay. In the evening I gave the two chiefs a dram of well-watered rum, which pernicious liquor they will, generally speaking, make any sacrifice to obtain. I found, however, an exception in my new guide; on my enquiring the reason of his temperance, he informed me that some years ago he used to get drunk, and become very quarrelsome; so much so, that the young men of the village had to take and bind him hand and foot, which he looks upon as a great disgrace, and will taste spirits no more. In lieu of drinking, however, I found him an expensive companion, from his addiction to tobacco. So greedily would he seize the pipe and inhale every particle of smoke, that regularly five or six times a day he would fall down in a state of stupefaction. In self-defense I was obliged to smoke, when I found that my mode of using the Indian weed diverted my companion as much as his had me. "Oh," cried he, "why do you throw away the food? (smoke). See, I take it in my belly."

The following day, during the whole of which the rain fell in torrents, we made a small portage of four miles over Cape Disappointment, the north point of the Columbia, to a small rivulet that falls into the ocean, twelve miles to the northward. I found the labour of dragging my canoe occasionally over the rocks, stumps, and gulleys that intercepted our way extremely trying, especially as my knee became more and more stiff and troublesome from the damp and cold. On reaching the bay, I proceeded along it for a few miles, when the thick fog obliged me to encamp under a shelving rock, overshadowed with large pines, a little above tide mark. After a comfortless night I resumed my journey at daylight, and having been disappointed of procuring any salmon at

the village which we passed, because it was abandoned, we pushed on with as much speed as possible to Cape Foulweather,* which we gained, after proceeding forty miles along the coast. The rain continuing to fall heavily the next day, we sent the canoe back to the Columbia from this place, it being also impossible, with so few hands, to carry it over a portage of sixteen miles. The Indians, too, were solicitous to leave me, when they knew that all the provisions were exhausted. The wind increased about midnight, two or three hours after they had departed, to a perfect hurricane, accompanied with sleet and hail, which obliged us twice to shift our camp, as the sea rose unusually high and almost reached us, and which also rendered me very anxious about the safety of the Indians, who, as I afterward learned, were so fortunate as to gain the shelter of a creek until the storm abated. We had no protection, save what was afforded by our wet blankets and a few pine branches, and were destitute of provisions. A few berries of *Arbutus Uva-Ursi* were all that could be got at this place, and the wind and heavy rain almost rendered it impossible to keep up any fire. All the wild fowl had fled to the more sheltered spots; not a bird of any kind could be seen. Long ere daylight we were ready to leave Cape Foulweather;† well convinced that it deserved its name, as there appeared no likelihood of procuring food, we walked along the sandy beach to endeavor to reach Whitby Harbour,‡ where my guide expected to meet a fishing party. On arriving there, when we found the village deserted, I can hardly describe the state I was in. While my guide and the Indians were collecting some drift-wood, I made a small booth of pine branches, straw and old mats. My blanket having been drenched all day, and the heavy rain affording no oppor-

[*The point on the north side of the entrance to Willapa Harbor. Douglas used Vancouver's nomenclature which did not always stick.—ED. QUARTERLY.]

†On the map belonging to the *Flora Boreali Americana*, and drawn up under Mr. Douglas's inspection, probably by error, Cape Foulweather is represented as on the south side of the Columbia and Whitby Harbor on the north. [The name "Foulweather" has been retained to designate a headland about one hundred miles south of the mouth of the Columbia.—ED. QUARTERLY.]

[‡Gray's Harbor.—ED. QUARTERLY.]

tunity of drying it, I deemed it imprudent to lie down to sleep, and accordingly spent the night sitting over the fire. The following day found me so broken down with fatigue and starvation, and my knee so much worse, that I could not stir out. We fared most scantily on the roots of *Sagittaria sagittifolia* and *Lupinus littoralis*, called in the Chenook language *Somuchtan*, till, crawling out a few steps with my gun, I providentially saw some wild birds, and killed five ducks at one shot. These were soon cooked, though one of the Indians ate his share raw. To save time in plucking the fowl, I singed off the feathers, and, with a basin of tea, made a good supper on one of them. I had certainly been very hungry, yet, strange to say, as soon as I saw the birds fall, my appetite fled, and I could hardly persuade myself I had been in such want.

Our fire having attracted the attention of my guide's friends living on the other side of the bay, who were looking out for him, they sent a canoe. Arriving at midnight, I was asleep, and did not know of the fortunate circumstance till he woke me in the morning, for he had not allowed them to make any noise to disturb me, since I had taken little or no rest during three preceding nights. As we were crossing the bay together I killed two gulls, one large and white, with a bluish hue on the wings, which were tipped with black, the other of equal size, but all mottled with gray; also a species of *Colymbus;* but I had no opportunity of preserving them. I reached my guide's house at dusk, and remained there several days, partaking of whatever they could spare, and treated with all the kindness and hospitality which Indian courtesy could suggest. During this time I procured a little seed of *Helonias tenax*, though not so much as I could wish, owing to the lateness of the season, with abundance of the seeds of a splendid *Carex*, and a *Lupine* (*L. littoralis*). The roots of the latter plant are collected by the natives, and roasted on the embers, and they are the *Liquorice* alluded to by Lewis and Clark; they contain much farinaceous sub-

stance, and are a very nutritive food; as mentioned above, the natives call them *Somuchtan.*

On the 7th of November I proceeded up the River Cheeheelie, with my guide, in a canoe, stopping at such places as presented anything new. On the 11th I had attained a distance of sixty miles from the ocean, when, discouraged by the deluges of rain which fell, and finding that my canoe was too large to proceed further, owing to the cascades and occasional shallowness of the water, I discontinued my voyage, which was intended to extend to the source of the river, and dismissed my guide, after making him such presents as I deemed were well deserved by the zeal and kindness I had experienced at his hands. Before leaving me, however, this man, called "The Beard" by his tribe, entreated me to shave him, as he makes some pretensions to civilization, and imitates English manners with considerable nicety. I complied with his request, and invited him to come and see me at the New Year at the fort, when I would give him a smoke and a dram, and shave him again. He asked me farther, "to let all King George's chiefs know about him when I spoke to them on paper." This river is a large stream nearly as wide as the Thames, very rapid, interrupted in many parts with cascades and having steep and rocky banks covered with woods, like those found on the Columbia.

At the village where I stopped I bargained with an Indian to carry my luggage on his horse to the Cowalidsk River, forty miles distant, a considerable stream, which empties itself into the Columbia. I had some difficulty in arranging with the fellow, and found him the most mercenary rascal I ever yet met. Having no alternative, I had to give him twenty shots of ammunition, two feet of tobacco, a few flints, and a little vermillion.

This distance, though not more than forty miles, took two days; the low places in the plain were so many lakes, the rivulets had overflowed their banks, and the difficulty of ascending and descending the numerous woody hills was greatly increased by these causes. It rained both days; we

had consumed all the berries I had collected, and Mr. Mackenzie, who accompanied me, suffered severely from eating the roots of a species of *Narthecium*. Fortunately we found at the Cowalidsk a small boat which Schachanaway, the chief had borrowed from the establishment a few days before; and he also gave us some roots, dried salmon, and a goose (*Anas Canadensis.*) The following day we descended the river to the Columbia, and on the 15th of November landed at Fort Vancouver. Seeds of *Helonias tenax*, *Rubus spectabilis* (Bot. Reg. t. 1424), were the only things I saved in this unfortunate journey.

My return up the Columbia was effected by means of my cloak and blanket, which I used as sails. It was midnight of the 15th when I reached Fort Vancouver, after an absence of twenty-five days, during which I experienced more fatigue and gleaned less than in any trip I ever made in this country.

From this period, the middle of November, to the end of December, my infirm state of health, and the prevalence of the rainy season entirely precluded any thought of Botany. At midday of the 18th, the annual express, consisting of two boats and forty men, arrived at Fort Vancouver, from Hudson's Bay, whence they had started on the 21st of July. At a distance of several miles we had descried them, rapidly descending the stream, and as in this remote country, it is only once a year that the post, if I may so call it, arrives from England, we eagerly hurried to welcome our guests, each congratulating himself on the prospect of receiving letters from home. I, for one, was heavily disappointed; to my great regret, the party informed me that there was no parcel, letter, nor article of any kind for me, and though this was accounted for by the circumstance that they had quitted Hudson's Bay before the arrival of the ship which sailed for that port from England in the month of May, still it was tantalizing to reflect that whatever might have been sent to me by that vessel, must now lie on the other side of the great Continent of America until November of next year. Mr. McLeod, the gentleman in charge of this expedition, informed me that he had met

Captain Franklin's party on Cumberland Lake, on their way to Bear Lake, their winter residence. I learned also that a Mr. Drummond, whom, from the description, I could not but hope was my old botanical acquaintance, the nurseryman at Forfar, was attached, as Naturalist, to the expedition, and that he had accompanied Mr. McLeod so far as the Rocky Mountains, where he meant to spend the winter season near Peace River and Smoking River. Mr. McLeod, whom I find to be a very agreeable person, informs me that he has passed the last five years on Mackenzie's River, of the country lying near which he possesses more knowledge than any other person. The natives, whose language he speaks fluently, assure him that there is a river, running parallel with Mackenzie's River, to the west, and equaling it in size, which falls into the sea near Icy Cape. He had assembled the Indians with a view to making a journey in that direction, when orders arrived which obliged him to start for Hudson's Bay. In this gentleman may be seen what perseverance can effect, as he had visited the Polar Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in the short space of eleven months. The sea, to the westward of Mackenzie's River, is said to be open after July, so that little difficulty or exertion would be found in going to Icy Cape by land.

During the brief intervals of good weather I crawled out whenever my wounded leg enabled me to move, and taking my gun collected some birds, or went to the woods in search of mosses and other cryptogamic plants. Till the 15th of December there was hardly any frost, and the weather, when dry, was very pleasant, though the cold was considerable during nights. But on the 24th of that month, the rain fell in such torrents that my little hut of *Thuja* bark became untenantable, the water standing fourteen inches deep on the floor; Mr. McLoughlin kindly invited me to take up my quarters with him in his half-finished house, and thither I removed all my little articles on the morning of Christmas Day. After morning service was over, the gentlemen of the

fort took an airing on horseback, in which my troublesome knee, much to my vexation, prevented my joining.

January 1, 1826: The commencement of a new year, in such a far-removed corner of the globe, where I am almost cut off from all civilized society, suggests many reflections. On New Year's Day, 1824, I was on the Atlantic, returning to my native land from North America; on the same day, this time twelvemonth, I was scudding over the Pacific, between the Island of Juan Fernandez and the Gallipagos; and as to where I may be ere another year revolves, is known only to the all-wise Disposer of events.

ACCOUNT OF THE ZOOLOGY OF THE COLUMBIA.

So few events occurred between this date and the 1st of March that my journal is not worth transcribing. I may, however, mention some birds of this country that came under my notice; and first, the *Silver-headed Eagle* (*Aquila leucocephala* of Richardson and Swainson?), a grand creature, abundant wherever there are rivers containing fish. These birds perch on dead trees and stumps overhanging the water, and are invariably found near cascades and falls. They are wary and difficult to be killed, although other species of eagles do sometimes overcome them. The voice is a shrill whistle. They build their nests in large trees, not confining themselves to dead trunks, and appear always to select the most conspicuous situations, such as the tops of steep rocks, points and necks of land, where they may be almost certainly looked for. Two, three, and four young ones are hatched at a time, which keep the nest, and continue on the tree much longer than most birds, seldom quitting the vicinity of the place where they are reared. The color of the first plumage is a brownish-black, which in the first spring assumes a mottled grey, lightest on the head and tail; the second year these parts become perfectly white, and the body black. I killed one of these birds flying, last July, during an excursion of twelve days, which I had made principally for the sake of obtaining the roots or seeds of a *Cyperus* mentioned by Pursh

in his preface. The bird, a fine large male, was perched on a stump close to the village of Cockqua, one of the principal chiefs of the Chenook nation. This tribe was at war with the Clatsops and some other Indians, as mentioned before, and many were the feats of strength and dexterity which they performed, in order to show their superior power, among which were hitting a mark with bow and arrows, and a gun. One individual passed the arrows through a small hoop of grass, six inches in diameter, thrown up in the air by another person, and then with his rifle struck a mark 110 yards distant, explaining that none of King George's chiefs could do the like, any more than chaunt the death song, and dance war dances with him. On this bravado, deeming it a good opportunity to show myself a fair marksman, the poor Silver-Headed Eagle was made to pay for it. I lifted my gun, which was charged with swan shot, walked to within forty-five yards of the bird, and throwing a stone to raise him, brought him down when flying. This had the desired effect; many of the natives, who never think of the possibility of shooting an object in motion, laid their hands on their mouths in token of fear, a common gesture with them. The fellow, however, still showing himself inclined to maintain his superiority, gave me a shot at his hat, which he threw up himself, when my shot carried away all the crown, leaving nothing but the brim. My fame was hereupon sounded through the whole country, and a high value attached to my gun. Ever since I have found it of the utmost importance to bring down a bird flying when I go near any of their lodges, at the same time taking care to make it appear as a little matter, not done on purpose to be observed. With regard to the hat in question, I may mention that it was woven of the roots of *Helonias tenax*, which the Indians of the Columbia call *Quip-Quip*, and on my observing the tissue with attention, Cockqua promised that his little girl, 12 years of age, should make me three or four after the European shape, giving me at the same time his own hat, and a large collection of baskets, cups, and pouches of the same material, for which I paid in tobacco,

knives, nails, and gun-flints. The roots of *Cyperus* and *Thuja* are also used for the same purpose. Cockqua kept his promise, and after three months brought me the hats, one on which had initials woven in with a dark-stained *Fucus*. I gave him for these and for ten pieces of wood, made of *Spiraea Capitata*, each tipped with a beaver's tooth, and used in playing one of their games, one blanket, value 7 shillings, and some beads, rings, and needles, as a present to the little girl who wrought the hats. When returning last summer from the Grand Rapids, I saw one of these *Silver-headed Eagles* take a small sturgeon out of the water, and as he was soaring over my head, I lifted my gun and brought him down. The claws of the bird were so firmly clenched through the cartilaginous substance of the fish's back, that he would not let go till I introduced a needle into the vertebrae of his neck. The sturgeon measured fifteen inches long, and weighed four pounds.

The *large Brown Eagle* is less plentiful than most species of its tribe, and not so shy. It is also less ferocious than the *Silver-headed Eagle*, of which it stands in great fear. I was able to kill but one, and an examination of its stomach, which was full of small birds, seemed to show that it does not live on fish.

The *Small Eagle* appears to be rare, as I never saw more than one pair, of which I killed one. Its flight is very quick, and though inferior in size and strength to the other Eagles of this country, it boldly pursues them all. I can not say what is the nature of its food. The legs and feet are of a light and bright blue.

The hunters inform me that the *Calumet Eagle* (*Aquila Chrysaetos*, Richardson and Swainson), is found two degrees south of the Columbia, in the winter season, and I saw two specimens which had been killed there.

A species of *Buzzard* or *Vulture* (*Sarcoramphos Californianus* of Vigors) is the largest bird seen here, except the Wild Swan. I killed only one of these interesting birds, but the buckshot which went through its head spoiled the speci-

men for preservation, which I exceedingly regret, as I am sure the species is yet undescribed. I have since fired at many of them with every kind of smaller shot, but without effect. Seldom more than one or two of these Buzzards are seen together; but when they can find the carcass of any dead animal, they gorge so gluttonously that it is easy to knock them down with a stick. I shall shortly try to take them with a baited steel trap. The color of this species is similar to the Canadian Buzzard which I sent home, the beak and legs bright yellow. Its wing-feathers are highly prized by the Canadian voyagers for making the stems of their tobacco pipes.

Of the *Hawk* tribe I have seen but four species, and was able to preserve only two of these. One is pure white, and about the size of a sparrow-hawk, a very active bird, and in constant pursuit of all the other sorts, which invariably shun its society.

The *Magpie,* so common with us, and abundant also in the upper part of the country at all seasons, is very rare near the coast; there seems to be no specific difference between it and the bird of Europe, except that this is larger, and the feathers in the tail of the male are of a brighter and more azure purple. The American Magpies have the same trick as ours of annoying horses which have any sore about them. I preserved a pair of them.

The *Wood Partridge* is not a rare bird, although by no means so abundant as many of the tribe on the other side of the continent. These birds frequent high gravelly soils on the outskirts of woods, among hazel bushes and other brushwood; but are so shy that the breaking of a twig is sufficient to raise them, as they generally harbor in the low thickets, it is only by a chance shot on the wing that they can be secured. I preserved two pairs of this fine species, but had the misfortune to lose one of the males, which could not afterwards be replaced, by the depredations of a rascally rat, who mutilated it so much as to render the specimen unfit for sending home. On the Multnomak River there is a species of

Partridge, very diminutive in size, not so large as an English Thrush, with a long azure crest, and head and neck of the same hue, the rest of the bird being an uniform pea-grey. I have not seen it myself, but have provided one of the hunters with shot to procure it for me.

In the upper country are two or three kinds of *Grouse;* one a very large bright grey bird, as large as the smaller size of Turkeys, is plentiful and easily procured; another, about the size of a hen, of a blackish color, is also abundant; it cackles exactly like the domestic fowl, and never flies, but runs along the ground.

The *Large Grouse* I have not seen alive, but often observed its tail-feathers and part of the skin, decorating the war-caps of the Indians from the interior.

A species very distinct from the *Cuculus cristatus* of Wilson, is the *Small Blue Jay* (*Garrulus Stelleri* ? Vieillot); indeed I do not remember to have read any description at all according with it. Unlike the common Jay of our country, which is very shy, and in autumn is seen in large flocks, but never near houses, the Jay of the Columbia is very tame, and visits the dung-hills of the Indian villages, like an English robin, sometimes thirty or forty of the birds coming together. It is of a darker blue than the European kind, and has a black crest. Three of them are preserved.

The *Large Horned Owl* seems not very abundant; I never saw more than twelve or fourteen. One I killed by the light of the moon, having watched for it during several successive evenings; it was not, however, the species I was in quest of, which is much larger than the Snowy Owl, and of a yellowish brown color.

There are two species of *Crow,* one large and the other small; the lesser kind is shyer and not so abundant, being only seen on the banks of rivers and near old encampments, where it feeds upon carrion. This bird is in my collection; it was killed in February.

In the *Wild Fowl* there appears little difference from what generally inhabit the wild districts of America. The com-

mon *Canadian Wild Goose* (*Anas Canadensis* ?), with the *Grey* or *Calling Goose*, and the *Small White Goose*, are abundant on all the lakes, marshes, and low grounds, as well as on the sand banks in the Columbia. They migrate to the northward in April, and return in October. The male of the Grey Goose is a handsome mottled bird. A pair of each of these Geese is in my collection.

There are three species, or else distinct varieties of the *Swan*. First, the *Common Swan*, then a smaller bird of the same color; and thirdly, another, equal in size to the first, bluish grey on the back, neck, and head, and white on the belly; it is probably specifically distinct, as the color is preserved in all stages of its growth, and it is not so common as the rest. All these frequent like places as the Geese, and migrate at the same time. To my regret, I was only able to obtain one specimen, a female of the last species.

Of the ten or twelve species of *Ducks* found on the Columbia, I could obtain but three.

My desire of preserving animals and birds was often frustrated by the heavy rains that fell at this season. Among the kinds of the latter which chiefly deserve attention are, *Tetrao Sabini* and *Richardsoni*, *Sarcocamphos Californica*, *Corvus Stelleri*, and some species of the genus *Anas*. There are several kinds of *Cervus*, *Canis*, *Mus*, and *Myoxus*, though the variety of quadrupeds is by no means so great in the northwest as in many parts of America.

The Elk (*Cervus Alces*), which the hunters say agrees precisely with the *Biche* of the other side of this great continent, is found in all the woody country, and particularly abundant near the coast. There are two other species of *Deer*—one is light grey, white on the belly and inside the legs, with a very long tail, a foot to fifteen inches long. It is called by the hunters *le Chevreuil*, or *Jumping Deer* (*Cervus leucurus*), and is very small, with horns about eighteen inches long, and much curved inward, very round, and not more than once or twice branched.

The other species is the *Black-tailed Deer* (*Cervus*

macrotis of Say), of a darker hue on the back, and bluish-grey, the belly yellow; its tail is shorter, not exceeding from eight inches to a foot, and the ears remarkably large, much like those of an Ass, and of the same dark color as the tail. This is a considerably larger animal than the *Chevreuil*, and less plentiful; both are found in the upland countries, all through the great range of mountains which extend across the lands of the Snake and Flathead Indians. I sent last October to England a young *Chevreuil* which I had killed on the Multnomak River, where these creatures are remarkably abundant. As nothing could be more interesting to me than a knowledge of this genus, I have instructed several of the hunters in the mode of preparing the skin, and furnished them with a small quantity of preserving powder; so that I do hope to obtain at least a pair of each.

There are two sorts of *Rabbit* and one of *Hare*, but none of them have I seen alive; the latter, which is only found in the interior, is said to be very large.

On the Multnomak there is a most singular kind of *Fox*, smaller than any other except the White Fox of Northeast America, its extreme length being only from thirty-three to forty inches. The hair is remarkably short and very coarse, and what is most singular, each hair is brown at the bottom, white in the middle, and black at the points, which gives the creature a light grey colour; the belly white, and the sides of the neck and body as well as the forehead, brown; the ears and nose somewhat black, and it has a grey beard and a black stroke from the shoulders to the tip of the tail. The propensity which this Fox exhibits for climbing trees distinguishes it from all the other species; he mounts with as much facility as a Squirrel. The first I saw was on the Multnomak, where this kind of Fox is by no means rare.

A large *Lynx* (*Felis rufa*, Richardson and Guldenst) was started by Mr. McLeod and me when we were on a hunting excursion in the month of February. The small Bulldog belonging to that gentleman caught it by the throat and killed it without any further trouble. It was a full grown female,

and the skin not being much injured, I mean to have it neatly preserved.

Several kinds of *Mice* and *Rats* are found on the banks of the rivers, but I have been unable to catch any more of a singular species with pouches, of which large numbers had visited us last autumn. The Ground Rat, or *Arctomys* (*Arctomys brachyurus*?), of whose skins the Chenook and other tribes of Indians make their robes, I hear are plentiful in the upper parts of the Cowalidsk River, but my enfeebled state when I was there last November prevented my hunting for any, and my subsequent attempts have been unsuccessful.

On the Multnomak River, about thirty-six miles above its junction with the Columbia, there are fine falls, about forty three feet in perpendicular height, across the whole river in an oblique direction; when the water is low they are divided into three principal channels, but when it is high the whole stream rushes over in one unbroken sheet. This place was at one time considered the finest hunting ground for *Beaver* (*Castor Fiber, var. Americanus*), west of the Rocky Mountains, and much have I been gratified in viewing the lodges and dams constructed by that wise and industrious little animal. The same place is frequented by large numbers of a species of *Deer* (probably the *Cervus Wapiti* described as being seen by Captain Franklin's party); but though seventeen of these creatures, male and female, were killed during a stay that I made there in autumn, 1825, only a small young male, about four months, could be ceded to me for preservation, owing to the great scarcity of provision.

The quantity of salmon (*Salmo Scouleri?* Richardson) taken in the Columbia is almost incredible, and the Indians resort in great numbers to the best fishing spots, often traveling several hundred miles for this purpose. The salmon are captured in the following manner: Before the water rises, small channels are made among the rocks and stones, dividing the stream into branches, over which is erected a platform or stage on which a person can stand. These are made to be raised, or let down, as the water falls or rises. A scoop net, which is

fastened round a hoop and held by a pole twelve or fifteen feet long, is then dropped into the channel, which it exactly fits, and the current of the water carrying it down, the poor salmon swims into it without being aware, when the individual who watches the net instantly draws it and flings the fish on shore. The handle of the net is secured by a rope to the platform, lest the force of the water should drive it out of the fisher's hand. The hoop is made of *Acer Circinatum*, the net of the bark of an *Apocynum*, which is very durable and tough, and the pole of pine wood. The salmon is of good quality, generally weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, sometimes more. I measured two—the first was three feet five inches long from the snout to the tip of the tail, and ten inches broad at the thickest part, it weighed thirty-five pounds; the other was three feet four inches in length, nine inches broad, and a little lighter Both were purchased for two inches of tobacco (about half an ounce), and value two pence. In England the same quantity of salmon could not be obtained under £2 or £3, nor would it eat so nicely crisped (a great point with epicures) as mine has done; when cooked under the shade of a princely pine far removed from the abodes of civilized life. It is wonderful how much comfort, at least how much of the feeling of it, can consist with such a place, and under such circumstances, where I have been surrounded by hundreds of individuals who had never seen such a white face as mine before, and whose intentions, were I only to judge by their weapons and appearance, were very hostile. Great was their astonishment when, after having eaten my salmon, I prepared an effervescing draught, and swallowed it, *boiling*, as they believed. Their belief in good and bad spirits made them consider me as one of the latter class, and when, besides drinking this "boiling water," they saw me light a tobacco pipe with my lens, they called me *Olla Piska*, which in Chenook language signifies *Fire*. A pair of spectacles which I placed on my nose caused no less surprise, and the hand was immediately laid on the mouth in token of dread and astonishment. On sandy shores the salmon is caught as

in England, with a draught net, also made of *Apocynum* bark, and floated with bits of wood, particularly where the bottom of the river is free from rocks or stumps.

The *Sturgeon* (*Accipenser transmontanus*, Richardson) attains a length of ten feet, and a weight of 400 to 500 pounds in the Columbia. One of these was presented me by my Indian friend, Cockqua, some months ago, and as to eat the whole was a feat even surpassing the powers of "one of King George's chiefs," I requested him to select the part which he considered the best, and cook it for me. This request he took as a great compliment, and I must do him the justice to say that he afforded me the most comfortable meal I had enjoyed for a considerable time, out of the head and spine of this fish.

A small *Trout* is also found abundantly in the creeks of the Columbia.

Among the most interesting of the plants which I gathered last year is a species of Tobacco, the *Nicotiana pulverulenta* of Pursh, correctly surmised by Nuttall to grow on this side of the Rocky Mountains; though whether this country, or the Rocky Mountains themselves, or the banks of the Missouri, be its original habitat, I am quite unable to say. I am, however, inclined to think that it is indigenous to the mountains, where the hunters say that it grows plentifully, especially in the country of the Snake Indians, who may have brought it from the headwaters of the Missouri, which they annually visit, and distributed it thus in both directions, east and west of the great chain of the Rocky Mountains. I first saw a single plant of it in the hand of an Indian at the Great Falls of the Columbia, but though I offered two ounces of manufactured tobacco, an enormous remuneration, he would on no account part with it. The *Nicotiana* is never sowed by the Indians near the villages lest it should be pulled and used before it comes to perfect maturity: they select for its cultivation an open place in the wood, where they burn a dead tree or stump, and strewing the ashes over the ground, plant the tobacco there. Fortunately, I happened to detect one of these little plantations, and supplied myself, without delay or immediate

stipulations for payment, with both specimens for drying and seeds. The owner, whom I shortly met, seeing the prize under my arm, appeared much displeased, but was propitiated with a present of European tobacco, and becoming good friends with me, gave the above description of its culture, saying that wood ashes invariably made it grow very large.

I was much disappointed at being unable to obtain cones of a fine *Pinus* which grows abundantly on the banks of the Columbia. The trees were too large to be felled with my hatchet, and, as to climbing, I had already learned the propriety of leaving no property below on such occasions. The top of the tree, where the cones hang, was also too weak to bear me, and its height so great that all my attempts to bring them down by firing at them with swan-shot were unsuccessful.

