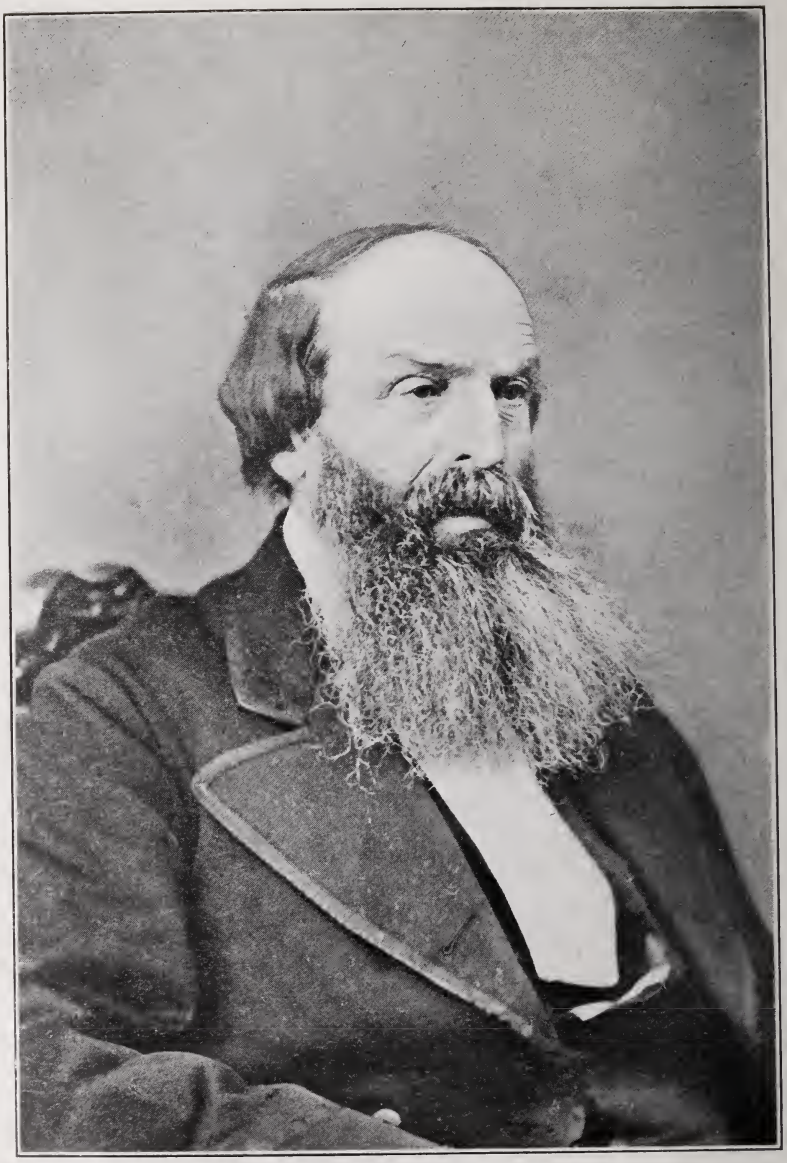
Memoirs of the West

The Spaldings

By

ELIZA SPALDING WARREN



Dr. Spalding

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Press of the
Marsh Printing Company
Portland, Oregon

FOREWORD

I HAVE been collecting material for years in regard to the early pioneer life of my parents, and at the urgent request of many of my friends I have gotten the material into book form. I have used magazine and newspaper clippings, giving credit when I have known to whom it is due. I have used quotation marks to show that the material is not mine, where, in some instances, I have not known to whom to give credit. The newspaper and magazine articles are given with the premission of the publishers. I have given very little of the Spalding family history, as that is already before the public in book form. The history of the Nez Perces Indian is also omitted for the same reason.

If there are views given in the following pages that disagree with yours, believe your own but allow others the same privilege. I did not omit the allegations against a small number of Catholics. I could not, in justice to the dead. Right or wrong, Drs. Whitman and Spalding believed that the Indians were incited by the Catholic priests who lived near the Whitman mission, and there were many others who believed the same thing.

The Catholics are the pioneer church; they have done much for the progress of Christianity and their history is full of the records of the brave deeds of sacrifice, daring and chivalry. So far as religious history goes, there is as much blood on Protestant hands as there is on Catholic hands; both have done great good and both have, at times, done great wrong, but never has each acted as a unit in wrong doing. In such instances, the cases have been isolated and deplored.

Life is long and full of trials that bring out our strength and weakness, and now as I write to you while the closing shadows gather around me, I have this to say to you, Catholic or Protestant though you be, Christianity started at the foot of the Cross that bore Jesus of Nazareth. It spread out over the earth in many a diverse line and many of its paths lie far apart, yet, dear friends, I know that these lines draw again together as they near the gates of Paradise, and enter into eternal life as

one. Believing the above, I offer no apology for the words that follow. My parents did much, gave much, and have a right to be heard in the land they helped reclaim. Greater proof of earnestness has no man than that he is willing to lay down his life in a cause.

Believing that we will meet with understanding in the new country across the last Great Divide, I bid you greeting and God-speed.

ELIZA SPALDING WARREN,
Walla Walla, Washington.

December 1st, 1916.

CHAPTER II.

THE MIRACLE OF THE NEZ PERCES

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ONCE POWERFUL SAVAGE WARRIORS INTO A LAW-ABIDING, INDUSTRIOUS, CHRISTIAN PEOPLE.

BY REV. A. M. MCCLAIN, SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

Written for the August, 1912, Number of "The Missionary Review of the World."

ALONG the Clearwater River in Idaho and its tributaries, may be found the remnant of the once powerful tribe of Nez Perces (pronounced Na-per-cy) Indians. The "pierced nose." Why the name should have been attached to them is not certainly known, for they did not practice wearing ornaments in the nose more than other tribes. Their own name for the tribe is Chopunish. At present the people number about 1,700, having been decimated by wars, small pox, measles, and the worst of all their enemies, tuberculosis, from several times as many.

They dwell in comfortable houses on their allotments, till the soil, and care for their flocks and herds. Some have hundreds of head of horses and cattle. Others have wheat ranches of 500 to 800 acres. The great majority are respectable, law-abiding citizens. But best of all, more than one-fourth of the entire population are Christians and members of their six Presbyterian churches. This is after only three-quarters of a century of missionary effort.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the existence of the American Indian, but the Nez Perces have a legend of their origin, interesting in itself, but of greater interest because it throws light on their former religious belief.

Sixty-five miles up the Clearwater River from Lewiston, Idaho, is the Kamiah Valley, one of the most beautiful spots of the Pacific Northwest. Instead of the precipitous canyon through which the river plunges along most of its course, here is an open valley three or four miles in width by seven or eight in length, hemmed in by mountains 1,500 to 2,000 feet high.

These walls rise by benches, one above another, like the steps of a giant's stairway. Clumps of fir and pine ornament the sides.

Breaking away on the west is the great Nez Perces Prairie. a great stretch of tableland, now famous for the immense crops of grain produced, while to the east is the vast Bitterroot Forest Reserve. The Kamiah climate is delightfully mild, and in the early spring the genial sun woos the myriads of wild flowers, while great numbers of birds of all kinds congregate before mating and going to their summer homes. In this charming nook centers much of legend, history and religion of the people.

Near the center of this fertile valley rises a cone-shaped mound of basaltic rock, some 75 feet high, known as "The Heart." Centuries ago, before there were any people, a huge monster made his way from the great ocean to that point. He was so great that he filled the entire valley. Everything was being destroyed, animals and vegetation. The coyote was wiser than the other animals. The foe was his friend. Calling the fox, he suggested that they combine their efforts to destroy the monster. The coyote always carried five sharp flints, and, entering the creature's mouth while he was taking food, began cutting at his heart. The mound of rock is the point of the heart cut off.

After the monster had been killed, the coyote and fox decided to divide the remains and make people, so from the feet they made the Blackfoot Indians and sent them off to South Idaho. From the great head they made the Flatheads, and sent them over into Montana, and so on, till all the parts were used, and all parts of the earth peopled. The fox said, "We have sent people to all parts of the earth, and there is nothing left from which to make more people for this most beautiful spot of all. The coyote, lifting his paws still dripping with the best heart's blood of the creature shook them, and from the drops of blood there sprang up the Nez Perces, the noblest of all the Indian tribes.

The First White Visitors.

It was September 20, 1805. The Nez Perces were in their autumn camp in the Weippe gathering the winter supply of berries and camas root. Some boys came breathlessly into camp and told a strange story of a party of men whom they had seen,

pale-faced men, men with glass eyes and hair on their faces. The writer heard the story in 1900 from an old, old woman who has since died, who claimed to have been present as a child.

The braves decided to ambush the party and kill them. Wat-ku-ese lay dying in her tepee. Overhearing the talk, she asked more about it, and said, "No, no, do not do so. They are the Su-i-yap-po (white people) of whom I have told you. Be kind to them and they will teach you many things."

Wat-ku-ese had been taken captive when a little girl, passed from one tribe to another until she finally fell among white people, who were kind to her. While still a young woman, wasted with disease, she took her babe on her back and started on the long trail toward the setting sun, to die among her own people. With her own hands she made a grave for the little one in the Flathead country. Pressing on, with sorrowing heart, not knowing that a kind, overruling Providence was guiding her weary footsteps, she became the unconscious deliverer of Lewis and Clarke and their companions, as they came over the Lolo Trail.

The Four in St. Louis.

On their return journey in the spring of 1806, Lewis and Clarke spent a month at Kamiah. Whether the Nez Perces first learned of God and the Bible from them, or from the Hudson Bay traders, or from some Catholic priest, will never be certainly known. However, the mission of the four Nez Perces who went to St. Louis in 1831 for the "White Man's Book of Heaven" is so well authenticated that there can be no reasonable doubt as to the object of their visit. Many attempts have recently been made to discredit the story of that heroic journey, but having talked with relatives and acquaintances of all four of the men, the writer is convinced that the embassage was sent to "seek the Light," and that all four were Nez Perces, although many writers have referred to them as Flatheads.

Miss Kate McBeth in her admirable book, "The Nez Perces Since Lewis and Clark," (Revelle), page 30, gives their names: (1) Tep-ya-lah-na-jeh-nin (Speaking Eagle), who died in St. Louis; (2) Ka-ou-pu (Man of the Morning), who also died in or near St. Louis; (3) Ta-wis-sis-sim-nim (No Horns on His Head), who died on the return journey, and (4) Hi-youts-han

(Rabbit-skin Leggings), the only survivor of the expedition, although he never resided among his people again.

This Macedonian Call from Oregon by these four Nez Perces braves was headed by the church, and in 1835 the Methodist Episcopal Church sent out Dr. Jason Lee and Daniel Lee, who came West and located in the Willamette Valley. The same year the American Board of Missions sent out Rev. Samuel Parker, a Presbyterian minister, and Marcus Whitman, M. D., a Presbyterian "Ruling Elder." They were met by a band of the Nez Perces over in the "Buffalo Country" east of the Rocky Mountains, whither they had gone year after year to meet the coming teachers with "The White Man's Book from Heaven."

After gathering what information they could from the Indians, Dr. Whitman returned to New York to secure recruits. The worshipers in the little church in the home town were fairly startled one Sabbath morning that autumn to see the intrepid doctor, whom they supposed to be across the continent, walk into their service, clad in traveling garb and accompanied by two Nez Perces boys. It is said that his old mother spoke right out in the meeting and said, "It's just like Marcus."

A Wedding Journey.

There were some consultations with the Board of Missions. Rev. Henry H. Spalding and his bride were intercepted on their way to do missionary work among the Osage Indians, and persuaded to go to Oregon. Dr. Whitman returned to his home and there was a hurried wedding, when Narcissa Prentis became Mrs. Whitman. In February of 1836, Dr. Whitman and Rev. Henry Spalding, with their brides, together with Mr. William H. Gray, set out on what has been called "the longest wedding journey on record.

* * * * * * * *

It was not until November 29, 1836, that the Spaldings were "at home" in their tent at the foot of Thunder Hill, in the Lapwai Valley, Idaho, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Gray having located at Wai-il-lat-pu, about six miles from the present city of Walla Walla, Washington.

When Dr. Whitman left the Nez Perces in the Buffalo Country in the summer of 1835, he told them to meet him there the

next season. As the missionary party were celebrating Independence Day crossing the Great Divide they were greeted by a company of Nez Perces. A large number of them, men, women and children, had made a long journey on horseback to meet their teachers, who were coming with "The White Book from Heaven." From the moment of that meeting friendship was sealed between the Nez Perces and the missionaries. From the Great Divide to Wai-il-lat-pu and Lapwai they were not without a Nez Perces escort.

The advance guard of a Christian civilization had reached the Pacific slope. Two refined American women had crossed the Rocky Mountains six years before Fremont gained renown for himself as "Pathfinder." It was not to better their condition that the missionaries came, for they left good, comfortable homes. It was no desire for wealth that enticed them, for they sought not wealth. It was not the allurements of gold, for they were ignorant of the existence of gold in the very hills that afterward produced millions of it. They had the love of Christ in their hearts, and they came solely to bear a message of Him to others.

Those were years pregnant with heroic self-sacrifice. They were to make their homes where the first tree had not been felled to build it. They must wrest a living from the soil when the ax had not yet been laid to the first tree toward clearing the soil. They must live among a people of whose language they knew not one syllable, and not one word of which had been reduced to writing. All of this must be endured in such isolation as is scarcely possible on the face of the earth today.

In a few weeks a log house 18x48 feet was built. Preparations were made to raise some provisions the following season. Ground was put under cultivation and crops of potatoes and wheat were grown. The raising of wheat called for the erection of a grist mill. Burrs were made from native stone, and water from the Lapwai Creek furnished power to turn them. The old mill race may still be seen. Mr. Spalding foresaw that with the coming of the white man, game and fish, upon which the Indians chiefly subsisted, would become scarce, so he encouraged them to engage in agricultural pursuits. They profited by their instruction, and many a white prospector or settler in later

years has been thankful that he could buy beef, grain and vegetables from them.

The First Church and Printing Press.

It might seem from the foregoing that the missionary had forsaken his calling and become a farmer. Not so. These things were only necessary incidentals. While he was teaching the Indians to work with their hands, he also instructed them in the truths of the Gospel. In one report of the earlier years he said the congregations at the religious services numbered from two to eight hundred. He has left the record of the organization of a Presbyterian church in the autumn of 1838, two years after their arrival. He was pastor and Dr. Marcus Whitman was ruling elder. This church still exists in the Lapwai Indian Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Mark Arthur, a full-blooded Nez Perces, is the efficient pastor. This has been truly "a mother of churches." There are today six Presbyterian churches among the Nez Perces, all ministered to by native pastors. Workers have gone out from these churches to a score or more of other tribes to tell the story of love. This Lapwai Church was the vanguard of Presbyterianism on the Pacific slope, with at present 764 churches, having a membership of over 78,000. The Pacific Coast now boasts the largest church denomination, the First Presbyterian, of Seattle, Washington.

Mrs. Spalding taught the Indians, her school sometimes numbering more than 200. They came flocking around her in crowds; men, women and children. From early morning till late at night her house was thronged. Women came in to see how she dressed herself; eager eyes observed the preparation of the meals; they watched her wash and dress her baby; they followed her about as she swept the floors or made the beds. Thus it was one continual strain.

At first all their lessons were printed and illustrated by hand, for Mrs. Spalding could draw. It was a great day for the Lapwai Mission when a printing outfit was unloaded from the pack animals, given by the native church at Honolulu. "Upon this, the first printing press west of the Rocky Mountains, the typesetting, press work and binding done by the missionary's own hands, were printed a few school-books, the native code of laws, a small collection of hymns, and the Gospel of Matthew."

Saved From Massacre.

The work continued without interruption till November 29, 1847, the eleventh anniversary of the arrival at Lapwai. On that fateful day, with the suddenness of a bolt from the clear sky, the murderous tomahawk of the Cayuse Indians fell, annihilating the mission at Wai-il-lat-pu. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, with twelve of their associates were murdered, and it was designed that the Spaldings should share the same fate, but they were protected by their faithful Nez Perces friends. However, they were obliged to flee from the country. Mrs. Spalding never recovered from the shock and hardship of that ordeal, and four years later went to her heavenly home.

And was the mission to be counted a failure? No; a thousand times, no. The labors of those eleven years have been summed up thus: "The Indians were settled in homes; their crops of grain were 20,000 to 30,000 bushels a year; the cows brought by the missionaries had multiplied into numerous herds; the sheep given by the Sandwich Islanders had grown into flocks. In the school which Mrs. Spalding taught there had been 500 pupils. A church of a hundred members had been gathered. The language had been reduced to writing. A patriarchal government had been established. They had adopted a code of laws. The Sabbath was observed. The people had been brought from the darkness of heathenism into liberty in Jesus Christ."

If we paused here in the sketch it would be a great record. But there is more. For twenty-four years Mr. Spalding was deprived of the privilege of returning as a missionary to his beloved people, but he never lost his interest in them. Finally a change in the government policy permitted his return. In 1871 he went back to resume the work so abruptly terminated by the Whitman massacre. Stooped with age and broken in health, he returned amid the great rejoicing of the people.

They had neither forgotten him nor his message. He found them still observing the Sabbath and keeping up their family worship. A new generation had grown up in the meantime, but they had been instructed by their parents in the methods of worship.

The Great Revival.

