

# ALASKA,

AND

## MISSIONS ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

BY

Rev. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

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ilance Committee would hang a white man for murder, she was sent for to act as his spiritual adviser. Her fame also went out far and wide among the tribes. Great chiefs left their homes and people and came long distances to enter the school of "the woman that loved their people," or to plead that teachers might be sent to their tribes. She had charge of both school and church. During this trying period she was greatly assisted by the counsel and substantial aid of Mr. John M. Vanderbilt, the leading merchant, and Mr. I. C. Dennis, Collector of the Port.

The history of her work cannot better be made known than by giving her monthly letters to the Rocky Mountain *Presbyterian*, an illustrated Home Missionary journal.

"FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA, Sept. 10th, 1877.

"REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

"DEAR BROTHER: I went into the school-room the morning after you left, and have become very much interested in the school. It now averages thirty scholars. I have had as high as thirty-eight some days. They all seem very anxious to learn. Clah studies in the forenoon. He and Mrs. Dickinson are in a class together. They study reading, spelling, geography, and writing. I go at nine o'clock and remain until one. Then Clah has a short session in the afternoon. I am teaching the whole school the multiplication table in unison. Clah is much pleased to learn it. They have gotten the second and third lines perfectly. Since Mrs.



THE MCFARLAND SCHOOL, FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA, 1877.

Dickinson came home, Clah preaches in Tsimpsean, and Mrs. D. interprets his sermon into Stickeen.

“He preaches with much more ease in Chinook than he does in his own language, but it seems that many of the old people do not understand the Chinook.

“Clah’s wife came up on the steamer. She is quite good-looking, rather dignified and reserved. She does not speak a word of English. He seems quite proud of her.

“Two weeks ago last Saturday I was sent for to see a sick man. He belonged to the Hydah tribe, and was thought to be dying, having just had a severe hemorrhage. No wonder he felt like dying. Upon reaching the house I found sixty-five people in the room, with a big fire in the centre. I asked him, through the interpreter, if I could do anything for him. He replied that he wanted me to pray for him, and when he died that I would see him buried like a white man. He said that he had heard of Jesus Christ, and that he believed in him. At another visit he urged me to teach all Indians to pray. He wanted me to sing. I sang ‘There is a fountain filled with blood,’ and endeavored to explain the meaning of the words to him. In a few days he was better, and his friends took him home. I do not know whether they will carry out his wish for a Christian burial. Several chiefs have been to see me. They are all very anxious to have a ‘white man preacher come,’ and to have a ‘church house like Fort Simpson’ (the mission station of the Methodists in British Columbia).

“Last week I had a prominent chief of the Takou tribe to see me. He seemed to be a very sensible man, and expressed great anxiety to have a school for his people.

“Our school-room has been rented for a dance-house, and will be taken from us by the 15th of the month. I went to see the house that belonged to Matthew, but it would not answer. I have since secured an old log house, which the owner has agreed to repair and rent us for \$20 per month. I have rented the little house back of Mr. Lear’s store to live in. It was the very best I could do.

“I am exceedingly anxious to have a room furnished as soon as possible, where I can take any young girls that may have a disposition to do right. Such an one recently came and wanted to stay with me. She was bright and smart, and talked English well, but I was not so situated that I could take her. When I next heard of her she was living with a white man. I hope I will have sufficient aid to offer a home to such cases when they present themselves. I believe I could have saved that girl if I could have offered her a home. Yours truly,

“A. R. MCFARLAND.”

“FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA, Oct. 11th, 1877.

“DEAR BROTHER: I rejoice to write that I am now moved and in my own house. I find this little house very comfortable—much more so than seemed possible, with so little to fix it with. The people have been very kind in helping me move.

“Clah has moved into Matthew’s house. His wife