On the 20th of February, Jean Baptiste McKay, one of the hunters, returned to the establishment from his hunting excursion to the southward, and brought me one cone of the species of *Pinus*, which I had requested him to procure last August, when I was at the Multnomak. The first knowledge I had of this grand tree was derived from the very large seeds and scales of the cone which I had seen in the Indian's shot-pouch. After treating the latter to a smoke, which must be done before any questions are put, I inquired and found that he had brought this prize from the mountains to the southward, and as McKay was going in that direction, I begged him to procure me twelve cones, a bag of seeds, a few twigs and some of the gum. Being, however, late in autumn ere he arrived at the place where the trees grow, all the seed was gone, and he therefore brought only a cone to show me; but as he gave strict orders to his Indian friends, I feel certain of securing abundance of it in the summer. This species belongs to Pursh's second section; the tree measures from twenty to fifty feet in circumference, and is one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet high, nearly unbranched to within a short distance of the top where it forms a perfect umbel. The trunk is remarkably straight, the wood fine, and yielding a great quantity of resin. Growing trees,

which have been burned by the natives to save the trouble of felling them or of collecting other fuel, a practice to which they are greatly addicted, produce a quantity of a saccharine substance, used for seasoning in the same way as sugar is by civilized nations. The cone measured sixteen inches and a half in length, and was ten inches round at the thickest part. The country of the Umptqua Indians, two degrees south of the Columbia, produces this tree in the greatest abundance. The seeds are collected in the end of summer, dried, pounded, and made into a sort of cake which is considered a great dainty. To my inquiries respecting it, the poor Indian answered by repeated assurances that he would give me plenty of this cake when I visited his country, which is the surest proof of its being much prized, as these people will, on every occasion, offer the greatest rarity or delicacy to a stranger. The same person brought me also an Elk's snare and a netted purse of ingenious workmanship, made of a most durable grass, which, from what I have seen, will probably prove a new species of *Helonias*. Of this plant he has also promised to procure me roots and seeds.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER"—CONTINUED.

By PETER H. BURNETT.

CHAPTER V.

The Act in Regard to Slavery and Free Negroes and Mulattoes—Misrepresentations of W. H. Gray.

Mr. Gray, in speaking of the legislative committee of 1844, says:

"There was one inhuman act passed by this legislative committee, which should stamp the names of its supporters with disgrace and infamy." (Page 378.)

"The principal provisions of this bill were, that in case a colored man was brought to the country by any master of a vessel, he must give bonds to take him away again or be fined; and in case the negro was found, or came here from any quarter, the sheriff was to catch him and flog him forty lashes at a time, till he left the country." (Page 278.)

"The principles of Burnett's bill made it a crime for a white man to bring a negro to the country, and a crime for a negro to come voluntarily; so that in any case, if he were found in the country he was guilty of a crime, and punishment or slavery was his doom." (Page 379.)

"At the adjourned session in December we find the executive urging the legislative committee . . . to amend their act relative to the corporal punishment of the blacks, etc." (Page 379.)

"To the honor of the country, Peter H. Burnett's negro-whipping law was never enforced in a single instance against a white or black man, as no officer of the provisional government felt it incumbent upon himself to attempt to enforce it." (Page 383.)

This is all the information given by Mr. Gray as to the provisions of this act, and nothing is said as to its amendment. The act is as follows:

AN ACT IN REGARD TO SLAVERY AND FREE NEGROES AND MULATTOES.

Be it enacted by the legislative committee of Oregon as follows:

SECTION 1. That slavery and involuntary servitude shall be forever prohibited in Oregon.

SEC. 2. That in all cases where slaves shall have been, or shall hereafter be, brought into Oregon, the owners of such slaves respectively shall have the term of three years from the introduction of such slaves to remove them out of the country.

SEC. 3. That if such owners of slaves shall neglect or refuse to remove such slaves from the country within the time specified in the preceding section, such slaves shall be free.

SEC. 4. That when any free negro or mulatto shall have come to Oregon, he or she (as the case may be), if of the age of eighteen or upward, shall remove from and leave the country within the term of two years for males and three years for females from the passage of this act; and that if any free negro or mulatto shall hereafter come to Oregon, if of the age aforesaid, he or she shall quit or leave the country within the term of two years for males and three years for females from his or her arrival in the country.

SEC. 5. That if such free negro or mulatto be under the age aforesaid, the terms of time specified in the preceding section shall begin to run when he or she shall arive at such age.

SEC. 6. That if any such free negro or mulatto shall fail to quit the country as required by this act, he or she may be arrested upon a warrant issued by some justice of the peace, and, if guilty upon trial before such justice, shall receive upon his or her bare back not less than twenty nor more than thirty-nine stripes, to be inflicted by the constable of the proper county.

SEC. 7. That if any free negro or mulatto shall fail to quit the country within the term of six months after receiving such stripes, he or she shall again receive the same punishment once in every six months until he or she shall quit the country.

SEC. 8. That when any slave shall obtain his or her freedom, the time specified in the fourth section shall begin to run from the time when such freedom shall be obtained.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
STATE OF OREGON,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

SALEM, June 10th, 1878.

I, S. F. Chadwick, Secretary of the State of Oregon, do hereby certify that I am the custodian of the great seal of the State of Oregon. That the foregoing copy of original bill for an act in regard to slavery and free negroes and mulattoes passed the legislative committee of the Territory of Oregon June 26, 1844, has been by me compared with the original bill for an act, etc., on file in this office, and said copy is a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole and of the original bill.

In witness whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Oregon, the day and year above written.

[SEAL] S. F. CHADWICK,
Secretary of the State of Oregon.

By THOMAS B. JACKSON,
Assistant Secretary of State.

The executive committee, in their communication to the legislative committee, dated December 16, 1844, made this recommendation:

"We would recommend that the act passed by this assembly in June last, relative to blacks and mulattoes, be so amended as to exclude corporal punishment, and require bonds for good behavior in its stead." (Oregon Laws and Archives, 58.)

At the December session I introduced the following bill, which was passed December 19, 1844:

AN ACT AMENDATORY OF AN ACT PASSED JUNE 28, 1844, IN REGARD TO SLAVERY AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES.

Be it Enacted by the Legislative Committee of Oregon as follows:

SECTION 1. That the sixth and seventh sections of said act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. That if any such free negro or mulatto shall fail to quit and leave the country, as required by the act to which this is amendatory, he or she may be arrested upon a warrant issued by some justice of the peace; and if guilty upon trial before such justice had, the said justice shall issue his order to any officer competent to execute process, directing said officer to give ten days' public notice, by at least four written or printed advertisements, that he will publicly hire out such free negro or mulatto to the lowest bidder, on a day and at a place therein specified. On the day and at the place mentioned in said notice, such officer shall expose such free negro or mulatto to public hiring; and the person who will obligate himself to remove such free negro or mulatto from the country for the shortest term of service, shall enter into a bond, with good and sufficient security to Oregon, in a penalty of at least one thousand dollars, binding himself to remove said negro or mulatto out of the country within six months after such service shall expire; which bond shall be filed in the clerk's office in the proper county; and upon failure to perform the conditions of said bond, the attorney prosecuting for Oregon shall commence suit upon a certified copy of such bond in the circuit court against such delinquent and his sureties.

It will be readily seen how much the original act differs from Mr. Gray's statement of its substance.

Not a word is said in the original act about the criminality of the master of a vessel in bringing a colored man into the country. The assertion that "the sheriff was to catch the negro and flog him forty lashes at a time until he left the country," is not only untrue, but the statement conveys the idea that the sheriff was *himself* to be the sole judge, both as to the guilt of the negro and as to how often the flogging should be repeated. The act, on the contrary, required a judicial trial before a justice of the peace, and that the punishment should only be afflicted in obedience to his order by a constable. The general right of appeal to a higher court existed in these, as in other cases, under Section 3, Article II., of the "Act regulating the judiciary and for other purposes."

The statement that the principles of the original act "made it a crime for a white man to bring a negro to the country" is equally untrue, as will be readily seen. A crime

is an offense for which the party may be arrested, tried, convicted, and punished; and there is no provision in the act authorizing the arrest of a white man for any act whatever.

It is perfectly clear that Mr. Gray either willfully misrepresented the original act, or attempted to state its substance from memory; and if the latter be true, then, as his memory was bad and his prejudices great, he misrepresented the measure, and made it much worse than it really was. There can be no excuse for the misrepresentation of an act by a grave historian, especially one that he condemns in the harshest language, when he has easy access to the act itself.

But he not only essentially misrepresents the original act itself, but entirely ignores the amendatory bill; and does it in such a way as to increase the censure of the legislative committee of 1844. There are two modes of falsehood; false statement of fact, and false suppression of the truth. The historian first misrepresents the substance of the original act, then informs the reader that the executive urged its amendment, and then suppresses the fact that the act was amended. This mode of historical misstatement and suppression left the reader to say to himself: "These men first passed an act containing objectionable provisions, and then obstinately refused to amend, when their attention was urgently called to the error." Throughout his history of this act he represents it as *unamended* and as in full force according to its own terms; and his last words in regard to it are that "Burnett's negro-whipping law was never enforced in a single instance against a white or black man, as no officer of the provisional government felt it incumbent upon himself to attempt to enforce it."

It will be seen by an inspection of the original act itself that it was *prospective*, and that not a single case could possibly arise under it until the expiration of *two years after its passage;* and that no officer was required to act until he was commanded to do so by the regular warrant or order of a justice of the peace. In the meantime, and eighteen months *before* a single case could possibly arise under the act, it was

amended by the very *same* body that passed the original bill, and at the instance of the very *same* member who introduced it.

An act that is simply prospective, and does not take effect until two years after the date of its passage, is an incomplete measure, liable to be amended at any time before it goes into operation; and, if amended before any one suffers any injury from its erroneous provisions, those provisions are as if they never had been. It is like a bill imperfect when first introduced by a member of a legislative body, and so amended by the author, before its final passage, as to remove its objectionable features. In such case no sensible man would censure the introducer for mistakes *he himself had corrected.* All that could be said is, that the second sober thought of the member was better than his first hasty thought.

It was substantially so in this case. In the hurry of the June session of 1844 I could not think of any other mode of enforcing the act but the one adopted; but by the December session of 1844 I had found another and less objectionable remedy, and promptly adopted it. This remedy was not the one urged by the executive committee, as will easily be seen. Neither myself nor the other members who voted for the original bill are responsible for the objectionable features of the measure, because we ourselves corrected the error. I maintain as true this general proposition: that a person who commits a mistake, and then corrects it himself, before any one suffers in consequence of it, deserves a commendation instead of a censure; because the act of correction shows a love of justice, and a magnanimous willingness to *admit* and *correct* error. All the intense indignation of the historian is, therefore, thrown away upon an imaginary evil, about which he is as much mistaken as the girl that wept over the imaginary death of her imaginary infant.

On page 378 the historian gives, *professedly* from the Journal, the yeas and nays upon the final passage of the original bill, as follows: "Yeas, Burnett, Gilmore, Keizer, Waldo, Newell, and Mr. Speaker McCarver—8; nays, Love-

joy and Hill—2." He then informs us, as already stated, that the executive urged the amendment of the act at the December session, 1844; and then, on pages 380-3, gives the communication of the executive committee in full. Now, as he had the Journal before him, why did he not follow it up to the short December session, and ascertain what the legislative committee had done, if anything, in regard to amending this act?

His history of the proceedings of the committee of 1844 is very short; but, concise as it is, it is full of flagrant misrepresentations. There was one act, however, that he affirmatively approved; and yet, so great was his prejudice, that he wrongfully imputes a bad motive for a confessedly good act. He says, on page 379: "Mr. Burnett claimed great credit for getting up a prohibitory liquor law, and made several speeches in favor of sustaining it, that being a popular measure among a majority of the citizens."

All our legislation under the provisional government was based upon the settled conviction that Oregon would be the first American State on the Pacific. We considered ourselves as the founders of a new State of the great American Union.

At the time this measure was passed, each State had the constitutional right to determine who should be citizens and who residents. Any person born on the soil of a State had the natural, moral, and legal right to a residence within the State, while conducting himself properly; because the place of one's birth is an accidental circumstance, over which he can have no control. But, for the very reason that every human being has the right of domicile in the place of his nativity, he is not, *as a matter of right*, entitled to a residence in another community. If that other community denies him the privilege of such residence, it denies him no *right*, natural or acquired, but only refuses a *favor* asked. The territory of a State belongs to its people, as if they constituted one family; and no one not a native has a right to complain that he is not allowed to form one of this family. Although every one, under the broad and enlarged principles of law

and justice, has the right to quit his original domicile at his pleasure, he has not the equal right to acquire a new residence in another community against its consent. "The bird has the right to leave its parent-nest," but has not for that reason, the equal right to occupy the nest of another bird. A man may *demand* his rights, and justly complain when they are denied; but he can not demand favors, and can not reasonably complain when they are refused.

The principle is no doubt correct that when a State, for reasons satisfactory to itself, denies the right of suffrage and office to a certain class, it is sometimes the best humanity also to deny the privilege of a residence. If the prejudices or the just reasons of a community are so great that they can not or will not trust a certain class with those privileges that are indispensable to the improvement and elevation of such class, it is most consistent in some cases to refuse that class a residence. Placed in a degraded and subordinate political and social position, which continually reminds them of their inferiority, and of the utter hopelessness of all attempts to improve their condition as a class, they are left without adequate motive to, [or?] *waste* their labor for, that improvement which, when attained, brings them no reward. To have such a class of men in their midst is injurious to the dominant class itself, as such a degraded and practically defenseless condition offers so many temptations to tyrannical abuse. One of the great objections to the institution of slavery was its bad influence upon the governing race.

Had I foreseen the civil war, and the changes it has produced, I would not have supported such a measure. But at the time I did not suppose such changes could be brought about; and the *fundamental* error was *then* found in the organic laws of Oregon adopted in 1843. Article IV., Section 2 of those laws conferred the right to vote and hold office upon every free male descendant of a white man, inhabitant of Oregon Territory, of the age of 21 years and upward. ("Gray's Oregon," 354.) While the organic laws of 1843 professedly admitted *all* of the disfranchised class

to reside in the Territory, they were so framed as to effectually exclude the *better* portion; for surely every intelligent and independent man of color would have scorned the pitiful boon offered him of a residence under conditions so humiliating.

For years I had been opposed to slavery, as injurious to both races. While I resided in Tennessee and Missouri there was no discussion upon the subject of manumitting the slaves in those States. I was not then in circumstances that made it proper to discuss the question. But when I arrived in Oregon, the first opportunity I had I voted against slavery while a member of the legislative committee of 1844. I presided at a public meeting at Sacramento City January 8, 1849, that unanimously voted for a resolution opposing slavery in California. This was the first public meeting in this country that expressed its opposition to that institution. A public meeting was held in San Francisco February 17, 1849, which endorsed the resolution against slavery passed at Sacramento. ("Alta California," February 22, 1849.)

As already stated, one of the objects I had in view in coming to this coast was to aid in building up a great American community on the Pacific; and, in the enthusiasm of my nature, I was anxious to aid in founding a State superior in several respects to those east of the Rocky Mountains. I therefore labored to avoid the evils of intoxication and of mixed races, one of which was disfranchised.

W. H. GRAY—CRITICISM UPON THE HISTORY OF OREGON.

It is more charitable to impute Mr. Gray's misrepresentations to inveterate prejudice than to deliberate malice. Some men seem to become the slaves of prejudice from long indulgence, until it grows into a chronic habit; and it is about as easy to make an angel of a goat as an impartial historian of a prejudiced man. His book, in my best judgment, is a bitter, prejudiced, sectarian, controversial work, in the form of history; wherein the author acts as historian, controvertist, and witness.

I readily admit that circumstances may place a good man in this unpleasant position; but, if so, he should fully comprehend the extreme delicacy of the situation, and should rise with the occasion to the dignity of temperate and impartial history. He should make no appeals to prejudice, and should not, in advance, load down with derisive epithets those he, in his own opinion, is finally compelled to condemn; but should err, if at all, on the side of charity, and not against it.

The great Dr. Samuel Johnson, in speaking of Burnett's "History of his own Times," said: "I do not believe that Burnett intentionally lied; but he was so much prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth. He was like a man who resolves to regulate his time by a certain watch, but will not inquire whether the watch is right or not." (Boswell's "Life of Johnson," vol. II., p. 264.)

I think this opinion applicable to Gray's "History." I *know* he has done myself and the legislative committee of 1844 great injustice; and I have every reason to believe that he has been equally unjust to others.

For example, the historian gives the letter of Mr. McBean, written at Fort Nez Perces, dated November 30, 1847, and addressed to the board of managers of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, and the letters of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Hinman to Governor Abernethy (pages 519, 524, and 530). I will give so much of these last two letters as may be necessary to the point I make:

FORT VANCOUVER, *December* 7, 1847.

George Abernethy, Esq.—Sir: Having received intelligence last night (on the 4th), by special express from Walla Walla, *of the destruction of the missionary settlement at Wailatpu by the Cayuse Indians of that place*, we hasten to communicate the *particulars* of that dreadful event, one of the most atrocious which darken the annals of Indian crime.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

FORT VANCOVER, *December* 4, 1847.

Mr. George Abernethy—Dear Sir: A Frenchman from Walla Walla arrived at my place on last Saturday, and informed me that he was on his way to Vancouver, and wished

me to assist in procuring him a canoe immediately. I was very inquisitive to know if there was any difficulty above. He said four Frenchmen had died recently, and he wished to get others to occupy their places.

I immediately got him a canoe, and concluded to go in company with him in order to get some medicine for the Indians, as they are dying off with measles and other diseases very fast. I was charged with indifference. They said we were killing in not giving them medicines, and I found, if we were not exposing our lives, we were our peace, and consequently I set out for this place. This side of the Cascades I was made acquainted with the horrible massacre that took place at Wailatpu last Monday. * * *

ALANSAN HINMAN.

The words "(on the 4th)" are put into the letter of Mr. Douglas by the historian to call the attention of his readers to the discrepancy in the dates of the two letters. Upon these two letters he makes the following comments, among others (page 531):

There is one other fact in connection with this transaction that looks dark on the part of Sir James Douglas. It is shown in the dates of the several letters. Mr. Hinman's is dated December 4th; Mr. Douglas's, December 7th; that to the Sandwich Islands, December 9th. Now, between the fourth and seventh are three days. In a case of so much importance and professed sympathy, as expressed in his letter, how is it that three, or even two, days are allowed to pass without sending a dispatch informing Governor Abernethy of what had happened, and of what was expected to take place?

The distance from Wailatpu (Dr. Whitman's mission) to Walla Walla (Fort Nez Perces) was about twenty-five miles, and from Walla Walla to Wascopum (Mr. Hinman's place at the Dalles) about one hundred and forty miles. The massacre took place on the afternoon of Monday, November 29, 1847. Mr. McBean states in his letter, dated Tuesday, the last day of November, 1847, that he was first apprised of the massacre early that morning by Mr. Hall, who arrived half naked and covered with blood. As Mr. Hall started at the outset, his information was not satisfactory; and he

(McBean) sent his interpreter and another man to the mission. As the two messengers had to travel twenty-five miles to the mission and the same distance back again, Mr. McBean's letter must have been written late on Tuesday night; and the messenger he sent to Vancouver must have left on Wednesday morning, December 1. This messenger must have traveled the one hundred and forty miles from Walla Walla to the Dalles on one horse, and could not have reached there before late on Friday, December 3. To do this he would have to travel about forty-six miles a day. To go from the Dalles to Vancouver in a canoe, and be "windbound" at Cape Horn (as Mr. Gray states on page 517), in much less time than three days, would be very difficult indeed. No one knew any better than Mr. Gray the distance traveled, and the time it would occupy under the then existing circumstances.

The historian, on page 535, gives the communication of Governor Abernethy to the legislative assembly of Oregon, dated December 8, 1847. How, then, could Mr. Hinman be at Vancouver on Saturday, December 4, 1847? And, had he written his letter there on that day, why did it not reach Governor Abernethy two or three days in advance of that of Mr. Douglas, dated December 7? But there is on the face of Mr. Hinman's letter itself conclusive evidence that *his* date, *as given*, is an error. He says: "A Frenchman from Walla Walla arrived at my place on last Saturday." Now, if his letter had been *correctly* dated December 4, 1847, then the "last Saturday" mentioned would have been November 27, two days before the massacre took place. It seems plain that Mr. Hinman and the Frenchman arrived at Vancouver Monday evening, December 6, and that Mr. Hinman wrote his letter that evening, and Mr. Douglas his the next day, as he states. Upon this supposition Mr. Hinman could correctly say, "the horrible massacre that took place at Wailatpu last Monday. It may be that the figure 6 in Mr. Hinman's letter was mistaken for the figure 4; or it may have been a typographical error in publishing the letter; or Mr. Hinman,

in the excitement of the moment, may have mistaken the date. That there was a mistake in the date of Mr. Hinman's letter, as given by the historian, is quite certain.

Would an impartial historian have made so gross a mistake as this against any man of respectable standing, whom he accused of the most atrocious crime? Would he have seized upon this discrepancy in dates as evidence, without careful investigation? An impartial historian will put himself on the side of the accused when weighing and scrutinizing testimony, however guilty he may think him to be. He will not form an opinion that the accused is guilty unless he, the impartial historian, thinks the good and legitimate evidence amply sufficient; and therefore, in his view, he need not rely, *even in part,* upon false testimony; and he will be the more cautious and careful, in proportion to the gravity of the crime charged. The massacre being a most noted event, and its date being Monday, November 29, and Mr. Hinman's letter December 4, it was easy to see that the latter day was Saturday. But the historian "was so much prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth."

It seems that a public meeting was held in Oregon on the 18th of February, 1841, at which a committee of nine persons was chosen "to form a constitution and draft a code of laws;" and that the Rev. F. N. Blanchet was one of this committee. At an adjourned meeting, June 11, 1841, the historian says:

His Jesuitical Reverence, F. N. Blanchet,, was excused from serving on the committee, at his own request. The settlers and uninitiated were informed by his reverence that he was unaccustomed to make laws for the people, and did not understand how to proceed; while *divide and conquer,* the policy adopted by the Hudson's Bay Company, was entered into with heart and soul by this *Reverend Father* Blanchet and his associates. (Pages 199, 200 and 202.)

Now, with regard to the question of motive, why should the historian apply derisive epithets to the accused at any stage of the inquiry, and more especially before the author

had submitted his proofs? In other words, would an impartial and enlightened historian seek, by the use of such epithets, to prejudice his readers against the accused in *advance*, and before the testimony was submitted? It will be seen that the writer emphasizes the phrase, "His Jesuitical Reverence," so that the reader may not forget this derisive and bitter expression. A decent respect for the feelings of others, as well as a due regard to the dignity of history, would have restrained the impartial historian from the use of such language at every stage of the investigation. Whenever either a good or a bad motive may plausibly be given for the same act, the historian is very apt to impute the bad motive, as he did in this case. I do not think a single instance can be found in the whole book of 624 pages where the author has erred on the side of charity. He is not one of those noble and exalted natures that would magnanimously state the case more clearly in behalf of the accused than the accused would be able to do himself.

In reference to the act in regard to slavery, free negroes, and mulattoes, I find these entries in the journal of the House of Representatives, July 1 and 3, 1845 ("Oregon Laws and Archives," pages 83 and 85):

Mr. Garrison introduced a bill to repeal the several acts in regard to negroes in Oregon. . . .

The House went into committee of the whole, Mr. Straight in the chair.

When the committee rose, the chairman reported that the committee had had under consideration:

The bill to divorce M. J. Rice;

The act to repeal the several acts on slavery;

An act to fix the time and place of the sittings of the Legislature;

An act to divorce F. Hathaway; also

The report of the committee on revision, which had been adopted.

Report was received, and the bill to divorce F. Hathaway was read a third time and passed; also, the bill to divorce M. J. Rice; also, the bill concerning acts on slavery.

Thus, the act which Mr. Gray asserts could not be executed was repealed about one year *before* it could have taken effect in a single case, Mr. Gray being present when the repealing act was passed. The historian seems to have had about as vague a conception of the matter he was treating as a man with a distorted vision would have of the country represented.

ELECTED JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT—STRANGE RESOLUTION—JESSE APPLEGATE.

On the 18th of August, 1845, I was elected by the House of Representatives Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon.

On the 4th of December, 1845, the House, on motion of Mr. Gray, passed this resolution:

Resolved, That the Supreme Judge be called upon to inform the House whether he had examined the laws enacted by the previous legislature of this territory; also, to inform the House how many of said laws are incompatible with the organic articles of compact, adopted by the people on the 25th of July, 1845, if any there be. ("Oregon Laws and Archives." 127.)

To this strange and singular resolution I made a firm but respectful answer, declining to decide in advance, and before proper cases came up before the court, whether an entire code of laws was constitutional or not.

On the 12th of December, 1845, the speaker informed the House that he had communications from the Supreme Judge, which he had been requested to present to the House. The communications were read and referred to the committee on the judiciary. On the same day Mr. McCarver, from the judiciary committee, reported back the communications from the Supreme Judge, which were then referred to a select committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Gray, Hendrick, Garrison, McClure, and McCarver. ("Oregon Laws and Archives," 140-41.)

There is no further mention of these communications in the journal, as no report was ever made by this select committee. There was not a single lawyer among the members

of 1845; and it is quite probable that this committee found it very difficult to coerce a Supreme Court to decide questions of law before cases were properly brought before it.

My extracts from the laws of 1844 are taken from "Oregon Laws and Archives, by L. F. Grover, Commissioner," except the act in regard to slavery, and the fourth section of the act on ways and means, which latter is found in Gray's "Oregon," 395, as part of Dr. White's report to the Secretary of War. These two acts are not found in Grover's compilation. The act in regard to slavery, free negroes, and mulattoes is a certified copy from the original on file in the office of the Secretary of State. My reference to the journals of 1844 and 1845 are to the same compilation.

In the summer and early fall of 1846 Jesse Applegate, at his own expense as I then understood, opened a new wagon road into the Willamette Valley at its southern end. He met the emigrants at Fort Hall and induced a portion of them to come by that route. They suffered great hardships before they reached the end of their journey. This was caused mainly by their own mistakes. Though he was much censured by many of them, he was not to blame. He had performed one of the most noble and generous acts, and deserved praise rather than censure. I traveled with him across the plains in 1843, and I can testify that he was a noble, intellectual, and generous man; and his character was so perfect as to bear any and all tests, under any and all circumstances. The Hon. J. W. Nesmith, in his address before the Oregon pioneers in June, 1875, paid a glowing tribute to the character of "Uncle Jesse Applegate." I knew him long and well, and shall never cease to love him so long as I live.

I left him in Oregon in 1848. He was then a rich man, for that time and that country. I did not see him again until 1872, a period of nearly twenty-four years. In the meantime he had become a gray-haired old man. He and myself are near the same age, he being about two years the younger. One day, without my knowing that he was in California, he walked into the Pacific Bank in San Francisco. I knew,

from the serious expression of his face, that he was an old friend; but, for the moment, I could not place him or call his name. He was so much affected that his eyes filled with tears, and he could not speak. I shook his hand cordially, invited him to sit down, and sat down by him, looking him full in the face one moment, when it came into my mind that he was my old friend, and I exclaimed, "Applegate!" and we embraced like brothers.

We talked about one hour, and in this conversation he gave me his history since I left Oregon. He removed to the Umpqua Valley, where for a time he had fine lands, stock, and other property. At length he determined to go into the mercantile business, for which he had little or no capacity. Said he: "To make a long story short, I did business upon this theory. I sold my goods on credit to those who *needed them most*, not to those who were *able to pay*, lost $30,000, and quit the business."

Any one knowing Jesse Applegate as I do would at once recognize the truth of this statement. It was just like the man. His fine intellect and his experience in life said no; but his generous heart said yes; and that kind heart of his overruled his better judgment. In his old age his fortune is gone; but his true friends only admire and love him the more in the hour of misfortune.

In starting from Missouri to come to this country in 1843, Mr. Applegate announced to his traveling companions, as we have been credibly informed, that he meant to drive the Hudson's Bay Company from the country. To reach the country independent of them, he had sold or mortgaged his cattle to get supplies at Walla Walla. On arriving at Vancouver, he found Dr. McLoughlin to be much of a gentleman, and disposed to aid him in every way he could. The doctor advised him to keep his cattle, and gave him employment as a surveyor, and credit for all he required. This kind treatment closed Mr. Applegate's open statements of opposition to the company, and secured his friendship and his influence to keep his Missouri friends from doing violence to them. He carried this kind feeling for them into the legislative committee. (Gray, pages 421-422.)