During the remaining three years of Mr. Spalding's life there was one continual harvest of souls. For years the Nez Perces had celebrated the Fourth of July by a great camp-meeting lasting several weeks, and held near the Lewis and Clarke camping ground at Kamiah. To this camp came renegade Indians from many other tribes. The meetings were a mixture of horse-racing, gambling, trading wives, heathen ceremonies and Christian worship. More and more the evil was in the ascendancy until in the summer of 1870 four young men of Yakima Methodist band came into the camp and conducted the religious services. The Spirit of the Lord so used these messengers that many of the people forsook their heathen ways and renewed their allegiance to Christ. Such was the condition when their old missionary returned to encourage their faith. Churches were built at Kamiah and Lapwai. During these three years Mr. Spalding baptized 694 Nez Perces, and nearly 300 among the Spokanes and Umatillas, making nearly 1,000 in all.

On the third of August, 1874, the sturdy old pioneer passed to his reward, and the remains were tenderly laid to rest by the sorrowing people who venerated him as a father. The people meet Sabbath after Sabbath and sing the hymns translated by him, and read from the Gospel of Matthew printed by their teacher and friend. His name is spoken with reverence and his life is held in blest memory.

Near the confluence of the Lapwai Creek and the Clearwater River, in a clump of locust trees, there stands a modest marble slab bearing the following inscription:

REV. HENRY HARMON SPALDING
Born at Bath, N. Y.
Nov. 26, 1803.

Commenced the Nez Perces Mission
in 1836.

Died Among His People at
Lapwai, I. T.
August 3, 1874.
Aged 70 years, 8 months and 7 days.

Grave of Dr. Spalding at Fort Lapwai, Idaho

CHAPTER III.

REMINISCENCES OF ELIZA SPALDING WARREN

Early Life in the Clearwater Settlement.

THE REV. HENRY HARMON and Eliza Hart Spalding were my parents, and in company with Dr. Whitman and his wife, came to this country, which was Oregon territory at that time, in 1836, as missionaries to the Indians.

Dr. Whitman and his wife stopped near Walla Walla and made their home among the Cayuse Indians, while my parents went on to the Lapwai country and settled on the banks of the Clear Water among the Nez Perces. Father erected a small, substantial log house and there I was born, November 15th, 1837.

My memory reaches back to the autumn I was five years old. I remember distinctly my childhood home—the little log cabin on the banks of the clear, rippling stream, the hills, as they rose, soft in outline, glowing in tints of brown and yellow, on either side of the beautiful, green wooded river valley. I recall the little garden where we raised in abundance, luscious vegetables of all varieties, the little orchard (see father's letter) that was just bearing, and the grave, stately Indians, as they would come and go on their visits to father and mother. Hardly a day passed without their coming to us on an errand or friendly visit.

I have a vivid memory picture of the Indians as they gathered on the Sabbath day to hear father tell the story of the Man of Galilee. An Indian who could speak both the English and his own language would interpret the sermons, or lessons, perhaps I should call them. (Father and mother both readily learned the Nez Perce language and I could speak it well by the time I was old enough to talk my own language.)

They would all sit flat on the floor, men, women and children. I distinctly remember with what good behavior and close attention they would listen through the services. I also remember them as they appeared in the school. Mother taught the younger, and father was in charge of the older ones. They were earnest, painstaking students and many times there would

be as many as two hundred of them to be instructed. I remember that some of them often came back in the evening for several hours of special help. Mother taught several of the girls to do housework and to card, weave and spin. They were all delighted and learned readily. They seemed to really enjoy doing all kinds of domestic work. Father taught the men how to cultivate and raise their crops of hay and grain, and how to care for their garden patches.

Let me tell you how the Indians harvested their wheat. It was cut with a small hand sickle and bound in bundles. The Indians would carry these bundles on their backs to corrals in which there were a number of wild horses. They would toss the wheat sheaves over into the corrals and then drive the horses round and round until the wheat berries were all tramped out; then when a wind came it would blow away the straw and chaff, and the Indians gathered up and cleaned the grain.

Father had a small grist mill near the house and the Indians brought their wheat to him to be ground, finding the grist mill a great improvement over their crude pestles and mortars.

I do not remember ever seeing father and mother out of patience, or even discouraged, with the Indians. They wished to treat them in such a way that the Indians would have full confidence in them and their work, and realize that it was all being done for their good. I refer you to mother's diary for her views on this matter.

To the best of my recollections, mother was never frightened enough to lose control of herself but once and then the incident was enough to shake even her nerves of steel. One day, when a number of Indians brought wheat to the grist mill, some of the young bucks took a notion that they could run the mill much better than the old gentleman father had placed in charge, and they used Indian methods of getting him out of the way—that is, they knocked him down and rolled him out of the way, and one of their number had taken his place and was proceeding to run the mill when father appeared on the scene and began investigating matters. The Indian most responsible for the insurgency father took by the hair of his head and led him out and away, when suddenly he stopped and, turning on father, knocked him down and choked him severely. I see and hear mother now as she ran screaming to help father, but the other Indians

had already interfered and one of them said to her, later: "Do you not know that we would not let him hurt Mr. Spalding?"

The thought has come to me many times of how utterly we were at the mercy of the Indians. We lived in the midst of them, miles from any white settlers. Father often had need to be gone on errands of several days' duration and mother and we children were alone in the wilderness with the Indians. I never knew her to show the slightest uneasiness.

At a time when mother was brought very low with severe illness and all hopes were given up for her recovery, one of the old Indian chiefs came to see her. He sat by her bedside and, taking her hand, talked about the good work she had done for the Indians and told her how they would miss her if she were taken away. He said, "Oh, that I could be taken in your stead, since I am old and my usefulness done, and that you could be spared to teach my people."

[Here I will speak of something which occurred many years later, after the country was being settled and Lewiston was quite a place. I will tell the story as it was told to me by a minister who was present at the time the incident took place. At a meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Washington, held in First Church in Lewiston,Idaho, October 3rd, 1897, one evening the meeting was taken in charge by the Indians. (Lewiston is near Lapwai Mission where my father and mother did their wonderful work.) Four of the Nez Perce Indians, ministers, made remarks. Rev. Moses Minteith said, in part,—"My people were heathen and practiced all kinds of bad and evil superstitions. They had only heard a strange and improbable story of the white man's God, but at last a man came out of the East with the Book. That man was Spalding. He came as the morning sun over the mountains, and he found much darkness in the hearts of my people as is found where there is no sun. Oh, he was a great blessing to my people, bringing light and knowledge of Jesus Christ, like sunshine to make happy the hearts of poor Indians. Our hearts will always be glad when we think of him and his wife and the kind friends who sent them to us. He brought salvation and a new life out of the East, just as did the Christ Child who was born to bring light into the world. It was like the shining of the Star of Bethlehem to the Red Men when Spalding and Whitman came. Now our eyes are opened and our hearts are glad. Now

we have our churches and schools like the white man. We have our white brethren here and our white brethren in the far away East because they sent us the Gospel. We pray that all hearts may find the light and be happy."

At this same meeting addresses were made by Rev. McArthur and Rev. Robert Parsons, Indian ministers, each making reference to Dr. Spalding's work among the Indians, and each paying tribute to the Doctor and his wife.]

A Trip to the Whitman Mission.

When I was 9 years of age, my parents sent me to Dr. Whitman's Mission to attend school. My only associates were Indian children and I was learning their ways and their language to the detriment of my own. Each winter a number of immigrant families would wait over at the mission, resuming their journey towards the West in the spring.

Most of these families were bound for the Willamette Valley. True to their desire to educate their children, they would establish a school as soon as there were enough children in the winter settlement to allow them to do so.

The distance from our home to the mission was 120 miles. As father was too busy with the fall work to accompany me, they sent Matilda, an Indian woman who assisted mother in the house very often, to take me to the Whitman Mission.

One beautiful autumn day we started blithely out on Indian ponies, our supplies loaded on a pack horse. We traveled three days and made three camps at night. Each camp was in a lonely place, not a soul near us. We could hear the yelping chorus of the coyotes, and the howling of the big gray wolves. We ate together and shared the same bed, and I remember today, with the respect due this sturdy Indian woman, how careful she was to hold the family prayers. She has long since joined her fathers, but Matilda, the faithful, will be remembered with gratitude as long as memory remains with the children of Henry Harmon Spalding.

A Swim in the Dark.

Once, when we were returning home from Dr. Whitman's, we had a narrow escape from drowning in fording Clear Water

The Spalding mission cabin as it now stands on Lapwai reservation. It is also famous because it contained the first printing press that was brought to Oregon. The press came from Honolulu and is now in the hands of the Oregon Historical Society.

We often forded the river at the crossing near where Lewiston is now situated. We had previously crossed at the low water time, and it was still during this season that the incident occurred. It was extremely dark when we reached the river and we could not see that the water had risen rapidly since our former crossing. We were anxious to get home, and entered the water, expecting the horses to easily wade across. In an instant the horses were swimming against a deep and strong current. Father yelled to me to hold my bridle loose, and to cling tight to my saddle, which I did for dear life, for the water was up to my waist and very swift. The horse father was riding objected to swimming under his load. My brother Henry was on behind father, and the horse did his best to unseat them. Father soon had him under his control and swimming alright. The pack horse crossed in order, on his own initiative, and we were all soon safe on the opposite landing. We had ten miles yet to cover, before we reached home and the night was bitterly cold. Our clothing was soon frozen stiff, but we pulled ahead and reached home, tired, cold and hungry, but very grateful for our escape from the river.

Comradeship With Father.

I have often wondered at father's taking my brother and me with him on so many of his trips. It seems as though we must have been a care to him, yet he certainly enjoyed having us with him. We never lagged behind. We could ride as fast and as far in a day as he could. Nearly always we were accompanied by Indians. The summer trips were always enjoyable, but sometimes in winter when the snow was heavy, they were rather hard on us. Still, money could not buy my experience, severe though some of it was. The comradeship with my father and brother is my dearest memory.

Our Trip to the Willamette Valley.

We took our longest trip in 1845 when some business affairs necessitated father's going to the Willamette Valley. I was only 8 years old and my brother Henry 6 when we took that long horseback ride over the Cascades and home again. I do not remember how long we were in making the trip. We stopped at The Dalles a few days to rest. We found but two families

there, Mr. Brewer and Mr. Walker, both missionaries. They had their families with them, each living in one of the now historic old log buildings that marked the site of the present busy city.

We resumed our journey and were soon in the Cascade Mountains. I do not know how we would have gotten through had it not been that we fell in with a half breed, who, with his family, was going the same way. They knew the route and, of course, we closely followed their trail. The timber was the first large timber I had seen, and the forest growths were so dense and thick that it was almost like night as we rode through them. Laurel Hill was a tangled net of interlacing laurel brush.

Some of our horses were stripped of their packs by the clinging shrubbery. The mountain streams were deep and swift, with many large boulders in their beds, and the horses had hard work in floundering across them. We finally got through and reached Oregon City safely.

I wish I could remember how many houses there were at that time in this famous old valley town. There may have been a dozen, but it was a great sight to me. I had never seen so many houses together, and these were large and painted. I do not remember how long we stayed there, but we left, in company with others, and went in row boats to the mouth of the Columbia, landing at Clatsop Plains. The first place we saw on the way was Portland, consisting of one log building. We also visited Fort Vancouver, as it was called, where were the Hudson's Bay Company's buildings and trade market with the Indians. Peter Scheen Ogden was in charge of the fort, being factor and leader. (He was the man who promptly did his brave work in rescuing the captive women and children after the Whitman massacre.)

We went on in our crude row boats down the mighty river, stopping next at Astoria, where one little shack of a house sat perched upon the hillside. There was a British man-o'-war anchored there and we went on board, we children reveling at the unusual sights. The ship was named the Peacock.

We went on down to Clatsop Plains, where we anchored and landed. We had a splendid view of the rolling Pacific from this

point. We met some of father's old friends at this place—Mr. Gray and his family. I was glad to be on land again. I did not enjoy the river trip very much. Part of the time it was very rough and rather dangerous, and I would have felt much more at home on the back of my spotted riding pony than I did in the rocking row boats.

On our return home there were no incidents of importance, except that we had to lay over a few days because I became quite ill with the flux. When I had recovered somewhat we started on, father carrying me in front of him for several days. How I stood the trip in my weakened condition I cannot understand. In a few weeks more we reached home, glad to see mother once more, and with a great deal to tell her.

Our Camas Prairie Trip.

The year before we took our long trip to the Willamette Valley, we accompanied father to Camas Prairie, where the Indians were engaged in digging Camas and souse roots and preparing them for their winter supply of provisions, that is, the squaws were doing this. The men were breaking horses.

While we were there the Indians held a war dance. It was an interesting performance. A great crowd stood around in a circle, leaving a large open space inside the ring. The leader stepped forward and made a speech. He told them how to conduct themselves in war, giving special emphasis to the tactics of battle fields. He would pause for a while and a large number of warriors would spring inside the circle and with guttural, grunting noises, jump up and down, with the same motion, keeping time to the hideous noises they were making. They were rigged out in a grotesque manner, painted and be-feathered, but did not have on much real clothing. They danced until they were tired and the leader would then give another "talk." This schedule, repated many times, completed the war dance.

The Sham Battle.

The summer I was 5 years old, I remember some gentlemen from the Willamette Valley came to our home to see father on important business matters, remaining for several days.

While there they wished to witness an Indian performance

of some kind and asked father to use his influence in getting the Indians to consent to do so. Father spoke to the Indians in regard to the matter and they were willing to oblige the strangers. They made rapid preparations for a sham battle.

At the time set, they came rushing in from all directions on their wiry mountain ponies.

The Indians and their horses were rigged out in fantastic colors, red predominating. The horses were as much animated with the excitement as were the Indians. Those who were to take part drew rein at the edge of the battle ground, each carrying his gun. Out in the center of the open space they had heaped a great pile of brush and wood and they began the battle, shooting and dodging around this great heap. After each fusilade of shots several Indians would drop as though they were dead. Others would rush up to them, whip out a huge knife and, running it around the hair on the heads of the fallen Indians, remove what appeared to be their scalps, but were really only sham scalps. As I sit here writing it seems to me that I can now see that ghastly performance going on. They had to take me away from the ground to the house for I was frightened almost into hysterics. The mental picture of that sham battle has always remained a vivid one with me.

SOME OF MOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

The Coming of the White Woman.

I now recall some of the incidents my parents related in regard to the parting from their Eastern home circle, and pertaining to their journey across the plains and over the great mountains. My mother had just risen from a bed of lingering illness and all felt that in her weakened condition she could not make the terrible ride on horseback 3,000 miles over an unbroken country. My father advised her to remain until he could go and arrange a home and then return for her, but she said, "No, I shall go, too." Father pleaded that she was not strong enough to stand the journey across the great plains and that she would be sad and lonely so far away from home and all her kindred. Her answer was a brave assurance that she was ready to take all risks, endure all hardships, for the sake of her husband and

her God, and probably man nor woman never came nearer to the author of their being than did this splendid woman when she announced her determination to undertake the sacrifice. Her spirit shone forth as she gave her decision in the words of the Apostle: "What mean ye to weep to break mine heart? For I am ready not to be bound only but also to die on the Rocky Mountains for the name of the Lord Jesus." They started on their journey to the land of the Setting Sun—the Red Man's land across the great dim mountains that frowned down upon the grassy plains towards the eastward, and hid all the Westland from human kin. It was as daring a venture for those two men and two women to start out on that horseback journey as it was for Columbus to start on his sailing voyage towards the west to reach the east. He had wind and wave to contend with —they had unbroken land teeming with wild animals and wilder men, and, of necessity, their food was scarce, while blazing the great Western highway where a white woman had never passed before.

One morning mother was quite ill. She fainted and was so spent when she revived that she thought she was near the end of her earthly life. They made her as comfortable as they could on robes and blankets, tenderly doing all that was possible from their limited resources. Rallying sufficiently to speak, she still showed her womanly fortitude and heroism. She asked them to go on and leave her, saying: "Do not put me on that horse again. Leave me here and save yourselves for the great work. Tell mother I am glad I came."

However, she was so much better after a rest of several hours that they went on and when they made their usual camp that evening she was much revived.

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The red men and mountaineers were not unmindful of courtesy to their white women visitors and prepared a tournament for their entertainment. Six hundred Indians, painted and plumed in full war regalia took part. The spectacle was thrilling beyond description. Shrieking, whirling Indians on frantic, plunging horses, dashed across the mock battlefield in a realistic manner that would shatter the nerves of any one who did not have Indian blood in his veins. The rushing line passed close

to the women's tents in order that the Indians could see, as well as be seen by, the white women who had braved plains and mountains to come into their midst. Hardy trappers who had not seen white women for twenty-five years came to call on the missionaries and their wives. These men were of the fine old type who broke trails to the West and loved its wild life, so that they became a part of it. The charming white women reminded them of childhood, home, mothers, sisters and schoolmates and they wept like children at the remembrance. Years afterwards one of them said: "From that day, when I clasped again the hand of a civilized woman I was a different and better man." What a sincere tribute to those brave pioneer women!

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It was hard to send and receive mail in those wild days. I will tell you how my parents fared in that respect. Trappers and travelers of various degree would, at great intervals, pass through and bring mail to my parents from the distant post-office, and would also carry out mail to post at some office, more or less remote. The mail sometimes rounded Cape Horn, sometimes came across the plains with some hardy pioneer. You can well imagine there were long waits between letters. I will copy a portion of one of mother's letters to her friends. "A long period has elapsed since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. Your kind letter was full of gratifying proofs of Christian respect and interest in us, and for the cause of Christ in this dark and distant region."

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In the month of November, 1857, father took me to Dr. Whitman's to attend school through the winter. I was then 10 years old. There were several families of emigrants spending the winter at the Doctor's. In the spring they would go on to the Willamette Valley. There were several children among the emigrant families and Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had taken the seven Sager children, whose parents had died on the plains, into their home as members of their family, since the children had been absolutely at the mercy of the wilderness. Dr. Whitman and his wife were never found wanting in the quality of mercy and charity.