As already stated, a portion of the immigrants left their cattle at Walla Walla. This they did under an agreement with Mr. McKinlay, then in charge of the fort, that we should have the same number and description of cattle in the Willamette Valley from the herds of the Hudson's Bay Company. When we arrived at Vancouver, Dr. McLoughlin and Mr. Douglas candidly stated to us that our American tame cattle would suit us much better than the cattle of the company, and they advised us to bring our cattle from Walla Walla during the next spring. The same advice was given to all the immigrants who left their cattle at Walla Walla. We all saw at once that this advice was not only generous, but practically sound. Mr. Applegate, as I understood at the time, made the same arrangement with Mr. McKinlay that others of us did. That Mr. Applegate sold or mortgaged his cattle at Walla Walla for supplies must be a mistake. He needed but little if anything in that line; and to have mortgaged so many cattle for so small an amount would have been the greatest of folly. He could not have needed provisions, so far as I can remember, as he must have purchased wheat and potatoes from Dr. Whitman like most of us.

On arriving at Vancouver, Mr. Applegate, no doubt, found a very different state of things from what he anticipated when starting from Missouri. He did find Dr. McLoughlin and Mr. Douglas to be much of gentlemen; for it was very difficult indeed for any man, who was himself a gentleman, to keep the company of those two men and not find out that they were both gentlemen in the true sense of that term. Mr. Applegate no doubt concluded that, if these men were really opposed to American immigrants, they took the most extraordinary way of showing it. That Mr. Applegate purchased of the company at Vancouver some supplies on credit is very probable, because he was amply good for all he engaged to pay. He was honesty personified, and was an admirable worker, both as a farmer and surveyor. He also had a fine band of American cattle; and such cattle were then the most valuable property in Oregon. Jesse Applegate and Daniel

Waldo were the owners of more cattle than any other two men in our immigration.

THE ACT TO PROHIBIT THE INTRODUCTION, MANUFACTURE, SALE, AND BARTER OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

I have already mentioned the happy condition of society in Oregon, and the causes which produced it. This only continued until the beginning of 1847.

The act of 1844 to prohibit the introduction, manufacture, sale, and barter of ardent spirits was amended by the House of Representatives of 1845. The same body drew up and submitted to the people, for their approval or rejection, a new and amended organic law, which was adopted, and which conferred upon the legislature the power to pass laws to regulate the introduction, manufacture, and sale of ardent spirits. This amendatory bill was reported by W. H. Gray from the committee on ways and means, and was passed December 6, 1845, by the following vote: Yeas, Gray, Garrison, Hendricks, H. Lee, McClure, and McCarver—7. Nays, Foisy, Hill, Straight, and Newell—4. On the 8th a motion to reconsider was lost by the following tie vote: Yeas, Hendricks, Hill, B. Lee, Smith, Straight, and Newell; nays, Foisy, Gray, Garrison, H. Lee, McCarver, and McClure. (Gray's "Oregon," page 440.)

The amendatory act is incorrectly given by Mr. Gray on pages 440-41, by omitting the first section entirely. The first section of the original act was amended by inserting the word "give" after the word "barter" in two places; and the second section was amended by inserting the word "give" after the word "barter" in one place, and the word "gift" after the word "barter" in the second place.

Section 4 of the *original* act was as follows:

SEC. 4. That it shall be the duty of all sheriffs, judges, justices of the peace, constables, and other officers, when they have reason to believe that this act has been violated, to give notice thereof to some justice of the peace or judge of a court, who shall immediately issue his warrant and cause the offending party to be arrested; and if such officer has jurisdiction

of such case, he shall proceed to try such offender without delay, and give judgment accordingly; but if such officer have no jurisdiction to try such case, he shall, if the party be guilty, bind him over to appear before the next circuit court.

This section was stricken out, and the following inserted in its stead:

SEC. 4. Whenever it shall come to the knowledge of any officer of this government, or any private citizen, that any kind of spirituous liquors are being distilled or manufactured in Oregon, they are hereby authorized and required to proceed to the place where such illicit manufacture is known to exist, and seize the distilling apparatus, and deliver the same to the nearest district judge or justice of the peace, whose duty it shall be immediately to issue his warrant, and cause the house and premises of the person against whom such warrant shall be issued to be further searched; and in case any kind of spirituous liquors are found in or about said premises, or any implements or apparatus that have the appearance of having been used or constructed for the purpose of manufacturing any kind of spirituous liquors, and deliver the same to the judge or justice of the peace who issued the said warrant. Said officer shall also arrest the person or persons in or about whose premises such apparatus, implements, or spirituous liquors are found, and conduct him or them to said judge or justice of the peace, whose duty it shall be to proceed against said criminal or criminals, and dispose of the articles seized according to law.

It will be readily seen that these amendments radically changed the original act, in several most material respects. By the amendment to the second section of the act, it was made a criminal offence to give away ardent spirits. This would prevent the master of a ship entering the waters of Oregon from giving his seamen their usual daily allowance of liquor while the vessel remained within our jurisdiction. So, a private citizen, without the advice of a physician, could not give the article to any one, for any purpose, or under any circumstances.

By the provision of the fourth section as amended, all officers, and even private citizens, were not only authorized,

but required (without any warrant having been issued first by a court or judicial officer) to seize the distilling apparatus; and in such case each officer and each private citizen was to be himself the judge of both the fact and law, so far as the duty to seize the apparatus was concerned. This was giving to each individual citizen of Oregon a most extraordinary power, and making its exercise *obligatory*.

The fifth section of the amendatory act, as given by the historian, was as follows:

SECTION 5. All the fines or penalties recovered under this act shall go, one-half to the informant and witnesses, and the other half to the officers engaged in arresting and trying the criminal or criminals; and it shall be the duty of all officers in whose hands such fines and penalties may come to pay over as directed in this section.

This was a most unusual and extraordinary provision. To give a portion of the penalty recovered to the informant and arresting officer was not very improper; but to give another portion of such penalty to the *witnesses* and *judges*, thus making them interested in condemning the accused, is indeed most extraordinary; and I apprehend that such a provision never before occurred in the history of legislation among civilized men. The author of this fifth section must have had great confidence in the power of money.

These objectionable features were so great, in the view of Governor Abernethy, that he recommended a revision of the amendatory act, in his message to the House of Representatives, December 4, 1846. (Gray, 442.)

The House of Representatives, at the December session, 1846, passed an act entitled "An Act to regulate the manufacture and sale of wine and distilled spirituous liquors." This act Governor Abernethy returned to the House with his objections, as set forth in his veto message of December 17, 1846. In this message he said, among other things:

The act lying before me is the first act that has in any manner attempted to legalize the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. At the session of the Legislature in June, 1844, an act was passed entitled "An Act to prevent the introduc-

tion, sale and distillation of ardent spirits in Oregon"; and, as far as my knowledge extends, the passage of that act gave general satisfaction to the great majority of the people throughout the territory. At the session of December, 1845, several amendments were proposed to the old law, and passed. The new features given to the bill by those amendments did not accord with the views of the people; the insertion of the words "give" and "gift" in the first and second sections of the bill, they thought, was taking away their rights, as it was considered that a man had a right to give away his property if he chose. There were several other objections to the bill, which I set forth to your honorable body in my message. I would therefore recommend that the amendments passed at the December session of 1845 be repealed; and that the law passed on the 24th of June, 1844, with such alterations as will make it agree with the organic law, if it does not agree with it, be again made the law of the land. It is said by many that the Legislature has no right to prohibit the introduction or sale of liquor, and this is probably the strongest argument used in defense of your bill.

The bill was passed over the veto of the Governor by the following vote: Yeas, Messrs. Boon, Hall, Hembree, Lounsdale, Loony, Meek, Summers, Straight, T'Vault, Williams, and the Speaker, 11; nays, Messrs. Chamberlain, McDonald, Newell, Peers, and Dr. W. F. Tolmie, 5.

Mr. Parker, in a public address to the voters of Clackamas County, in May, 1846, charged that rum was sold at Vancouver contrary to law. This charge was based upon rumor. Mr. Douglas, in a communication to the "Oregon Spectator," published June 11, 1846, among other things says:

If, with reference to these supplies, Mr. Parker had told his hearers that her majesty's ship Modeste now stationed at Fort Vancouver, had, with other supplies for ship use from the stores of the Hudson's Bay Company, received several casks of rum; or if, referring to the company's own ships, he had stated that *a small allowance of spirits is daily served out to the crews of the company's vessels*, and that other classes of the company's servants, according to long accustomed usage, receive on certain *rare occasions* a similar indulgence, he would have told the *plain and simple truth*, and his statement would not this day have been called in question by me. These acts

which I fully admit, and would on no account attempt to conceal, can not by the fair rules of construction be considered as infringing upon any law recognized by the compact which we have agreed to support, in common with the other inhabitants of Oregon. (Gray, 447.)

It seems perfectly plain from Mr. Gray's own history that the final overthrow of this measure was mainly brought about by the following causes:

1. The extremely harsh and erroneous amendments of 1845.

2. The mistake of the same body in using the word "regulate" instead of "prohibit" in the organic law of that year.

3. The sale of rum to the Modeste by the Hudson's Bay Company.

This last act, however excusable it may be considered under the then existing circumstances, gave the opponents a plausible ground for objection.

That the original act was approved by the people is shown by the following extract from the message of Governor Abernethy, dated February 5th, 1849:

The proposed amendments to the organic law will come before you for final action: to amend the oath of office, to make the clerks of the different counties recorders of land claims, etc., and to strike out the word "regulate" and insert the word "prohibit" in the clause relating to the sale of ardent spirits. The last amendment came before the people for a direct vote, and I am happy to say that the people of this territory decided through the ballot-box, by a majority of the votes given, that the word "prohibit" should be inserted. This makes the question a very easy one for you to decide upon. ("Oregon Laws and Archives," pages 273-4.)

Jesse Applegate was a member of the House of Representatives in 1845, but his name does not appear as voting upon the final passage of the amendatory bill, he having previously resigned his seat.

TREATY OF JUNE 15, 1846—POLICY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY—H. A. G. LEE—INDIAN CHARACTER.

On the 15th of June, 1846, a treaty was concluded between Great Britain and the United States which acknowledged the

sovereignty of our country over that portion of Oregon lying south of the 49th parallel of north latitude. This was known in Oregon as early as December of that year, as the fact is mentioned in Governor Abernethy's message, dated December 1, 1846. ("Oregon Laws and Archives." 158.)

The final settlement of the conflicting claims of the two governments in this manner did not surprise any sensible man in Oregon, so far as I remember. It was what we had every reason to expect. We knew, to a moral certainty, that the moment we brought our families, cattle, teams, and loaded wagons to the banks of the Columbia River in 1843, the question was practically decided in our favor. Oregon was not only accessible by land from our contiguous territory, but we had any desirable number of brave, hardy people who were fond of adventure, and perfectly at home in the settlement of new countries. We could bring into the country ten immigrants for every colonist Great Britain could induce to settle there. We were masters of the situation, and fully comprehended our position. This the gentlemen of the company understood as well as we did. In repeated conversations with Dr. McLoughlin, soon after my arrival in Oregon, he assured me that he had for some years been convinced that Oregon was destined soon to be occupied by a civilized people. The reasons for this conclusion were most obvious. The country, with its fertile soil, extensive valleys, magnificent forests, and mild climate, was admirably fitted for a civilized and dense population. Its local position on the shores of the Pacific marked it as a fit abode for a cultivated race of men. Besides, the natives had almost entirely disappeared from the lower section of Oregon. Only a small and diseased remnant was left.

The colonization of the country, either by British or Americans, would equally destroy the fur trade, the only legitimate business of the company. No doubt the gentlemen connected with that company thought the title of their own government to Oregon was superior to ours; while we Americans believed we had the better title. I read carefully the discussion between Mr. Buchanan, our Secretary of State, and the British Min-

ister; and while I thought our country had the better title, neither claim could be properly called a plain, indisputable right, because much could be and was said on both sides of the question. But, while our *title* might be disputed, there was no possible doubt as to the main fact, that *we had settled the country*.

When the managers of the company had arrived at the conclusion that Oregon must be inhabited by a civilized race of men, they undoubtedly determined to do all they could reasonably and justly to colonize it with their own people. These gentlemen were as loyal in their allegiance to their own country as we were to ours, and were prepared to go as far as enlightened love of country would lead them, and no farther. It is very true that the company, by expending the larger portion if not all of its large capital, could have colonized the country in advance of the Americans. But, what proper inducement had the company thus to sacrifice the property of its stockholders? Colonization was not its legitimate business. Why, then, should a mere mercantile corporation waste its means and ruin its business to settle Oregon? If the settlement of the country was of national importance to Great Britain, then the expense should have been borne by that government itself, and not by the few subjects who happen to be stockholders of the company. Any one well acquainted with all the facts and circumstances, and who will carefully and thoroughly examine the subject, must see that the only motive the managers of the company had to settle Oregon with British subjects, in preference to American citizens, was one of patriotism or love of country. In a pecuniary point of view, the company saved more money for its stockholders by the treaty than it could have done had the country fallen to Great Britain.

But while the managers of the Company, as British subjects, preferred to colonize Oregon with their own people, they were not, as enlightened and Christian men, prepared to use criminal means to accomplish that purpose. In the address of

John McLoughlin and James Douglas to the citizens of Oregon in March, 1845, they say, among other things:

The Hudson's Bay Company made their settlement at Fort Vancouver under the authority of a license from the British government, in conformity with the provisions of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States of America, which gives them the right of occupying as much land as they require for the operation of their business. On the faith of that treaty they have made a settlement on the north bank of the Columbia River, they have opened roads and made other improvements at a great outlay of capital; they have held unmolested possession of their improvements for many years, unquestioned by the public officers of either government, who have since the existence of their settlement repeatedly visited it; they have carried on business with manifest advantage to the country; they have given the protection of their influence over the native tribes to every person who required it, without distinction of nation or party; and they have afforded every assistance in their power toward developing the resources of the country, and promoting the industry of its inhabitants. . . .

Permit us to assure you, gentlemen, that it is our earnest wish to maintain a good understanding and to live on friendly terms with every person in the country. We entertain the highest respect for the provisional organization; and knowing the great good it has effected, as well as the evil it has prevented, we wish it every success, and hope, as we desire, to continue to live in the exercise and interchange of good offices with the framers of that useful institution.

This address was inclosed with the following letter to the executive committee of Oregon:

VANCOVER, *March* 18, 1845.

Gentlemen: I am sorry to inform you that Mr. Williamson is surveying a piece of land occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company, alongside of this establishment, with a view of taking it as a claim; and, as he is an American citizen, I feel bound, as a matter of courtesy, to make the same known to you, trusting that you will feel justified in taking measures to have him removed from the Hudson's Bay Company's premises, in order that the unanimity now happily subsisting between the American citizens and British subjects residing in this country may not be disturbed or interrupted. I beg to inclose you a

copy of an address to the citizens of Oregon, which will explain to you our situation and the course we are bound to pursue in the event of your declining to interfere. I am, gentlemen, your obedient humble servant,

J. McLOUGHLIN.

WILLIAM BAILY,
OSBORN RUSSELL,
P. G. STEWART,
Executive Committee of Oregon.

To this letter, the majority of the executive committee of Oregon, acting for the whole, made this reply:

OREGON CITY, *March* 21, 1845.

Sir: We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letters—one dated 11th of March and the other 12th of March—accompanied with an address to the citizens of Oregon.

We regret to hear that unwarranted liberties have been taken by an American citizen upon the Hudson's Bay Company's premises, and it affords us great pleasure to learn that the offender, after due reflection, desisted from the insolent and rash measure.

As American citizens, we beg leave to offer you and your esteemed colleague our most grateful thanks for the kind and candid manner in which you have treated this matter, as we are aware that an infringement on the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company in this country, by an American citizen, is a breach of the laws of the United States, by setting at naught her most solemn treaties with Great Britain.

As representatives of the citizens of Oregon, we beg your acceptance of our sincere acknowledgments of the obligations we are under to yourself and your honorable associate for the high regard you have manifested for the authorities of our provisional government, and the special anxiety you have ever shown for our peace and prosperity; and we assure you that we consider ourselves in duty bound to use every exertion in our power to put down every cause of disturbance, as well as to promote the amicable intercourse and kind feelings hitherto existing between ourselves and the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, until the United States shall extend its jurisdiction over us, and our authority ceases to exist.

We have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servants,

OSBORN RUSSELL,
P. G. STEWART.

JOHN McLOUGHLIN, ESQ.

These papers appear in Gray's "Oregon," pages 409-11, as a portion of Dr. White's report to the Secretary of War.

This attempt to locate a claim in the vicinity of Vancouver was made by Williamson and Alderman. Williamson was apparently a modest and respectable young man, while Alderman was a most notorious character. He was well known in Oregon from his violent and unprincipled conduct. He was always in trouble with somebody. He went to California in the summer or fall of 1848, and was killed in the latter portion of that year, at Sutter's Fort, under justifiable circumstances.

I have given these extracts from the address to the citizens of Oregon, that the then managers of the Hudson's Bay Company might speak for themselves; and I have given the reply of Messrs. Russell and Stewart, of the executive committee, to show the opinion of those intelligent, calm and faithful American officers upon the general subject.

That the facts stated in the address are true there can be no reasonable doubt. The facts were all within the personal knowledge of Dr. McLoughlin and Mr. Douglas, and they could not be mistaken about them. If untrue, then they deliberately and knowingly made false statements. To make statements that could be so readily contradicted by the people of Oregon, if untrue, would have been the greatest folly. Besides, the high character of these gentlemen, especially that of Dr. McLoughlin, forbids such inference. Dr. McLoughlin, during his long and active life, gave such conclusive proofs of the possession of the most exalted virtue that no man of respectable ability and good character would at this late day question his integrity or doubt his statement of facts within his own knowledge. He voluntarily became, and afterward died, an American citizen.

But the truth of their statements, especially that one which declares that "they had given the protection of their influence over the native tribes to every person who required it, without distinction of nation or party," is shown by the fact that no American immigrant was killed by the Indians in

Oregon until late in the fall of 1847—seventeen months after the treaty between Great Britain and the United States settled the question of sovereignty over that portion of Oregon south of the 49th parallel of north latitude in our favor, and twelve months after that fact was known in that country, and when the company could not have had any adequate motive to oppose American immigration to acknowledged American territory.

It is true, some thefts were committed by the Indians upon the immigrants; but I apprehend that these were not more numerous or common than usual with Indians under like circumstances. While it is not my intention to enter at large into the subject, I will give an extract from the long letter of H. A. G. Lee to Dr. E. White, assistant Indian agent, dated Oregon City, March 4, 1845. It is, in my judgment, the most sensible and just description of Indian character I have ever seen in so few words. After stating, among other things, that "avarice is doubtless the ruling passion of most Indians," the writer goes on to say:

The lawless bands along the river, from Fort Walla Walla to The Dalles, are still troublesome to the immigrants; and the immigrants are still very imprudent in breaking up into small parties, just when they should remain united. The Indians are tempted by the unguarded and defenseless state of the immigrants, and avail themselves of the opportunity to gratify their cupidity. Here allow me to suggest a thought. These robbers furnish us a true miniature likeness of the whole Indian population whenever they fail to obtain such things as they wish in exchange for such as they have to give. These are robbers now, because they have nothing to give; all others will be robbers when, with what they have to give, they can not procure what they wish. I am satisfied of the correctness of this conclusion from all that I have witnessed of Indian character, even among the praiseworthy Nez Perces. And should the government of the United States withhold her protection from her subjects in Oregon, they will be under the necessity of entering into treaty stipulations with the Indians, in violation of the laws of the United States, as preferable to a resort to force of arms.

Hitherto the immigrants have had no serious difficulty in passing through the territory of these tribes; but that

their passage is becoming more and more a subject of interest to the Indians is abundantly manifest. They collect about the road from every part of the country, and have looked on with amazement; but the novelty of the scene is fast losing its power to hold in check their baser passions. The next immigration will, in all probability, call forth developments of Indian character which have been almost denied an existence among these people. Indeed, sir, had you not taken the precaution to conciliate their good feelings and friendship toward the whites just at the time they were meeting each other, it is to be doubted whether there had not been some serious difficulties. Individuals on both sides have been mutually provoked and exasperated during the passage of each immigration, and these cases are constantly multiplying. Much prudence is required on the part of the whites, and unfortunately they have very little by the time they reach the Columbia Valley. Some of the late immigrants, losing their horses and very naturally supposing them stolen by the Indians, went to the bands of horses owned by the Indians and took as many as they wished. You are too well acquainted with Indians to suppose that such a course can be persisted in without producing serious results. (Gray's "Oregon," pages 414-416.)

Governor Abernethy, in his message to the Legislative Assembly of Oregon, under date of December 7, 1847, says:

Our relation with the Indians becomes every year more embarrassing. They see the white man occupy their lands, rapidly filling up the country, and they put in a claim for pay. They have been told that a chief would come out from the United States and treat with them for their lands; but they have been told this so often that they begin to doubt the truth of it. At all events, they say: "He will not come till we are all dead, and then what good will blankets do us? We want something now." This leads to trouble between the settler and the Indians about him. Some plan should be devised by which a fund can be raised, and presents made to the Indians of sufficient value to keep them quiet, until an agent arrives from the United States. A number of robberies have been committed by the Indians in the upper country upon the emigrants as they were passing through their territory. This should not be allowed to pass. An appropriation should be made by you sufficient to enable the Superintendent of Indian Affairs to take a small party in the spring,

and demand restitution of the property, or its equivalent in horses. Without an appropriation, a sufficient party would not be induced to go up there, as the trip is an expensive one. ("Oregon Laws and Archives," page 210.)

We were delicately situated in Oregon up to near the close of 1846, when news of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States reached us. We knew that under former treaties the citizens and subjects of both governments were privileged to occupy the country jointly; but that joint occupation of the territory did not mean joint occupation of the same tract of land or of the same premises, but the party first in possession was entitled to continue it until the question of sovereignty should be settled. Our community was composed of American citizens and British subjects, intermingled together as neighbors, with all their respective national attachments, manners and prejudices; and we had our full share of reckless adventurers and other bad men. The extremists and ultras of both sides would have brought us into armed conflict, and perhaps involved the two countries in war, but for the manly good sense of our leading men, supported by the great majority of the people.

It was most fortunate for us that the executive office of our little provisional government was at all times filled, not only by Americans, but by those who were well fitted for that position, both as to capacity and conciliatory firmness. I have already spoken of Osborn Russell and P. G. Stewart who acted as the executive committee during part of the years 1844 and 1845. They were admirable men for that position. They were succeeded by George Abernethy, who filled the position until the provisional organization was superseded by the regular territorial government, under the act of Congress of August 14, 1848.

Governor Abernethy was precisely fitted for the position in every respect. Though he had no regular legal education, he was a man of admirable good sense, of calm, dispassionate disposition, of amiable, gentle manners, and above the influences of passion and prejudice. He did his duty most faith-

fully to the utmost of his ability; and his ability was ample for that time and that country. He fully comprehended the exact situation, and acted upon the maxim, "Make haste slowly," believing that such was not only the best policy, but the best justice. Time amply vindicated the wisdom and efficiency of the course he pursued. We attained all our hopes and wishes by peaceful means. "Peace hath her triumphs," greater than those of war, because the triumphs of peace cost so much less. It is a matter of doubt whether, in the settlement of any portion of America by the whites, any greater wisdom, forbearance, and good sense have been shown, except in the celebrated case of William Penn.

MASSACRE OF DR. WHITMAN AND OTHERS—INDIAN WAR—ITS RESULT.

On Monday, November 29, 1847, the most horrible massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman, his lady, and others, by the Cayuse Indians, took place; which event, in the just language of Mr. Douglas, was "one of the most atrocious which darken the annals of Indian crime." Within a few days other peaceful Americans were slaughtered, until the whole number of victims amounted to from twelve to fifteen. This painful event was made known at Oregon City on December 8, 1847, as already stated.

I knew Dr. Whitman well; I first saw him at the rendezvous near the western line of Missouri, in May, 1843; saw him again at Fort Hall; and again at his own mission in the fall of that year, as already stated. I remember that the first I heard of the false and ungrateful charge made by a portion of our immigrants (an account of which I have already given) was from his own lips. I was standing near his house when he came to me with the painful expression of deep concern upon his countenance, and asked me to come with him to his room. I did so, and found one or two other gentlemen there. He was deeply wounded, as he had ample cause to be, by this unjustifiable conduct of some of our people. He stated to us the facts. I again saw him at my

home on the Tualatin Plains in 1844. He called at my house, and, finding I was in the woods at work, he came to me there. This was the last time I ever saw him. Our relations were of the most cordial and friendly character, and I had the greatest respect for him.

I consider Dr. Whitman to have been a brave, kind, devoted, and intrepid spirit, without malice and without reproach. In my best judgment, he made greater sacrifices, endured more hardships, and encountered more perils for Oregon than any other one man; and his services were practically more efficient than those of any other, except perhaps those of Dr. Linn, United States Senator from Missouri. I say perhaps, for I am in doubt as to which of these two men did more in effect for Oregon.

The news of this bloody event thrilled and roused our people at once; and within a very short time, considering the season and other circumstances, we raised an army of some five hundred brave and hardy men, and marched them into the enemy's country. Several battles were fought, the result of which is well and concisely stated by Governor Abernethy, in his message to the Legislative Assembly of Oregon, under date of February 5, 1849:

I am happy to inform you that, through aid of the territory to go in pursuit of the murderers and their allies, and of those who contributed so liberally to the support of our fellow citizens in the field, the war has been brought to a successful termination. It is true that the Indians engaged in the massacre were not captured and punished; they were, however, driven from their homes, their country taken possession of, and they made to understand that the power of the white man is far superior to their own. The Indians have a large scope of country to roam over, all of which they were well acquainted with, knew every pass, and by this knowledge could escape the punishment they so justly merited. In view of this the troops were recalled and disbanded early in July last, leaving a small force under the command of Captain Martin to keep possession of the post at Wailatpu, and a few men at Wascopum. Captain Martin remained at Wailatpu until the middle of September, when

the time for which his men had enlisted expired. He, however, before leaving, sent a party to bring in the last company of emigrants.

The appearance of so many armed men among the Indians in their own country had a very salutary effect on them; this is seen by their refusing to unite with the Cayuse Indians, by their profession of friendship to the Americans, and by the safety with which the immigration passed through the Indian country the past season.

Heretofore robberies have been committed and insults offered to Americans as they pass along, burdened with their families and goods, and worn down with the fatigues of a long journey, and this was on the increase; each successive year no molestation was offered in any way. On the contrary, every assistance was rendered by the Indians in crossing rivers, for a reasonable compensation.

Having learned the power and ability of the Americans, I trust the necessity of calling on our citizens to punish them hereafter will be obviated. ("Oregon Laws and Archives," page 272.)

This attack of the Indians was attributed by some persons, and especially by Mr. Spaulding, to the instigation of the Catholic missionaries in that country. I thought the charge most unjust, and think so still. The charge was too horrible in its very nature to be believed unless the evidence was conclusive beyond a reasonable doubt. There were most ample grounds upon which to account for the massacre, without accusing these missionaries of that horrible crime. Mr. Spaulding and myself agreed to discuss the matter through the columns of a small semi-monthly newspaper, published by Mr. Griffin, and several numbers were written and published by each of us; but the discovery of the gold mines in California put a stop to the discussion.

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THE JUDICIARY OF OREGON.

By CHARLES E. WOLVERTON.

The judiciary of this State as a system or department of government is of interesting parentage. It was born of necessity, in primitive, organic times in the history of the Northwest and consisted of a single supreme judge, invested with none other than probate jurisdiction. It comprised also the executive department of government and antedated the legislative. It was above the law, for at that time the common law had not become our peculiar heritage and there was no statute book to control its action. It was truly a creature of circumstances. An event of no unusual moment if it were in these times, gave rise to its organization—the death of a citizen leaving an estate to be administered. The organization was accomplished at a meeting of the settlers by the election of a judge, a clerk, and a high sheriff, all anterior to the formation or adoption of any provisional or organic law. It was resolved that until a code be adopted by a legislative committee for which provision was also made, the judge should be instructed to act according to the laws of the State of New York. A writer of early times asserts, however, that the instructions were to act "just as he pleased." Dr. Ira L. Babcock was the person chosen, and was thus made both

judge and executive of the settlement. It is interesting to note that there was not a copy of the code of the State of New York at the time in the country, nor for a number of years afterward, but a copy of the Iowa code was brought in about two years later. The court, it is said, entered at once upon its duties and disposed of the estate to the entire satisfaction of the community. The next step in formative development was the creation of a supreme court, a probate court, and justices' courts, the former to consist of a supreme judge and two justices of the peace, with a jurisdiction both appellate and original. Its original jurisdiction extended to cases of treason, felony, and breaches of the peace, and to civil cases where the sum claimed exceeded $50. To safeguard justice it was provided that no justice of the peace should assist in trying any case that was brought before the supreme court by appeal from his judgment. The idea was not lost sight of as it was later incorporated into the constitution of the State when the supreme court was composed of judges at *nisi prius*, inhibiting any one of them sitting as a trier of the cause in the first instance from taking part in the decision in the appellate jurisdiction. But, notwithstanding this injunction of obvious propriety, the criticism was sometimes indulged that the manner of organization gave rise to a bond of sympathy and fellow-feeling between the judges, the tendency of which was to affirm the action of the trial court, or, perhaps, rather to make a reversal more difficult than if the supreme court was entirely a distinct tribunal in its *personnel* as well as in its jurisdiction from that entertaining original cognizance. In the further development of government, by the organic law, the judicial power was vested in a supreme court and such inferior courts of law, equity, and arbitration as might from time to time be established by law. The supreme court consisted of one judge to be elected by the house of

representatives with appellate jurisdiction, but with power to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, *mandamus*, *quo warranto*, *certiorari*, and other original remedial writs, and to hear and determine the same. In its appellate capacity it was also accorded authority to decide upon and annul any laws enacted contrary to the provisions of the articles of the organic act, thus recognizing a fundamental principle which has now become firmly and unalterably established in American constitutional jurisprudence, that an act beyond the authority of the lawmaking body to adopt by reason of restrictions and limitations placed upon its powers, is void and without binding force and effect, and that the judiciary may rightfully so determine and declare. This state of initial construction was followed by the territorial government established by Congress, whereby the judicial power of the territory was vested in a supreme court, district courts, and others of less authority. The supreme court was composed of a chief justice and two associate justices who were authorized each in his own district to hold the district courts as well. A little more than a decade later the State was admitted into the Union under the present constitution creating the supreme court, to consist of four justices, with power in the legislature to enlarge the number to seven, the justices being charged with the duty of holding and presiding over the circuit courts, which are of general and original jurisdiction. By authority of another clause of the same organic law the election of supreme and circuit judges has been since provided for in distinct classes, with which system you are familiar. Under the constitution the powers of the government are divided into three separate and distinct but co-ördinate departments, the officials intrusted with the functions thereto being all elective, with the inhibitive injunction that no person charged with official duties under one of these departments shall exercise any of the

functions of another except as expressly provided for in the constitution itself. Thus has been evolved by slow degrees the judiciary system as at present constituted, arising from a mere improvision to meet an exigency to a perfectly organized functionary with precisely defined powers and exact jurisdiction. Many judges have sat and presided in the tribunals thus organized, all with honor, I think, without exception, and not a few with signal ability and distinction, two of the most illustrious and well beloved of whom were members of the constitutional convention and are still in active business employment. I refer to our venerable and esteemed fellow citizens, Judges George H. Williams and Reuben P. Boise.

One of the central ideas of this arrangement of the departments of government, divorcing them from the contact and control of each other, was, no doubt, as it was with the framers of our Federal constitution, to establish an independent judiciary—"the firmest bulwark of freedom"—emancipated not only from the influence of its coördinate participators in government, but also from the merely political and partisan influences so often promotive of individuals to official position, and this by reason of the nature of the business with which it is intrusted—to interpret and construe the laws adopted and promulgated by the coördinate branches and to determine their validity from a constitutional point of view, as well as to determine all manner of contest between litigants, including the State. In exercising this high function of construing enactments, the intendment of the legislature must govern, of course, and it is by giving heed to this cardinal principle that new policies of government are inaugurated and reforms set on foot, but it was not designed that the judiciary should look back of this into the general scramble for power and to permit the peculiar motives that may have induced individual action to influence its judgments. If

it were otherwise it could hardly sit as an impartial arbiter in many cases of vital moment to the commonwealth and its citizens. It must not be understood by this that the court should be unmindful of the current of events that set in motion policies of government, for it is by giving heed to them that it is enabled to interpret the laws and ordinances of the lawmaking bodies and to administer justice intelligently. Alike with the other departments, the judiciary is subject to the influence of public opinion, that consensus of individual thought that moulds and gives caste to measures and political action in government. In epitome, it should not be swayed and tossed about by every shifting breeze that is in one quarter to-day and in another to-morrow, but it should be ever sensitive of the gulf streams, the deep running currents, which are of the sea. Judgments can not stand against public opinion any more than the promulgation of laws and executive decrees, for they will in some way be avoided and their force as precedents destroyed. A peculiarly striking incident of the kind is the decision in the Dred Scott case, which in its political aspects has been accounted vulnerable and has been wholly disregarded. The most searching yet courteous criticism of this case was one made by the illustrious patriot and citizen whose name we honor on this occasion. It has gone down in history and was so skillful and masterly as to defy successful disputation. You will readily recall the political conditions then prevalent. Franklin Pierce was the outgoing and James Buchanan the incoming president, both of whom had referred in public utterances to the forthcoming decision of the supreme court; Roger B. Taney, who rendered the prevailing opinion, was chief justice; and Stephen A. Douglas, the champion of the Nebraska Doctrine. After putting numerous questions touching the action of these men and the delay in the

long looked-for decision, Mr. Lincoln likened these things unto "the cautious patting and petting of a spirited horse preparatory to mounting him when it is dreaded that he may give the rider a fall." Then in his inimitable style he says: "We can not absolutely know that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert, but when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places, and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James, for instance,—and when we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortices exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few—not omitting even scaffolding—or, if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such piece in—in such a case, we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn up before the first blow was struck."

Personally, I have felt that the criticism was unjust to the distinguished chief justice, whose purity of character and whose uprightness and integrity as an individual and as a jurist was beyond reproach, as it leaves the impress that he had prejudged the cause. Such a thing was not to be thought of and surely was not intended by the criticism, but the elucidation was at once so felicitous and apropos as to lead to the utter rout and vanquishment of Stephen and Franklin and James.

Coming back to our own State judiciary, it is not to be denied that at times there has been cause for pertinent criticism, but these have been rare, and from the earliest organization it has merited and received the respect, good

will, and esteem of the people of the commonwealth, whose hands are the support and mainstay of all institutions of a republican form of government, and this is the highest encomium that can come to a public functionary. It has consistently maintained a commendable independence as a department in the State government, in both the peculiar and the broad sense in which it was designed and in suitable accord with the genius, the spirit, and disposition of the times, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will continue to grow in grace and in the confidence, favor, and esteem of every citizen from the humblest to the greatest of this, our beloved commonwealth. Such, I am assured, will be its conscientious endeavor to be signified by its good works.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY AND EVOLUTION.

By T. W. Davenport.

We can say with probable truth that whatever promotes the comfort, competence, and happiness of man, in a word his well being, must be considered in the direct line of progress and the proper object of human endeavor, but when we come to examine his environment we find him beset, within and without, by enemies that compel him to expend a great part of his time and energy in fighting for the privilege of existence; and examining further we are forced to the conclusion that much of his remaining time and force is expended in useless labor or for the procurement of things which are positively harmful. In a large view and contemplating an ideal career of enlightenment, peace, prosperity, and moral excellence, his history appears to be a perpetual repetition and jumble of inconsistencies whereof no intelligence can see the trend or outcome. And of all his foes, himself is the worst, the most inveterate. That wise and noble woman, Frances E. Willard, condensed the question of progression when she said, "Our problem consists in saving man from himself." That has ever been the problem whether undertaken designedly by such superior characters as Miss Willard or the spontaneous operation of the postulated forces of evolution.

That every human being, from the cradle to the grave, is struggling for the betterment of his condition, as he sees it, (couched in Pope's language, "Oh happiness! our beings end and aim,") and that he follows the line of least resistance to obtain it, may be assumed as an axiom in

human affairs, but that any or all philosophers can, from the heterogeneous mass of human history, lay bare the chain of causation from age to age and demonstrate an upward movement, is so far merely an aspiration. One form of government follows another; republics succeed monarchies and monarchies succeed republics; nations rise and fall, civilizations wax and wane, and along the whole course from the earliest dawn of recorded history to the present, the individual man has shown the same or equivalent characteristics and powers, the ancient as competent physically, intellectually, and morally as the modern; as great in his capacities and achievements in all departments of human endeavor, language, sculpture, painting, poetry, oratory, devotion of self to altruistic aims or to war, in all as forceful if not superior to the man of to-day. And where is the fitness of human institutions and the measure of progress to be found anyway, except in the individual? In him is the fruition, sum, and substance of it all. In him cultivated, competent, fraternal, industrious in all works helpful, is the acme of all schemes of salvation.

So, the question now, after all the centuries of toil, turmoil, anguish, and destruction, is, What form of government or society is best suited to and most promotive of general individual improvement and excellence? And as the individual can advance only by the volitional exercise of all his faculties in normal proportion, the answer is self-evident, that it must be one in which the freedom of the individual is limited only by the equal freedom of others. That is, a government wherein justice is established upon the predicate of equal natural rights—in a word, the right of progression; but that such a government is deducible from the lessons of history, is one of perpetual doubt and debate, for the reason that the data are too voluminous, too uncertain, too much omitted, for

even the wisest and best to agree. Witness the battle between those intellectual giants, Macaulay and John Stuart Mill, after which the forces of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy stood as before. Indeed, the general residuum of such contests inclines to the dictum that the form of government best adapted to a people is to be found by experiment, which to a conservative means the one in which they are at any time placed. And this does not militate against the doctrine of evolution, for every state of society is merely a point in the path of development, to be left when the evolutionary forces compel an onward movement. The materialistic school of evolutionists of which Herbert Spencer is the head, does not admit of a spiritual or rational principle in the cosmos, but that every manifestation of life and organization is the result of the blind interaction of matter and motion and of course without design or purpose. Their essential and controlling principle that the fittest survive, is alike applicable to human and to brute, and being a law of nature is a sufficient warrant for anything that takes place. With such fatalistic people, what ought or ought not to be, is only an academic question; as a stimulus to action for the removal of obstacles in the upward path, is irrelevant; whatever is, is right; at least it is irremediable. Is it not enough to say that the tendency of such teaching is to deter human effort and therefore bring on inertia which by a law of nature produces decay? Of course the fittest survive. Who does n't know that that is a bald truism? and that the crucial question is, How to become fit? Is it by lying supinely and muttering "Do what we may, the mills of the gods grind on regardless either of our aid or our hindrance?" That seemed to be the predicament of Edward L. Youmans, the ablest and most active promoter of Spencerianism in America, as related by Henry George in his "Perplexed Philosopher."

Mr. George writes: Talking one day with the late E. L. Youmans, the great popularizer of Spencerianism in the United States, a man of warm and generous sympathies, whose philosophy seemed to me like an ill fitting coat he had accidentally picked up and put on, he fell into speaking with much warmth of the political corruption of New York, of the utter carelessness and selfishness of the rich, and of their readiness to submit to it, or to promote it whenever it served their money-getting purposes to do so. He became so indignant as he went on that he raised his voice till he almost shouted.

Alluding to a conversation some time before, in which I had affirmed and he had denied the duty of taking part in politics, I said to him, "What do you intend to do about it?" Of a sudden his manner and tone completely changed, as remembering his Spencerianism, he threw himself back and replied, with something like a sigh, "Nothing! you and I can do nothing at all. It is all a matter of evolution. We can only wait for evolution. Perhaps in four or five thousand years evolution may have carried men beyond this state of things. But we can do nothing."

Evidently Professor Youmans had only a partial view of the synthetic philosophy, for to be synthetic it must include everything that is, not only man but his works, and such was the task Mr. Spencer had set for himself, of accounting for all that is knowable concerning human beings in their ascent from protoplasm, via monkeydom, to "beings of large discourse that look before and after."

He nowhere says that man's faculties and volition, though derived from the evolutionary grind, are not assisting factors in the continuous development.

The law of heredity is an incident of evolution and he finds the genesis of it in the registered experiences of the race. Conscience was evolved from the fear of punishment transmitted through the nervous system. And it

would not do to admit that evolution had produced an organ for which there was no use, and thus bring causation to an untimely and inglorious end. As well say that an eye was not made to see, or a leg to walk, and that the use of them did not contribute to fit their possessor for adaptation to his environment.

Mr. Spencer was too good a logician to be caught in a trap like this. On the other hand, he finds use for the full developed conscience, and shows that malefactors are unfit and will not survive the ordeal of the social compact. Whether Mr. Spencer has been successful in following the order of nature and pointing out how things came to be, is a matter about which speculators will differ, but there is one consolation for those who are not content to sit down and wait for the Spencerian evolution to correct social aberrations, he could not make man different from what he is whatever his ancestry or the genesis of his being. We know that man's volition and consequent action can, and does, influence and determine conditions favorable and unfavorable to his welfare. He can go up or go down with respect to his normal, physical, or mental constitution. He can be happy or he can be miserable in conformity to the doctrine of evolution and without violating a single law of his nature. This may seem to some to involve a paradox, but we should bear in mind that natural laws can not be violated; that what is termed a violation is merely passing from the operation of one law to that of another.

A person basks in the morning sun and feels an invigorating and agreeable warmth, while the vertical rays at noon diminish his strength and give him pain, both states being in harmony with natural laws, though the latter produces abnormal conditions. Without gravitation our present material existence would be unthinkable; without a proper observance of it, destruction surely awaits us.

This, no doubt, is one of the mills of the gods, but whether it grinds for us or against us depends upon ourselves. And passing from the purely physical to vital phenomena, the laws are no less imperative and the consequences no less certain, if not so immediately disastrous, in case of a departure from normal relations. There is no moment of man's existence when he is not subject to the law of causation, but this may not imply the kind of fatality that discouraged Professor Youmans.

Granting the Spencerian view, that he is an organized aggregate of consequences, the result of natural selection operating through all preceding environments, and thus an heir of all the past, still he has risen from the beast and become what he is, a volitional, intellectual, social, moral being, whose acquired faculties are not useless but are assisting factors in continuous development.

And granting that the exercise of them is within the domain of law and a resultant, everything is in motion; the world is full of promptings to congruous action by rational beings. The fall of rain or snow is a sufficient inducement to seek shelter or the falling tree to stand from under. The life within and without, the consequences of individual and collective actions, the experiences of pleasure and pain, furnish abundant incentives to orderly conduct. But man misperceives, misunderstands, and misadventures; all men more or less; some so wayward and eccentric as to encroach upon the rights of others, and therefore requiring restraint. Hence the need of government and the resulting questions, of what kind shall it be, how much, how administered, and where applied?

And although history and evolution are incompetent to answer the whole of them, there are partial answers in both. History can say positively, not the "eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth" principle; not the vendetta, not

anarchy, not theocratic inquisition, not autocracy or absolutism. The lessons of history condemn them all. But as government arose out of individual transgression, ought it to stop with the punishment of the transgressor? That was no doubt the primitive idea, since negatived by the lessons of experience, but toward which the materialists have a strong leaning. Herbert Spencer was opposed to the free school system or education of children by the State, as he thought their education was a duty belonging to the parents, and therefore a private function which ought not to be saddled on the public. He looked with alarm upon all sorts of so-called paternalistic legislation, and published an essay entitled, "The Coming Slavery?" That it is the duty of every person to be self-regulating, self-supporting, to fulfil all his obligations to his family and to society, and to take all proper means for accomplishing those ends, is more than a Spencerian maxim; it is of general acceptation. But he should have seen, as no doubt he did see, that especially defective individuals whether incompetent or perverse, involve the general welfare and therefore become a matter of general concern, and in default of proper correctives by private means, of collective control.

Mr. Spencer would not deny that an enlightened social state is more promotive of orderly conduct than one half civilized and that repressive measures would be in less demand, wherefore the education of children and the general diffusion of knowledge is more than a private affair and becomes a matter of general concern.

But all experience proves that individuals and parents neglect or are incompetent to fulfil their obligations in this respect, and the question immediately arises as to whether those charged with governmental functions should be alike remiss and rely solely upon repressive measures for the protection of society? If reason is to be

the guide, the answer is not difficult and must be in the negative. And while, as has been said, there is no observable difference between the historical ancient and the modern, as to strength and virility of mind and body, the latter stands higher in the social scale by reason of the accumulations of the centuries between.

Invention, discovery, experience in all the ways of life, scientific research, etc., all have lifted him into a serener and more reflecting atmosphere than his brother of the dim and cloudy past, enjoyed. He has outgrown the swaddling clothes of race-childhood; the genetic myths which held him enthralled have lost their potency; evil is no longer the work of the devil, but excesses in his own nature and of qualities in themselves useful and essential. And out of it all has grown the unalterable conviction that man's actions are not chance products, but the legitimate consequences of congenital conditions as affected by the physical and social environment, and the no weaker conviction that without a modification in some of these antecedents no reformation can take place.

Certainly, if the hereditary organization, the individual, the man, acts out of harmony with the society in which he is placed, there must be a change of something to bring him into conformity therewith or else reason has no place in human affairs. Modification, change, yes—but how, where? These are the questions which society has been trying to answer from the first. Not, however, by a patient and methodical examination of all the elements of the problem, but in a spontaneous and impulsive sort of way, and upon the assumption that it is the duty of the individual to conform to whatever social environment, without any assistance other than the law and its penalties.

For thousands of years the chief business of government has been lawmaking and law enforcement, with

their concomitants, pains, and privations, the lash and thumbscrew, the dungeon, fagot, and gibbet, all based upon the undoubted belief that the human will is free and that a sufficient punishment will turn it. This is one aspect of the case, that of considering society and its organ, government, as a homogeneous compact actuated by a desire for the public good. But the major truth of history concerning government, whatever its manifestoes, is, that it is now and has been for all time an ever-varying resultant of the contending impulses, passions, sentiments, and aspirations of mankind; an establishment whereby the dominant forces or classes in society control and exploit the rest. Looking at it with an optimistic eye, we think there are signs of improvement, of evolution if you wish, by which the masses are gradually emerging from the ancient thraldom of ignorance and superstition and asserting their equal and inalienable rights. Not that human beings are any more inclined to relinquish the possession of power and privilege than formerly; not that they are more shocked at the sight of cruelty, rapine, and war, but that they have a clearer and larger view of social and governmental relations and a more extensive world-fraternity or cosmopolitanism. Some have asserted a general and large increase of altruistic feeling to account for the liberalizing tendency of governments and peoples, but this is unproven. Now, as of old, there are philanthropists and moral philosophers who point and lead the way to justice, but the conflicts of selfishness urge in the same direction. As Lincoln said of politics that "it is an aggregation of meannesses for the public good," so we can say with equal cynicism and truth that governments in general are the representative heads of privileges, operating in the name of the State and yielding upon compulsion to the demands of those who have been despoiled. The English people have a liberal and, in many respects,

a grand government, as compared with other monarchies, but viewing it under the lime light of history, it easily falls within the last definition. In England the conservatives call this popular appeal for justice "the ugly rush," and not strange at all to say, it is the great reformatory force in the British Empire.

Justin McCarthy, in his History of Our Own Times, Vol. 2, page 149, writes: "Parliament rarely bends to the mere claims of reason and justice. Some pressure is almost always to be put on it to induce it to see the right. Its tendency is always to act exactly as Mr. Saloman did in this case; to yield when sufficient pressure has been put on to signify coercion. Catholic emancipation was carried by such a pressure. The promoters of the Sunday Trading Bill yield to a riot in Hyde Park. A Tory government turn reformers in obedience to a crowd who pull down the railing of the same enclosure. A Chancellor of the Exchequer modifies his budget in deference to a demonstration of match-selling boys and girls. In all these instances it was right to make the concession; but the concession was not made because it was right." Reforms in the United States come pretty much in the same way; by the remonstrances and disorderly demonstrations of those who feel the pinch of injustice, and of those who not feeling it themselves, sympathize with those who do and look with alarm at the encroachments of privilege in the guise of law. Keeping away from present politics, we can say that Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts brought about a repeal of the summary and heartless laws for the collection of debts, and Dorr's rebellion in Rhode Island brought an extension of the suffrage to persons not having the previous property qualifications, though Dorr himself was imprisoned for lawlessness. To say that all perversions in the name of government should be patiently borne and conformed to until removed by the pow-

ers and tendencies which brought them to pass, means simply that they would be perpetual, for the beneficiaries of wrong do not surrender except upon compulsion. We flatter ourselves that in this country the people rule and that the government is a ready reflex of the popular needs, but alack and alas! it is the same perpetual conflict known in all other countries and in all other times; let us hope a diminishing conflict indicative of the time when the establishment of justice shall be the earnest purpose of all men.

Silverton, February 19, 1905.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY TO NORTH-WESTERN PARTS OF THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA DURING THE YEARS 1824-'25-'26-'27.

By DAVID DOUGLAS, F. L. S.

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II.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Mature consideration of what I have been already able to effect in this country, and of the great amount that yet remains to be done, has satisfied me of the propriety of remaining here for another year, that I may explore it more satisfactorily. I feel that I should otherwise be neglectful of the interests of the Society which sends me, though I am so doubtful whether my determination will meet with the approbation of my employers (though not doubtful of the integrity of my motives), that I will cheerfully labour this season without any remuneration, if I am only allowed a small sum of money to supply myself with clothing. Thus I hope my conduct will be pardoned if not approved. Two considerations weigh much with me. Firstly, I involve the society in little or no expense; and, secondly, having been an invalid during the latter part of the seed-harvest, I have, of course, missed of procuring many things which it would be most desirable to possess, particularly of the vegetation of the Upper Country, towards the head waters of this river, and the boundless tracts that lie contiguous to the Rocky Mountains.

I could have crossed the Continent this season to Mon-

treal, and would most gladly have done so, but for the considerations just mentioned. Should circumstances forbid my accomplishing this desirable object in the spring of next year (1827), I shall without further delay, embrace the earliest opportunity of returning to England by sea, but the length of time consumed by the voyage renders me unwilling to do this. The expected arrival in September of George Simpson, Esq., Governor of the Western Districts, gives me hope that I shall not be subjected to this unpleasant necessity.

During this spring and summer, therefore, my headquarters will be either Walla-wallah, the lowest, Spokan, the middle, or Kettle Falls, the highest, on the Columbia and its branches. At each of these places I shall make such a stay as seems desirable, and the extreme distance not much exceeding five hundred miles, frequent journeys between them can be effected without difficulty. A vessel may shortly be expected on this coast, and as I shall not return hither, probably before November, I mean to leave the whole of my collection ready packed, to be transmitted by her to England, reserving a package of seeds, which it is my intention to carry across the country to Hudson Bay.

March 1st to 20th.—This time was devoted to accomplishing the package into two boxes of the residue of my collection, and making preparations for my journey into the interior, and the continual rains which fell enabled me to work at this job the more assiduously. The kindness of Mr. McLoughlin enabled me to take thirty quires of paper, weighing 102 pounds, which with the rest of my other necessary articles, is far more than I could have ventured to expect, considering the labour and difficulty which attend the transportation of luggage over the portages, etc.

In company of John McLeod, Esq., a gentleman going

to Hudson Bay, and Mr. Francis Ermetinger, who was bound for the interior, with two boats and fourteen men, I started from Fort Vancouver, on Monday, the 20th, at 4 o'clock at noon [?]. Owing to the rain and adverse wind, and a strong current against us, it was the evening of the next day before we reached the Grand Rapids. Here the scenery is grand beyond description. The high mountains are covered with Pines of several kinds, some of great magnitude, with their lofty wide-spreading branches loaded with snow; while a rainbow stretches over the vapour formed by the agitated waters, which rush with furious speed over the shattered rocks and through the deep channel of the stream, producing a melancholy though pleasing echo through the still and woody valley, where the vivid green of the Pine contrasts agreeably with the reflection of the snow.

On Thursday, the 23d, we proceeded on our voyage with a strong westerly wind, which enabled us to hoist a sail, and reached the lower part of the Great Falls at dusk, where we camped in a small cove, under a shelving rock. Fortunately, the night was fine and the moon bright, which was the more agreeable, as the wind would not allow of our tent being pitched. Here we were placed in a dangerous predicament, from the natives, who collected in unusually large numbers, and showed every disposition to be troublesome, because they did not receive so ample a supply of tobacco as they had expected. We were obliged to watch the whole night. Having a few of my small wax tapers, on which I lay a great value, still remaining, I lighted one, and sat down to write to Mr. Murray of Glasgow, and to arrange in paper some Mosses that I had collected the preceding evening. Daylight was a most gladsome sight, as may be imagined, after spending the hours of darkness surrounded by at least four hundred and fifty savages, whose manners announced anything but amicable

feelings towards us. As no one in the brigade could converse with them much better than myself, little could be done by persuasion. However, discovering that two of the principal men understood the Chenook language which I am slightly acquainted with, I found this circumstance of some advantage. After taking a hurried and anxious breakfast on the rocks, we proceeded several miles up the river, and in the afternoon made the portage over the Great Falls, where Mr. McLeod was apprized that the Indians were lying in wait with the intention of attacking us and pillaging the boats. This warning proved too correct. No sooner had they received the customary present of tobacco than they became desirous of compelling us to encamp for the night, that they might the better effect their purpose. The first symptoms of hostile intentions which we observed, was their cunning trick of sprinkling water on the gun-barrels of our party; and, when the boats were ordered to be put into the water, they would not allow it to be done. As Mr. McLeod was laying his hand on the shoulders of one native to push him back, another fellow immediately drew from his quiver a bow and a handful of arrows, and presented it at Mr. McLeod. My position at the time, at the outside of the crowd, enabling me to perceive this manœuvre, and no time being to be lost, I instantly slipped the cover off my gun, which was fortunately loaded with buckshot, and presenting it at him, I invited him to discharge his arrow, when I would return it with my own weapon. Just at this moment, a chief of the Kyemuse tribe, and three of his young men, who are the terror of all the other tribes west of the mountains, and the staunch friends of the white people (as they call us) stepped in among the party and settled the affair without any further trouble. This very friendly Indian, who is one of the finest figures of a man I have ever seen, standing six feet six inches high, then

accompanied us several miles up the river to the spot where we intended to encamp for the night, and was liberally remunerated by Mr. McLeod for his courageous and timely interference and friendship. I being King George's chief, or the "Grass Man," as I am called, bored a hole through the only shilling which I possessed, and which had been in my pocket ever since I left London, and observing that the septum of his nose was perforated, I suspended the coin to it by a bit of brass wire, a ceremony which afterwards proved a seal of friendship between us. After smoking with us, our friend left us to return to the Indian village, promising that he would not allow us to be molested. As we could not, of course, think of sleeping that night, I employed myself in writing a letter to Doctor Hooker:

LETTER TO DR. HOOKER.

GREAT FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, March 24, 1826.

DEAR SIR: From Dr. Scouler you must have obtained a good description of Northwest America, and be made acquainted with many of its treasures. He left me in fine spirits; and when we were together, not a day passed in which you were not spoken of. His departure I much regret; we had always been friends and here our friendship increased. When botanizing along the shores of the Columbia River and in the adjoining woods, we would sometimes sit down to rest our limbs, and then the conversation often turned on Glasgow and Ben Lomond. If a favourite Moss caught his eye, and was eagerly grasped and transferred to the vasculum, the remark was pretty sure to follow, "How much would Dr. Hooker like to be with us." I felt very lonely during the first few weeks after Dr. Scouler had sailed.

The upper country here appears such an interesting field, and so different from the vegetation that prevails along the coast, that I have determined to devote the whole of this year to exploring it; though somewhat doubtful whether I am justified in so doing, as my orders were strict from Mr. Sabine not to outstay the departure of the ship which leaves the mouth of the Columbia in 1826. I trust, however, that my arrangements will meet his approbation, or, at least, not incur his displeasure. The probability is that I shall be enabled to reach the Rocky Mountains in August, when, with what I may previously obtain, I hope to have a most splendid collection.