At this time many rumors regarding an expected Indian outbreak were afloat. These were carefully kept from us children, but they were persistent enough to cause the Doctor and father much uneasiness. However, they hardly thought the feeling was strong enough to cause an uprising. Everything seemed very peaceful when school opened, although there was much illness among the Indians and in the Doctor's family also. It was measles in a virulent form and a number died.

Dr. Whitman found it necessary to take a trip to Umatilla, thirty miles distant. He had to be absent several days and father went with him. Father stayed and cared for the sick and held services with them, but the Doctor returned late Sunday evening, November 28, 1857.

On Monday evening, Dr. Whitman was in the sitting room talking with his wife and Mrs. Osborn. The latter, with her family, was living in an adjoining room. The Doctor was greatly troubled over a rumor he had heard while away.

While they were talking an Indian knocked at the door and asked to see the Doctor about the sick, and wanted medicine. The Doctor stepped out into the outer room, finding several Indians sitting and standing in the room. The Doctor stood among them inquiring about their sick, when one of them whipped a tomahawk from under his blanket and buried it in the doctor's head. That was the signal for the outbreak. All over the place was heard at once the firing of guns, the yelling and war whoops of the Indians. Dear reader, for years the firing of a gun or sudden shout brought up vivid memories of that terrible hour and place.

The school children and teacher were in an upstairs room which was utilized as a class room. As the noise commenced the children rushed to the windows and the teacher, Mr. Sunders, stepped to the door and opened it. He was dragged out by a waiting Indian and struck down and killed. We poor, frightened children thought instantly of hiding. There were a few boards overhead, forming a sort of loft and the older boys hurriedly climbed up there, pulling the smaller children up after them. We had been there but a few minutes when the Indians rushed in and called us to come down. We had to clamber down into the midst of the murdering savages who were exulting in the thought of having us to torture to death.

I stepped up to one and asked him if they were going to kill us. He gave me a terrible look but did not answer. The Indians marched us down to the kitchen, where we saw a most sickening sight. Dr. Whitman lay on the floor, his head cut open, gasping his last breath, and near him, the oldest Sager boy, aged 18, was lying in a huddled heap, his throat cut from ear to ear, not yet dead. A younger brother, Francis, who was with us, stepped to his side and spoke his name. The dying boy tried to answer but could not speak. Francis said, "I will soon be with you." We were huddled together waiting the summons that would cause our brutal death when one of the leading Indians said, "No, we no kill the women and children." Mrs. Whitman had rushed to the window to watch the outside massacre, and Joe Lewis, half breed, seized a gun and shot her through the breast. She dropped to her knees, raised her hands to God and asked him to protect the helpless children that were left in such terrible straits. As she sunk to the floor she said to Joe Lewis, "Joe Lewis, you are at the bottom of this."

Mrs. Osborn had rushed into her own room at the first of the attack. Her husband and children were all in the room, and with a quick thought he raised a floor board and they all dropped underneath, letting the board drop down into place just as the savages filled the room. Mr. Rogers, wounded, and with his broken arm dangling at his side, rushed into the room where Mrs. Whitman lay with some of the children about her. In the excitement he was not observed. Mr. Canfield, at the blacksmith shop, was wounded, but managed to secrete himself till night. Mr. Hoffman, who was assisting in butchering a steer, was beaten down and killed. Mr. Marsh, at the grist mill, they spared to run the mill for them. Mr. Sales was shot through the bowels and died that night. Mr. Himble was wounded but secreted himself that night. Two men that were sick in bed at the Doctor's house were not killed then. It was now getting late, almost dark. The Indians moved us children from where we were standing in the kitchen, outside, near the door. They then called to Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Rogers to come out of the room; said they wanted to take us all over to the house where the emigrant families were living. Mrs. Whitman said, "No, we are afraid." The Indian said, "You will not be mo-

lested and we are sorry for what has been done." I could understand their language and I was well satisfied from their appearance what they would do. Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Rogers came out. As soon as Mrs. Whitman saw her husband dead and mutilated she was faint. They had to place her on a lounge, and Mr. Rogers took one arm of the lounge and that same Joe Lewis that had shot her, took the other. As they came out of the door the length of the lounge, the Indians raised the yell. I can see Mrs. Rogers now as he raised up his one arm and said, "Oh, my God!" He was shot down. Mrs. Whitman was shot again and beat over the face and head with a war club. Frances Sager was standing between his sister Matilda and myself. They pulled him out a step or two and shot him. He fell at our feet. I was sure our time had come. I put my apron over my face. I did not want to see the guns pointed at us. It was as that Indian had said, they would not kill the women and children yet. Mrs. Whitman was the only woman killed. I have so often thought of those awful minutes, there was not a cry or scream from any of us children. The Indians then marched us over to the house with the emigrant families. Oh, such distress and fear. That poor man that was wounded in the bowels was right there among them, suffering untold agony, groaning and begging them to put him out of his misery. He died some time in the night. It was now late at night. Of course we were worn out and fatigued with fright and horrors. It seems most surprising that sound slumber would overcome one at such a time as that, but it was the case with me. I never awoke till next morning. I could not, at first, realize where I was. There were the dead about us, and we were utterly helpless and at the mercy of the savages. Himble, who was wounded, stayed out all night till late next morning and was suffering intensely with the wound and attempted to get to the house. An Indian saw him as he was climbing over the fence and shot him. "Oh," he said, "see how I can make the white man tumble." Mr. Himble's daughter stepped to the door at the shot and saw her father fall. Mr. Canfield, who was wounded, hid till everything was quiet in the night. His wife fixed up a little package of something to eat for him to carry. He bade his family good-bye, never expecting to see them again. Just a few days before this, he had asked

some one in which direction to go to Mr. Spalding's place and how far it was. He was told it was about 100 miles and was shown the direction and when he started off that night he went in that direction. In a few days he arrived at our home at Lapwai more dead than alive. It seems the most wonderful thing that he made that trip wounded and on foot. The country was full of Indians. He brought the first news to mother of what occurred at Dr. Whitman's. Mr. Osborn's family, under the floor till late at night, heard the dying groans of Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Rogers till they ceased. Then they ventured out. Where could they go? Mrs. Osborn was just up from a spell of sickness and there were two small children. Old Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia river, thirty miles away, was the only place, so they started there. They had not gone far when Mrs. Osborn could not go any farther. Mr. Osborn then had to hide his wife and children which he did in a bunch of thick bushes. Just think! The weather was severely cold, they were without any bedding at all and had very little to eat. They were near where the Indians were passing. She could hear them and it was hard to keep her children quiet. Mr. Osborn, with all haste that he could, went on to the Fort to get assistance. As it happened, there was a man that had just arrived at the Fort from Colville. His name was Stanley. He had his pack outfit with his horses and an Indian helper. He very kindly offered his horses and his Indian to Mr. Osborn to assist him in bringing in his family. They started with all haste, and when they arrived where, as Mr. Osborn thought, he had left the family, he could not locate the spot. Mr. Osborn finally gave up the search, saying, "They have been taken away. I will never see my family again." The Indian said, "No, we will look a while longer," and sure enough they found them, and in such a pitiful condition. They had been there three days. They were given some nourishment and then started to return in haste, for they were in constant fear of meeting the Indians. Mr. Osborn had to put his wife up behind him on the same horse and tie her with a rope around his body, for she was so weak and exhausted that she could not hold herself up. The Indian took both of the children on his horse, one in front and the other behind. They had about twenty-five miles yet to go to reach the Fort. The agony and torture that poor woman and the rest of

them had to suffer can never be told. When they arrived at the Fort, the commander refused to admit them inside. He said he was afraid that the Indians would attack the Fort and kill them all. Mrs. Osborn said she could go no further and would die outside of the Fort gates. They were finally allowed inside of the Fort.

The two men that were sick at the Doctor's had been moved over to the house where the families were. The Indians began to think they were not going to die and were afraid they might skip out some night and so on the ninth day after they had done the first murder, they went in with their clubs where the men were in their beds and beat them. Then they dragged them out and threw them down by the door and finished killing them with an axe.

You will ask the question, "How were they all buried and what became of your father?" The bodies had lain where they had all fallen for three days and then a priest came over from Umatilla to attend to some work with the Indians. He came to the scene of murder and gave some directions to have the bodies buried. They had no coffins only a sheet around each body, their bodies were then piled into a cart and drawn by a yoke of oxen to the place where they were buried. One large place was dug out, about two or three feet deep and all put in together. Afterwards the wolves dug up some of the bodies. The next day after they were buried the priest and his half breed help who came with him started back to the Umatilla, but before they started I felt that I could trust the half breed. I spoke to him and said, "If you see my father anywhere, tell him not to come here, for they will kill him sure if he does." Just then an Indian stepped in and said to me, "I am going with them, for we expect to meet your father and I am going to kill him." He showed me the pistol. Sure enough, they had not gone four miles when they met father. Of course the first question was, "How are they all at Dr. Whitman's." The priest hesitated a few moments and said, "They are all dead," and rode on. Just before meeting father the Indian had stopped to light his pipe and not having matches he tried to light it with the flint on the back of the pistol. In doing so it was discharged. He did not stop to reload and when they met he was not ready, so he turned his horse and went a little way back on

the trail and waited for father to come so he could give him the shot. The half breed stopped a few moments and told father what I had said. Father said to him, "What must I do?" The half breed said, "It will not do for you to go on, for that Indian that was with us has come prepared to kill you." He then said to father, "Do you see that low fog on those hills. If you can make it there and stay till dark and then get to Walla Walla river, you may put them off your track; be sure when you cross not to come out right opposite; either go up or down the stream a way before you climb the bank. Father said to him, "Take my two pack horses and take care of them." The half breed gave father a little package of bread and meat that he had fixed up for their lunch. He also said, "Be sure you hide by day and travel by night." They parted. The Indian was waiting for father to come, so he decided that they had told father and that he had gone back with them. He put whip to his horse to overtake them and when he did father was not there. He then turned again and when he got to where they had parted it was getting late and he could not take up the track.

The next day, of course, the Indians tracked to the river, saw where he had gone in but did not find where he had gone out. They decided he was drowned, as I heard some of them say a few days later. Of course, father thought of nothing else but to try and get back to his family. He knew the Indians would be searching the country everywhere for him. He started in home direction fast as possible. He came very near running into a band of Indians that had been up at Walker's station near where Spokane is now situated, to see what they could do there, but the Spokane Indians protected the traders. Father threw himself over on the side of his horse. He caught the horse by the nose so that he would not whinny. The Indians halted a moment and one of them said, "No, the horse is loose, no one on him." Morning began to dawn; father knew he must hide. He hobbled the horse and turned him loose. He hid himself in a ditch that had been washed out, and some time in the day he heard a racket. It was an Indian after his horse to lassoo him. He came so near to the bank where father was hid that he could see the horse's ears above him. That was the last of the horse and now father was afoot. When night came again he started, but had not walked far when he found he would have

to throw aside his boots as he could not walk in them. He was now bare-footed, blundering over sharp rocks in many places and over beds of prickley pears. You can well imagine how his feet were soon in a dreadful condition to travel. When he came to Snake River, where Alpowa now is, he found quite a large Nez Perce camp. He was now in a very starving condition. He felt as if he could not go any farther and wondered if he could dare to make himself known to any one. When, in one of the tepees they commenced their evening service, he crawled up as near as he could to see if he could recognize the voices. The Indian went on in his prayer and spoke of the great trouble that had occurred at Dr. Whitman's and that they feared that their dear friend and teacher, Mr. Spalding, had shared the same fate, but father did not know the voice and did not dare make himself known; he then went on and was now within two or three miles of home and hid up in the bluffs among the rocks. He could see his home and he saw quite a band of Indians going along the trail just below where he was hidden. They were a band of the Cayuses from Dr. Whitman's station to finish up their work of murder of my mother and those that were there. The Nez Perces had told mother that they would have to move her and the family about ten miles where the main Indian camps were, so they could guard and care for them, and that was what they were doing, helping to get ready, when these murderers came. But they soon found themselves in the wrong place to start any trouble like that, with so many trusted Nez Perces there. When night came, father started out with unbearable anxiety, not knowing what he would find, when he suddenly met an old Indian woman. She saw, of course, the dreadful condition he was in, for it was now six days that he had been without anything to eat. She asked him who he was. He only made signs, not caring to make himself known yet. She then told him about Dr. Whitman and that they feared that Mr. Spalding was also dead. He then asked her what had become of Mr. Spalding's family. She said the Indians had moved them that day up the creek ten miles so they could care for them. No one can tell what a relief that was to him. Father found that he could make himself known. He staggered to a tepee near by where one of our trusted Indians lived. Luke was his name. He blundered and fell among

them. As soon as Luke saw who it was, he took him up in his arms and exclaimed, "Oh, our dear friend, we had given you up as dead and were mourning with deep sorrow." In a few minutes the Indian woman was preparing a little nourishment for him and bathing his feet, which were now in a dreadful condition. They sent a runner with the glad news that Mr. Spalding was alive and there. In the meantime when mother heard the first news that Mr. Canfield brought about the massacre at Dr. Whitman's she, of course, was wild with anxiety about father and myself. She supposed that we had also shared the same fate. She had two of our Indians, Old Timothy and Eagle, to go over and see what they could find out, either dead or alive. The day they arrived at the Doctor's the Indians had just finished murdering the two last men. The bodies were lying outside by the door. When Timothy came in the house, such a look of horror as there was on his face. He said to me, "Is that the way they killed them?" I said, "Yes." Reader, you will naturally say, "How delighted the poor girl must have been to see two friendly Indians," but the delight only lasted a few minutes. Timothy asked, "Where is your father?" I said I did not know. He then told me that mother had sent them to see what they could find and if alive to bring us home, but he said, "These Indians say they will not let you go. That they will hold you with the rest of the captives and if we should undertake to steal you, that they would scour the country but they would find us and murder us together," so he said, "We don't dare take you!" Oh dear, my heart broke and for the first time during all that trouble I broke down and cried. Kind reader, you will bear with me. I never think of that time but my eyes fill with tears. Poor old Timothy took up my apron and wiped the tears, and in a broken voice said, "Poor Eliza, don't cry, you shall see your mother." We were held there captives for three weeks. If I am not mistaken there were fifty-nine women and children. We had plenty of provisions, but we were in constant fear, not knowing what would be done any moment. I had to be the interpreter for all of them and in that three weeks time, with the constant strain and suspense, I became so reduced and weak that I could not get up without help. At last came the glad tidings that rescue was near, that we had been bought by the Hudson Bay Company of Vancouver.

Peter S. Ogden, commander of Fort Vancouver, as soon as he heard of the trouble, had boats gotten ready and men to row them, and came up the Columbia river to what was then Fort Walla Walla. Mr. Ogden had quite a time making the trade with the Indians, for they expected they would be punished for what they had done; they also heard rumors that the soldiers were coming. They asked him if that was so. Mr. Ogden knew when he left they were getting volunteers ready as fast as possible, but knew it would not do to let them know, for they would not let us go, but would hold us between them and the soldiers. Mr. Ogden said to them, "You have known me for a long time. Have you ever known me to be false to you in any way?" They said, "No," and the trade was made. I think the amount was $400, and consisted of blankets and ammunition and such like. Word was sent to us to come with all speed to Fort Walla Walla. The speed consisted in ox teams and if ever oxen were put to their strength, they were then. It was thirty miles; two of the oxen dropped dead in their yokes in the road, but we arrived safely at the Fort.

I want to say a word of gratitude and commendation to the honored memory of Peter S. Ogden for the very timely aid that he gave us captives in rescuing us just as he did from those savages, for the word soon came to them that the soldiers were coming. You will ask, "What became of your father and family?" Word was also sent to them to come to the Fort with all haste. They had over 100 miles, middle of winter weather and had to travel horse back. How would they dare to come through that country with the Indians stirred up as they were? Now again the faithful Nez Perces stood by them. There was a party that came with them and guarded and helped them over. The two youngest children had to be carried in their arms, wrapped in buffalo robes. Old faithful Matilda carried one. Oh, but that was a hard journey for my mother. When they arived at the Fort we were all crowded into the boats and were soon on the waters of the Columbia river and passing over the rapids with good skilled oarsmen in charge. When we came to the Cascade Rapids the boats had to be let down with ropes and every person had to walk, I think, two or three miles. Those that were not able to walk had to be carried. I was one of those. I do not remember how many days we were coming

down the river. As we came to Fort Vancouver some of the company stopped there, others stopped at Portland and the rest landed at Oregon City. There is where we stopped. It was now January, 1848. We remained there till the next summer and then moved to the Tuallatin Plains, where Forest Grove now is. Father taught school there in a small log house for some time. The country thereabout was very thinly settled and neighbors far apart. I can still remember some of the names, but I presume that most of them have passed on. In the spring of 1849 we moved up the Willamette Valley about 100 miles and stopped in Linn County, near where Brownsville is situated. Father took up land there and made us a home. All through that country were very few settlers. Father labored in the ministry. He also taught school there in a small log house.

In the fall of 1849 they brought five of the Indian murderers that were at the Whitman massacre to Oregon City to have their trial. There were several of the emigrant women and myself had to be witnesses. When they were found guilty and sentenced to be hung, they were quite excited. They said they would not mind to stand up and be shot down, but to be hung was too much like a dog. During all of this time my mother's health was failing. The hard journey coming from the Indian country and down the river, the severe hardships and exposure resulted in a cold which terminated in consumption. January 13th, 1851, my mother died and was the first person buried in the cemetery near Brownsville.

I was then 13 years of age, and the oldest of four children. Now the cares of the home and the children rested on my young shoulders, and being left without a mother, just at the age when I most needed her training and careful care and instruction, my school advantages were very limited.

In 1854 Mr. Warren and I were married and lived near the little town of Brownsville, Oregon.