During the past winter, I have been continually picking up *Musci* and *Jungermanniæ*, and forming a collection of birds and other animals. My knowledge is somewhat limited in these families, so that I hardly dare to pronounce as to what may be new; but I take care to secure everything I can lay my hands upon. It would have been in my power to make my way to Montreal this season, and would have gladly embraced the opportunity of seeing such an extensive and interesting country as lies between; but to overlook the inviting prospect now before me was more than I could do. I rejoice to tell you of a new species of *Pinus*, the most princely of the genus, perhaps even the grandest specimen of vegetation. It attains the enormous height of from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet, with a circumference of fifty feet, and cones from twelve to eighteen inches long! I possess one of the latter, measuring one foot five inches long, and ten inches round the thickest part. The trunk grows remarkably straight and destitute of branches till near the top, where they form a perfect umbel; the wood of fine quality, yielding a large quantity of resin. Growing trees of this *Pinus*, which have been partly burnt by the natives to save themselves the trouble of collecting fuel, a custom to which they are greatly addicted, produce a substance which, I am almost afraid to say, *is sugar*; but as some of it, together with the cones, will soon reach England, its real nature will then be correctly ascertained. This *Pinus* is found abundantly two degrees south of the Columbia River, in the country of the Umptqua tribe of Indians, who collect its seeds in autumn and pound them into a kind of cake, which they consider as a kind of luxury, using also the saccharine substance that I have described above, in the same way as civilized nations do sugar. I intend to bring home such an assemblage of specimens as will allow a correct figure to be taken of this tree, and also to try my success with a bag of its seeds.

I hope to make some addition to the genus *Phlox*, and to obtain *P. speciosa* (Bot. Reg. t. 1351), if it be in existence. Of Liliaceous plants I am sure there must be a great variety.

I heard of Captain Franklin's party from Cumberland Lake on the way to Bear Lake, their winter residence. Dr. Richardson did not write to me, as the party who brought me the news only spent a few minutes with them. I learn there is a Mr. Drummond attached to them as naturalist (whom I take to be Mr. D., of Forfar.) He is on the opposite side of the mountains at Peace River.

There is here a Mr. McLeod, who spent the last five years at Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie River. He informs me that if the natives, to whom he is perfectly known, can be credited, there must exist a northwest passage. They describe a very large river that runs parallel with the Mackenzie, and falls into the sea near Icy Cape, at the mouth of which is an establishment on an island, where they go to

trade; they say the people of it wear long beards, and are very wicked, having hanged several of the natives to the rigging. Considerable dependence may be placed on these statements, as Mr. McLeod showed me some Russian coins, combs, and articles of hardware, such as are very different from what can be obtained from the British Trading Company. But the most convincing proof, and which proves the difficulty of transportation or navigation, is their malleable iron pots of coarse workmanship, and containing four and six gallons each. The whole account seems plausible. Mr. McLeod assembled all the natives last year with the purpose of accompanying him thither, when he was obliged to depart for Hudson Bay. The sea is said to be open after July. In this gentleman there is an example of what may be done by perseverance, as in the short space of eleven months he visited the Polar Sea, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Perhaps not an individual alive has gone through such a succession of miseries and hardships.

My intention is to endeavor crossing the Continent of America in the spring of next year (1827), failing which, to take the earliest opportunity of reaching England by sea. My store of clothes is very low, nearly reduced to what I have on my back,—one pair of shoes, no stockings, two shirts, two handkerchiefs, my blanket and cloak; thus I adapt my costume to that of the country, as I could not carry more, without reducing myself to an inadequate supply of paper and such articles of natural history.

P. S. *At the Junction of the Spokan River with the Columbia, Lat. 47 1-2° N., Long. 119° West, April 13th.*—Since writing the above, I have found *Phlox speciosa* of Pursh, a delightful plant, of which the description will require some alteration; and also a new species, equal to it in beauty and near *P. setacea*, with abundance of *Purshia tridentata* with yellow flowers. I can hardly sit down to write, not knowing what to gather first.

The next morning, the 25th, this disagreeable business being settled, we started at daylight, and continuing our upward course during the three next days, reached the Walla-wallah Establishment on the 28th, where I was received with much kindness by Mr. S. Black, the person in charge. The whole country between this place and the Great Falls is nearly destitute of timber, the largest shrub being *Tigarea* (*Purshia* of the *Flora Boreali Americana*) *tridentata*, which we use for fuel in boiling our little kettle. I also noticed several large species of *Artemisia* (*A. arborea* among them), that were new to me, and, indeed, the

whole aspect of vegetation is quite dissimilar from that of the coast. To the southeast, at a distance of ninety miles, is seen a ridge of high snowy mountains, which, running in a southwesterly direction for three hundred miles, terminate near the ocean. There I might hope to find all or most of the plants of the Rocky Mountains, and Mr. Black has kindly commenced arrangements for my making a journey thither early in June, which will occupy fifteen to twenty days.

Thursday, the 30th.—We proceeded early this morning on our way, I walking generally on the bank of the river, as I found the cold very prejudicial to my stiff knee, which was the better for a little exercise. The country, too, was quite a plain, as far as the junction of Lewis and Clarke's River, which is a fine stream, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty yards wide in many places, and very rapid, abounding, as well as many of its tributaries, with salmon. Its whole course, from its source in the Rocky Mountains till it joins the Columbia, is not less than fifteen hundred miles. The soil in this neighborhood is a light brown earth, which the wind frequently blows up in mounds or hills fifty feet high, whereon grow several species of *Lupinus* and *Oenothera*, with some singular bulbous-rooted plants, and occasional shrubs of the beautiful *Purshia tridentata*, which is the largest vegetable production seen here. The same aspect of country continues as far as the Priest's Rapid, which we reached on the 1st of April, where it becomes mountainous, with scarcely a vestige of herbage or verdure of any kind, except in the valleys. The rocks which bound the river are of limestone and very rugged, and this is considered one of the most dangerous parts of the whole river. During the time occupied in making the portage of nine miles, I wrote to my friend Doctor Scouler of Glasgow:

TO DR. SCOULER.

PRIEST'S RAPID, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER,
Lat. 48° N., Long. 117° W., April 3d, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR: By this time I hope you are once more in England, and that your long voyage has terminated to your satisfaction. Your friends would, no doubt, naturally entertain melancholy thoughts about you, owing to your absence having proved so much longer than was expected; and I know by experience how much you must have felt.

Since you left me there has been no person to join me in my walks, and for several weeks I felt very uncomfortable, being especially grieved at not having seen you before your departure, owing to a hurt that one of my legs received when packing my boxes, and which has troubled me, I am very sorry to say, almost ever since. Although in a state very unfit for enduring much exertion, I left Fort Vancouver on the 22d of October, for the purpose of seeing you in my way to Whitby's Harbor, near the Cheeheelie River. On the evening of the 23d I put ashore at Oak Point to procure a little food, when an Indian gave me your letter, in which you stated your expectation of remaining a few days longer, and as the ship had been seen on that day, I lost no time in boiling my kettle, and having re-embarked at 11 P. M., I was in hopes of reaching the bay before daylight. Unfortunately, the wind was adverse, and my Indians being much fatigued, I did not arrive till 10 o'clock, when I heard, to my great disappointment, that you had left the river only one hour before. I found Tha-a-mu-u, or "the Beard," Concomly's brother, to whom you had spoken of me. He is an old man; at his request I shaved him, that he might look more like one of King George's chiefs. He accompanied me all the way along the coast, and for sixty miles up the Cheeheelie River, where I crossed a tract of land, near Mount St. Helens, to the Cowalidsk River, which I descended to its junction with the Columbia. This was the most unfortunate trip I ever had; the season being so late, and my knee becoming more and more troublesome, I was under the necessity of laying by, as an invalid, for three days, on Cape Foulweather, in a hut made of pine branches and grass. Being unable to go abroad and shoot, I fared, of course, but scantily; some specimens of *Procellaria*, *Larus*, and one of *Colymbus*, which I killed, were spoiled by the excessive rain. The only plant I found, worthy of notice, was an *Eriogonum*, and I also procured the seeds of several kinds previously in my possession, among them *Helonias tenax* and a fine large-fruited species of *Carex*. This excursion took twenty-five days, and reduced me to such a state of weakness, that I could do little more for the season. During the winter, in the short intervals of fair weather, I crawled to the woods, in search for Mosses, but my knowledge of this

tribe of plants is insufficient to enable me to determine accurately what they are. I lost no time in forming a collection of birds, as nothing could be done in Botany; my sight, however, which was always weak, is much impaired during the last few months; without pain or inflammation, a dimness has come on which is a great loss to me, especially with the use of the gun, which, as you know, I could handle to some advantage. I am in possession of a species of *Pinus*, the finest of the genus, and hope soon to have abundance of better specimens and ripe seeds. (Here follow the details, which are precisely similar to what Mr. D. had mentioned in his foregoing letter). This is unquestionably the most splendid specimen of American vegetation—what would Dr. Hooker give to dine under its shade? As for Mr. Lambert, I hardly think he could eat at all if he saw it.

I possess another species of *Mimulus*, a fine plant, but not equal to yours. In the middle of this month I quitted the ocean, and might have crossed the Continent this season, but from what I had seen of the country lying toward the head waters of the Columbia River, I could not think of forsaking such an inviting field, or departing so far from the interests of the Society by which I am employed. I expect to reach the mountains in August. How glad I shall be to join you in our usual trip of [to] Ben Lomond, where we shall have more time and a keener relish for talking over our journeys in Northwest America. Mr. McDonald is gone to Thompson's River, in the interior.

Pardon the shortness of this note, as I have neither time nor convenience for writing—no table nor desk: this is penned upon the top of my specimen board, under which are some exceedingly interesting things.

April 2d to 6th.—Continuing our journey without interruption, we reached the Establishment on the Oakanagan River, one of the northern branches of the Columbia, where we were kindly received by the Factor, Mr. Annance, but the ground being covered three or four feet deep with snow, nothing could be done in the way of Botany, and my attempts to secure specimens of the *Wild Grouse* of the country were also unsuccessful. I observed a beautiful yellow *Lichen* growing on the dead brushwood.

April 9th.—My companions and I resumed our route early this morning, sometimes walking and sometimes on horseback, where the portages are very long and rugged, and on Tuesday, the 11th, arrived at the Junction of the Spokan River with the Columbia, where we found John

W. Dease, Esq., who, with fourteen men, was on his way to the Kettle Falls, ninety miles higher up the Columbia, the furthest of the three points, which I designed to make my headquarters for the summer and autumn. The great kindness and attention this gentleman showed me contributed no little to my comfort. He is brother to the person of the same name who is now accompanying Captain Franklin on his second Arctic land expedition.

This part of the Columbia is by far the most beautiful and varied I have yet seen; the plains are extensive, but studded with Pine trees, like an English lawn, with rising bluffs or little eminences clothed with small brushwood and rugged rocks sprinkled with Ferns, Mosses, and Lichens.

Two or three days were here devoted to drying my paper, which had got wet, arranging my plants, and writing to Mr. Sabine, my brother, and Mr. Munro, which notes I delivered to Mr. McLeod, who starts to-morrow, the 14th, for his long trip to Hudson Bay, and has most kindly engaged to convey my tin box of seeds and a few other articles which we will consign to Mr. McTavish. I also met Mr. John Wark here, from whom I received much attention last year. In a few days I intend proceeding to the Kettle Falls, where I shall make such a stay and such excursions as best promise to accomplish the objects of my employers.

Among the most interesting plants which I have just gathered, is one of a genus perfectly distinct from *Lilium* (though apparently the *L. pudicum* of Pursh), as its style is invariably three-cleft. It is abundant in light dry soil everywhere above the Falls. I shall try to preserve its bulbs, as it is highly ornamental. The natives eat the roots, both raw and roasted on the embers, and collect in July a large store of them, which they dry in the sun, and lay by for winter use. A lovely *Dodecatheon* is also plen-

tiful here, growing with a white variety: when these pretty flowers are seen together, they lend a grace to the scanty herbage of American spring that agreeably calls to mind "the wee crimson-tipped flower" and "the faint primrose-beds" of my native land.

From Sunday, the 15th, to Wednesday, the 19th, I continued making several trips in the country contiguous to the Junction of the Spokan River, and this more for the sake of viewing the general aspect of the soil, and estimating its future productions, than for any object of natural history that I might now pick up, the season being too early in spring to afford much.

Wednesday, the 19th—On this day, at noon, I accompanied Mr. Dease, who with two boats and a party of fourteen men, was proceeding up the river to a new settlement, called Fort Colville, near the Kettle Falls, ninety miles further on. The whole distance is mountainous and rugged, becoming increasingly so as we approach the territory of the Rocky Mountains. Many kinds of Pine are seen on the banks, three species particularly—*P. resinosa*, a *Pinus*, very similar to *P. taxifolia* of the coast, and *P. Larix*, the latter more numerous than the others, and attaining a great size. I measured some, thirty feet in circumference; and several which had been leveled to the ground by the late storms, were one hundred and forty-five feet long, with wood perfectly clean and strong. A thick sward of grass covered the ground, interspersed with shrubs which at this early season it was impossible to determine. The hills are still partially clothed with snow, and while the days are warm, the cold is severe at night. The greatest elevation of the thermometer was 65 degrees, and its minimum 28 degrees, during the twenty-four hours; a striking difference! During this voyage we met with several parts of the river, where the rapids obliged us to make long and difficult portages, sometimes three in a day. We generally started

very early, breakfasting a little before noon, and continued our progress till dark, about 7 o'clock, when we camped for the night, and found our suppers of salmon and dried buffalo meat highly acceptable.

Saturday, the 22d.—Arrived this night at the Kettle Falls, where the whole stream is precipitated over a perpendicular ledge, twenty-four feet high, besides several smaller cascades, which shiver the water into the most picturesque snowy flakes and foam for the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, where a small oval rocky island, studded with a few shrubs and trees, separates the channel in two.

Here I spent between a fortnight and three weeks, making daily excursions, during which I obtained some interesting plants, and killed several birds that I had not before seen in the country. Among these was a pretty black species of *Partridge*, which at this season was not at all shy, and of which I secured three specimens; a small *Pheasant*, and a *Curlew*, apparently quite distant from the European species, being never seen near marshy places, but abundant in dry ground, where it lays its egg on the bare soil. The plants that pleased me best were *Erythronium grandiflorum* of Pursh (Bot. Reg. t. 1786), which is extremely beautiful, especially when seen growing, as is commonly the case, with the *Dodecatheon* mentioned before, and with a small species of *Pulmonaria;* also *Claytonia lanceolata*, of which the roots, though insipid, are eaten by the poor Indians, both raw and roasted; two species of *Rosa*, and a lovely evergreen shrub, probably a *Clethra*[1], which is abundant in the woods here, and I trust may yet be equally so in the shrubberies of Britain.

Tuesday, May 9th.—Having apparently exhausted all the objects of interest which the very early season of the

[1] No *Rosa* appears in any of Mr. D.'s collections.

year afforded in this vicinity, I quitted the Kettle Falls of the Columbia, and taking two horses loaded with my provisions, which consisted of dried buffalo meat, tea, and a little sugar, and with my blanket and paper (by the aid of these animals also hoping to get an occasional lift over the worst places of my route), I set out across the mountains, for the abandoned Establishment at Spokan, distant about one hundred and ten miles. My object was to see Mr. Jacques Raphael Finlay, a Canadian Sauteur, now resident here, who is possessed of extensive information as to the nature of the country, its animals, vegetable productions, etc. To him Mr. Dease kindly gave me a note of recommendation, and I had for my guides his two young sons. The melting of the snow, which swelled the mountain rivulets into angry torrents, rendered our way difficult and circuitious; often the meadows were so overflowed that the ground would not bear the horses, which became much fatigued by their exertions and frequent falls among the rocks. After traveling about twenty-seven miles we camped for the night, and starting by daylight of the next morning (Wednesday, 10th) reached at noon a small, but very rapid river, called by the Indians Barrière River, having traveled for seven hours without food. No natives being near to help us across in their canoes, my two young companions and I had the alternative of making a raft or swimming, and being all well accustomed to the water, we chose the latter. Unsaddling the horses, we drove them in, and they all crossed with safety and ease, except one poor animal, which getting entangled by its hind legs, among some brushwood at the bottom, struggled for a long time, till the impediment giving way, he finally relieved our anxiety by gaining the other side. I myself made two trips across, carrying my paper and gun the first time and my blanket and clothes the second; —the latter articles I was obliged to hold above water in

both my hands, a difficult and tedious process, during which, as if to render my labour fruitless, it hailed heavily. When I landed my whole frame was so completely benumbed that we were under the necessity of stopping to kindle a fire, and to indulge my guides with a smoke, after which we proceeded. At night a severe pain between my shoulders and general chilliness kept me from sleeping. I rose, boiled my kettle, and made some tea, then dried my blanket, and substituted for my damp shirt a spare one, in which I had rolled by plants; but feeling no better, and being unfortunately without medicine, I started on foot at a little before 4, and driving the horses before me, got into a profuse perspiration which considerably relieved my suffering.

Near this spot was an Indian burying ground, certainly one of the most curious I had yet seen. All the property of the deceased was here deposited near their graves, their implements, garments, and gambling articles. Even the favourite horse of the deceased is not spared; it is customary to shoot the animal with a bow and arrow, and suspend his skin, with the hoofs and skull, just above the remains of his master. On the trees which are around the burying place, small bundles may be seen, tied up in the same manner as the provisions which they carry when traveling. I could not learn whether this was intended as food for the dead or propitiary offerings to the divinities. Within the grave the body is placed in a sitting posture, with the knees touching the chin, and the arms folded across the chest. It is difficult to gain any information on these subjects, as nothing seems to hurt the feelings of these people so much as alluding to their departed friends.

Thursday, the 11th.—At 7 this morning we gained the summit of the last range of hills that lie between the Columbia and Spokan rivers, and beheld one of the most

sublime views that could possibly be, of rugged mountains, deep valleys, and mountain rills. At noon reached the old Establishment, where Mr. Finlay received me most kindly, regretting at the same time that he had not a morsel of food to offer me, he and his family having been subsisting for several, at least six, weeks on the roots of *Phalangium Quamash* (*Scilla esculenta*, Bot. Mag. t. 2774), called by the natives all over the country, *Camass*, on those of *Lewisia rediviva*, (Bot. Misc. t. 70), and on a black *Lichen* (*L. Jubatus*), which grows on the pines. The mode of preparing the latter was as follows: After clearing it thoroughly from the dead twigs and pieces of bark to which it adheres, it is immersed in water, and steeped till it becomes perfectly soft, when it is placed between two layers of ignited stone, with the precaution of protecting it with grass and dead leaves, lest it should burn. The process of cooking takes a night, and before the Lichen cools, it is made into a cake much in the same way as the *Phalangium Quamass*, when it is considered fit for use. A cake of this kind, with a basin of water, was all that Mr. Finlay had to offer me. Great, therefore, was my pleasure at being able to requite his hospitality by giving him a share of the provisions with which Mr. Dease's liberality had supplied me, and which, though far from luxurious fare, was yet the best that he and his family had tasted for a long time. I had also some game in my saddle bags which I had killed by the way, and of which I gave him half. The principal object of my visit to Mr. Finlay was to get my gun repaired, and as he was the only person who could do it within a distance of eight hundred miles, and this article being a matter of perhaps vital importance to me, I hastened to inform him of my request, though my imperfect knowledge of French, the only language that he could speak, much limited our intercourse, and prevented my deriving from him all the information

that I wished to obtain. Having taken a walk up the river in the afternoon, I found, upon my return at night, that Mr. Finlay had obligingly put my gun into good order, for which I presented him with a pound of tobacco, being the only article I had to give.

Two days were devoted to botanizing in this neighborhood, where I found three fine species of *Ribes* in flower: the *R. aureum*, which bears, as Mr. Finlay informs me, a very large and excellent yellow berry (he never saw it black or brown, though I afterward found this variety); a white-blossomed, apparently new species, whose snowy and fragrant long spikes of flowers are enough to recommend it for culture in England, even without considering its abundant produce of well-flavoured and black currants, which resemble those of our country, except in being rather more acid; and another kind, with a green flower, that is succeeded by a small black gooseberry. Of all these, and many other plants, I engaged Mr. Finlay to collect specimens and seeds for me; as well as of an interesting kind of *Allium*, which grows about forty miles distant, and of which the roots, that I saw, were as large as a nut, and particularly mild and well-tasted.

These species of the *Ribes* I afterwards found to be *R. viscosissimum* (Hook. Fl. Bor. Am., v. 1, t. 86), *R. petiolare*, and *R. tenuiflorum*, (Bot. Reg. t. 1274).

I also saw a new *Pinus* (*P. ponderosa*), and two kinds of *Misseltoe*, one large and growing on this Pine; and the other a smaller plant—(*Arceubothrium Oxycedri*, Hook. Fl. Bor. Am., v. 1, t. 99), parasitical on *Pinus Banksiana*, which is not rare here, though of smaller stature than it attains on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. A large bear, *Ursus horribilis*, was killed by Mr. Finlay, but it was too large to be preserved. Among the seeds I procured were those of *Pentstemon Scouleri* (Bot. Reg. t. 1277), *Claytonia lanceolata*, *Erythronium grandiflorum* (Bot. Reg.

t. 1786), and *Rubus Nutkanus* (Bot. Reg. t. 1386, Bot. Mag. t. 3453).

Saturday, the 13th.—As I thought of bending my steps again toward the Columbia, Mr. Finlay offered that one of his sons should escort me, to which I agreed. Before quitting him, I made some inquiry about a sort of sheep found in this neighborhood, about the size of that described by Lewis and Clarke, but, instead of wool, having short, thick, coarse hair, of a brownish-grey color, whence its name of *Mouton Gris*, as it is called by the voyageurs, is derived. The horns of the male, weighing sometimes eighteen to twenty-four pounds, are dingy white, and form a sort of volute, those of the female bend back, curving outwards at the point, and are from ten inches to a foot long. The flesh is fine, equal to that of the domestic sheep. It inhabits the lofty mountains, and is seldom seen in any numbers except on those whose summits are covered with perpetual snow. Mr. Finlay gave me hopes that when he visited the high mountains farther up the country in autumn, he might be able, notwithstanding the shyness of these animals, and the inaccessible places to which they generally betake themselves when disturbed, to procure me a specimen of this highly interesting creature. To Mr. Finlay's sons I offered a small compensation if they would preserve for me the skins of different animals, showing them at the same time how this should be done.

On my way back from Spokan River to the Columbia, I was obliged to take the same way of crossing the Barrière River as I had done when coming, and again suffered a good deal from the wetness of my clothes, as I had no change whatever with me. I however added *Ribes viscosissimum* of Pursh (*Flora Boreali-Americana*, tab. 76) to my collection, which pleased me much, and on the whole felt myself well rewarded for the toils of my excursion, by the many new plants I had gained, and by the

advantage of getting my gun properly repaired. For two days, however, after my return to the Establishment at the Kettle Falls, I was so indisposed as to keep my bed with fever and a violent pain between my shoulders, probably occasioned by wet, cold, and fatigue.

Friday, the 19th, to Thursday, the 25th.—This time was spent in making several excursions; on one occasion I crossed the Columbia to Dease River, one of its most northerly branches, and which had never before been entered by any European. Mr. Kitson, in a canoe with two Indians, went on purpose to explore it, but after having proceeded ten miles, during which I walked along the banks, that I might better judge of its productions, the stream proved so rapid that we were obliged to give up further progress and return. This river seems, like most of the others, to have its source in the Rocky Mountains.

Friday, the 26th.—Started at daylight for a trip to the hills south of the Kettle Falls. The weather was warm, thermometer 86 degrees, and sitting down to rest awhile under the shade of a large *Thuja occidentalis*, in a valley near a small spring, I fell asleep and never woke till late in the afternoon, when being twenty miles from home, I would have gladly have taken up my quarters there for the night, but that I feared Mr. McLoughlin, who expected me back, would be uneasy. I therefore returned with all speed over a mountainous and rugged way, and arrived near midnight, and found him on the point of sending two Indians to seek for me; his anxiety, however, lest any accident should have befallen me, was changed into hearty laughter when he heard of the manner in which I had been spending my time.

The next week was devoted to collecting specimens of plants, preparatory to leaving this place for a journey to the plains below.

Monday, June the 5th.—Rose at half-past 2, and had all

my articles given in charge to Mr. Dease, and my tent struck before 5, when I took some breakfast, and in company with Mr. W. Kitson, bade farewell to the wild romantic scenery of the Kettle Falls. The river is much swollen by the melting of the snow, being fourteen to sixteen feet above its usual level, where it is six hundred yards wide. As soon as our boats got into the current, they darted down the river with the velocity of an arrow just loosed from the bowstring. One half hour took us to Thompson's Rapids, the place where the striking appearance of the shattered rocks and water is noticed in my journal of our ascent. Here our boatman, Pierre L'Etang, observed that the water was in fine order for shooting or "jumping," as he called it, the Rapid. Good as this plan appeared to him, I must confess that my timidity would not allow me to remain in the boat. Although I am no coward either *in* the water or *on* the water, and have gazed unmoved, and even with pleasure, on the wildest uproar and tumult of the stormy deep, yet to descend these cataracts by way of sport and where no necessity called for it, I could not resolve to do. Therefore Mr. Kitson and I got out and walked along the rocks. No language can convey an idea of the dexterity exhibited by the Canadian boatmen, who pass safely through rapids, whirlpools, and narrow channels, where by the strength of such an immense body of water forcing its way, the stream, as in the present instance, is lifted in the middle, to a perfect convexity. In such places, where you think the next moment must dash the frail skiff and its burden of human beings to destruction among the steep rocks, these fellows approach and pass over with astonishing coolness and skill, encouraging themselves and one another with a lively and exulting boat song. We reached the junction of the Spokan River the same afternoon, having in the short space of eight hours accomplished a

distance of ninety miles, which will give some idea of the rapidity of the current; forty miles lower still we encamped at night opposite the Cinqpoil River, on the south side of the Columbia: and, soon after midday on Tuesday, arrived at the Oakanagan Establishment, where I found my old friend, Mr. Wark, with W. Conolly, Esq., M. Pambrun, and a James Douglas, all of whom, with a party of men, were on their way from Western Caledonia to Fort Vancouver, with Mr. F. Ermetinger (brother of the gentleman of the same name who had accompanied me in the spring) coming from Thomson's River.

The next day (Wednesday, 7th) I proceeded, with a brigade of six boats, towards Walla-wallah, at the junction of Lewis and Clarke's River, which I intend to make my headquarters for six or eight weeks. Passed the Stony Islands, where I found *Pentstemon venustum* (Bot. Reg. t. 1309), and *P. speciosum* (Bot. Reg. t. 1270), a place in the river about half a mile long, exceedingly rugged and dangerous, at 4 o'clock, and shortly afterwards camped earlier than usual, two of our boats having been broken. This circumstance gave me some hours among the rocks on the banks of the river, which I spent to great advantage. Under some stones I discovered and killed a rattlesnake, three feet long. The thermometer had indicated 92 degrees in the shade at noon, and at night the heavens presented an entire sheet of lightning, unaccompanied either by thunder or rain. The next morning we started, as usual, very early, and breakfasted at the Priest's Rapid, on fresh salmon and buffalo tongue. Arrived at night at the Walla-wallah, where having had very little sleep since leaving Kettle Falls, I hoped to obtain some hours of repose, and accordingly stretched on the floor of the Indian Hall at that establishment, whence, however, I was shortly driven by the attacks of such an immense swarm of fleas as rendered repose impossible, and my attempts to procure it among

the bushes were equally frustrated by the annoyance of two species of ants, one very black and large, three quarters of an inch long, and the other small and red. Thus I gladly hailed the approach of day, and as soon as I could see to make a pen wrote the following letter to Mr. Sabine, which I consigned to Mr. Conolly who was immediately about to proceed to Fort Vancouver, whence a ship was daily expected to sail for England:

June 9th, 1826.

DEAR SIR: As an unexpected opportunity of communicating with the coast has just presented itself, I thus embrace it, sending also the whole of my gleanings, amounting to upwards of one hundred species, distinct from those transmitted in the collection of 1825. Among them are six species of *Ribes*, two of which, I think, will prove new; *R. Viscosissimum* of Pursh (whose description will require some alteration), which is surpassed by few plants; and a fourth, very interesting, though less showy species; the others are *R. aureum*, and one belonging to the section *Grossularia*, with green flowers. A few days after I had the honor of writing to you, on the 12th of April, from the Spokan River (where it joins the Columbia), a letter which was sent across this great Continent, I started for the Kettle Falls, ninety miles farther up, where I remained until the 5th of this month, making excursions in such directions as seemed calculated to afford the richest harvest; and although this has fallen somewhat short of my expectations, I yet do not consider my time as having been thrown away, many of the species being new, and the rest but imperfectly known. About the 25th of this month (June) I propose making a journey to a ridge of snowy mountains, about one hundred and fifty miles distant from this place, in a southerly direction, which will occupy fifteen to eighteen days; and, after securing the result of this trip, will make a voyage up Lewis and Clarke's River as far as the Forks, remaining there ten or twelve days, as appears necessary, and returning overland in a northeasterly [westerly?] direction to my spring encampment on the Kettle Falls. Shortly afterwards I mean to accompany Mr. Wark, who is going on a trading excursion to the country contiguous to the Rocky Mountains, and not far distant from the Pass of Lewis and Clarke, thence gradually retracing my steps over the places I have already visited, or yet may visit, so as to reach the ocean, as I hope, about November.

The difficulty which I find in conveying the different objects that it is desirable to collect becomes considerable, and often I am under the necessity of restricting myself as to the number of specimens, that I may obtain the greater variety of kinds.

I have been fortunate in procuring two pairs of a very handsome

species of *Rock Grouse*, found only in mountainous grounds; and as none of this sort are found east of the mountains, I am in hopes it may prove new. A pair of *Curlews*, of singular habits, very unlike the rest of the tribe, which frequent dry soils, and roost in trees, with a small *female Pheasant*, are all that I have been able to get ready for adding to this collection. The birds are packed in a small box with three bundles of plants. Having so much to do I find it impossible to send, at this time, a copy of my journal, which I much regret. Among my plants are five splendid specimens of *Pentstemon*, only one, the *P. cæruleum*, of Pursh, is yet described; abundance of *Purshia tridentata*, both in flower and fruit; several species of *Rubus and Lupinus*; and two kinds of *Prunus*, all of these being different from what I sent last year from the coast. I am now in the finest place for the *Large Grouse*, and hope shortly to procure some.

It always affords me the greatest pleasure to mention the kindness and assistance I receive from the persons in authority here. Thank God, I enjoy excellent health. There is nothing in the world could afford me greater pleasure than hearing from you and my other friends, and most sincerely do I hope that, in the course of autumn, this may come to pass. D. DOUGLAS.

To Joseph Sabine, Esq., etc.

I then wrote, and particularly begged the attention of my kind friends at Fort Vancouver, to the articles which I sent for conveyance in the next ship. Mr. Conolly, before departing with Mr. Wark and the other gentlemen, handsomely presented me with twelve feet of tobacco, more than two pounds, to assist me in my travels during their absence. This article, being, as it were, the currency of this country, and particularly scarce, will enable me to procure guides and to obtain the cheerful performance of many little acts of service, and it is therefore almost invaluable to me.

In this neighborhood grow several beautiful kinds of *Phlox* and *Pentstemon*, also a fine species of *Eriogonum* (*E. sphærocephalum*) and of *Malva*.

Having, as I before mentioned, taken almost no rest for five nights, I lay down shortly after dispatching my letters, but was scarcely composed when an Indian arrived with news that the expected ship had arrived in the river. He

brought me a parcel and two letters; the latter I eagerly grasped, and, hoping one was from Mr. Sabine, tore it open, when I found that it was in the writing of Mr. Goode; the other was from my friend, Mr. William Booth.

A note from Mr. McLoughlin, at Fort Vancouver, diminished my fears lest there should be no more letters for me, by stating that feeling unwilling to confide to the Indian such communications as appeared to come from the Horticultural Society, he had kept them until his own people should return.

Never in my life did I feel in such a state of mind. An uneasy, melancholy, and yet pleasing sensation stole over me, accompanied with a passionate longing for the rest of my letters; for though I do enjoy, in a measure, the luxury of hearing from home, yet there is no intelligence yet from my near relations and friends. It is singular, that seldom as *the post* goes and arrives in this uninhabited and remote land, I should still have heard from England within five hours of sending off my letters to that country. Till two hours after midnight I sat poring over these letters as if repeated reading could extract an additional or a different sense from them; and when I did lie down, little as I had slept lately, I never closed my weary eyes. The next day found me considerably indisposed, and the intense heat confining me to the tent, I employed myself with repairing my shoes and shifting the papers of my plants.

Up to Wednesday, the 14th, I remained here, chiefly employed in making short trips along the banks of the river, which was rendered so rough by a stormy westerly wind, that no canoe could go upon it, even to fish. Thus, no salmon having been caught for three or four days, I had nothing but a little boiled horse flesh to eat, and was glad to eat of this scanty fare with a roasted *Arctomys*[1], or

[1] *A. trachyurus.*

Ground Rat, a creature common in this country, where it burrows in the sand under bushes and lives on the fruit of *Purshia tridentata*, and the leaves of several species of *Artemisia*. I found the flesh somewhat rancid, or rather of a musky flavor, probably from the bitter strong-scented plants on which it feeds. The Indians of the Walla-wallah and Kyemuse tribes call this animal *Limia*.

Thursday, June 15th.—At 4 A. M. set off for a walk on some rocky grounds, near the river, having breakfasted on the same food as I had had for some previous days, but long before noon felt greatly exhausted, being unable to get so much as a drink of water. My eyes began also to distress me exceedingly ; the sand which blows into them, with the reflection of the sun from the ground, which in many places is quite bare, having made them so sore and inflamed that I can hardly distinguish clearly any object at twelve yards distance.

Friday, 16th.—The weather being pleasant, I began preparing for my great excursion to the mountains, and sent accordingly to the Indian camp, to bid my guide be ready at sunrise. During the night I was annoyed by the visit of a herd of rats, which devoured every particle of seed I had collected, eat clean through a bundle of dried plants, and carried off my soap-brush and razor! As one was taking away my inkstand which I had been using shortly before, and which lay close to my pillow, I raised my gun, which, with my faithful dog, always is placed under my blanket at my side, with the muzzle to my feet, and hastily gave him the contents. When I saw how large and strong a creature this rat was, I ceased to wonder at the exploits of the herd in depriving me of my property. The body and tail together measured a foot and a half; the back is brown, the belly white; while the tail and enormous ears are each three quarters of an inch long, with whiskers three inches in length, and jet black. Unfortunately, the

specimen was spoiled by the size of the shot, which, in my haste to secure the animal, and recover my inkstand, I did not take time to change; but a female of the same sort venturing to return some hours after, I handed it a smaller shot, which did not destroy the skin. It was in all respects like the other, except being a little smaller. I am informed that these rats abound in the Rocky Mountains, particularly to the north, near the Mackenzie and Peace rivers, where, during the winter, they destroy almost everything that comes in their way.

On Saturday, the 17th, my guide did not arrive on the camp until 8 A. M., and I was uncertain whether he would come at all. The horses were not brought from the meadow, nor the provisions put up. Considerable time was lost in explaining to the man the nature of my journey, which was thus effected. I told it to Mr. Black, in English, and he translated it in French to his Canadian interpreter, who again communicated it to the Indian in the language of the Kyemuse tribe, to which the latter belongs. As a proof of the fickle disposition and keenness at making a bargain of these people, he no sooner had ascertained the proposed route, and his future remuneration, than he began stating difficulties, in preface to a list [of] present wants, among which were food for his family, who had been starving, as he assured us, for two months, owing to the failure of the salmon fishery; then shoes for himself, and as his leggings were much worn, leather for new ones. Then followed a request for a stalking-knife, a piece of tobacco, a strip of red cloth for an ornamental cap. This bargain occupied two hours, and was sealed by volumes of smoke from a large stone pipe.

Mr. Black offered kindly to send a boy, twelve years old, called the *Young Wasp*, the son of his own interpreter, with me, who, understanding a little French, might communicate my wishes to the guide, a proposal which I

thankfully accepted, but, some days after, I had reason to fear the young rascal told the Indian the very reverse of what I bade him, for after we had, with great difficulty, gained the summit of the snowy mountains, after many days of severe labor, from Saturday, the 17th, to Wednesday, the 21st, when I proposed to descend on the other side, my guide made serious objections to accompany me. All I could suggest through the medium of the boy, to remove his fears, seemed only to increase them: he assured me that the Snake Indians, with whom his tribe was at war, would steal our horses, and probably kill us; and as it was impossssble either to force him to accompany me or to find my way alone, I was reluctantly compelled for the present to give up the idea of proceeding in that direction.

I had not been long on the much-desired summit of this mountain, which is at least nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seven thousand five hundred feet above the platform of the mountainous country around, and the snows of which had certainly never been pressed by an European foot before, than my view of the surrounding scenery was closed by the sudden descent of a heavy, black cloud, which presently broke in thunder, lightening, hail, and wind. The heavens seemed as on fire with the glare, and the thunder echoed from the other peaks, accompanied with gusts of furious wind, which broke many of the stunted Pines, and unmercifully pelted me with the cutting hail. Glad was I to leave the summit which I had so much longed to gain, and to descend to my camp ere night arrived. I was much refreshed during my weary walk, which the want of snow-shoes rendered, on the high parts, much more fatiguing, by eating the berries of *Ribes aureum*, which I found in great quantities, and of exquisite flavour, both yellow and black, the former most common, and the size of common

currants. As I observe that this shrub only produces its fruit when growing in very dry sandy places, never where the soil is rich, and very sparingly if it is at all moist, it would be worth the while of cultivators at home to attend to this circumstance. As I had tasted nothing but these berries all day, I found a small basin of cold tea at night, with some dried salmon, particularly refreshing.

The storm continued unabated, by which my poor horses were so alarmed that it was necessary to tie them to some trees close to our camp; but the chief disadvantage arose from its being impracticable to keep a fire lighted, and, as I was afraid to lie down in my soaked clothes, I stripped, and rolling myself in my blanket, soon fell asleep, but awoke about midnight, so benumbed with cold, that I found my knees refused to do their office. Having rubbed my limbs most vehemently with a very rough cloth, to restore animation, I succeeded at last in making a little fire, when some hot tea did me more good than anything else could have done. If ever, however, my zeal has been damped, it was on this occasion; my guide, too, and interpreter, were so much disheartened by the difficulties of the way, the dreadful storm, and the want of provisions, that I finally consented to return, and regained the Columbia on the night of Saturday, the 24th, after an absence of nine days, during which time I had not seen a human face, save those of my two companions. I was, however, fully determined to resume my journey in this direction without much delay, the ground appearing very rich in objects of interest, among which, that which had gratified me most, was a beautiful *Pæonia* (*P. Brownii*, the only individual of this genus in America), with a flower that is dark purple outside, and yellow within, blooming on the very confines of perpetual snow, while it grows poor and small on the temperate parts of

the mountains, and wholly disappears on the plains below. A lovely *Lupine* (*L. Sabini*, Bot. Reg. t. 1485), with large spikes, twelve to eighteen inches long, of yellow flowers, covering whole tracts of the country for miles, and reminding me of the "bonny broom," that enlivens the moors of my native land, gave me much pleasure. The specimens in my collection will show how desirable an acquisition this would be to our gardens. The crevices of the rocks were adorned in many places with a white-flowered *Pedicularis*, and a new *Draba*, while several species of *Pentstemon* fringed the mountain rivulets, and a yellow *Ericgonum* (*E. sphærocephalum*) sprang up in the crevices of granite rocks. Of *Lupinaster macrocephalus* (*Trifolium megacephalum*) (Pursh), which never grows below three thousand feet on the mountains, I am most anxious to obtain seeds; also of *Trifolium altissimum* (Hook. Fl. Bor. Am., v. 1. t. 48.)

Monday, 26th.—Being more and more anxious of making a second journey to the same mountains, I sent again to my guide, and bade him prepare to accompany me; on which he instantly began to plead that he had not recovered from the fatigue of his former excursion, and finally refused to go. Perceiving that this statement was by no means true, at least to the extent that he wanted to make me believe, I was on the point of trying the effect of a little personal chastisement, in order to teach him, that since I was paying for his services I had a right to require them, when he made his escape without loss of time. I afterwards learned that the "Young Wasp," as the interpreter's son was called, had told the poor ignorant being that I was a great *Medicine Man*, which, among these poor people, is considered equivalent to possessing necromantic power, and having intercourse with evil spirits. Also, that if he accompanied me, and acted so as, in any way, to incur my displeasure, I should trans-

form him into a grizzly Bear, and set him to run in the woods for the rest of his life, so that he would never see his wife again. It is not to be wondered that these fears acted powerfully on the Indian, and caused him to behave in the way he did.

Mr. Black afterwards furnished me with another guide, whom I took the more readily, as he was no smoker, and such a knave that nobody would dare to steal from him. It is, however, worthy of notice, that among these people confidence answers best. An instance of dishonesty has hardly been ever known where property has been intrusted to their hands. Another good point in their character is hospitality. A stranger can hardly imagine the kindness he will receive at their hands. If they have a hut they entreat you to enter it, or failing that, if the day is wet, one of brushwood is quickly made for your use, and whatever they possess in the way of food is set before you. On one occasion I was regaled with steaks cut from a Doe of the Long-Tailed Deer (*Cervus leucurus*), accompanied by an infusion of ———[2] sweetened with a small portion of sugar. The meat was laid on the clean foliage of *Gualtheria Shallon*, in lieu of a plate, and our tea was served in a large wooden dish, hewn out of a piece of solid timber. For spoons we had the horns of the Mountain Sheep, or *Mouton Gris* of the voyageurs, formerly mentioned.

The garb of the Umptqua [Umatilla ?] tribe of Indians, of whom *Centrenose* (a native name) is the chief, consists of a shirt and trousers, made of the undressed skins of small deer. The richer individuals decorate this garb with shells, principally marine ones, thus showing their proximity to the sea. The females wear a petticoat made of the tissue of *Thuja occidentalis*, like that which is used

[2]The word is quite unintelligible in Mr. Douglas' Journal.

by the Chenook Indians, and above it a kind of gown of dressed leather, like the shirts of the men, but with wider sleeves. The children fled from me with indescribable fear, and, till assured of my amicable intentions, only one man and one woman could be seen, to whom I gave a few beads, brass rings, and a pipe of tobacco.

Arrangements having finally been made, I set off, and, in three days, reached the snowy mountains, where I was on the whole disappointed, finding little that was different from what I had seen a fortnight before; and, after suffering severely from pain in my eyes, which rendered reading or writing very difficult, except in the morning, and haunted continually by the thought that our people, who were daily expected from the coast, would have arrived and brought my letters, I returned to my camp on the Walla-wallah on Monday, the 3d of July, and spent the rest of that week in botanizing in that neighborhood and packing my seeds, for which I had to make a box, and drying and securing my plants.

On the following Sunday, the 9th, an opportunity having offered of sending to the coast, I wrote to Mr. Sabine, giving a short account of my proceedings since I had last addressed him, exactly a month previously; but as this letter is only a repetition of what my journal has just stated, it is unnecessary to copy it here.

In hopes that by going two or three days' journey down the river, instead of prosecuting my researches for plants, in an opposite direction, I might meet the party who are expected from the coast, and thus earlier obtain possession of my much desired letters, I embarked at 10 A. M. of Monday, the 10th, and, the river being at its height, proceeded for two or three hours at the rate of twelve miles an hour, when the great swell obliged us to put on shore. And as the same cause rendered it impossible to fish for salmon, a horse was killed, on whose flesh, with a draught

of water I made my supper. After a cheerless night, during which the mosquitoes were excessively troublesome, I proceeded about fifty miles the next day, when I breakfasted on similar fare. While doing this, an Indian, who stood by my side, managed to steal my knife, which had been further secured by a string tied to my jacket; and as it was the only one I possessed, for all purposes, I offered a reward of tobacco to get it returned. This bribe being ineffectual, I commenced a search for its recovery, and found it concealed under the belt of one of the knaves. When detected, he claimed to be paid the recompense; but as I did not conceive him entitled to this, as he had not given it at first (nor *given* it at all indeed), I paid him certainly, and so handsomely, with my fists, that I will engage he does not forget the *Man of Grass* in a hurry. Having halted at night below the Great Falls of the Columbia, I saw smoke rising, and thinking it might be Indians fishing, walked thither in quest of salmon. Instead of their savage countenances I found, however, to my great delight, that it was the camp of the brigade from the sea. I can not describe the feeling which siezed me, when, after traveling some weeks together with Indians, I meet a person whom I have known before; or if even they are strangers, yet the countenance of a Christian is at such times most delightful. In the present instance I had the additional happiness of finding myself in the society of those who had ever treated me with cordiality, and who now seemed to vie with one another in acts of kindness toward me. Observing my dejected and travel-worn plight, one fetched me some water to wash with, another handed me a clean shirt, and a third busied himself in making ready something more palatable than carrion, for my supper; while my old friends, Messrs. McDonald and Wark, handed me those best of cordials, my letters from England. Two of these, from Mr. Sabine and my

brother, were peculiarly gratifying. Those persons who have never been, like me, in such a remote corner of the globe, may perhaps think I should be ashamed of my own weakness on the present occasion; but long as I had been kept in ignorance of everything respecting my dearest friends, my anxiety was not allayed by *one* perusal of my letters, and no less than four times during the night did I rise from my mat and read and re-read them, till, ere morning dawned, I had them, I am sure, all by heart. The first thing I did, after this sleepless night, was to write a few lines of acknowledgment to Mr. Sabine, and by sunrise I was again seated in the boat, on my return up the river, and with new spirits resumed my employment of botanizing during the frequent portages that we made, previous to arriving at Walla-wallah on Saturday. Thence, on Monday, the 17th, I accompanied Messrs. Wark and McDonald, who were going by water, with a party of twenty-eight men, to the forks of Lewis and Clarke's River, about one hundred and fifty miles from the Columbia, and as the marches these gentlemen proposed to make would be short, I hoped to obtain most of the plants which grow on the banks of this stream.

Tuesday, 18th, to Monday, 24th.—Lewis and Clarke's River is a stream of considerable magnitude, in many places from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards broad, very deep and rapid; its general course is easterly [westerly?]. At twenty-five miles from its junction with the Columbia, the country near its banks changes from undulating and barren to lofty, rugged mountains, and not a blade of grass can be seen, except in the valleys and near springs, where a little vegetation survives the intense heat. We rose always at daybreak, and camped at 3 or 4 P. M., during which [?] interval, the thermometer commonly standing in the shade at 108 degrees of Fahrenheit, it was dangerous to attempt traveling, unsheltered as we were by any

screen from the scorching sun. In the cool of the evening we generally made fifteen or twenty miles more. Except that good water may always be obtained, there is nothing to render this country superior, in summer, to the burning deserts of Arabia. Salmon are caught in the river, and sometimes in great numbers, but they are neither so plentiful nor so good as in the Columbia; we obtained occasionally a few from the Indians, to vary our standing dish of horse flesh, boiled, or roasted at the end of a stick; but such is the indolence of these people that they will almost rather starve than incur much labor in fishing. I found great relief from the burning heat by bathing every morning and evening, and, though the practice is certainly enfeebling, yet I doubt if I could at all have prosecuted my journey without it.

Monday, 24th.—Arrived at the forks of the river at dusk, where we found a camp of three different nations, upwards of six hundred men, able to bear arms: these were the Pierced-Nose Indians, the Chawhaptan and the Chamniemucks. The chiefs, or principal men of each tribe, came and stayed with us till late, when they presented us with some favorite horses.

Tuesday, 25th.—Understanding from my companions that their stay here would be for a few days, I was desirous of making a trip to the mountains, distant about sixty miles, and part of the same ridge which I had visited, in a part much to the southeast, during spring. As, however, no arrangement had yet been made with the natives, it was deemed imprudent for me to venture any distance from the camp; but, on Wednesday a conference being held, which terminated amicably, and with all the pomp and circumstance of singing, dancing, haranguing, and smoking, the whole party being dressed in their best garments, I took advantage of the conclusion of this novel and striking spectacle, to beg the services of one of Mr.

McDonald's men, named *Coq de Lard*, and with him to start on an exploring trip in the direction of the said mountains. My companion and friend (guide he could not be called, as he as equally a stranger to this country as myself,) traveled two days, when we reached the first ridge of hills. Here we parted, I leaving him to take care of the horses, and proceeding alone to the summit, whence I found nothing different, as to vegetation, from what I had seen before, but was much struck with a remarkable spring that rises on the summit, from a circular hollow in the earth, eleven feet in diameter; the water springs up to from nine inches to three feet and a half above the surface, gushing up and falling in sudden jets; thence it flows in a stream down the mountain fifteen feet broad and two and a half feet deep, running with great rapidity, with a descent of a foot and a half in ten, and finally disappears in a small marsh. I could find no bottom to the spring at a depth of sixty feet. Surrounding this spring, which I named Munro's Fountain, is a beautiful thicket of a species of *Ribes*, growing twelve to fifteen feet high, and bearing fine fruit, much like gooseberries, as large as a musket-ball, and of delicate and superior flavour. I hope it may be allowed to bear the specific name of *R. Munroi* (Bot. Reg. t. 1300). The *Pœnia* (*P. Brownii*), mentioned before, with *Abronia vespertina*, and a fine *Xylosteum*, and *Ribes viscosissimum*, also grew here. On joining my guide we examined the state of our larder, and finding that provisions were low, and our appetites keen, we determined to regain our friends' camp, and traveling all night, arrived there at sunrise. Hardly, however, had I lain down to sleep, than I was roused by the call to arms, which, to a *Man of Grass* and of *Peace*, is far from welcome. A misunderstanding having arisen between our interpreter and one of the Indian chiefs, the latter accused the former of not translating correctly, and words failing to express

sufficiently his wrath, he seized the poor man of language, and tore off a handful of his long jet hair by the roots. On being remonstrated with for this violence, the Indian set off in a rage and summoned his followers, seventy-three in party, who came all armed, each with his gun cocked, and the arrow on the bowstring. As, however, every individual of our camp had done all that was possible to accommodate matters, we took things coolly, and apparently careless of the result, stood, thirty-one in number, to our arms, and asked if they wished for war? They said "No; we only want the interpreter to kill him, and, as he is no chief, this could not signify to us." But our reply was, that whether chief or not, each individual in our camp, though he were only an Indian, was entitled to our protection; and if they offered to molest him, they should see whether we had ever been in war before or not. The coolness, which we took care to show by our countenances as much as in our speech, had the desired effect, and they earnestly begged for the peace which we were certainly quite as glad to grant. Many speeches were made on the occasion, and, to judge by the gestures of these children of nature, and the effect which their harangues produce, some of them must possess oratorical powers of no mean description. The affair ended, as usual, by an interchange of presents. Still, though friendship was restored, it would have been highly imprudent to venture myself away from the camp, and I spent the time, till the 31st of July, in arranging and securing what I had already collected, when I parted with Mr. McDonald, who descended the Columbia, and accompanying Mr. Wark and two men, departed overland in a northeasterly [westerly?] direction, towards Kettle Falls, on the Columbia, and reached the Spokan River on Thursday, the 3d of August, where I was kindly welcomed at the old establishment by my former host, Mr. Finlay. The next day I left him for

the Columbia, and came to a favorite fishing-place of the Indians, who were busily engaged in snaring salmon, in traps made of basket work and shaped like funnels. Here they had already caught one thousand seven hundred fish in one morning, having speared and thrown on shore that number, while many more remained within the snare awaiting their fate. The spear is pointed with bone, laced tight to a pointed piece of wood, which again is frequently fastened to a long staff with a cord. During the best part of the fishing season, from one thousand five hundred to two thousand salmon are caught on an average in the day. Again, as in the spring, I had to cross Barriére River by swimming, and on Cedar River, a small but rapid stream, that flows about nine miles farther [on?] into the Columbia, had a narrow escape from losing my horse, and receiving a severe hurt. The animal stuck in the bank, which is very steep and slippery, after crossing, and, in his struggles to get free, gave me a sharp blow and threw me head foremost into the river; the force with which the poor beast did this, enabled him, however, to extricate himself from what he probably felt would otherwise have proved his grave, and I received no other injury than a terrible ducking, from the effects of which a walk of several miles enabled me to recover, with the loss, however, of all the seeds I had been collecting during this trip, and of my knapsack and notebook. After an absence of two months, I was kindly re-welcomed to the Kettle Falls, by Mr. Dease, on the evening of Saturday, the 5th of August. Several species of *Œnothera*, *Trifolium*, *Artemisia*, and a novel *Eriogonum* were added to my stores.

August 7th to Tuesday, 15th.—Continued collecting seeds, drying and packing plants, but learning from Mr. McLoughlin that the vessel at Fort Vancouver would not sail for England until the 1st of September, and that it is the last which will probably proceed thither direct for

some years, and, as I have a collection of seeds ready to go, amounting to one hundred and twenty species, gleaned this year, I am very desirous of sending everything that I can muster by her. By some means or other I must endeavour to reach the ocean, carrying my collection to be despatched homeward. I therefore packed up a share of my paper and seeds, with what little linen I could spare, intending to leave the box at this place, whence it will be forwarded across the Rocky Mountains to Fort Edmonton, where I hope to find it early in June. Mr. Dease kindly took the trouble of speaking to the *Little Wolf*, a chief of the Oakanagan tribe of Indians, to conduct me to Oakanagan, as the Columbia is now so full of rapids, cascades, and whirlpools, that I could not proceed by a canoe, unless I had six or eight men to manage it; nor is there, indeed, any boat here large enough for the purpose.

17th.—Packed a bundle of dry plants in my trunk, among my little stock of clothing, consisting of a single shirt, one pair of stockings, a nightcap, and a pair of old mitts, together with an Indian bag of curious workmanship, made of Indian Hemp, a species of *Apocynum*, *Helonias tenax*, and Eagle's quills, used for carrying roots and other such articles. A party of twenty-one men and two females arrived, belonging to the Cootanie tribe, whose lands lie near the source of the Columbia, for the purpose of fishing. Between these and the tribes on the Columbia lakes, about sixty miles above this place, who are now similarly engaged at the Falls, an old quarrel exists, which causes much uneasiness to Mr. Dease and all our people. The parties met to-day stark naked, at our camp, painted, some red, some black, others white and yellow, all with their bows strung, while those who had guns and ammunition, brought their weapons charged and cocked. War caps, made of the Calumet Eagle's feathers, were the only

particle of clothing they had on. Just as one of these savages was discharging an arrow from his bow, aimed at a chief of the other party, Mr. Dease hit him such a blow on the nose as stunned him, and the arrow fortunately only grazed the skin of his adversary, passing along the rib opposite to his heart without doing him much injury. The whole day was spent in clamour and haranguing, and unable to foresee what the issue might be, we were prepared for the worst. Mr. Dease, however, succeeded in persuading them to make arrangements for peace, and begged this might be done without delay on the morrow, representing to them how little they had ever gained by their former wars, in which they had mutually butchered one another like dogs. Unluckily for me, my guide, *the Wolf*, is equally wanted by his party, whether to make war or peace, therefore I am obliged to wait for him.

Friday, 18th.—Bustle and uproar, terminating towards evening in a proposal of peace the next day; and as this must be sealed by a feast, *the Wolf* can not be expected to stir till it is over. Mr. Dease, however, has kindly spoken to an Indian who is in the habit of going journeys for him, to guide me, as my time is becoming short, and I hope to start to-morrow early.

Saturday, 19th.—Set off this morning carrying only as provision a little dried meat, tea, and sugar, and a small tin pot. My gun being unluckily out of order, Mr. Wark kindly lent me a double-barreled rifle pistol, and perhaps, going alone and unprotected, it is best to carry nothing that can tempt these savages. Being ill off for clothing, Mr. Dease gave me a pair of leather trousers, made of deerskin, and a few pairs of shoes, which were highly acceptable; he also provided me with three of his best horses—one to carry my luggage, one for my guide, and the other for myself. A single shirt and blanket were all

that I carried, more than was on my back, and thus equipped I set out for Oakanagan, distant two hundred and fifty miles northwest of this place. It was very reluctantly that I allowed myself to be dissuaded from venturing by water. I however hoped somewhat to shorten the journey, by cutting off the angle between the Columbia and Spokan River, especially as the path throughout was likely to be very mountainous and rugged. The heat being extreme, and the night beautifully clear moonlight, I traveled rather more by night than day, starting generally at 2 A. M., and stopping to rest and lie down for a few hours about noonday. Unfortunately, my guide and I could not hold converse, neither knowing a syllable of the other's language.