In the year 1859 my husband and I and our first two babies, with an ox team and 300 head of cattle, started on our journey to the Walla Walla country from the Willamette Valley. Mr. Warren crossed the Cascade Mountains with his cattle, and I, with the ox driver, and another family with their ox-team, went to Portland, and then went aboard the boat with our teams, and

Mrs. Eliza Spalding Warren as she appears at present

up the river to The Dalles, where we were met by Mr. Warren with the cattle.

We had quite a long and tedious journey, and I do not remember seeing a house on the road anywhere after we left The Dalles until we arrived at Walla Walla, and were at the garrison, near where the city now is situated, and a few canvas shacks where the city now is. We traveled on to the Touchet Valley, about thirty miles from Walla Walla, and there we stopped, glad enough to pitch our tent.

And the grass! There is no use to describe it, for any one that has seen the big bunch grass here in this country everywhere, will understand what big grass was, and how grand to look at. I very well remember hearing them say that only along the streams and creek bottoms would there ever be any settlement, and that the higher lands would only be used for stock grazing.

Now look! Those high lands are the best grain country, with farms everywhere.

We lived in our tent a while before we could get a little log house put up. Often, of days, the men would have to go after the cattle and round them up. I would be left alone with my two babies. I never thought much of being afraid of anything except the big gray wolves. One day, as usual, I was alone and I saw a big dust coming and saw that it was Indians. The first thought that struck me was to snatch up my babies and run to the brush to hide, but they were so near I knew they would see me, so I stood my ground. They came rushing up, jumped off their horses and put out their hands, and as soon as they said, "Is this Eliza?" I knew I had nothing to fear. One of those Indians was the same old Timothy that came after me when I was a captive. They had heard that I had come back to the Walla Walla country and they had come from the Lapwai to see me. They were delighted to see me, but were so sorry to see that I had forgotten their language. We were then expecting my father to arrive there any day with a band of cattle and those Indians camped right there to wait. I can see them now. How they would look and watch the road. The next day father arrived, and to say how delighted they were to see father cannot be expressed. They camped there for several days to visit and

talk. I do not suppose there had hardly anything transpired since we had left them in 1847 till then but what was mentioned. And they were so anxious for father to return to them.

It was not long until there were a good many settlers scattered around. In 1861 we sold our cattle and returned to our home in the Willamette Valley. The winter of '62 was a severe winter in the Walla Walla country stock almost all perished. Father lost most all of his stock there. Then in 1862, father returned to the work among the Indians again, remaining only a few years. In 1871 he again resumed the work, under appointment from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, continuing in this work with the Indians until he was called from his labors to that mansion and rest above that is prepared for the just and faithful. Such works will follow him even while he sleeps in death, which occurred August 3rd, 1874. He was buried at Lapwai, near where the old house stood.

A few lines from the pen of Rev. George Ainslie, in which he says: "Although his work had been thus interrupted by long intervals of absence, it is wonderful how much, chiefly by his instrumentality, has been accomplished for this people. From savagehood they have been raised to a good degree of civilization. From knowing nothing of the Gospel, a very large propor tion of the tribe have become its followers. No man of his church, and perhaps no man living, has in the last three years baptized and received into the Church of God so many converts as Father Spalding. Of the Nez Perces and Spokanes over 900 have, in that time, by him been added to the church."

During my writing I have not intended to dispute, nor make any complaint about things I have seen in print, that they have been misrepresented and very unkindly spoken of, which has caused me to feel many times how unjust, and how very unkind they were. I am so thankful and glad that such a person as Miss McBeth could go there among those Indians and take up that work so faithfully and accomplish so much good. In her work that she has published, she speaks so beautifully of the work that my father and mother did among the Indians.

There are missionaries that will welcome each other to that heavenly land with that welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servants, rest from thy labors." It is very gratifying to me when

I hear of the many kind expressions that many of those Indians use in speaking of my father and mother among them; such expressions as this, "Our hearts will always be glad when we think of Spalding and his wife and the kind ones who sent them to us." Some of those Indians mingle with other saints in Heaven singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and many of their posterity are on the way.

My attention is called to this clipping: "While the name of Marcus Whitman is well fixed in American history, and much has been said and done in his honor, there is but little memory kept of his brave companions on his pioneer missionary journey to the Oregon country, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Spalding."

Let me again speak of Timothy, the old Indian, who was so true to the white people and who came for me while I was a captive. They speak of Timothy's conversion under the teaching of my mother. In asking the blessing over his meals, he would end with these words, "In the name of Jesus Christ and Mrs. Spalding." Her memory was very precious to confiding old Timothy. A little simple memento she had given him, hung on the wall of his rude cabin to the day of his death, which occurred after, as he thought, he was 100 years old. This memento was a picture of blind Bartimeus, healed by Jesus. Underneath the picture she had written, "Presented to Timothy by Mrs. Spalding."

Also I wish to mention the great service Timothy rendered to Colonel Steptoe in 1858, in the Palouse country, in battle with the hostile Indians, who were finally defeated. The Indians had Colonel Steptoe and his soldiers surrounded in a canyon where they could guard them till morning, and kill them at their leisure. But old Timothy knew what the hostile Indians were up to. He was near by with his Indians. He knew of one pass that they were not guarding. This was a difficult pass and it was not supposed that the soldiers knew of it, or could travel the route if they did. This was the only hope left the command, and here is where Timothy and his associates became the salvation of the entire command. But for him probably not one of the party would have escaped. The night was dark and when all had become still the entire force followed this brave chief in single file, as silently as possible, out through the unguarded pass. Through that long dark night they followed at a trot or gallop march the faithful Timothy, upon whose judgment and fidelity their lives depended.

There is a large butte in the Palouse country that can be seen a great many miles distant, which was named for Colonel Steptoe. Also there is a Steptoe canyon that runs down to Snake River.

In 1884 I went on a trip to visit my brother Henry and his family at their home at Almota, Whitman County, Washington, on the Snake River. While there I went on up the river to Lewiston, forty miles above. I then went on up to Lapwai, situated on the Clear Water River ten miles above Lewistown, my birthplace, and where my father is buried. I was ten years of age when we left there, and I had been away forty years.

In the place of traveling on horse back and with pack horses, we were on a river steamboat. When we arrived at Lewiston we had to cross the Snake River in canoes and swim our horses. I saw changes all along the road, but there were the same old hills and land marks, and there was my father's grave, and there was a part of the old house and of the old orchard. When we came to the old house and stood at the door we saw an old Indian at the fireplace kindling the fire. He used to live with us a good deal of the time while we lived there. He was deaf and dumb, but was very useful about the place. Soon as he looked up and saw me, in an instant his countenance lit up. He showed all signs of pleasure at seeing me. I turned to the man near me and said, "Is it possible that he remembers me?" I said, "Ask him if he knows who I am?" and he did with signs. The old Indian, his name was "Mustups," answered back with his signs, "Yes, it is Eliza; I knew it was her as soon as I saw her." He went on then and told how he would rock the cradle for mother when I was a babe, and how he would look after me after I got to running around to keep me from getting to the water. He said, "These trees are hers, everything here is hers." It was truly affecting to see the poor old mute so enthused with pleasure at meeting with me: I told the man to tell him how pleased I was to see him in what was left of the old house and of the many changes since we left there; that my father and mother were both dead; that I had a family all grown up and married, but the youngest, and that the Indians were becoming more and more civilized, and that the country was being settled up by the white people everywhere.

My brothr, Henry Spalding, came into Whitman County in quite an early day, in 1872, but found very few white people anywhere. He located his place for a home on Snake River at a

place called Almota. A good many of the Indians felt somewhat resentful, which, of course, would cause a dissatisfied feeling among many of them, to see the white people coming into what was once their own great and grand country, and the consequence was, that in 1877, Chief Joseph with his band and other tribes went on the warpath and murdered many defenseless settlers.

When my brother and his brother-in-law went over to look for a location and found Almota, they pitched their tent. While camped their horses disappeared and could not be found anywhere. The Indians would come to camp almost every day, but appeared rather sullen. One day they acted very impudent. One stepped up and started to pull the tent down. My brother sprang to his feet. As he did so, he saw his brother-in-law draw his gun. Henry spoke to him in an undertone to put up his gun. He then stepped out and took the Indian by the nape of the neck and gave him a few gentle (?) strokes with his foot, then let him go. The Indian looked around at him with astonishment, then said, "What is your name" Brother told him his name was Henry Spalding. The Indian's appearance changed suddenly, he rushed up, put out his hand and wanted to know if he was any relation to Mr. Spalding that lived in Lapwai among the Indians. Henry said, "He is my father." In a very short time the horses were brought back and there was no more trouble from them after that for my brother.

I do not think there was a man in Whitman County or anywhere around that felt more interest and more pride in the settling up of that country than my brother did. It was such a pleasure to him to see the country grow in improvements and to see the productions of the soil. All of these towns and cities he saw start from the first, and his beautiful home at Almota, with its large and extensive orchard, was a joy to him. His home yard was filled with flowers. Many were the times that he would send flowers to decorate at entertainments and funerals. He was president of the first fair at Spokane, which was called the pride of Whitman County, Washington. He was awarded a beautiful silver set from the Fruit Fair Association of Spokane. But there is a call and stopping place for each and everyone. March 22nd, 1898, my brother was called from this world. Their home caught on fire and was burned up. In trying to save what he could from the burning house, my brother was hurt so badly that an

operation was considered necessary, but in spite of this he passed away in a few hours.

A little clipping follows: "Buried in flowers. Impressive Ceremonies at funeral of Henry Spalding. The gathering at the funeral of the late Henry Spalding, at Almota, Thursday afternoon of last week, was a splendid tribute to the worth of the dead pioneer. Six hundred friends followed all that was mortal of a brave and honorable man to the last resting place. The floral offerings were profuse and elaborate. Among wreaths and flowers were those from his various lodges, the Knights of Pythias, A. O. U. W., the Red Men, the Rathbones, and others."

* * * * * * * *

In 1866 Mr. Warren went with a band of cattle to Montana. If I am not mistaken that was the second band of cattle driven there from Oregon. In 1873, with our family of four children, we went to Eastern Oregon. There we had cattle and horses, and the range was immense, and there were but few settlers anywhere in that part of the country.

Something I enjoyed very much was riding on the range and seeing the cattle everywhere. In 1875 Mr. Warren with other stockmen moved their cattle to the Harney Valley and that was when the Modoc Indians were showing hostilities and doing many depredations. The men were hearing "rumors" every day about what the hostiles were doing and that they were coming more near, but they hardly thought they would be attacked. My son Jimmie had gone with his father on that trip. He was 12 years old, the only boy in the outfit. Of course every day the men had to round up the cattle.

One day Mr. Warren said to Jimmie, "You had better stay at camp today," as his horse had fallen with him the day before and hurt him, "and you can keep a smoke under the jerked beef."

It might be possible that some might wonder what jerked beef was. It was a way they had of drying the meat so that it would be convenient to carry in their packs. It was cut in thing strips and put on a scaffold that they would fix up with sticks and then kept it over a slow fire and smoked dry. It was a nice way to prepare and preserve it. So that was Jimmie's job that day. And as they were starting he said to his father, "What time will you be back?" His father said, "Not till late, or way in the night."

That poor boy suffered agony there that day, for he could see Indians all day pop up here and there on the hills as if they were spying, and that was what they were doing, but he kept the fire and smoke going. It was late when the men rode into camp and brought great relief to the lonesome boy. They might possibly have gotten through with their supper when there came a "runner" down the valley as hard as his horse could run, yelling, "Indians! You are all to be attacked tonight." Of course the men then made what preparations they could to stand the Indians off. They were planning and talking when Logan Cecil, one of the main stock men, spoke, "Boys, if it comes to a hard show down, we will put Jimmie Warren on my old race horse, 'Old Croppy.' If there is a boy or a horse in this country that can make it to Prineville with a message for help, it is Jimmie and Croppy." I believe the distance is 12 miles. They all stood guard that night, but the Indians did not appear and the scare cooled down. In a few days the men thought it would be safe to leave the stock and come back home. But the news had reached Prineville ahead of them that every one had been murdered at Harney Valley, so when they came riding into that town after such a report, of course people rejoiced to see them alive. The Indians did soon raid through Harney Valley and destroved most of the stock that was driven in there and what settlers were there had to hurry away.

In 1873 our oldest daughter married Joseph Crooks. They have five children. They live in Prineville, Crook County, Oregon. On August 19th, 1874, our second daughter married James Calloway. They had three children, and in 1882 my daughter died. I took care of the little children till they were almost grown, when their father married again.

In October, 1884, our third daughter married F. F. Ellsley. They have one daughter. None but parents can understand or realize the lonesomeness of a home when our children step out, and off into homes of their own, here and there. There is such a constant yearning and wondering about them.

But such is life, we get used to parting before the final parting comes. Mr. Warren's health failed and November 4th, 1886, he passed away. February 24th, 1887, my son, James Warren, was married to Miss Wauna Wiseman, and the last one of my family was gone from our home.

In 1896 I left my home in the Willamette Valley to go up to Washington to be near my son, who had to leave the valley on account of his health. It was hard to leave the place where I had lived so many years. I knew most every one in the country, had grown up with schoolmates and playmates, had friends and neighbors. We all shared our pleasures together, and when sorrow entered our homes, we shared our sorrows and sympathized with each other.

It is no wonder that my eyes are blinded with tears when these recollections come up in my memory. And a few days before our departure our neighbors came from far and near to our home for a farewell meeting and "good-byes." We came overland with teams, crossed the Cascade Mountains by the old Barlow route, the old emigrant road. We crossed the Columbia River at The Dalles, passed through the Klickitat Valley and through the Yakima Valley and reservation, and through the Kititass Valley, and over a range of mountains and down to the Columbia River again, and on through Wenatchee, where we crossed the Columbia, and then up through Waterville, and through the Big Bend country. We then again came down to the Columbia, where the town of Bridgeport is now situated. Near the town we pitched our tent o n a ranch that my son had bought. We were strangers in a strange and new country. Of course we had to put up with a good many inconveniences, which came pretty hard, but we did as others did; what we could not get, we did without, which is generally the case in a new country. Let me right here say a good word for the bachelors. Where there was any hard riding, to go for a doctor, or for help, they were generally the ones to go. While my son was away from his family on one of his freighting trips, the diptheria started in the neighborhood. Two of their little boys were stricken down with the dread disease. One of these bachelors went in great haste with the word to my son to return home quickly, that one of the little boys was not expected to live, but with all his haste, when he arrived home the little life had been called away and the home left in sorrow. This was in the dead of winter. In a few days the neighbor next to us had their oldest little daughter stricken with the same disease. Another bachelor went with all haste to Waterville for a doctor, fifty miles, but when the doctor arrived this little life had also been called away. The bachelors have generally done

their part in helping to settle the country on the frontiers, and they all have mothers somewhere. Of course, as time passed, changes came, the country has been settled; farms and pretty homes are everywhere and towns are growing here and there. I could not think of passing on and not saying a word of commendation to the lone woman that has the courage to file on a homestead to start a home, and probably as is often the case, does not see the face of a person from one week's end to another. I call that grit and bravery. When I meet a frontiersman or a pioneer, I can heartily extend to them my hand of welcome, for we know what hardships are, which seems to bring us together with a feeling of sympathy for each other. And when we realize there are but a few of us left, we wonder who will be next to answer the last roll call. I am the mother of four children and grandmother of fifteen grandchildren and great grandmother to twelve great grandchildren. I am now resting and enjoying life and waiting.

In 1908 I came with my son and his family on a trip to Lake Chelan for an outing. I enjoyed the trip and thought it was quite a pretty country and the lake beautiful. The thought came to me that I would like to have a quiet little home here, so you see that is what I have done, started my home from a patch of sage brush and it is now one among the prettiest little homes in Lakeside. I never tire of looking at the grand and lofty mountains and the beautiful lake in all its grandeur when the white caps are being tossed up in all their fury and strength, and when it is calm and still like the soft breath of a child, and most beautiful is it when the brilliant colors of the setting sun are reflected upon the surface. It seems to me then that there is nothing more complete or grander in beauty than the scenery before my home. It is restful and it speaks in powerful language of the great work of our Creator's hand.

As I am now far advanced in years I realize that the setting sun of my life is not far distant, and yet I have a yearning to once more see all that is left of those old friends and pioneers. Let me say right here I do not think that the pioneer women have ever had the praise and credit that is due them for their part in making this great northwestern country what it is. I was much impressed when at Portland a few years ago attending the Pioneer Association. As the pioneers were marching, so many

bent with age and with feeble, tottering steps, little children were strewing flowers in their path. The thought came to me, "How different that to what it was when they first came into the new country, crowded with savages and wild beasts. They drove their teams, the ox whip in one hand and rifle in the other." If you see an old pioneer now going shambling along, don't say, "There goes an old moss back;" speak kindly of them any way. As I watched the marching of the school children, 2,500 in the parade, the thought again came to me how I would love to take each one by the hand and say to them, "What beautiful opportunities you are surrounded with to help you in making useful men and women of yourselves."

After a lapse of twenty-three years I felt a very great desire to visit once more my birthplace at Lapwai, Idaho, and see what changes and improvements had been made during that time among the Indians and the country in general. I also felt that the history would not be correctly finished without something of that kind, and in October, 1909, I went on my visit. Did I travel as we did in those early days, horse back with our pack horses and camp where night would overtake us, not a house in the country anywhere, nor the face of a white person? Oh, no, the great changes in everything are simply beyond description, and it is only those that have endured all of those kind of hardships and dangers and privations and disadvantages that can in a measure realize the changes. They now can step aboard one of the steamboats which ply the river and are beautifully equipped for the accommodation of the public. There are trains everywhere through the country where it now takes a few hours to travel over. And what do we see? Such a transformation! Such a transformation! I wish I could find language to tell you. Homes, beautiful homes everywhere. Cities and towns nestled on every hand. And when we arrived at Lapwai there was such a feeling of sacredness entered my feelings and I looked about me. There was the little cemetery and my father's grave, there was the spot where the house had stood. The bluffs, the river, the hills, where my brother and myself often played. It was no wonder that I would look, look and look. It seemed as if hardly a stone had been misplaced. Of course the Indians have made great improvements in their homes, good houses and fencings. I went right to Miss McBeth's home and was so beautifully treated,

made right at home. Miss McBeth and her niece, Miss Crawford, are the missionaries there among the Indians. The Indians seem to have great confidence and respect for them. Miss McBeth and niece seem perfectly happy and so interested in their work among the Indians. I was so pleased to see the good work that those two women could and did go on with among those Indians. There is a crown of glory awaiting the faithful ones. We visited among several of the Indian families they all seemed so pleased to see me. Of course, they did not remember seeing me, only from hearing of me, for I was but 10 years old when we had to come away from there. Of course, the old ones that knew me are all gone. On the Sabbath we attended their services. They have a very neat little church and it is very prettily furnished. When we went in and were seated, oh, there was such a feeling of memories came crowding through my mind, as the Indians came filing in, so well dressed, orderly and respectful in their manner. Such a vast difference to what it was when the work was first started there. My feeling got the better of me, as I thought that it was there among these people that my father and mother first started the work of Christianizing and civilizing these Indians. One of their own ministers, Mark Arthur, led the services in their own language. Of course. I could not understand a word that was said, but I could see from his earnest manner and beautiful expressions that his heart was filled with the love of the Holy Ghost. As soon as the services were closed, they had their Sunday school. Every one in the church remained and were all in classes and paid such good attention. When Sunday school closed they asked that I should speak to them. By that time I had about controlled my feelings. One of their ministers, Rev. Connor, interpreted for me. I spoke of the many changes and said that I was so gratified and pleased to see the great advancement that had been made among them in Christianity and civilization and that I well remembered when I would go with father on some of his trips to preach to their people. I told them I was proud of the Nez Perces name and I was proud that I was the first white baby born among their people. After I finished speaking they sung a song that father had taught them when he went back the last time; it seemed as if every voice in the house was heard. I turned around; I wanted to see every face, and cried like a child. They then had a few moments for

testifying and there were a dozen on the floor at once all talking at once. I thought, "The way they worship is enough to put many of us to shame." They have their prayer meeting twice a week; their evangelistic meetings once a month, over the country at different places. They hold to the good old-time religion. It did me so much good that I did not want any better monument to my father and mother's work.

An old Indian, Jim Moses, said he took care of Mr. Spalding's grave, that he loved to do so, that they were together a great deal; that Mr. Spalding was like a brother to him. Miss McBeth was so kind to interpret for me. We had dinner twice among the Indians, once with Maggie Timothy, old Timothy's daughter-in-law. I am so glad and thankful that my father's body is right there where he had the pleasure of enjoying some of his happiest days.

Father and mother never regretted coming to the Indians. Though the journey was a long and severe one, through a wilderness where there were no roads, over mountains and across wide, deep rivers. They were often hungry and many times weary. For five long months they traveled. When they were at length on the Pacific slope, though still many miles from their destination, the missionary party stopped, got down from their horses, spread their blankets, and raised the "Old Flag" above them. Then they knelt around the "Book," and with prayer and praise took possession of the land for Christ and the church.

Closing Words.

At the Pioneer picnic that was held at Brownsville, Oregon, June, 1914, and has been an annual affair for the past twenty-six years, I noticed among the speeches some beautiful tributes to the pioneers which I felt would be fitting in the history. I give the sense of them in the following:

"Without the home-builder, exploration would have been in vain. The mere knowledge of the country would not have gained it for America. It was the actual possessions by men of resolute purpose that made the Oregon country a part of the United States. As to the motives we must judge the pioneer as we judge all men, by his actions. In action he was always a patriot, always a loyal citizen, promoting the interest of his government and extending its civilization to the utmost bounds of the continent."

"He was both a statesman and a soldier, acting from the same motives that prompted them. On this basis he established his fame, and his glory will not fade. In point of endurance these pioneers gave a new meaning to human effort. They made sacrifices to the limit of human possibilities. They all encountered hardships that strengthened; some privations that enfeebled, and others, disease that destroyed. The pioneer did not wait for the government to mark the way, he marked the way for the government. His path was not blazed, his course was the setting sun. Plains were not too broad nor mountains too high to deter him. His own right arm was his defense and his heart supplied the never failing inspiration. Toil stained and hungered, men traveled on; hope and care marked the faces of women; children withstood the discomforts and became essential parts of the new states. The days seemed long; months passed, the summer glided into the russet of autumn before the end came. Where now are the fair fields, then became the last resting place of many a husband, mother and child; the winds chanted the requiem over the lonely and deserted graves. When the destination was finally reached there was no friend or neighbor to assist or to counsel. The genial Heavens and the generous earth alone could give comfort and hope, but it was sufficient for these courageous, self-reliant people, reckless alike of toil and danger.

If your experience has been such as to compare the covered wagon with the palace car, the luxurious home with the untented fireside on the plain or mountain; if you can estimate the difference between the protection of our government today and the single barrel rifle then; between the provisions that modrn wealth brings and the yield of sod first touched by the rude plow; if you can tell how far the East is from the West, then you can calculate the reward that belongs to these men and women when measured by what they endured. To me, there can be no people like the Oregon pioneers. To me, there can be no other land like the one of my birth, from whose bounty I have always fed. And here let me say that it is with reverence and respect that I bow my head to the old pioneer.

"Fierce was the struggle and long was the fray,
But one walked before them to show the way."

Out of the hardness of their life and death, up from the soil

that is now a part of their ashes, has grown and broadened and flourished these mighty Western states, the very flowers of the American nation. The pioneers of old Oregon themselves built their monument.

And now as I am about closing the history, this circumstance has been brought about. My mother's remains, buried at Brownsville, Oregon, 1851, were removed from there in the year 1913, to Lapwai, Idaho, where my father's body lies in the Lapwai cemetery. It was done by the Presbyterian church. They felt that it would be more fitting for both to be together where they had done their great missionary work. The Indians took charge of the body when it arrived at Lapwai and conducted the funeral services.

The church is planning to have a monument erected there to their memory and their work. It seems to me that I can not find words to express my gratitude. If such a thing shall be done, and is it possible that I may be spared to see it accomplished. I am now nearing my 79th year, far in the evening of my days, and I have long wished and hoped that our father's and mother's memory would be respected in some such way. I thank the good Lord for his goodness and mercies, and may we all meet together in the home prepared for the faithful is my prayer.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

Lapwai, Idaho,
September 11, 1913.

My Dear Mrs. Warren:

Word came from Mr. Laurie early last week that the body was ready for shipment and that it should reach Lapwai in a day or two, but it did not arrive until Thursday morning. Many of the people had gone to the mountains, but Elder Jackson and the pastor, Rev. M. K. Arthur, went for the precious box and placed it in the church. It was only a small box about three feet long.

It was placed in front of the pulpit on two chairs. Two dishes of beautiful lavender and white asters were placed at either end of the box and were later taken to the cemetery.

As I looked around upon the newly painted and papered church it seemed almost as though we had done it for this occasion. Mind and heart were so crowded with memories that we had no time for anything but tracing the golden thread of God's mercies to the Nez Perces. Sweetly her ashes rested in the church that night of September 4, 1913, not far from the scene of her early labors after lying sixty-two years in the Oregon grave.

We were there early next morning for the seervice was to be held at 10 o'clock. Not so many of the people were there, for this is the time of the year they are off to the mountains. There were many whites from the town and neighborhood. The pastor, Rev. Arthur, conducted the service at the church in the native tongue. Some of the hymns sung were the ones Mr. Spalding had translated. The pastor in his remarks gave a brief sketch of Mrs. Spalding's life, her faithfulness to God and the people in her work.

Rev. James Dickson, also a native, led the service at the grave. He was requested to speak in English, which he did, much to the satisfaction of the many white people present. He too, traced the blessings of the Nez Perces to the bringing of the Book by these now sainted ones, resting now from their labor, their works do follow them. We all loved to look at the picture of husband and

wife arising together among their people on the resurrection morning. Very sincerely yours, K. C. McBETH.

Rev. James Dickson is he whom you met last fall or spring at Presbytery.

LETTER FROM TIMOTHY'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

Spalding, Idaho,
August 14, 1905.

Mrs. Eliza Spalding Warren,
Dear Friend,

I thank you for the good letter you sent to me. It made me feel very glad because you have not forgotten my people. I am old Timothy's daughter-in-law. My husband was called young Timothy. He has been dead now twenty-six years. I am still his widow. Old Timothy has not been so many years dead. Truly he was a friend to your father and to all whites. I love to know he put his arms around you and told you not to cry, his heart was tender to all children. The whites have not remembered his friend-the hills are all the same. I had three children; they passed over. I have my own home, the old place. My son-in-law and his family live with me, so I find plenty to do. I live near the church and your father's grave. We have a good strong church here in Lapwai. There are six churches among the Nez Perces. We have good worship, have our own preachers so we can understand all they say. Our church is growing, the young as well as the old are coming into the church. I see Miss McBeth often. We are old friends.

Your Friend,
MAGGIE TIMOTHY.

Mrs. W. S. Wigle

Mrs. Eliza Spalding Warren

CHAPTER V.

IN RETROSPECT

By Mrs. Martha J. Wigle, Youngest Daughter of Dr. Spalding.

It was in the year 1832 that the Flat Heads and Nez Perces Indians had determined to send four of their number to the rising sun, as they expressed it, for the Book from Heaven. They had got word of the Bible and a Saviour in some way from the Iroquois. These four dusky wise men, one of them a chief, who had thus dimly seen his star in the East, made their way to St. Louis, and it is significant of the perils of this thousand mile journey that only one of them survived to return. They fell in with General Clarke, who with Lewis had traveled extensively in the regions of the Columbia River. The Methodists at once commissioned Rev. Mr. Lee to go and find this tribe, who had so strangely broken out of their darkness toward the light.

Dr. Marcus Whitman of the American Board, who was too late for the overland caravan of that summer, was to follow the next year. Lee found the Nez Perces, but so fearful were the ridges and the ravines on the way and so wild the country where they roamed, that he gave up and pushed on to the tribes living near the coast, and sent for his wife and associates by the way of Cape Horn.

It was with great joy that the Nez Perces welcomed Dr. Whitman the next year, Mr. Whitman having explored the situation, and taking with him two Indian boys as hostages in some sort for his return, went back for his intended wife, and to secure others for the work. But who would go? Men could be found, but where was the woman willing to brave the vague horrors of that howling wilderness? His betrothed consented, but an associate, and he a married man, must be obtained. Many were applied to in vain, and we do not wonder, for that country and the way between, in the popular impression, was a dark unknown region full of terrors.

A year was spent in search for associates, and then light came from an unexpected quarter. In the early spring of 1836 Rev.

and Mrs. Spalding were on their way through Western New York, under commission from the American Board to the Osage Indians. The wife had just arisen from a bed of lingering illness and was then able to walk only a short distance. Dr. Whitman, having heard of the rare courage of this woman, by permission of the Board, started in pursuit. "We want you for Oregon," was the hail with which he overtook them. "How long will the journey take?" "The summer of two years." "What convoy shall we have?" "The American Fur Company to the Divide. We shall have to live on buffalo meat till we can raise our own grain, travel on horseback, and swim the rivers." After this brief dialogue Mr. Spalding turned to his wife and said, "My dear, my mind is made up. It is not your duty to go, but we will leave it to you after we have prayed." By this time they were in the town of Howard, New York. Taking a private room, they each prayed in turn and then left Mrs. Spalding to herself. In a few minutes she appeared with a smiling face, and said, "I have made up my mind to go." "But your health, my dear." "I like the command just as it stands," she replied, "go you unto all the world, and no exceptions for poor health." But the perils in your weak condition," he remonstrated, "you don't begin to think how great they are." "The dangers of the way and the weakness of our bodies are his, duty is mine." The husband had to give up and it did look like they were insane to undertake such a journey, but God meant that they should go. He wanted an emigration to cross the mountains and this was the beginning of it. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding continued their journey. Dr. Whitman, sending forward to his bride to be ready, went back for his Indian boys. They were then about 16 years old. There was a hasty wedding by the way and then the bridal tour began, but the sorrow of parting was not yet over. At Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, all along the way, hands were stretched out to hold them back. At St. Louis the missionaries found the American Fur Company fitting out their annual expedition for the mountains. As the two wives were along they could not have secured a place in the caravan had not Dr. Whitman been in special favor by his services rendered the year before. It seems that on his previous trip a few days out from Council Bluffs, the cholera had broken out and the men, dropping their packs, began to flee in a frenzy of fright,

but Dr. Whitman had skill and tact and administered powerful remedies and so stayed the pestilence and restored order.

Once among them, nothing could exceed the kindness of the men, the choicest morsels of the buffalo were always kept for the ladies, but sick or well they had to go on. Everything was in the strictest military order, for hostile Indians continually hovered along their path. Each day two hunters and two packers went out for buffalo, each night, save when they lost their way, they overtook the company at the appointed camp with meat. This was their only subsistence. This kind of diet did not agree with Mrs. Spalding. She was growing weaker all the time. On the 6th of June they reached Fort Laramai. The captain said, "You must stay here." "Mrs. Spalding will die for the want of bread." "No," she said, "I started to go over the mountains in the name of my Saviour and I must go on." July 4th they entered the south pass. Mrs. Spalding fainted that morning and they all thought she was about to die. As they laid her on the ground she said, "Don't put me on that horse again; leave me and save yourselves. Tell mother I am glad I came." She soon revived and three hours afterward they saw the waters trickling toward the Pacific. There they alighted from their horses and kneeling on the other half of the continent with the Bible at their feet and the American flag floating above them they took possession of the country as the home of American mothers and the Church of Christ. Just beyond was the great mountain rendezvous, the end of the convoy's route. A kind of neutral ground where multitudes of Indians were gathered for trade. But of all, a greeting party of Nez Perces was there to meet them. They were the happiest men you ever saw. Their women took possession of Mrs. Spalding and the gladness they showed and the biscuit root and trout with which they fed her, revived her spirit. From that hour she began to mend and from that day her future and theirs were one. Ten days' rest and the journey was resumed, the remainder of the way, if shorter, was no less perilous, and they had asked in dismay, "What shall we do for a convoy?" but God took care of them. An English trading company came to the rendezvous that year, an unusual thing, and with them they completed the trip. It was the 29th of November when they reached the Columbia river. They had left civilization the 21st

of May. A long journey, but not the trip of two summers as they had expected at first, and now they were at home, amid a nation that had no homes. They had found a resting place among restless wanderers, but faith had become sight. The first battle had been fought and won. White women had come safely over the mountains, cattle and horses had been kept secure from Indian raiders. A wagon had been brought through, the first wheels that had ever pressed the sage. Dr. Whitman had demonstrated to himself that an emigration could cross from Missouri to Oregon, and when, six years afterward, he lead a company of a thousand along the same track he demonstrated it to the world, and saved Oregon, and with it California, to the United States. Dr. Whitman took the Cayuses, near Walla Walla. Mr. Spalding camped 120 miles further up the Snake River among the Nez Perces. He found a people without hoe or plow or hoof of cattle. Eleven years afterward a great many were settled in homes; their crops of grain had reached from 20,000 to 30,000 bushels a year; the cows which the missionaries brought had multiplied for the Indians into numerous herds; garden and orchards were planted and the sheep which the Sandwich Islanders gave them had grown to large flocks. In the school, which Mrs. Spalding taught, were hundreds of children. She also taught them to spin, weave and sew. A church of a hundred members had been gathered. The tongue of the people, hitherto without a character, had been reduced to writing. A government with a code of laws had been established, the Sabbath was observed. Upon the first printing press west of the mountains, presented to the mission by the native church of Honolulu, the type setting, press work, and binding done by the missioners' own hands, were printed a few school books, the native code of laws, a small collection of hymns and the Gospel of Matthew in the Indian language. These people became greatly attached to their teachers, seeing, by the daily example of their instructors, the religion they taught was true. When the Cayuse, on that dreadful day, November 29th, arose against their beloved teacher and truest friend, and murdered Dr. Whitman and wife with eighteen other Americans, one-half the Nez Perces stood by their teachers and proved the great appreciation of the good they had received by conducting Mrs. Spalding and family safely through a country filled with hostile Indians, and deliv-

ering them into the hands of Mr. Ogden of the H. B. Co. at Fort Walla Walla. Mr. Ogden, by almost superhuman efforts had succeeded in ransoming all the captives. The next day they were all taken on board of three boats and started for Vancouver where they arrived safely. This ended the missionary work of those pious and devoted Christians, but the fruits of their work remains. On the banks of the Walla Walla in a lowly grave, unmarked by an inscription, the mortal remains of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman are slumbering away the years. They sleep not far from the spot where the consecrated years of their mature life were so lavishly given to that noblest of all work, raising the fallen and saving the lost. The strong alliances and unwavering friendship of the Nez Perces to the Americans, while all the surrounding tribes have been hostile and repeatedly in arms against the United States was due to the teachings and good influence of those self-sacrificing missionaries.

CHAPTER VI.

DIARY OF MRS. HENRY HART SPALDING

New York, Feb. 1, 1836.