On the second day I arrived at some Indian lodges, just where I wanted to cross the Spokan River, and the people, who were fishing, assisted me in getting the horses over and carried me and all my property to the other side in a canoe, for which I rewarded them with a little tobacco. The country was almost invariably a trackless waste, with scarcely a particle of herbage remaining on the gravelly and sandy soil. My meals generally consisted of dried salmon and a little tea, which I boiled and then sucked the infusion from the leaves; but for three days after passing the Spokan, I was much distressed for the want of drinkable water. Stagnant pools, often so impregnated with sulphur that not even the thirsty horses would touch it, were all we could find; and when we did arrive at a tolerable spring, not a twig could be collected for fuel,—and I vainly attempted to boil [in] my little pan with grass, the stems of a large species of *Triticum*. Glad should I have been of the shelter of a tent, but, though I carried one, the fatigue of pitching it under such a burning sun was more than I could encounter; and when the water proved such as I could not use, I took nothing,

thirst being much more frequent at this time than hunger with me. During this journey I passed by the stony chasm, which was once the bed of the Columbia River, a truly wonderful spot, in some places eight or nine miles broad, and exhibiting such rocks in the channel as must have occasioned prodigiously grand cascades, with banks of perpendicular height, rising to one thousand five hundred and one thousand eight hundred feet—in other places perfectly level, and diversified with what must have been fine islands. The rock everywhere appeared volcanic, and I picked up several pieces of vitrified lava. Two hundred miles, I am informed, does this deserted and dry bed extend, communicating with the present channel of the Columbia at the Stony Islands, making a circular sweep of a degree and a half south, which is cut off by the straighter line of the river's present course. The plants peculiar to the rocky shores of the Columbia are to be seen here and in no intervening place. Here and there was a thick sward of grass which proved most acceptable to our weary beasts, for the springs were all so bitter and impregnated with sulphur (another symptom of volcanic agency), that it was seldom they would drink, and the haste with which they hurried to a small pool of better water was near proving fatal to one, for he stuck there so firmly that my guide and I (enfeebled by fatigue) were too weak to extricate him, and I had loaded my pistol to put an end to his misery and struggles, when my guide, in a fit of ill temper, struck the creature severely on the nose that he reared, and the point of my penknife, with which, as a last hope, I goaded his side, induced him to make such a desperate bound as delivered him from the difficulty.

Wednesday, 23d.—Last night was dreadfully hot, and the whole heavens in a blaze with sheet lightning. Parched like a cinder with heat and thirst, I lay down and passed a few miserable hours in vainly trying to ob-

tain some sleep. Happily, the road was less rugged, and at midday I found myself on the banks of the Columbia, opposite the Oakanagan Establishment, where an old man who was spearing salmon, helped us to cross the horses, and put me and my guide over in a small canoe. Here I found my kind friends, Messrs. McDonald and Ermetinger, who supplied me with a change of linen and some comfortable food. Gladly would I have tarried here two or three days to rest and recruit myself, but my time was too precious; and having communicated to these gentlemen my desire to push on immediately for the coast, that I might put my collections on board the ship which was to sail so shortly for England, they kindly made arrangements with some Indians to conduct me to the junction of Lewis and Clarke's River. Meanwhile, I wrote a few lines to Mr. Dease and sent them by the return of my guide, who had behaved entirely well, and who is to stay here two or three days to rest himself, and having picked up a few seeds, and changed my plant-papers, I went early to bed; but the doors being left open, on account of the heat, and the windows, which are made of parchment instead of glass, not closing tightly, the mosquitoes found free access. Thus I was under the necessity of abandoning the house, and betook myself to a sort of gallery over the gate, where I obtained some sound sleep.

Before leaving this place next morning, I took breakfast, and thankfully accepted a little tea and sugar, which, with a small portion of dried salmon, was all that my kind friends had to give. The stock of dried meat that I had received from Mr. Dease was not, however, quite exhausted, so that I considered myself pretty well off, particularly when they kindly added a little tin shaving pot, the only cooking utensil they could spare. Two miles and a half from this place a disaster deprived me of these gifts; in passing the canoe down a rapid, I took the pre-

caution to lift out my paper, plants, seeds, and blanket, and was carrying these along the shore, when a surge struck the canoe in the middle of the rapid, and swept every article out of it except the dried meat, which had fortunately got wedged into the narrow place at the bottom. The loss of the tea and sugar and the pot was a great one in my present situation, but still I deemed myself happy in having saved the papers and seeds, though my collection of insects and my pistol were also gone. As I have described the appearance of this part of the Columbia on my ascent, I shall say but little of my return. The passage of the Stony Islands, which is considered a dangerous place, was facilitated by hiring an Indian who lived close by, and was better acquainted with this narrow channel (only twenty to thirty feet wide and excessively rapid) than my guide, and who thought himself well paid with a few crumbs of tobacco, and a smoke out of my own pipe. Two days after, having quitted the canoe, near the Priest's Rapid, and walked several miles along the shore, while my two Indians should accomplish this difficult piece of navigation, I waited some time for their arrival, and feeling alarmed for their safety, returned a good way to look for them, when I found them seated comfortably on the shore, under a small cove, and treating their friends to a share of the tobacco I had given them. At Walla-wallah I was too weak and reduced to partake of the fare which Mr. Black, the person in charge, kindly set before me, but only begging him to procure me a guide to convey me to the Great Falls, lay down on a heap of firewood, to be free from mosquitoes, and slept till morning. I paid my former guide with ten charges of ammunition, and gave him some tobacco (that universal currency) to buy his provisions on the way home; then taking a larger canoe, and two guides, set off on the morning of Saturday, the 26th, for Fort Vancouver. I

had the good fortune to purchase a fresh salmon from a party of Indians soon after leaving Walla-wallah, and my acquaintance with the channel enabled me to drift securely at night over a part of the river, where the Indians of some neighboring lodges are in the habit of stopping and pillaging the boats which pass. The next day I arrived at the Great Falls, where I found from five hundred to seven hundred Indians, but was sorry to learn that the Chief Pawquanawaha, who had been my last guide to the sea, was not at home; but as I am now *en pays de connaissance*, and can speak the language tolerably well, I easily procured two others, one of whom I knew before. The *Chiefess* refreshed me with nuts and whortleberries, and I proceeded fifteen miles, where I camped for the night. A large party of seventy-three men came to smoke with me, and all seemed to behave decently, till I found that my tobacco box was gone, having been taken from the pocket of my jacket, which I had hung up to dry, being drenched in the canoe while descending the Falls. As soon as I discovered my loss I perched myself on a rock, and, in their own tongue, gave the Indians a furious reprimand, applying to them all the epithets of abuse which I had often heard them bestow on another; and reminding them that though they saw me only a *Blanket Man*, I was more than that, I was *the Grass Man*, and therefore not at all afraid of them. I could not, however, recover my box, but slept unmolested after all the bustle. On Tuesday, the 29th, I reached the Grand Rapids, but found the river so rough, from a high wind which raised the water in great waves, that I was obliged to halt, and betook myself to the lodge of Chamtalia, my old guide, who set before me a hearty meal of whortleberries and fresh salmon. He then spoke of accompanying me in a larger canoe and two Indians, to the sea; but seeing that the kind fellow was busily employed at this time in

curing his salmon, I refused his services, and hired his brother and nephew instead. I hastened on, lest the wind, which had been rising for some days, should increase so as to delay my progress, and, by great exertion and starting before daylight, accomplished the desired object: and at noon of the last day of August, the day previous to that (the 1st of September) on which the ship was fixed to sail, landed at Point Vancouver, whence in poor plight, weary and travel-soiled, glad at heart, though possessing nothing but a shirt, leather trousers, an old hat, having lost my jacket, neckerchief, and worn out my shoes, I made my way to the Fort, having traversed eight hundred miles of the Columbia Valley in twelve days, unattended by a single person except my Indian guides.

"RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER."

[CONCLUDED.]

By PETER H. BURNETT.

CHAPTER VI.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA — DETERMINE TO GO TO THE MINES — ORGANIZED A WAGON PARTY.

I had been a member of the legislative committee of 1844, had taken a leading part in that little body, and had done what I considered my fair proportion of the work, under all the then existing circumstances. We had adopted a code of laws, which, though imperfect, was ample for that time and that country. I looked forward to the speedy settlement of the question of sovereignty in our favor, and it was so settled within two years thereafter.

As before stated, I went to Oregon to accomplish three purposes. I had already assisted to lay the foundation of a great American community on the shores of the Pacific, and the trip across the plains had fully restored the health of Mrs. Burnett. There was still one great end to attain—the payment of my debts. I had a family of eight persons to support, and a large amount of old indebtedness to pay. My debts were just, and I believed in the great maxim of the law, that "a man must be just before he is generous." Had the *essential* interest of a large body of my fellowmen, in my judgment, required further sacrifices, I would have made them most cheerfully. But, the foundation of a great community on this coast having

been laid, all else would naturally follow as a matter of course, as there were others competent to continue the work.

The obligation to support my family and pay my debts was sacred to me, and I therefore gave the larger portion of my time to my own private affairs so long as I remained in Oregon. I did not then foresee the discovery of gold in California, and for this reason my only chance to pay, so far as I could see, was to remain and labor in Oregon. I had not the slightest idea of leaving that country until the summer of 1848. Before I left I had paid a small portion of my indebtedness. I always had faith that I should ultimately pay every dollar.

In the month of July, 1848 (if I remember correctly), the news of the discovery of gold in California reached Oregon. It passed from San Francisco to Honolulu, thence to Nesqualy, and thence to Fort Vancouver. At that very time there was a vessel from San Francisco in the Willamette River, loading with flour, the master of which knew the fact but concealed it from our people for speculative reasons, until the news was made public by the gentlemen connected with the Hudson Bay Company.

This extraordinary news created the most intense excitement throughout Oregon. Scarcely anything else was spoken of. We had vanquished the Indians, and that war for the time was almost forgotten. We did not know of the then late treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States; but we were aware of the fact that our government had possession of California; and we knew, to a moral certainty, that it would never be given up.

Many of our people at once believed the reported discovery to be true, and speedily left for the gold mines with pack animals. I think that at least two thirds of the male population of Oregon, capable of bearing arms, started for California in the summer and fall of 1848. The

white population of Oregon, including the late immigrants, must have amounted then to from eight to ten thousand people. Before we left, many persons expressed their apprehensions that the Indians might renew hostilities during the absence of so many men. But those of us who went to the mines that fall (leaving our families behind in Oregon) had no fears of any further attacks from the Indians. Time proved we were right.

These accounts were so new and extraordinary to us at that time, that I had my doubts as to their truth, until I had evidence satisfactory to me. I did not jump to conclusions, like most people; but when I saw a letter which had been written in California by ex-Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, formerly of Missouri, to his brother-in-law Colonel Boon of Oregon, I was fully satisfied. I had known Governor Boggs since 1821, was familiar with his handwriting, and knew Colonel Boon; and there was no reasonable cause to doubt. This letter I read about the last of August, 1848.

I saw my opportunity, and at once consulted my wife. I told her that I thought it was our duty to separate again for a time, though we had promised each other, after our long separation of fourteen months during our early married life, that we would not separate again. I said that this was a new and special case, never anticipated by us; that it was the only certain opportunity to get out of debt within a reasonable time, and I thought it my duty to make the effort. She consented, and I came to California, and succeeded beyond my expectations. I paid all my debts, principal and interest, security debts and all. Time conclusively proved the wisdom and justice of my course. I set out to accomplish three important objects, and, thanks be to God, I succeeded in all.

When I had determined to come to California, I at once set to work to prepare for the journey. All who preceded

me had gone with pack animals; but it occurred to me that we might be able to make the trip with wagons. I went at once to see Doctor McLoughlin, and asked his opinion of the practicability. Without hesitation he replied that he thought we could succeed, and recommended old Thomas McKay for pilot. No wagons had ever passed between Oregon and California. Thomas McKay had made the trip several times with pack trains, and knew the general nature of the country, and the courses and distances; but he knew of no practicable wagon route, as he had only traveled with pack animals.

This was about the first of September, 1848. I at once went into the streets of Oregon City, and proposed the immediate organization of a wagon company. The proposition was received with decided favor; and in eight days we had organized a company of one hundred and fifty stout, robust, energetic, sober men, and fifty wagons and ox teams, and were off for the gold mines of California. We had only one family, consisting of the husband, wife, and three or four children. We had fresh teams, strong wagons, an ample supply of provisions for six months, and a good assortment of mining implements. I had two wagons and teams, and two saddle horses; and I took plank in the bottoms of my wagons, with which I constructed a gold rocker after we arrived in the mines.

We were not certain that we could go through with our wagons, and thought we might be caught in the mountains, as were the Donner party in 1846. In case we had been snowed in, we had plenty of provisions to live upon during the winter. Besides, we were apprehensive that there might be a great scarcity of provisions in the mines during the winter of 1848–'49. The only article I purchased in the mines was some molasses, having everything else in the way of provisions.

Advances of outfits were made to such men as Hastings and his party, Burnett, and other prominent men . . . .

Those who proposed going to California could readily get all the supplies they required of the company by giving their notes payable in California.—*Gray's "Oregon," 361.*

This is a mistake, so far as I was concerned. I had plenty of wheat, cattle, and hogs, and did not need advances. My outfit cost very little additional outlay, for the simple reason that I had my own wagon and teams, except one yoke of oxen which I purchased of Pettigrove, in Portland, and paid for at the time. I had the two horses that I took with me, and all the provisions that I required, except a few pounds of tea. I had an ample supply of sugar, for reasons already stated. I had all the clothes required, and plenty of tools, except two picks, which I got a blacksmith in Oregon City to make. I do not remember having purchased a single article on credit.

OFF FOR CALIFORNIA — INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP.

I was elected captain of the wagon party, and Thomas McKay was employed as pilot. We followed the Applegate route to Klamath Lake, where we left the road and took a southern direction. Thomas McKay, myself, and five others, well armed and mounted, went on in advance of the wagons to discover the best route, leaving the wagons to follow our trail until otherwise notified. We, the road hunters, took with us plenty of flour, sugar, and tea, and depended upon our guns for meat.

We passed over comparatively smooth prairie for some distance. One evening we encamped at what was then called Goose Lake. It being late in the season, the water in the lake was very low, muddy, and almost putrid. Vast flocks of pelicans were visiting this lake at that time, on their way south. I remember that we killed one on the wing with a rifle.

The water being so bad, we drank very little, and left

early next morning. We traveled over prairie some twenty miles toward a heavy body of timber in the distance, then entered a rocky cedar grove about six miles in width. As our horses were not shod, their feet became sore and tender while passing over this rough road. We then entered a vast forest of beautiful pines. Our pilot told us that, if he was not mistaken, we should find in the pine timber an Indian trail; and, sure enough, we soon came to a plain horse path through the open forest. We followed this trail until sunset, and encamped in a small, dry prairie, having traveled all day beneath a hot October sun without water. Our little party were sober, solemn, and silent. No one ate anything except myself, and I only ate a very small piece of cold bread.

We left this dry and desolate camp early next morning. About 10 o'clock one of our party saw a deer, and followed it to a beautiful little stream of water, flowing from the hills into the forest. We spent the remainder of the day on the banks of this clear branch, drinking water and eating a badger. When I first drank the water it had no pleasant taste, but seemed like rainwater; but my natural thirst soon returned, and I found that no luxury was equal to water to a thirsty man. We sent out three or four hunters for game; but they returned about 2 P. M. with a large badger. This was all the meat we had. We dressed and cooked it well; and, to our keen and famished appetites, it was splendid food. The foot of the badger, the tail of the beaver, the ear of the hog, and the foot of the elephant are superior eating. I have myself eaten of all but the last, and can speak from personal knowledge; and, as to the foot of the elephant, I can give Sir Samuel Baker as my authority, in his "Explorations," etc.

We left next morning thoroughly refreshed and rested; and we had not traveled more than ten miles when we came in sight of Pitt River, a tributary of the Sacramento.

It was here but a small creek, with a valley about half a mile wide. When we had approached near the stream, to our utter surprise and astonishment, we found a new wagon road. Who made this road we could not at first imagine. A considerable number of those coming to California with pack animals decided to follow our trail, rather than come by the usual pack route. These packers had overtaken us the previous evening, and were with us when we discovered this new wagon road. It so happened that one of them had been in California, and knew old Peter Lassen. This man was a sensible fellow, and at once gave it as his opinion that this road had been made by a small party of immigrants whom Lassen had persuaded to come to California by a new route that would enter the great valley of the Sacramento at or near Lassen's rancho. This conjectural explanation proved to be the true one.

So soon as the packers found this road, they left us. No amount of argument could induce them to remain with us. They thought our progress too slow. This left our little party of road-hunters alone in a wild Indian country, the wagons being some distance behind.

We followed the new road slowly. One day, while passing through open pine woods, we saw an Indian some two hundred yards ahead of us. He was intent on hunting, and did not see us until we were within a hundred yards, charging down upon him with our horses at full speed. He saw that escape by flight was impossible; so he hid under a clump of bushes. We soon came up, and by signs ordered him to come out from his place of concealment. This command he understood and promptly obeyed. He was a stout, active young man, apparently twenty-five years of age, and he had a large gray squirrel under his belt which he had killed with his bow and arrow. He evidently feared that we would take his life;

but we treated him kindly, spent some time conversing with him as well as we could by signs, and then left him in peace.

From the point where we struck the Lassen road, it continued down the river in a western direction ten or fifteen miles until the river turned to the south and ran through a cañon, the road ascending the tall hills, and continuing about west for twenty to thirty miles, when it came again to and crossed the river. The same day that we saw the Indian we encamped, after dark, on a high bluff above the river. We had had no water to drink since morning, and we had traveled late in the hope of finding a good encampment.

The night was so dark, and the bluff was so steep and rough, that we could distinctly hear the roar of the stream, as it dashed among the rocks below. At length, one of our men determined to go for water. He took with him a small tin bucket; and after having been absent a considerable time, he returned with the bucket about one fourth full, having spilt most of the water on his return to camp. The amount for each of us was so small that our thirst was increased rather than diminished.

The next morning we left early, and followed the road to the crossing of the river, where we arrived about noon. Here we spent the remainder of that day. The valley at this point was about a mile and a half wide, and without timber, and the descent into it was down a tall hill, which was not only steep, but heavily timbered. In the middle of this valley there was a solitary ridge about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide at its base, and some two hundred feet high, covered with rocks of various sizes. We determined to discover, if we could, a new and easier route down the hill. For this purpose we ascended this ridge, from the summit of which we could have an excellent

view of the face of the hill, down which our wagons must come.

While we were quietly seated upon the rocks we saw an Indian emerge from the edge of the timber at the foot of the hill, about three fourths of a mile distant, and start in a brisk run across the intervening prairie towards us. I directed the men to sit perfectly still until the Indian should be hidden from our view, and then to separate, and let him fall into the ambush. We occupied the highest point of this lonely ridge, and we knew he would make for the same spot for the purpose of overlooking our camp. We waited until he came to the foot of the ridge, from which position he could not see us, and then we divided our men into two parties, each party taking up a different position. Very soon the Indian came within about thirty feet of one of our parties, and suddenly found himself confronted with four rifles pointed at him, with a command by signs to stop. Of course it was a perfect surprise to the poor old Indian. He was about sixty years old, was dressed in buckskin, had long coarse hair and dim eyes, and his teeth were worn down to the gums.

Notwithstanding the suddenness and completeness of the surprise, the old hero was as brave and cool as possible. I had with me only an axe with which to blaze the new and better way, in case we found it, and was at first some little distance from the Indian. As I came toward him with the axe on my shoulder he made the most vehement motions for me to stop and not come any nearer. I saw that he was apprehensive that I would take off his head with the axe, and at once stopped and threw it aside. At first he would allow no one to come near him, but coolly wet his fingers with his tongue and then deliberately dipped them into the sand at the foot of the rock on which he sat, and, with his trusty bow and arrow in his hands, he looked the men full in the face as much as to

say, "I know you have me in your power, but I wish you to understand that I am prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible." I never saw a greater display of calm, heroic, and determined courage than was shown by this old Indian. He was much braver than the young Indian we had seen the day before.

One of our men who was a blustering fellow and who was for displaying his courage when there was no danger, proposed that we should kill the old Indian. I at once put a damper upon that cowardly proposition by stating to the fellow that if he wanted to kill the Indian he could have a chance to do so in a fair and equal single combat with him. This proposition, as I anticipated, he promptly declined. I was satisfied that there was no fight in him.

After some time we were permitted one at a time to approach him. We offered him the pipe of peace, which he accepted. He would let our men look at his bows and arrows one at a time, never parting with both of them at once. He was evidently suspicious of treachery. We stayed with him some time, treating him kindly, and then left him sitting on his rock. This was the last we saw of him. We considered this mode of treating the Indians the most judicious, as it displayed our power and at the same time our magnanimity. We proved that we intended no harm to them, but were mere passers through their country. They evidently appreciated our motives, and the result was that we had not the slightest difficulty with the Indians.

After crossing the river the road bore south, it being impossible to follow down the stream, as the mountains came too close to it. Next morning we left our camp and followed the road south about ten miles, when we came to a beautiful grassy valley, covered with scattering pine timber. This valley was about two miles wide where the road struck it, and ran west, the very direction we wished to go. It seemed a defile passing at right angles through

the Sierra Nevada Mountains, as if designed for a level road into the Sacramento Valley.

We were much pleased at the prospect, and followed this splendid road rapidly about eight miles, when, to our great mortification, we came to the termination of this lovely valley in front of a tall, steep mountain, which could not be ascended except by some creature that had either wings or claws. Upon examination, we found that old Peter Lassen and his party had marched west along this narrow valley to its abrupt termination, and then had turned about and marched back to near the point where they entered it, thus wasting some ten or fifteen miles of travel. The two portions of the road going into and coming out of this pretty valley were not more than half a mile apart; but this fact was unknown to us until after we had brought up against that impassable mountain.

This was a perplexing and distressing situation. Our own pilot did not like this route, as it was not going in the right direction. How to get out of this line of travel, and get again upon the river, was the question. We spent the greater part of one day in exploring a new route, but found it impracticable. In our explorations, we found a lava bed some two miles wide. It was clear to us that old Peter Lassen was lost, except as to courses, and was wholly unacquainted with the particular route he was going. Our own pilot knew as little as Lassen, if not less. Our wagons, we knew, would soon overtake us; and we determined to follow Lassen's road ten or fifteen miles farther to see if it turned west. Several of us started on foot, and found that the road, after leaving the valley, went south about ten miles, and then turned due west, running through open pine timber and over good ground. We returned to the camp in the night, and decided that we would follow Lassen's road at all hazards. We awaited the arrival of our wagons, and then set forward. We

found the road an excellent one, going in the right direction; and we soon found ourselves upon the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

The summit was almost a dead level, covered with stunted pines. We passed between two peaks. The ascent on the eastern side was very gradual and easy. We encamped one evening on the summit near a small lake; and it was so cold that night that ice formed along its margin. This was about the 20th of October, 1848. We knew when we had passed the summit, from the fact that the streams flowed west. Though the beds of the streams were dry at that season of the year, we could tell which way the water had run from the driftwood lodged in places.

While on Pitt River, we knew from the camp fires that Lassen's party had ten wagons; and from all appearances we were pretty sure that they were some thirty days ahead of us.

OVERTAKE PETER LASSEN AND HIS PARTY — ARRIVAL IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

We pressed on vigorously, and soon reached the wide strip of magnificent pine timber found on the western side of the Sierra Nevada. We had not proceeded many miles, after entering this body of timber, before I saw a large, newly-blazed pine tree standing near the road. Approaching, I found these words marked in pencil: "Look under a stone below for a letter." It was a stone lying upon the surface of the ground, and partly imbedded in it. It had been removed, the letter placed in its bed, and then replaced. No Indian would ever have thought of looking under that stone for anything. I did as directed, and found a letter addressed to me by my old friend and law partner in Oregon City, A. L. Lovejoy, Esq., one of the packers who had gone ahead of us. The letter

stated that they had overtaken old Peter Lassen and a portion of his party, lost in the mountains and half starved. That very evening we overtook Lassen and half of his party in the condition described by Lovejoy. In abou teight days after we had first seen Lassen's road, we had overtaken him.

Peter Lassen had met the incoming immigration that fall, and had induced the people belonging to ten wagons to come by his new route. This route he had not previously explored. He only had a correct idea of the courses, and some general knowledge of the country through which they must pass. So long as this small party were traveling through prairies, or open woods, they could make fair progress; but the moment they came to heavy timber, they had not force enough to open the road. After reaching the wide strip of timber already mentioned, they converted their ten wagons into ten carts, so that they could make short turns, and thus drive around the fallen timber. This they found a slow mode of travel. One half of the party became so incensed against Lassen that his life was in great danger The whole party had been without any bread for more than a month, and had during that time lived alone on poor beef. They were, indeed, objects of pity. I never saw people so worn down and so emaciated as these poor immigrants.

The people that belonged to five of the carts had abandoned them, packed their poor oxen, and left the other half of the party a short time before we reached those that remained with the other five carts and with Lassen. We gave them plenty of provisions, and told them to follow us, and we would open the way ourselves. Of course, they greatly rejoiced. How their sunken eyes sparkled with delight! Our pilot, Thomas McKay, overtook an old woman on foot, driving before her a packed oxen down a long, steep hill. When he approached near to her, he

made a noise that caused her to stop and look back. "Who are you, and where did you come from?" she asked in a loud voice. He informed her that he was one of a party of one hundred and fifty men, who were on their way from Oregon, with wagons and ox teams, to the California gold mines. "Have you got any flour?" "Yes, madam; plenty." "You are like an angel from heaven!" And she raised a loud and thrilling shout that rang through that primeval forest.

Lassen and our pilot followed the trail of the packers for some twenty or thirty miles, as it passed over good ground, but through heavy timber. We had from sixty to eighty stout men to open the road, while the others were left to drive the teams. We plied our axes with skill, vigor, and success, and opened the route about as fast as the teams could well follow.

At length the pack trail descended a long, steep hill, to a creek at the bottom of an immense ravine. Old Peter Lassen insisted that our wagons should keep on the top of the ridges, and not go down to the water. When the first portion of the train arrived at this point, they had to stop some time on the summit of the hill. How to get out of this position without descending into the ravine below was a perplexing question. Our pilots had been to the creek, and would not let us go down the hill. In looking for a way out of this dilemma they discovered a strip of ground, about thirty feet wide, between the heads of two immense and impassable ravines, and connecting the ridge we were compelled to leave with another. It was like an isthmus connecting two continents. Over this narrow natural bridge we passed in safety.

That evening a large portion of our company camped on the summit of a dry ridge, among the intermixed pine and oak timber. They had traveled all day, under a hot October sun, without water. This was the first time those

with the wagons were compelled to do without water at night. They chained their oxen to their wagons, as the animals would have gone to water had they been turned out. The ox has a keen scent, and they smell water at the distance of one or two miles. It was another sober, solemn, and silent time. Scarcely a word was spoken, and not a mouthful eaten.

By daybreak next morning we were off, and had only gone about five miles when we came to the edge of a pine forest. From this elevated point we had a most admirable view. Below at the seeming distance of ten, but the real distance of twenty miles, lay the broad and magnificent valley of the Sacramento, gleaming in the bright and genial sunshine; and beyond, and in the dim distance, rose the grand blue outlines of the Coast Range. The scene was most beautiful to us, thirsty as we were. How our hearts leaped for joy! That was our Canaan. Once in that valley, and our serious difficulties, our doubts and fears, would be among the things of the past. But the last of our trials was the most severe. We had still to descend to that desired valley over a very rough road.

From the place where we stood, we could see three tall, narrow, rocky ridges, with deep ravines between, running toward the valley. Neither our pilots nor any of us knew which of the three ridges to take, and we had no time to explore. We contemplated the scene for a few moments, and then looked down the ridges for a short time, and chose the middle one at a venture, not knowing what obstructions and sufferings were before us. We had in our company two classes. One was eager to enter the valley as early as possible, while the other had no desire for haste. I belonged to the latter class. I had lived and suffered long enough to have acquired some caution.