This day I have taken a final leave of my dear parents' dwelling and all its inmates except dear father, who is to accompany us a few days on our journey. While I witnessed the emotions of grief on the part of my dear friends at parting with me, I was enabled in a great measure to suppress my own feelings, until after I had experienced the painful trial of separation. But I trust that it is the love of Christ which has constrained me to break away from the fond embrace of parents, brothers and sisters, and made me, not only willing, but anxious to spend and be spent in laboring to promote my Master's cause among the benighted Indians, who, though they have some idea of a great Spirit, know nothing of His requirements, or designs respecting them. O blessed privilege to labor in the vineyard of my Savior, and point the lost and perishing to Him, for He is the way, the truth, and the life.

Prattsburg, Stebben Co.,
New York, Feb. 8, 1836.

My affectionate and very kind father, who accompanied us as far as Prattsburgh, has left this morning to return home. Oh, what grief at parting did his eyes, which were filled with tears, his trembling hand and faltering voice as he bade me farewell, betray. Dear father, may the ever blessed God protect and restore thee to the bosom of thy dear family in peace and safety. May the affections be placed supremely on the Lord Jesus Christ, and may he be to you and all the beloved family, more than any earthly good.

Feb. 18, 1836.

I have been called to experience another painful trial, parting with friends at Prattsburg today. It is indeed trying to part with friends, with the expectation of not seeing them again in this world. But the privilege of laboring to promote my Master's cause among those who are destitute of a knowledge of His salvation, will more than compensate for all that I can sacrifice for this object.

New York, Feb. 20, 1836.

Today we met Dr. Whitman, who has been laboring for some time to obtain associates to accompany him west of the Rocky Mountains to establish a mission among the Nez Perces Indians. These dark minded heathens, having a few years since learned something about the Bible, are now very anxious to receive it and to have missionaries come and live among them. Dr. W.'s object in seeing us was to ascertain if we were willing to engage in this expedition. He knew we were designated by the Board, under whose patronage we had put ourselves, to labor among the Osages. Yet in his correspondence with the Board he learned that they were willing our destination should be changed, and we accompany him west of the mountains, if we were willing. He had failed in every other attempt to obtain some one to go out with him in the capacity of a minister, and if he did not succeed in getting Mr. Spalding to engage in this expedition he should relinquish the idea of going out this season. We had but a short time to decide the question, whether to change our course or not. Duty seemed to require it, and we are now with joyful hearts looking for our place of destination west of the Rocky Muntains.

Pittsburg, March 1st, 1836.

We have at length after a tedious journey of two weeks by land carriage arrived at Pittsburg, where we intend taking a steam boat for Cincinnati. It being now near the close of the week, we shall remain here until the first of next week, that we may avoid traveling on the Sabbath. We find here many warm hearted friends of the glorious cause in which we have embarked. The Third church in particular is doing much for the cause of missions. They have educated a young man who is expecting in a few months to go out as a missionary to China, and their pastor himself is beginning to inquire if his Master has not a work for him to do in heathen lands. May this be the honest inquiry of every redeemed soul who has not yet decided to become a missionary.

Cincinnati, March 22, 1836.

Today we leave Cincinnati in company with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, who are to be associated with us in laboring to erect the standard of the cross on heathen ground. We are to be

accompanied as far as Council Bluffs by three missionaries who are designated to the Pawnees. May God bless us in our intercourse with each other, and if permitted to enter upon the great work we have in view, may we find favors in the sight of the heathen and our presence and labors amongst them be blest to their spiritual and everlasting good.

Near the Mouth of the Ohio, March 25, 1836.
In the Steam Boat Gunius.

The waters of the grand Ohio are rapidly bearing me away from all I hold dear in this life. Yet I am happy; the hope of spending the remnant of my life among the heathen, for the express purpose of pointing them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, affords me much happiness. Surely, "the consolations of God are neither few nor small."

March 27th, 1836.
On the Mississippi.

On account of some detentions we have met with since we left Cincinnati we shall not get through to St. Louis before the Sabbath, but there is nothing in our circumstances that will render it necessary for us to remain on board this boat over the Sabbath; shall therefore leave it this evening, that we may spend the Sabbath agreeable to the command of God.

Chester Ill., March 28, 1836.
Sabbath Eve.

We landed here last evening, to avoid traveling on this precious holy day, and it has been, indeed, a sweet Sabbath of rest to my soul. There is no church organized here, and but few who profess to love God. An elderly minister who has been laboring in this region for eighteen years has occasionally held meetings here in a private dwelling, and was expected to preach to them today for the last time; but at his earnest request Mr. Spalding preached. After the close of his discourse, this venerable father in Israel earnestly and affectionately besought his people to improve the means of grace with which they were favored, pointing them to us, as heralds of the gospel to the heathen who were perishing for lack of its blessings, which had been confessed on them. In addressing us, he said: "Eighteen years have I been laboring in this region, and never before today has a brother in the ministry called on me to spend

the Sabbath. I have frequently heard of missionaries passing up the river, but I have not enjoyed the privilege of seeing them. Surely this is an angel's visit. This has indeed been a feast of fat things to us who are about leaving the borders of a civilized and Christian land, and I have no doubt it has been to this dear father in Israel who has been laboring so long, single-handed and alone, in this region of moral darkness and death.

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend ·
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

On the Steam Boat Majestic, March 29, 1836.

We are now pleasantly situated on the steam boat Majestic, bound for St. Louis, at which place we wish to land for a short time. The Lord is still prospering us on our journey, and the probability now is we shall arrive at Liberty in time to take the Fur Company boat for Council Bluffs, which is the only one that goes above the Garrison, thirty miles above Liberty.
On the Steam Boat Chariton at the Landing of St. Louis.

March 31, 1836.

Arrived at this city last evening—am not pleased with its appearance, particularly that part which is occupied by the French. The buildings are not splendid, many of them are uncouthly constructed, and it has the appearance of a city going to decay. While walking out this morning with Mr. Spalding, our attention was attracted by the chiming of the bells of the Cathedral, and of multitudes flocking to it. Our curiosity was excited to call, but the unpleasant sensations we experienced on witnessing their heartless forms and ceremonies, induced us soon to leave, rejoicing that we had never been left to embrace such delusions.

April 1st, 1836.

Left St. Louis this morning on board the Chariton for Liberty. The clerk is a dean in Mr. Wisner's church at St. Louis. He joins with us in our morning and evening exercises, which are held in the ladies' cabin. The captain is not a pious man, but appears favorably disposed. I have not noticed the scenery we have passed but very little, the weather has been unpleasant much of the time and I have contented myself in the cabin with my books. My mind is free from anxiety respecting the

arduous journey we have in view. The promises of God are sufficient to calm and console the heart that is stayed on Him.

On the Steamboat Chariton,
April 4th, 1836.

The clerk met with us this morning to observe the monthly concert of prayer. It was a blessed season to us, who were on our way to the heathen, for we felt that we were the subject of many prayers. O may not the hopes of Christian friends respecting our usefulness among the heathen be disappointed. May not their prayers and alms be bestowed on us in vain.

Liberty Landing, Clay Co., Mo.
April 8, 1836.

Arrived at this place yesterday and shall wait here the arrival of the Fur Company steam boat, which we expect will favor us with a passage to Council Bluffs. Thus far journeying has proven beneficial to my health, and we are now enjoying a tolerable degree of health, except Mrs. Satterlee, whose health is very feeble.

Liberty, April 14, 1836.

Still waiting the steam boat's arrival. It is now daily expected and we are very busy in making further arrangements for our journey. Mrs. S.'s health continues to decline, the symptoms of her disease appear somewhat alarming.

Liberty, April 17, 1836.

Attended a prayer meeting in the village which was got up a few months since by a number of pious females, who being deprived of the stated preaching of the gospel, felt the importance of social prayer. It was an interesting season, and we all seemed to enjoy it much. The Sabbath here is regarded by the people generally as a day for amusements—the cause of religion has but few advocates.

Liberty, April 23, 1836.

This evening Mr. L. Allis, missionary among the Pawnee's, and Miss Palmer of Ithaca, who journeyed with us to this place were united in the bonds of matrimony. Mr. Spalding had the pleasure of performing the ceremony. May they live long and labor successfully for the promotion of their Master's

cause among the benighted Pawnees, with whom they expect to spend their days.

Liberty, April 27, 1836.

Today Mr. Spalding and Mr. Gray, with two Nez Perces youths who came to the states with Dr. Whitman when he returned from the mountains last year, and one young man to assist them, left Liberty for Council Bluffs. Dr. Whitman expects to join them in a few days, leaving the missionaries designated to the Pawnees, myself and Mrs. Whitman to take passage on the steam boat. It was necessary for the gentlemen to make this route by land on account of the wagons, horses and cattle purchased at this place.

Liberty, April 28, 1836.

Mrs. Satterlee's health is rapidly declining and we are fearful she will not survive many days. She has been informed that the probability is she must soon die. She said that she had not apprehended her case so dangerous, but had thought she should recover. She converses but little, is very stupid, but when her sensibilities are aroused to a sense of her situation she appears reconciled.

Liberty, May 1st, 1836.
Sabbath.

Today we have been called to perform the last act of kindness for our friend and sister (Mrs. Satterlee) that is requisite for the body. About 10 o'clock last night after affectionately exhorting us to be faithful in our Master's service, she bade us farewell, assuring us that her hope and trust was in the Savior, and soon without a groan, fell asleep (we trust) in the arms of Jesus. Today while preparing to follow her lifeless remains to the graveyard, to commit it to its mother earth, the Fur Co. steam boat which we expected would favor us with a passage to Council Bluffs, passed the landing without halting, refusing to admit any more cargo, or another passenger to C-B. May we go to the right source for guidance and direction in this and every other pursuit, that we may indeed glorify God, our Savior in whose cause we hope we have embarked.

Liberty, May 3d.

We have made arrangements to perform the journey to C. B.

by land. Have engaged a team to transport our baggage but we shall travel on horseback. An express is to be sent to overtake Mr. S. and and Mr. Gray and have the wagons return and meet us.

Fort Leavenworth, May 6, 1836.

Arrived at this place yesterday—and have been waiting here the arrival of the team with our goods. Intelligence has just reached us that the wagon is broken and the teamster discour aged on account of the badness of the traveling.

Fort Leavenworth, May 7, 1836.
Saturday.

Have succeeded in obtaining a team at this place to go on with our goods. We expect to leave this place this evening and spend the morrow, it being the Sabbath, at the Methodist mission station among the Kick-a-poo's, five miles from this place. We have been entertained here with that hospitality which generally characterizes the people of the west.

Kick-a-poo Mission, May, 1836.

Spent the Sabbath very agreeably with our friends and fellow laborers in the great work of converting the world at this station. Mr. Berryman and wife stationed here under the patronage of the Methodist board, appear to be laboring diligently and successfully for the good of this people. This morning we leave this place, and prosecute our journey through an uninhabited country till we reach the Mission station among the Otoes.

Otoe Mission Station, May 19th, 1836.

Arrived here today in safety and good health except Mr. Spalding, who has suffered much for nearly a week in consequence of taking cold after taking calomel. Camping out at night, has not been so disagreeable and uncomfortable as I anticipated. Traveling on horseback has appeared to benefit my health, and I feel encouraged to hope, by the blessing of God that I shall be enabled to endure the hardships of the long journey we have before us. We expected to reach this place in time to leave Bellview with the Am. Fur Co. under whose protection we expect to travel, as there is no safety in traveling in the Indian country, except in large parties. But the company left

that post three days since, and we are fearful if we go on we shall not overtake them, at least before they will pass the Pawnee villages—circumstances appear rather forbidding, and we feel somewhat disheartened. May our God who knows best how we can glorify Him direct our steps.

Otoe Mission, May 22.

We have concluded to make an attempt to overtake the Fur Company. Shall leave this place today with Brother Dunbar, a missionary among the Pawnees who is to accompany us till we meet with our expected guide. When we part with these dear Christian friends, we probably shall meet with no more in this world, unless other laborers come out to join us in our contemplated work.

Elk Horn River, May 24.

We reached this stream yesterday in time to cross, with nearly all our effects in a skin canoe. Our guide has arrived and Brother Dunbar leaves us this morning to return to the Otoe Mission where he is to spend a few weeks before going with his friends on their summer hunt. Our guide is to remain with us till we overtake the Fur Company. We are pressing forward in our journey with all possible speed, in hopes of overtaking the company before they pass the Pawnee villages, on the Loup Fork.

South Side of the Loup Fork, May 27th.

Last night, about 12 o'clock we came up with Mr. Fitz Patrick's camp. Ourselves and animals very much fatigued, having for four days past made forced marches in order to overtake the company as soon as possible. Today passed two Pawnee villages situated on the north side of the Loup Fork, and are now camped for the night opposite the third. Multitudes of the natives are crossing over to visit our camp. They inhabit a beautiful country. May they appreciate the kindness of those self-denying missionaries who are laboring to introduce among them the blessings of civilization and religion.

Sabbath Morning, May 29th.

This is the second Sabbath that has dawned upon us since we left Otoe. But shall my pen record the manner in which we spent the last, and how we expect to spend this, and perhaps

every Sabbath during the remainder of this long journey we have before us,—oh, the blessed privilege of those who can every Sabbath go to the house of God with the multitudes who keep the holy day, and do not feel themselves under the necessity of journeying on the Lord's holy Sabbath.

Plains of the Platte, June 4th.

We have been traveling several days on the plains of the Platte. The region of country through which we have passed since we left the Missouri River, is a delightful country. No timber except on the water courses—the soil has the appearance of fertility. We have met with but few Indians. It appears that the natives who once roamed over these vast and delightful plains are fast fading away, as is the Buffalo and other game which once in vast herds ranged throughout this country. We have seen a few Buffalo today which is the first we have noticed.

June 10.

Still traveling along the Platte. The majestic sand bluffs on either side assuming a great variety of appearances, and the extensive plains between the bluffs and river, covered with the beautiful flowers and roses, presents a delightful scenery to the eye of the traveler. I have been quite unwell for several days—and attribute my illness wholly to change of diet, which has been from necessity. Since we reached the Buffalo, our fare has been Buffalo meat. The provisions we brought from the settlements were only calculated to supply us till we could depend on Buffalo, consequently it is spent, and our sole dependence is Buffalo meat for our food through the remainder of our journey, which we do not expect to accomplish (if we are prospered) till some time in September. But I am resolved not to feel anxious about what awaits me, for my destiny is in the hands of Him who ruleth all things well.

June 13th.

Have reached the crossing place near Fort William, and have camped for the night, expecting to cross in the morning.

June 14th, 1836.

Crossed this morning with all our effects in safety. Two canoes lashed together, served for our conveyance. The stream

at this place is very rapid. Yesterday while the company were crossing their effects, the wind was unfavorable, and in consequence of some mismanagement on the part of the boatmen, several bales of goods were lost.

Fort Wm., June 15th.

We are camped near the Fort, and shall probably remain here several days, as the company is to leave its wagons at this post and make arrangements to transport their goods the remainder of the journey, on mules. It is very pleasant, to fix my eyes, once more, upon a few buildings, several weeks have passed, since we have seen a building.

Fort Wm., June 17, 1836.

Today is the Sabbath and the first we have spent in quietness and rest since the 8th of May. This morning an elderly man (an Englishman) came to our camp, wishing to obtain a testament. Said he had seen but one, for four years, had once indulged a hope that he was a Christian but for several years had not enjoyed religious privileges—had been associated with ungodly people—neglected religious duties, and now feared he had no interest in the Savior. I gave him a Bible, which he received with great joy and thankfulness. Mr. Spalding in compliance with the request of the chief man of this expedition, met with the people under the shade of a few trees near our camp for religious service. A large assembly met, and were very attentive while Mr. Spalding made a few remarks upon the parable of the prodigal son.

Fort Wm., June 21.

This day we are to leave this post, and have no resting place in view, till we reach Rendevoux, 400 miles distant. We are now 2800 miles from my dear parents' dwelling, expecting in a few days to commence ascending the Rocky Mountains. Only He who knows all things, knows whether this habitated frame will survive the undertaking. His will, not mine, be done.

June 25.

On the 22 we left the Platte. Our route since that time has been through a rugged barren region. Today we came to the Platte but do not find those beautiful plains, we found before we came into the region of the mountains.

Sabbath Noon, June 26th.

Camped on the Platte, and have the privilege of spending the remainder of this holy day in rest, but not in quiet, for the company is busy in making preparations to cross the mountains on the morrow. They are under the necessity of constructing a boat, as the river is not fordable.

July 4th.

Crossed a ridge of land today called the divide, which separates the waters that flow into the Atlantic from those that flow into the Pacific, and camped for the night on the head waters of the Colorado. A number of Nez Perces who have been waiting our arrival at the Rendezvoux several days, on learning we were near came out to meet us, and have camped with us tonight. They appear to be gratified to see us actually on way to their country. Mr. Spalding, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Gray are to have a talk with the chiefs this evening.

July 6th.

Arrived at the Rendezvoux this evening. Were met by a large party of Nez Perces, men, women and children. The women were not satisfied, short of saluting Mrs. Whitman, and myself with a kiss. All appear happy to see us. If permitted to reach their country and locate among them, may our labors be blest to their temporal and spiritual good.

July 8th.

A few days' rest does not yet appear to benefit my health. My illness rather increased, but all is in the hands of my Savior, who knows, and will do what is for the best. I am happy to sink into His will concerning what awaits me.

July 9th.

A trader of the H. B. Co., with a party of men has arrived and camped near. He has come to transact some business with the American. Fur Company and is to return in a few days to Walla Walla,—has kindly invited us to travel with his camp. This seems a peculiar favor of providence, and quells our anxiety about a protracted and hazardous journey with the Indians who are to take another route and will be detained several weeks in order to take the Buffalo.

Arrival of the Whitman-Spalding party at the summit of the Rockies. Facing the western slope, they opened the Bible and gave thanks to God

July 12.

My health is a little improved, and I have been able to write a few letters to my friends, which will be favored by a gentleman of the American Fur Company. We feel that we soon shall be situated, if we live, where opportunities for communicating with our friends will be few, but I hope it will be where we shall be useful in our Master's service.

July 13.

Move about ten miles today, to join Mr. McLeod's camp, with whom we expect to travel the remainder of our journey.

July 18.

Have commenced our journey again for Walla Walla in company with Mr. McLeod. The Nez Perces feel sadly disappointed because we do not accompany them, they say they fear that we will not go to their country if we leave them. All appear very anxious to have us locate in their country, that they may be taught about God, and be instructed in the habits of civilized life. One chief has concluded to go with us notwithstanding that it will deprive him of the privileges of securing a supply of meat for the winter.

Fort Hall, August 3.

Arrived at this place a little after noon, were invited to dine at the Fort, where we have again had a taste of bread. Since we left Rendezvoux, our diet has mostly been dry Buffalo meat, which though very miserable, I think has affected my health favorably. This Fort is situated on the south side of Snake River, was built by Capt. Wyatt of Boston, in 1834—is exposed to the Black Foot, a savage tribe who glory in spilling the blood of the whites. Several men of the Fort have been killed by these savages. The blessing of the gospel would remedy this evil.

August 6th.

Yesterday my horse became unmanagable in consequence of stepping into a hornest's nest. I was thrown, and notwithstanding my foot remained a moment in the stirrup, and my body dragged some distance, I received no serious injury. I have suffered but little inconvenience in riding in consequence of being thrown from my horse yesterday. The hand of God

has been conspicuous in preserving my life thus far, on this adventurous journey. Surely the Lord is my Shepherd, and I shall have nothing to fear, if I will but repose my whole trust in Him.

Snake Fort, August 20, 1836.

Reached this post yesterday much fatigued—our route since we left Fort Wm. on the Platte, the 27th of June, has been rugged indeed, the country (except a little on the Snake River about Fort Hall) dreary, rough and barren But notwithstanding I have often spoken of the fatigue and hardship I have experienced on this journey. I look forward in thankfulness and forget the inconveniences I endured on the journey, which with the blessing of God we hope in a few days more to accomplish. Today is the Sabbath and we spend it in quiet rest. In compliance with the request of the gentlemen in charge of this establishment Mr. Spalding met with the people at the Fort for religious service, the audience was very attentive—have received many favors from the gentlemen at the Fort.

August 30, 1836.

Passed through the Round today—this is a large and very beautiful plain, derived its name from its appearance, it is circular, surrounded by sloping mountains covered with Pine and Spruce—a beautiful river well timbered passes through it—the soil has the appearance of fertility and to the eye of the traveler who has for many weeks seen nothing but rugged and barren deserts, it presents a very grand appearance.

Sept. 3d, 1836—Fort Walla Walla.

Reached this post today—Mr. Pambram, the clerk in charge of the establishment kindly received us into his dwelling as guests, for which may we feel true gratitude.

Sept. 5.

Have concluded to visit Vancouver—feel somewhat rested from the fatigues of the long journey we have in great mercy been permitted to close, for we do not consider the one we now expect to enter upon tomorrow, connected with our journey across the mountains.

Sept. 14—Fort Vancouver.

Reached this place yesterday after a pleasant journey of six

days from the time we left Walla Walla (being detained two days from head winds)—met with the warmest expressions of friendship, and find ourselves in the midst of civilization, where the luxuries of life seem to abound. Saw many wretched natives along the river who appeared destitute of the means of living comfortably in this life and ignorant of the rich provision made for that which is to come. May they soon be blest with the light of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and with the means of securing a more comfortable subsistence for this life.

Sept. 22—Fort Vancouver.

Yesterday Mr. Spalding, Dr. Whitman and Brother Gray left to explore the Cayuse and Nez Perces countries. Mrs. Whitman and myself remained here until they can select a location and return for us.

October 29—1836—Fort Vancouver.

Mr. Spalding arrived here a few days since in the Co. Express boat, and we are now preparing to leave in a few days, to locate, we trust, for life, in the Nez Perces country—Dr. Whitman has fixed upon a location in the Cayuse country and Brother Gray has decided to go to the Flatheads—thus it seems we are about to go to our respective fields, where heathen darkness reigns, single handed and alone—may the unerring hand of our covenant God be extended to guide, assist and protect us, and bless us, and make us a blessing to the perishing heathens.

Nov. 3—Fort Vancouver.

We leave this place today—have spent several weeks here very agreeably, and I now find myself not only rested from the effects of our long journey across the mountains, but in the enjoyment of good health—the agreeable society we have enjoyed, and the luxuries of life to which we have been treated, during our stay here, has made us feel quite at home, and almost to forget what we passed through on our journey to this region. Surely mercy and goodness followed us all our days.

Nov. 14—1836—Fort Walla Walla.

Reached the post yesterday after a protracted and tedious journey up the majestic Columbia—the terrific rapids, whirlpools, etc., on this river make a journey up from Vancouver very undesirable to me. The protecting hand of our heavenly

Father brought us safely through, and all our effects. May these mercies not be forgotten.

Nov. 22—1836—Fort Walla Walla.

The Indians with our goods left yesterday, for the Nez Perces country, and we expect to leave today, hoping soon to overtake them, though we have no fears as to the safety of our goods we have entrusted to their care. They appear to be delighted with the idea of having us locate in their country, that they may be taught about God and the habits of civilized life.

Nov. 29—Nez Perces—Mission.

Yesterday reached this desirable spot, where we expect to dwell the remainder of our earthly pilgrimage. As yet our dwelling is an Indian lodge, which must serve us sometime, for there is no preparation for building yet. Blessed be God that we have been spared to accomplish a long and tedious journey, with our lives and health and many blessings and are now, we would humbly hope, about to enter upon the glorious, blessed, but responsible work of laboring to introduce the blessings of that Gospel which brings life and immortality to light, among this benighted people, who have long felt that they were sitting in darkness and perishing for the lack of knowledge—may we have heavenly wisdom and grace to labor successfully for the promotion of our Master's cause in this dark portion of His vineyard.

Jan. 27—1837.

By the blessing of God we are now in a comfortable dwelling, and in circumstances to devote a few hours daily to instructing the natives, who really appear eager to receive instruction—may we who have the privilege of being with the people in the capacity of teachers, be faithful and enabled to impart instruction to them which will be blest to the salvation of their precious souls.

March 20, 1837.

Our prospects of usefulness among this people appear very promising, they seem to manifest an increasing interest in instruction, particularly the story of the cross. I have prepared some paintings representing several important events recorded in Scripture, these we find a great help in communicating in-

struction to ignorant minds, whose language, as yet we speak very imperfectly. The children, in particular, are interested in learning to read, several are beginning to read in the Testament. O, may this people soon have the word of God in their own language to peruse and embrace the truth and become a people, civilized, Christianized and saved.

June 15—1837.

We feel happy and satisfied with our situation and employment, though it removes us far from almost all we hold dear on earth. The privilege of laboring to introduce the blessings of the Gospel of our adorable Redeemer among the destitute heathen will more than compensate for all we have laid aside for this blessed object. We find this people anxious to receive instruction and to have their children into our family—as yet they appear promising. We hope to come into circumstances soon to do more to benefit the children, for they are our hope of the nation. May the Lord help us to labor successfully for the promotion of his cause among this people and send us fellow laborers, and may this great harvest now ripe soon be gathered and saved in the kingdom of our Redeemer.

Dec. 3d, 1837.

Through the astonishing mercy of God, I am now enjoying comfortable health. On the 15th day of last month I was made the joyful mother of a daughter. My illness has not been severe or protracted, and the little one is still spared to us and appears in good health. For these and nameless mercies myself and husband have been made the recipients of, we would call upon our souls and all the powers within us to bless the Lord, and while we bless the Lord for mercies past, we would remember that we are to seek from Him all that we shall ever need. We would humbly pray God to remember us in relation to the little one he has in great mercy committed to our care and seek heavenly wisdom and grace to aid us in discharging the accountable duties of parents. Last Sabbath, she with Brother and Sister Whitman's little daughter were given to God, in the covenant of baptism. O, may they indeed receive the blessings promised to Abraham's seed.

Dr. Whitman and wife left us yesterday after a kind and agreeable visit of a few weeks. May the Lord go with them

and bless them and their little one, and make them a blessing to the dying heathen among whom they dwell.

Feb. 20, 1838.

Our dear babe is still spared to us, but is quite ill of diarrhea. May we be enabled to do for her all that we should do, and feel an entire resignation to the will of our Heavenly Father whatever it may be concerning her.

Feb. 22—1838.

Little Eliza is very sick, her diarrhea has assumed an alarming appearance and does not yield to any medicine we have yet administered. May she be spared, and "Live before thee," O Lord,—but thy will, not ours, be done.

Feb. 25.

O, the goodness of our Heavenly Father, through His adorable mercy, dear Eliza appears to be recovering from her illness, which we feared would soon terminate her earthly existence—to Him be the glory, and to Him would we feel that she is His.

March 10, 1838.

Eliza now appears quite recovered from her late illness. For this mercy in particular we would now bless God, and seek for blessings not only for the body, but for her immortal soul.

March 19, 1838.

I have lately received a note from Mrs. Whitman, in which she makes the inquiry, "Would it not be well for us mothers to devote a special season and unitedly present our infant charges before the mercy seat?" In reply, I have asked her to mention some hour that we should consecrate for this exercise. I will here insert a few extracts from the note I addressed her on this subject.

As our Heavenly Father has in great mercy been pleased of late to add to our duties by committing to the care of each of us a tender offering to train up for Him, I feel persuaded that it is not only our duty but a blessed privilege to unite in prayer for the early conversion of their precious and immortal souls. We may take encouragement from the word of God to associate for this purpose, for it assures us that united prayer is prevailing prayer, and more, "that the promise is to us and to our children," The smallness of our number and the remote situation from each

other seems a barrier in the way of our forming ourselves into an association for the purpose of strengthening each other's hands in the cause of infant instruction, yet we may unitedly observe a season for special prayer, for divine assistance to enable us to discharge the duties that devolve upon us in relation to our infant charge. Our peculiar situation, lays us under peculiarly responsible duties as mothers, and we shall need much grace and wisdom to fulfill the responsible duties that devolve upon us as Christian mothers, so that the cares which relate to the bodies of their children, are small, and that their chief and great concern should be to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

March 28—1838.

I have received a note from Mrs. Whitman this evening in which she informs me that she has fixed upon half past 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning of each day, to be observed by us as a season of special and united prayer. If rightly improved they will be precious and profitable seasons. O for grace to improve this and every privilege, in such a manner that I shall glorify God in my body and spirit, which are His.

March 29—1838.

Resolved, to observe daily at 9 in the morning, a season for reading some select portion of Scripture and prayer, in unison with Mrs. Whitman, to seek divine assistance in discharging the responsible duties of mothers and for the early conversion of our children.

March 29—1838, Thursday Morning.

Read part of the 107th Psalm, selected the ninth verse for meditation. ("For He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.") It was cheering and encouraged me to implore the blessing of salvation for the little ones who are the special subjects of prayer at this hour.

March 30—1838, Friday Morning.

Read part of 45th Chapter of Isaiah—found a part of the nineteenth verse. ("I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain") peculiarly encouraging and interesting for this consecrated season.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS FROM HENRY H. SPALDING

Clear Water, Feb. 18, 1842.

To D. Allen M. D.,
Kinsman, Ohio.

My Dear Brother—I received your letter of August, 1839, 27th of June, 1840. It came in Rev. Jason Lee's ship, who returned to this country with an immense reinforcement to his (Methodist) Mission, all arrived in safety. I have shamefully neglected to answer it, and what shall I say in excuse! At first I waited to see if the box arrived safe and since its arrival have appointed several times to answer it, but have not been able to command the time. And now I have set apart two or three days *to write,* but am not free from cares, as I have just now two white men repairing my saw mill, putting a gig wheel, and putting down new runners, and a Canadian is at work at my house. The whole work is to be laid out by myself, and very minute directions given very frequently, as they are not at all acquainted with work of this kind, with the daily cares of the station to look after, and perhaps while writing one line I shall be obliged to drop my pen four or five times and run to the mill or here or there to give directions and see that all work goes on ere I return to the scribe. You may ask why I took this hurried time. Be assured that it is a period of comparative leisure. My teacher has just gone to his country after a period of three months, during which time I improved every moment. I usually write a few hours every morning and from 2 to 5 P. M. During the rest of the day I went on with my buildings with the assistance of my ignorant but willing Canadian have built a substantial framed school house, 21x17, post 12 feet, which gives a large room above with a fireplace. Sides and floor matched; put a new board roof and gable ends, matched floors and partitions in my dwelling house, the result of my saw mill, arranged a temporary place of worship, during the summer built a store house and granary, with weaving room in one end, 30x18; finished the flour mill, etc., etc., etc. Have the last winter translated the first ten chapters of Matt., with several select portions,

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The manuscript of these letters was almost illegible in places. Consequently it has been necessary to leave an occasional blank.

prepared a set of questions on the journeyings of the children from Egypt to Canaan. Since I have been writing about the affairs of the station I will proceed. Mrs. S. takes charge of the school, assisted more or less by four children we have had in our family. The school the last winter has been unusually interesting, has numbered 85, some times over 100. Have been regular since it opened October last. There is an interesting class of eleven adults, chiefs and principally men. A little book with a few verses of Scripture printed with a pen, given to each of this class did much to bring in this class, and the daily addition of a verse or two secures an increasing diligence. Their little books now number forty pages of sixteen, and contain the Ten Commandments, the Lord's prayer with various select portions. Most of them can now read understandingly their own language. They make it their business to learn and seem all absorbed in the undertaking. The same can be said of the children. They come early in the morning and without waiting to be called into school, commence teaching one another and often continue until after dark. After Mrs. S. opens the school by calling upon one of the church members, the chiefs, to open the school, Mrs. S.'s time being taken up very much in printing. Several, however, can now print well; some by following a pencil mark and others from a copy. Several of the more advanced have secured the privilege of writing by great proficiency in reading and spelling. A class of nine in knitting. Three have, with Mrs. S.'s assistance carded, spun and wove 24 yards of substantial woolen cloth for themselves dresses, but our weaving implements are made especially from wood of the elder. We expect some implements from Boston soon. My mills, which have cost me many hard days' work, sometimes all day in the water in the winter season, and much perplexity for more than two years, are now finished, and do good work, and I more than forget the hardships and perplexities in the satisfaction of seeing the people coming to the mill with their horses loaded with grain, the fruits of their own industry. They cheerfully give the regular toll. Next week, by the blessing of God, I hope to go up the river for timber with five of my principal men; shall saw their portion of the logs as in the states and assist each in building a house. This may all appear very well and even enchanting, but added to the immense labor of Mrs. Spalding's

school, the care of two little children, some times one in her arms and the other by her side, sometimes she knows not where, sometimes with the father here and there, and sometimes by themselves in the house; the care and labor of washing, dress-making, cooking, with almost an infinitely less number to help than to hinder, sometimes with every part of the house full of, to say the best, heedless Indians, who must wash off the mud and filthy lice before another band comes in to repeat the process of training up our patience. But do not think that I have given you the trial of a mission cry. They lie not in days of hard labor, I mean manual, not in sickness, not in the want of comforts of life; not in the separation from friends, from social and religious privileges; not exactly in daily witnessing a great amount of wretchedness and filth. Faith lies, perhaps, somewhat in days and sleepless nights of sore grief and disappointment and you have left all the benefit of their want of gratitude for great favors received or rather making those favors an occasion of insulting you, and sometimes in other sources of grief not understood at home. Think of bringing up a family of children where there not only is no means of improvement, but when everything is demoralizing, when the child is liable to be insulted or corrupted the moment it steps out of doors or out of the yard, if you can minister enough strength and time and materials to build one. After distributing to the people several heifers, some of which are now cows, our two milch cows were killed last summer, and we have every reason to believe intentionally, leaving us but a young heifer for milk, which supplied scantily the last winter. We have the Spanish cows, but they are of but little use for milk. My mill dam was torn away last winter maliciously, when I was about to use the saw mill for the good of the people. Three attempts were made one night to burn my house by young men I had reproved for gambling. Several times I have been insulted because I would not give the second gift, whereas if I had not given the first, the men might have remained apparently decent men. I expect before I get houses for the persons above refrred to, to experience many days and nights of sore grief and disappointment. But did not Christ die for us while we were yet sinners, and has given the very best instruction for such circumstance in Matt. 5-48-38. Yes, after writing what I have above I must say, and

I bless the Lord that I am permitted to say it, we are greatly encouraged to labor for this people. The last six months has been a period of great quietness. The school seems to absorb every thought. I held a protracted meeting in October of nine days. Perhaps 3,000 attended regularly. We trust a few found the Savior. Seven have been examined as candidates into the church. Our Saturday inquiry meeting is attended by about fifty, Tuesday prayer meeting about the same. Sabbath school over 100, Sabbath congregation about 500. These occasional outbreakings we must expect and perhaps the more we become acquainted with the language, are enabled to cut with a sharper sword. They occur frequently in the states, and would much more frequently were there no law, as is the case here, every man, woman and child does as it seems good in his own eyes if he can. And yet I love this people, and would not exchange this field for one where my own house and yard could be built without my lifting a hand and where they could be furnished from home with every species of furniture without a thought of my own, and my wife would have no more to do with a kitchen and the house concerns than would a Chinese have with a foreigner. Partly because this people have many very interesting characteristics, and partly, because I fear the poor Indian, and I mean the wicked Indian, too, has not many friends, and mainly because I hope through love to God and man, prudence, patience and thought, Jesus strengthening us, to see most of this people brought into the fold of Christ. A great number are cultivating their lands to good advantage, say twenty persons, six persons have cattle, several are expecting to take horses to the Willamette next spring to exchange for cows. One receives two sheep this spring for protecting the flock from wolves through the winter. The flock which in '38 consisted of five females and three males now consists of sixty-three. Thirty-nine (mostly lambs) have been lost by wolves and for the want of milk. It is thought to be the best country in the world for sheep and cattle.