The last camp before the one where a portion of our people had done without water had plenty of grass, fuel,

and water. We had been rapidly descending the western side of the Sierra Nevada for some days before we overtook Lassen and his party; and we knew that we could not be very far from the Sacramento Valley. Besides this evidence, we found the red oaks appearing among the pines; and this was a conclusive proof that we were not far from that valley. I saw that there was no necessity that the wagons should follow our pilots so closely. Our true policy would have been to remain where we first found the oak timber until our pilots had explored and selected the route into the valley. We could have safely remained at that good camp a month longer than we did. But one portion of our people had the gold fever too badly to be controlled. We who were more patient and cautious were willing that those hasty and ambitious men should go on ahead of us, if they desired to do so. Our two classes were well matched, like the man's oxen, one of which wanted to do all the work, and the other was perfectly willing that he should.

I had directed the men in charge of my wagons and teams to remain in that good camp until they should receive other orders. I then assisted to open the road to the natural bridge mentioned. After that, the road ran through open woods and over good ground to the point where the pines terminated. I determined to leave the foremost wagons at that point and return on foot to the good camp, where I arrived in the evening. Next morning early I took my best horse and started on after the foremost wagons, deciding that my own wagons and teams should remain where they were until I knew they could reach the valley by that or some other route. The distance from the point where I left the foremost wagons to the good camp was about fifteen miles. About 10 o'clock, A. M., I arrived at that point, which I had left the morning before; and, looking down toward the valley, I could

dimly discern some of the white-sheeted wagons on their dry and rugged way to the valley. I followed them as fast as I could at a brisk trot. At the distance of about eight miles I came to an immense mass of rock, which completely straddled the narrow ridge and totally obstructed the way. This huge obstacle could not be removed in time, and the wagons had to pass around it. They were let down the left side of the ridge by ropes to a bench, then passed along this bench to a point beyond the rock, and were then drawn up to the top of the ridge again by doubling teams.

I passed on about six miles farther, and came to another huge mass of rock entirely across the top of the ridge. But in this case the sides of the ridge were not so steep, and the wagons had easily passed across the ravine to the ridge on the right. Soon, however, the ridges sank down to the surface, leaving no further diffiulties in the way except the loose rocks, which lay thick upon the ground. These rocks were of all sizes, from that of a man's hat to that of a large barrel, and constituted a serious obstruction to loaded wagons. We could avoid the larger rocks, as they were not so many; but not the smaller ones, as they were numerous and lay thick upon the ground. In passing over this part of our route two of the wagons were broken down.

About noon I met one of our party who had been to the valley, and was on his return to the good camp, where his wagons and teams as well as mine were left. He reported to me that the route was practicable; and I sent word to my men to come on the next day.

I arrived at the camp in the valley, near a beautiful stream of water, a little after dark, having traveled that day about thirty-five miles. I could hear the wagons coming down that rough, rocky hill until midnight. Some of

the people belonging to the foremost wagons had been without water nearly two days.

Next morning I started on foot to meet my wagons, and found them on the middle ridge, this side the first huge mass of rock, about sundown. They had plenty of water for drinking purposes, and chained up the oxen to the wagons. Next day they came into camp in good time, without suffering and without loss.

ARRIVE AT THE HOUSE OF PETER LASSEN — ORIGIN OF THE TERM "PROSPECTING" — ARRIVAL AT THE MINES — MINING.

We left the first camp in the valley the next morning, and, after traveling a distance of eight miles, arrived at the rancho of Old Peter Lassen. The old pilot was in the best of spirits, and killed for us a fat beef; and we remained at his place two or three days, feasting and resting. All organization in our company ceased upon our arrival in the Sacramento Valley. Each gold hunter went his own way, to seek his own fortune. They soon after scattered in various directions.

A day or two after we left Lassen's place, we were surprised and very much amused upon learning that the packers who had left us in such a hurry on Pitt River were coming on behind us. As stated on page 266, they had descended a long steep hill to a creek at the bottom of an immense ravine. They followed down this stream west for some miles, when they came to an obstruction in their route that they could not possibly pass, and were compelled to return up the stream east until they found a place where they could get out of this ravine on its north side. They came to the creek on its southern side, and thought their best chance to escape was to be found on its northern bank. In this way they were detained in the mountains three or four days longer than we were. They

had plenty of provisions, and had suffered but little. We therefore rallied them heartily, all of which they bore with the best of humor. Our ox teams had beaten their pack animals, thus proving that the race is not always to the swift.

In passing down the valley, we encamped one evening near the house of an old settler named Potter. He lived in a very primitive style. His yard, in front of his adobe building, was full of strips of fresh beef, hung upon lines to dry. He was very talkative and boastful. He had been in the mines, had employed Indians to work for him, and had grown suddenly rich; and, as his head was naturally light, it had been easily turned. He came to our camp and talked with us until about midnight. It was here that I first heard the word "prospecting" used. At first I could not understand what Potter meant by the term, but I listened patiently to our garrulous guest, until I discovered its meaning. When gold was first discovered in California, and any one went out searching for new placers, they would say, "He has gone to hunt for new gold diggings." But, as this fact had to be so often repeated, some practical, sensible, economical man called the whole process "prospecting." So perfectly evident was the utility of this new word, that it was at once universally adopted.

We arrived in a few days at Captain Sutter's Hock Farm, so called from a small tribe of Indians in that vicinity. I called on the agent, and made some inquiries as to the mines. He replied that there was no material difference between the different mining localities, so far as he knew. Those on the Yuba River he knew to be good.

We forded the Feather River a few miles below Hock Farm, and then took up this stream towards the Yuba, and encamped a little before sundown near the rancho of Michael Nye. Doctor Atkinson, then practicing his pro-

fession in the valley, came to our camp. I inquired of him who resided in that house. He replied, "Mr. Nye." "What is his Christian name?" "Michael." I had known Michael Nye in Missouri, and my brother-in-law, John P. Rogers (who was with me) and Nye had been intimate friends when they were both young men. We at once called upon Nye at his house. He received us most kindly. He and his brother-in-law, William Foster, with their families, were living together.

Next morning we left for the Yuba; and after traveling some eight or ten miles, we arrived at noon on the brow of the hill overlooking Long's Bar. Below, glowing in the hot sunshine, and in the narrow valley of this lovely and rapid stream, we saw the canvas tents and the cloth shanties of the miners. There was but one log cabin in the camp. There were about eighty men, three women, and five children at this place. The scene was most beautiful to us. It was the first mining locality we had ever seen, and here we promptly decided to pitch our tent. We drove our wagons and teams across the river into the camp, and turned out our oxen and horses to graze and rest.

We arrived at the mines November 5, 1848; and the remainder of the day I spent looking around the camp. No miner paid the slightest attention to me. They were all too busy. At last I ventured to ask one of them, whose appearance pleased me, whether he could see the particles of gold in the dirt. Though dressed in the garb of a rude miner, he was a gentleman and a scholar. He politely replied that he could; and taking a handful of dirt, he blew away the fine dust with his breath, and showed me a scale of gold, about as thick as thin paper, and as large as a flax seed. This was entirely new to me.

In the evening, when the miners had quit work and returned to their tents and shanties, I found a number of

old acquaintances, some from Missouri and others from Oregon. Among those from Missouri were Dr. John P. Long and his brother Willis, for whom this bar was named. I had not seen either of them for about six years, though our families were connected by marriage, Dr. Benjamin Long, another brother, having married my youngest sister, Mary Burnett. I was perfectly at home here.

Next day my brother-in-law, John P. Rogers, my nephew, Horace Burnett (both of whom had come with me from Oregon), and myself, purchased a mining location, fronting on the river about twenty feet, and reaching back to the foot of the hill about fifty feet. We bought on credit, and agreed to pay for it $300 in gold dust, at the rate of $16 per ounce. We at once unloaded the two wagons, and sent them and the oxen and horses back to Nye's rancho, where we made our headquarters.

As already stated, I had brought from Oregon new and suitable plank for a rocker, in the bottom of my wagon beds. The only material we had to purchase for our gold rocker was one small sheet of zinc. I went to work upon the rocker which I finished in one day; and then we three set to work on the claim with a will. I dug the dirt, Horace Burnett rocked the rocker, and John P. Rogers threw the water upon the dirt containing the gold. Within about three or four days we were making $20 each daily, and we soon paid for our claim. We rose by daybreak, ate our breakfast by sunrise, worked until noon; then took dinner, went to work again about half-past 12, quit work at sundown, and slept under a canvas tent on the hard ground.

In the summer months the heat was intense in this deep, narrow, rocky, sandy, valley. The mercury would rise at times to 118 degrees in the shade. Dr. John P. Long told me that the sand and rocks became so hot during the day, that a large dog he had with him would

suffer for water rather than go to the river for it before night. The pain of burned feet was greater to the poor dog than the pain of thirst. After our arrival the days were not so hot.

This was a new and interesting position to me. After I had been there a few days I could tell, when the miners quit work in the evening, what success they had had during the day. When I met a miner with a silent tongue and downcast look, I knew that he had not made more than $8.00 or $10; when I met one with a contented but not excited look, I knew he had made from $16 to $20; but when I met one with a glowing countenance, and and quick, high, vigorous step, so that the rocks were not much if at all in his way, I knew he had made from $20 to $50. His tongue was so flexible and glib that he would not permit me to pass in silence, but must stop me and tell of his success. Ordinary hands were paid $12 a day, and boarded and lodged by the employer. I knew one young man who had been paid such wages for some time, but finally became disgusted and declared he would not work for such wages. It cost $1.00 each to have shirts washed, and other things in proportion. There was no starch in *that* camp, and shirts were not ironed.

THE DONNER PARTY.

During my stay in the mines I was several times at Nye's house, and on one occasion I was there three days. I became well acquainted with William Foster and family. Foster, his wife, and Mrs. Nye were of the Donner party, who suffered so much in the winter of 1846–'47. Mrs. Nye did not talk much, not being a talkative woman, and being younger than her sister Mrs. Foster. Mrs. Foster was then about twenty-three years old. She had a fine education, and possessed the finest narrative powers. I never met with any one, not even excepting Robert

Newell of Oregon, who could narrate events as well as she. She was not more accurate and full in her narrative, but a better talker, than Newell. For hour after hour, I would listen in silence to her sad narrative. Her husband was then in good circumstances, and they had no worldly matter to give them pain but their recollections of the past. Foster was a man of excellent common sense, and his intellect had not been affected, like those of many others. His statement was clear, consistent, and intelligible. In the fall of 1849 I became intimately acquainted with William H. Eddy, another member of the party. From these four persons I mainly obtained my information on this melancholy subject. I can not state all the minute circumstances and incidents, but can only give the substance as I remember it; for I write from memory alone.

The Donner party consisted of about eighty immigrants, including men, women, and children. They were so called because the men who bore that name were the leading persons of the party. They decided for themselves to cross the Sierra Nevada by a new road. L. W. Hastings, then residing at Sutter's Fort, went out to meet the incoming immigration of that fall, and advised the Donner party not to attempt to open a new route, but his advice was disregarded. He returned to the fort and reported the fact to Captain Sutter, who sent out two Indians with five mules packed with provisions to meet the party.

The party had arrived at a small lake, since called Donner Lake, situated a short distance from the present site of Truckee City, and some fifteen miles from Lake Tahoe, and had erected two log cabins upon the margin of Donner Lake, when the Indians arrived with the mules and provisions. This was in the month of November, 1846. Up to this time there had been several comparatively light falls of snow. Foster said he proposed to slaughter

all the animals, including the fat mules sent out by Captain Sutter, and save their flesh for food. This could have readily been done then, and the people could have subsisted until relieved in the spring. But the immigrants were not in a condition to accept or reject this proposition at once. They were unacquainted with the climate, could not well understand how snow could fall to a depth of twenty or thirty feet, and were so much worn down by the tedium of the long journey, and the absence of fresh meat and vegetables, that they were not prepared to decide wisely or to act promptly. Besides, the idea of living upon the flesh of mules and poor cattle was naturally repugnant to them. It is very probable that many of them considered such food unhealthy, and that, crowded as they were into two cabins, the use of such poor food might produce severe sickness among them, and many would die of disease.

While they were considering and discussing this proposition, a terrible storm came up one evening, and snow fell to the depth of six feet during the night. The poor animals fled before the driving storm and all perished; the next morning there was one wide, desolate waste of snow, and not a carcass could be found. The little supply of provisions they had on hand, including that sent by Captain Sutter, they saw could not last them long. They now fully comprehended their dreadful situation. It was a terrible struggle for existence.

It was soon decided to start a party across the mountains on snowshoes. This party consisted of ten men, including the two Indians, five women, and a boy twelve years old, the brother of Mrs. Foster. I once knew the names of the eight white men, but at this time I can only remember those of William H. Eddy and William Foster. The women were Mrs. Foster, Mrs. McCutchin, Mrs. ——, then a widow, but subsequently Mrs. Nye, Mrs. Pile, a

widow, and Miss Mary ——, sister of Mrs. Foster, and subsequently wife of Charles Coviland, one of the original proprietors of Marysville, so named for her.

This little party left the cabins on snowshoes, with one suit of clothes each, a few blankets, one axe, one rifle with ammunition, and a small supply of provisions. The summit of the mountain where they crossed it was about fifty miles wide, and was covered with snow to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, and they could only travel from five to eight miles a day. On the summit and for some distance beyond it, not an animal could be found, as the wild game always instinctively fled before the snows of winter to the foothills, where the snows are lighter, and they could obtain food and escape from their enemies in flight. In the spring the wild grazing animals ascend the mountain as the snows melt, to crop the fresh grass and escape the flies.

For the first few days they made good progress; but while they were comparatively strong they could kill no game, because none could be found, and their provisions were rapidly consumed. When they had reached the western side of the summit, they encamped, as usual, on the top of the snow. They would cut logs of green wood about six feet long, and with them make a platform on the snow, and upon this make their fire of dry wood. Such a foundation would generally last as long as necessary; but on this occasion it was composed of small logs, as the poor people were too weak from starvation to cut and handle larger ones; and there came up in the evening a blinding, driving snowstorm, which lasted all that night and the next day and night. New snow fell to the depth of several feet. They maintained a good fire for a time, to keep themselves from freezing; but the small foundation logs were soon burnt nearly through, so that the heat of the fire melted the snow beneath, letting them down gradually toward the ground, while the storm above was falling

thick and fast. Toward midnight they found themselves in a circular well in the snow about eight feet deep, with the ice-cold water beginning to rise in the bottom. After the foundation was gone, they kept alive the fire by setting the wood on end and kindling the fire on top. While they were in this condition, one of the Indians, who had been sitting and nodding next the snow wall until he was almost frozen, made a sudden and desperate rush for the fire, upsetting and putting it out.

Eddy urged them to quit this well of frozen death, as it was impossible to live where they were, with their feet in ice water. They all climbed out of the well, spread one blanket on top of the snow, then seated themselves on this blanket, back to back, and covered their heads with the others. In this painful position they remained for the rest of the night, all the next day and night, and until some time after sunrise the last morning. During this time four or five of their number perished, one of whom was a boy. Mrs. Foster spoke of this young hero with the greatest feeling. His patience and resignation were of the martyr type. When we were reduced to half a biscuit each, he insisted that she should eat his portion as well as her own, but this she refused.

From this scene of death the survivors proceeded on their melancholy journey down the western side of the mountain. That evening, after they had encamped and kindled a blazing fire, one of the men, who had born the day's travel well, suddenly fell down by the fire, where he was warming himself, and expired. The cold, bracing air and the excitement and exertion of travel had kept him alive during the day ; but when he became warm his vital energies ceased. This is often the case under like circumstances. I have understood that deaths occurred in this manner among Fremont's men, while making the trip from Oregon to California in the winter of 1843–'44.

At this camp another of the men sat down by a pine tree, leaned himself against it, and died.

The remainder of this suffering party continued their journey. All the other men dropped off one after another, at intervals, except Eddy and Foster. When they had almost reached the point of utter despair, Eddy saw a deer, and made a good shot killing the animal. This supplied them with food for a few days. After it was consumed, they met with a party of Indians, who furnished them with a small quantity of provisions.

At length they arrived at the last encampment, and within six or eight miles of Johnson's rancho, on the eastern side of the Sacramento Valley. Next morning Foster was unable to continue the journey, and refused to make another effort to walk. Eddy was the stouter man of the two, and he proceeded on his tottering course, leaving Foster and the five women at the camp. It was all Eddy could do to walk; but, most fortunately, he soon found two friendly Indians, who kindly led him to Johnson's place, Eddy walking between them, with one hand on the shoulder of each Indian.

They arrived at Johnson's house in the afternoon. Johnson was then a bachelor, but he had a man and his wife living with him. This lady was an admirable woman, full of humanity, and possessed of excellent sense, firmness, and patience. She knew from Eddy's condition what the poor sufferer needed. There were also several families of late immigrants residing temporarily in that vicinity. About ten men promptly assembled, and started for the camp, taking with them everything that was necessary.

The relief men were piloted by the two humane Indians, and reached the camp a little after dark. Foster said that when they heard the men coming through the brush toward the camp, the women began to cry most piteously,

saying they were enemies coming to kill them; but Foster comforted and pacified them by declaring that the men coming must be friends. The relief men soon came up, and were so much affected by the woeful spectacle that for some time they said not a word, but only gazed and wept. The poor creatures before them, hovering around that small camp fire, had been snowed on and rained on, had been lacerated, starved, and worn down, until they were but breathing skeletons. The clothes they wore were nothing but filthy rags, and their faces had not been washed or their heads combed for a month; and the intellectual expression of the human countenance had almost vanished. No case of human suffering could have been more terrible. No wonder that brave and hardy men wept like children.

Of all the physical evils that waylay and beset the thorny path of human life, none can be more appalling than starvation. It is not a sudden and violent assault upon the vital powers, that instinctive and intellectual courage may successfully resist; but it is an inexorable undermining and slow wasting away of the physical and mental energies, inch by inch. No courage, no intellect, no martyr-spirit can possibly withstand this deprivation. When there is an entire deprivation of food it is said that the greatest pangs of hunger are felt on the third day. After that, the stomach, being entirely empty, contracts to a very small space, and ceases to beg for food; and the sufferer dies from exhaustion, without any violent pain. But, when there is an insufficient supply of food, the severe pangs of hunger must be prolonged, and the aggregate amount of suffering before death is most probably increased.

The relief party did everything required for the poor sufferers, and next morning carried them to Johnson's house. The lady in charge was careful to give them at

first a limited supply of food at a time. It required all her firmness and patience to resist their passionate entreaties for more food. When the poor, starved creatures could not persuade they violently abused the good lady because she did not comply with their demands. Eddy said that he himself abused her in harsh terms. All this she bore with the kind patience of a good mother, waiting upon a sick and peevish child.

I expressed my surprise to Eddy and Foster that all the women escaped, while eight out of the ten men perished, saying that I supposed it was owing to the fact that the men, especially at the beginning of the journey, had performed most of the labor. They said that, at the start, the men may have performed a little more labor than the women; but taken altogether, the women performed more labor than the men, if there was any difference. After the men had become too weak to carry the gun, it was carried by the women. Women seemed to be more hopeful than men in cases of extreme distress; and their organization seems superior to that of men. A mother will sit up and wait upon a sick child much longer than the father could possibly do.

The Eddy party were about thirty days in making the trip. Other parties left the cabins and made their way into the settlement, after losing a considerable portion of their number on the way. Many died at the cabins from starvation. Forty-four of the Donner party escaped, and thirty-six perished.

A LONELY GRAVE — DEATH OF DAVID RAY — JOHN C. McPHERSON.

The first Sunday after my arrival in the mines, I was strolling on the side of the hill back of the camp, among the lonely pines, when I came suddenly upon a newly-made grave. At its head there was a rude wooden cross,

and from this symbol of Christianity I knew it was the grave of a Catholic. I never learned anything of the history of the deceased. He was, most probably, some obscure and humble person. He had died and was buried before my arrival.

> "But the sound of the church-going bell
> These valleys and rocks never heard;
> Or sighed at the sound of a knell,
> Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

Another death occurred in camp, and while I was there. It was that of David Ray. He was about thirty-five years of age, and his wife about thirty. They had five children, the eldest a daughter about twelve. They started from the State of Indiana in the spring of 1848, intending to locate in some of the agricultural valleys of California, not then knowing that gold had been discovered. But when they arrived they determined to stop at the mines for a time, and thus came to Long's Bar, on the Yuba River.

Mr. Ray's business partner, Mr. Wright, was about the same age, unmarried, and sober, honest, industrious, and generous. He assisted Ray to build the only log cabin in the camp, for his wife and children without charge. This house was a rude structure of one room, about sixteen feet square, with a clapboard roof, wooden chimney, and dirt floor. Yet it was the palace of the camp, and was the only place where one could enjoy a cheerful fire without being annoyed by the smoke. At all the cloth shanties and tents we had to make our fires in the open air.

About two weeks after my arrival Mr. Ray was attacked with fever, and died within a week. Neither he nor his widow had any relatives in California, and all the people of the camp were late acquaintances, except Mr. Wright. Our tent was near Mr. Ray's house and we soon became acquainted. He and his wife were devoted Methodists.

She was a small, delicate woman, with a sweet musical voice and an eloquent tongue.

We buried him among the stately pines, in the open woods, where the winds might murmur a solemn and lonely requiem to his memory. All the people of the camp left their work and attended the burial; and I never witnessed a more sorrowful scene. There were no tearless eyes in the assemblage. No clergyman was present, but at the lonely grave of her husband Mrs. Ray made an impromptu address, which affected me so much that I soon wrote out its substance, preserving her own expressions so far as I could remember them. The following is a copy of what I then wrote:

O David! thou art cold and lifeless. Little dost thou know the sorrows thy poor and friendless and sickly wife now suffers. Thou art gone from me and from our children forever. Thou wert ever kind to me; you loved me from my girlhood. O friends! he was a man without reproach, beloved by all who knew him. He was a just man, honest in all his dealings. He did unto others as he wished they should do unto him. He defrauded no one. He was a pious and steady man; a profane oath had never escaped his lips, even from a boy; he was never found at the grog shop or the gambling table. He it was who lifted the prayerful hands. His creed was peace. He died in his right mind, with a conscience void of reproach, and committed his children to my charge. The only thing that wounded his conscience was the reflection that, on the road from Indiana to this country, he was compelled to do things that grieved his righteous soul—he was compelled to labor on the Sabbath day. But he is gone to a better world, where his weary spirit will be at rest. Oh, if he had only died in a Christian land! But the thought of his being buried in this lonely and wicked place! He has left me alone in a land of strangers, a poor, sickly, weakly woman. Who shall now read to me from the Bible, and wait upon me in my sickness? For months and years he waited upon his sickly wife without a murmur. He was ever a tender husband to me, but he has gone and left me. Who is here to sympathize with me? Ah, me, what shall I do?

While in the mines I became acquainted with John C. McPherson, a young, genial spirit from old Scotland. He was a generous soul, and cared little for wealth. On

Christmas eve he composed a very pretty song, beginning, "Yuba, dear Yuba." He has since written many poetical pieces, and many prose communications for the newspapers. One thing can be said of genial, kindly McPherson, that there is not a particle of malice in his composition. No one ever thought of suing him for libel, for he never wrote a harsh word of any one, living or dead. No one then in the mines except McPherson had poetic fire enough in his soul to write a song. We spent many pleasant evenings together, around the camp fire at Long's Bar.

REVIEWS.

The Yamhills. An Indian Romance. By J. C. Cooper, author and publisher. (McMinnville, Oregon: 1904. pp. 187.)

This is an indigenous production. It matters not whether or not the author is a native son he draws his thought and sentiment direct from the soil, the woods, the streams, and the mountains of Oregon. He finds all the elements of a home here and lives his life here in wholeness.

This book is a gem. (I am not speaking of its formal literary character, though that is creditable.) It is calculated to make the thoughtful reader orient himself, as it were, in the Oregon environment. Having read it he will plant his feet more firmly on Oregon soil and be here at home. The sympathetic reader laying aside this book will find thenceforth that all things Oregonian assume not quite so bare, bleak, and somewhat forbidding an aspect as of yore, but that all will develop background and halo of color and sentiment.

It seemed a comparatively easy matter for the first generation of Oregonians to load themselves up in canvas-covered wagons and bear the trip across the plains and become fixed and prosperous on their donation claims; but it seems decidedly difficult for the second generation of Oregonians to nourish their thought and sentiment in this new home. It is probably inevitable that generations should come and go, maintaining but a weak and flabby spirit of local patriotism, before their social mind and heart attain deeply rooted strength and vigor drawn from their native haunt. With the help of a book like this, however, we shall soon have our own "*Quest for the Holy Grail*" and our own "*Niebelungen treasure*" as themes for our future literary masterpieces. This modest little book of Mr. Cooper's reminds us pleasantly that the land we occupy has been the scene of real human interests for æons before our day of traffic and trouble. Other and greater books—notably those of Professor Thomas Condon and Superintendent Horace S. Lyman have done the same. Yet Mr. Cooper's does it in a unique way.

The title and sub-title sufficiently indicate its scope.

The Trail of Lewis and Clark, 1804–1904. By OLIN D. WHEELER. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904. Two vols., pp. xxiii, 377; xv, 419.)*

Such an account of the Lewis and Clark exploration as will avail to get the spirit and salient incidents of that achievement into the consciousness of this generation of Americans was greatly desired. Mr. Wheeler's work has in it the qualities that promise much toward the accomplishment of that end. Considerable previous experience with surveying parties in the far west gave him acquaintance with the plains, mountains, and cañons and gave him also zest for just the line of investigation that the preparation of these volumes demanded. Because of his long connection with the Northern Pacific Railway he had unusual facilities for thorough field work.

Passages from the texts of the Lewis and Clark Journals and from the literature of the later exploration and development of the region traversed by the expedition are most skilfully chosen to bring out pictures of the scenes and the development of the important and critical incidents in the progress of the exploration. The author's narrative giving the setting and connection of the events upon which the attention is arrested is lively and effective. The text is strongly reinforced with a wealth of fine illustrations, including facsimiles of manuscript documents, reproductions of old cuts and drawings, and maps and photographs of the sites of incidents as they appear at the present time. The reader is thus enabled to see the successive stages of the historical process through which present-day conditions along the line of the trail were developed. The historical pilgrim or tourist with these books in his hands can with equal facility trace conditions back and see the difficulties encountered by Lewis and Clark and their party. We are made to see not only the topography of the country, but also the Indian life, and the animals and plants upon which the party depended for subsistence. This thoroughness of treatment is, however, confined to the part from Fort Mandan to the Pacific.

Mr. Wheeler makes us not only see the party as it moves along its toilsome and sometimes dangerous route, but also enter into their life. This he accomplishes by going carefully into the organization and personnel of the expedition. In this manner he contributes much new material to sources of the history of the exploration. Having acquainted us with the characteristics of the separate individuals, he is easily able to take us into their daily struggles and privations because of having had experiences himself somewhat similar to those of the explorers. Although the author is on the whole sympathetic with the

* From the *American Historical Review*, January, 1905.

conduct of the expedition, he is independent, and he comments with practical judgment upon the tactics and every-day conduct of the explorers.

There is an introductory chapter of twenty-six pages on "The Louisiana Purchase." This brings out correctly the priority of the inception of the exploration, but as an attempt at a review of the diplomatic history affecting this western country the chapter is a positive blemish. It should be either rewritten or omitted. It must have been an afterthought. The following excerpts will serve as evidence: "Spain had held the island of New Orleans on both sides of the stream to its mouth" (p. 3): "This [the claim of the United States under the Louisiana Purchase] included the greater part of Texas — to which the claim of the United States would seem to have been a righteous one — west of the Great River; . . . the treaty of 1819, in which Spain ceded all of East and West Florida, and all country west of the Mississippi north of the forty-second degree of latitude and westward to the Pacific, to which she claimed ownership" (p. 15). The author also gets into trouble when, out of his province, he remarks that Meares sailed into Baker's Bay (II, 232). It is true that the British commission on England's claims to the Oregon country in 1826 made this claim, and that Travers Twiss contends for it as a fact, yet the log-book of Meares does not admit of that interpretation. The blemishes are virtually confined to the preliminary chapter. The work as a whole is well done and is readable.

F. G. YOUNG.

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