But I must haste to acknowledge the barrel of clothing sent us through your agency and kindness and the kindness of a great many friends who have never seen us, and for which I cannot return you and these friends too many thanks. It was indeed a most valuable selection, and varied, too. Many things

not named on the bill, from whom we know not,, but the Lord knows and that is better. We met the barrel at Walla Walla last June and brought it home upon a mule with a large box on the other side to balance it. Should I attempt to name the most important articles contained in the barrel I should name them all and especially the barrel itself a dissideration to me. It now contains our beef. We need another for pork. We had nothing before but small kegs and they usually leaked. If you should think proper to send us clothing again, please send in a barrel, made strong and iron bound. Ready made clothing for ourselves and children, gives Mrs. S. just that much time to be in school or instructing the girls in spinning or weaving. Little Eliza has been clothed this winter in the two red flannel dresses sent, and the white flannel is very serviceable. However, if the Lord prospers our efforts we hope to be supplied with white flannel from our sheep and the labor of the girls. But I cannot dictate as well now as I did in the former case, and again it does not seem right to dictate in such circumstances. However, I will comply with your request and name a few things. Besides calico dresses for Mrs. S. and Eliza, made loose, a few woolen dresses and underclothes for the latter would be very acceptable. Winter and summer clothing for our little boy, perhaps two sizes, that it may be useful for more than one year. Shoes for Mrs. S. and Eliza, coarse shoes for myself and little boy. I require a shoe size 10, Mrs. S. size five. The little boy will be 3 years old next November, and Eliza will be 5 years should the Lord spare their lives, but add to these two years as the barrel may be long in getting here. Some summer clothing for myself, some winter clothing for myself. The pantaloons and vests you sent are valuable. Send such shirts for own use as you please, but coarse, cotton shirts are useful to me to pay for labor and cost me here about $1.35. I have mentioned these articles made up for the reasons above given, so as to give Mrs. S. more time with the natives. Fruit seeds, pen knife or two, paper cutter, send box, two candle sticks and compass; send small ones and few hair and side combs for Mrs. Spalding and Eliza, some fine ones, a wooden water pail, good razor and strap with lather box and brush. A palm leaf hat for myself and little boy. Bonnets for Mrs. S. and Eliza if you can think of some to have them made so that they can be packed and taken out and

put together again here; a small looking glass, some indigo and a few pounds of salt. An inch and two inch chisel for paring and pair of small shovels and tongs. But surely I shall weary your patience if not your benevolence. I have named the above things because many of them cannot be obtained in this country, and others are very high. The Board say they will allow us about $250 a family, besides donations from our friends, consequently your donations are not taken from my yearly allowance, though you have it acknowledged, which is very proper. But of our $250 we realize about as much as you do from $100. For every 100 pounds sterling, our sect pays $540, whereas had we the money here it would be only $400. Besides for our goods we pay very high at Vancouver, and the transportation to this place costs about $7 per hundred. The handkerchiefs in the barrel were very acceptable, some for our own use and the common ones to pay to the Indians. Several of them, however, with the combs and some of the books of St. John's, we took and distributed to the school as a token of our great pleasure and satisfaction in witnessing the good order and improvements of the children. They returned much more than their value in other articles for the family. The stockings which were set up were just in place, as several of the girls are able to go on with them and the saving of time to Mrs. S. is a matter of some consideration.

I am no physician, but have more or less sickness to look after, sometimes eight or ten cases on my hands at once, usually bowel complaints caused by eating bad food or too much of it, or in other words, gluttony, requiring, as I suppose, cathartics. These I issue at order sometimes five or six before I am dressed in the morning, not often finding time to go near the patients, especially if they are any distance off; besides by my ignorance I can do as well by ear as by the eye. In the winter, however, there are many cases of lung complaint occasioned by bare feet in the wet and snow, which often terminates in consumption and death after a lapse of a few years. Blood letting is a favorite remedy among them, and I often go by the lot, opening five or six at a time and go about more pressing business, leaving them to stop the blood when they please. If they cannot get me to open their veins for them they do it themselves with an arrow, digging away until they find the blood from the veins or artery

which they usually dig for, occasioning swelled arms, legs, and sometimes, I believe, death. Have the goodness to send me a lance, and if you can get made a quart of pills it would redeem me an immense amount of time. (Women always separate themselves at child birth for six or seven days, and their days of separation I believe are seven (Lev. 15, 19) and is no more of a private affair than it seems to be in old days. There are a few cases of severe labor protracted to several days, but usually labor is short and apparently easy, the mother seldom confined a moment, but about immediately, often at her work. But it proves not so well with the little sufferers. Many of the births are premature, occasioned by the hardships of the women. Many children die in infancy for want of nourishment or injuries received amidst the toils of the mother, moving camp, or collecting roots, or chopping and hacking firewood. I have seen one instance, and heard of others, where the mother after a hard day's work at digging roots, during which time perhaps her little child, lashed as they all are upon a board, was lying in the sun or stood up against a rock, the mother going now and then to give it nourishment. She returned home at even and would then be obliged to go for wood, and after loading herself with as much as white men can raise from the ground, placed the babe upon the top of the wood, and taking it down found it strangled to death, by a string some way drawn too tight around the neck. This suffering must continue until they become settled and raise their subsistence cultivating the soil.

Four men from the Exploring Squadron, viz. Lieut. Johnson, Mr. Stearns, astronomer, Breckenmidge, Dr. Pickering, geologist, and Mr. Waldron Percet, spent a few days here last June. Were highly gratified at the improvement among the natives in this vicinity; said we had as little need to be discouraged as any Mission they had visited during their three years voyage, and they have visited many in different parts of the world. Two vessels of the Squadron put into Puget Sound some 200 miles west of the mouth of the C. E. Con. Wilks, passed from thence by land and went to Fort Vancouver. The five gentlemen mentioned above took horses and crossed the snow mountains to Fort Okanakan on the C. R. 150 miles above Walla Walla. From thence to Fort Colville, which is some 150 miles above O., from thence to this place by the station of our brethren,

Eells and Walker. They went from this to Walker and crossed the mountains to Puget Sound. The Peacock, the largest vessel of the Squadron, was lost in attempting to cross the bar of the C. R., nothing saved but men, chest of letters. A vessel called the Thomas Perkins there in the C. R. from Salem, Mass., was purchased, remodeled and named the Oregon. The Squadron now consisted of four. They started from the states with six, one proved to be a bad sailer and was sent home, one was lost in doubling Cape Horn, and every soul on board. They have discovered an Arctic Continent lying south of 80 degrees which will immortalize the expedition. They were industrious men in taking observations and making collections. Lat. of this place, 46 deg., 28 min., 23 sec. Variation of compass easterly 18 deg., 50 min., 16 sec. Height of bluffs on opposite side of river from the house 2,088 feet. This is perhaps one-half the distance to the common level. Hence you see the depth of the river and water courses in this country. These rugged mountains or gulfs have to be penetrated and scaled frequently in traveling. Width of river, 420 feet. Lat. of Fort Colville, 48 deg., 36 min., 16 sec. Breadth of Col. R. at 2,330 feet. Height of Colville above sea level, 2,200 feet. Height of peaks in snowy mountains near Puget Sound, 4,800 feet. A party went by land from the Willamette to the California. The Squadron left this country in the C. R. in August I believe. I take regular observations by the thermometer three times a day. I can now only send you a few scattering observations and hope to send you a regular table of the several years in the box. December 9, 1836, 10 below zero, since that only within 9 above till January 13, '41, when the mercury was 26 below zero. The last winter it has been uncommonly mild, never below 20 above zero. The last summer we were insufferably hot. For three months the mercury ranged with few exceptions from 105 to 110 in the shade.

I am making out a box of Indian clothing and implements to send to you and hope to get it ready to send next fall. Will direct it our Sec., Rev. D. Greene, and you had better have a letter telling to whom to direct it in your vicinity. I do not know as I shall meet your expectations, do not put them high. I am to send one to the city of Washington by the request of Lieut. Johnson.

I am sorry to inform you that two in number, the best linguists in this language, viz: Rev. A. B. Smith and Mr. Rogers, printer, have beocome discouraged and left the field as a helpless case. They believe the Indians doomed by God to annihilation. They believe their language incapable of conveying religious faith to the mind. As there is no law among the people they think they have no idea of law, but as a sense of book law is necessary to salvation, they suppose it impossible for salvation to reach them through the medium of their language. This reasoning may appear plausible, but I think the premises and whole argument wrong. They have a sense of right and wrong, and what else lies at the bottom of law? They often punish the children judiciously, and why this? Besides, would not this doctrine annihilate the thought that there had ever been an Indian saved, in fact a savage from any barbarous tribe on the face of the earth, for what heathen tribe are moral, or know anything about law as we understand it. Mr. ——— and wife have sailed for the Islands. The people of his station, which was above this farm sixty miles, say that they are sorry he left, and wish he would turn back. Great numbers from that vicinity attended the meeting. I hope to hold a protracted meeting at that place next spring. Mr. Rogers, after failing to get a young Catholic girl, daughter of a Fur trader, and Mr. Pambran of Walla Walla, whose wife is a half-breed, are about settling in the Willamette. None of these things, however, move me. Though their help was very much needed in preparing and printing books, but having their views, you can imagine the influence they would have. The Board has sent us two associates who I believe have stopped at the S. Isles. More of this by the box. Mrs. S. expects to write your respected mother by the box. Give my kind regards to your honored parents and to your wife, in which I am joined by Mrs. S. And believe me, your brother in Christ.

H. H. SPALDING.

P. S.—Mr. Pambran of Walla Walla was killed last summer by being thrown upon the horn of his saddle. The Fort and building was burnt to the ground last fall. A gentleman of the Co. was shot in his own house by an Indian last winter, north of this.

Baumaun has written me from China. Where is Prof. Nut-

Four Generations—1, Eliza Spalding Warren; 2, James H. Warren, her son 3, Berle J. Warren, her grandson; 4, Ledelle Warren, her great-grandson

ting? Speak of everything you can think of. I send this box by Mr. Lui Blair, who conducted twenty-four families from Red R. to this country last year; he will leave it with the Sioux Mission, St. Peter's.

I thank you for the information on different subjects, and from different parts, contained in your letter. Also for the papers. We hear so very little and very late what is going on in the world.

Clear Water River or Ku Kuskie (Kooskoosky).

Oct. 9, 1845.

To Dudley Allen, M. D.,
Kinsman, Ohio.

My Dear Brother—You kind letter of October, '45, came to hand with rich donation August last. I have written to the ladies of Kinsman a big letter, but very disconnected, and probably could I have taken time to read it over, should not have sent it. It was written at odd spells while threshing, cleaning and storing my wheat. It was threshed on the ground, in a yard made by the stacks, turning on fifteen or twenty wild horses at a time, changing often, both stacks going at once, tramp it all to chaff, no raking off, finished the whole heavy growth of sixteen acres in four days. Some ten or twelve Indians and as many boys at each place, double the number necessary. I could not prevent them from working, though sent off great numbers every day; some were paid cloth for a shirt for four days; the cotton cloth you sent; others in other articles; some in ammunition, ten to six loads a day; boys, a fish fork. Then came the winnowing, done mostly at night, no wind by day. Here I was assisted by the women and the girls, with their willow fans about twenty inches over, used in cleaning their seeds, roots, berries, etc.; men not up to winnowing, women generally want, thimbles, rings and small beads ten of the two former, or a single hand full of the latter, for a good day's work; girls two or three needles; five days ended the winnowing. During all this time four men were sawing wood, one splitting, and two women carrying from the river side to the wood house; three days rafting before commenced wheat; sawyers have a made shirt for four days; for common work, five days for a shirt. But thank the Lord, my work is all finished for this year, as also

my Indian made goods, shirts, beads, thimbles, ammunition, etc., etc., etc., are nearly all used up. Twenty or thirty to pay every night, and continued for two or three weeks takes off considerable property. Nothing but experience can give one an idea of the fatigue and perplexity of directing the inexperienced hands of such a wild set, perhaps most of them working every day, and of paying them every night, when the chores about the house are to be attended to, and the legs are now nearly unable to hold the body up for weariness. I have to plunge into work for a longer or shorted period every time a job of work is to be done, such as building mills, meeting houses, dwelling house, store house, rafting and working out timber or wood, planting or gathering corn or wheat, etc., etc., etc. But the exception of getting down and cutting firewood, I propose by the blessing of God to have none of these things to attend to for two or three years to come. God has just put some 300 bushels of wheat into the granary, a stack probably 150 in the field, some corn in the bin. This will supply our station and also Mr. Walker, who receives his flour and meal from me, for several years, unless Dr. Whitman fails to supply the wants of the yearly immigration. So you see a patient, industrious farmer would be more to me than two ministers.

But I must return to the letter I directed to yourself. Perhaps I have taken too much liberty in naming some things which are so very useful in helping me on with my work. But here comes four fellows who I sent early this month on other stream for three sows and their pigs, have failed to get the pigs out of the brush when I brought away the band of hogs two weeks ago. I am obliged to put the hogs and cattle (except milch cows) on this stream every summer to keep them from the Indians' grain in the valley. But they have also failed to get the pigs out of the brush. Pay one a file, one a fire steel, one is to have a pig, the boy a finger ring, fish hook and ten pins. Before I am done, two sick children are brought, one an infant with the cough or cold that prevails very extensively among young and old. Our babe has been very sick with it, all of us have it; give small powders of quinine and morphia, often a vomit, sometimes a calomel. Beg also for some corn meal, although this family have ten bushels where I have one. But like all others, they think because or appear to, because I give

medicine, I am under obligation to give food, though at the same time they may have much more on hand than I have. I give no meal. But there stands two more after medicine for children, and here comes back one which I have sent twice twenty grains of calomel with oil to a dying man; the medicine worked well, but he is now dead, but they tried their conjuring men too long before applying for medicine.. This they generally do, and if the disease be fever, they generally kill by their intolerable noise, beating of dry sticks by a band sitting around while the medicine man or woman, screams, dances, jumps, sings, throwing the body into the most hideous gestures, and making the most unearthly sounds, before the patient whenever they draw from his body portions of the disease and exhibit the black portion in their hands to the credulous crowd or spit it from the mouth, or blow it away with the breath. None of these conjurers commence till they know the number of horses or other property that they are to receive. Speak a few words on the source of Sorcery and Idolatry. Receive the usual replies from some; "Yes, we no longer listen to the conjurers, but are your customers," as though it was a favor and profit to me to spend money and much of my precious time in giving out medicine; from some, yes, we tell them we are determined to listen to Mrs. Spalding, although they are losing their children and, besides, in consequence, losing their conjurers. Betraying their unshaken confidence in sorcery they leave the system not on account of the sin against God, who alone can kill and make alive, but to obey me under obligation to them. Others would say, as they often do, "You withhold medicine from us," as though it belonged to them, of course, without price, "and therefore compel us to go to the medicine man," as assuming the place of God and the power of life and death, was one and the same thing with the medicine man's trusting in God to bless; besides these persons never have been refused, except when I have none, and, to give one instance out of many: In a full meeting a chief arose and with the most pathetic exclamation commenced, "My children, you see me here with my arms broken and hanging down, and my head down, and my face covered with shame and heart bursting open with grief for one man. I once had you, my children, all in my arms and carrying you safe beyond the land of evil. I once had medicine, and

then had courage and strength to stand between you and the evil conjurers, and something to give you in place of their power to heal your sick; by that time, I knew who the dreadful being was that was causing such evil in the land, before my name was called, but that man," pointing to me and calling my name, "has broken my arms and my medicine is gone. As though I had taken his medicine, he has sent this whole people back to the land of darkness and to their conjurers and has compelled your medicine man to resume his old work. That is the man who has done it. I stand alone and see my children sent in flocks to the medicine man, and have no power to stop because my face is covered with shame for him who is the author. I went to him for medicine the other day, and behold, he would not give me any." But it is impossible for me to describe, or the English language to convey, any of the greatness and nobleness of the Indian, and the unearthly meanness, littleness and wickedness of the white man, especially, if he has a benefactor, which such speech conveys. But let us look for the cause of the broken arms. Early in the year I had received from Vancouver about $25 worth of rhubarb, Jalap, Ipeccacauhana, and some others. To save some time to myself, I resolved to place most of it at once in the hands of the prinicipal men for the use of their several hands, divided nearly the whole into equal portions. Kept two for myself and sent the rest out, received a deer skin in two or three instances, worth a fifth the value of the medicine received, and even pay was demanded for some of those after the medicine was used up. The chief with the broken arms received his portion with the rest, but in a few months all was gone, and some of his family being sick, he came for more. I divided with him not once but many times, as, also, to others, until my supply was gone. A few days before the meeting above named, he came again. I had none, and hence my awful guilt in breaking his arms to prevent him from saving his people from ruin and my unpardonable selfishness and almost robbery in withholding or taking from him his just due. After the meeting this same man is the first to follow me into my room and enter into conversation cheerfully, and has no thought, and no one can conceive, that he has said anything to insult me.

But let me tell you of the chief. He is doubtless the best Indian in the country, perfectly honest in all his dealings, will

not allow one of his people to sell a horse to immigrants without making known every fault. Very correct in his religious life. No one doubts his piety; was one of the two first received into the church and in many ways a very amiable and useful man. But this Indian, I know no more what to think of his undescribable niggardliness and disposition to corrupt; the impossibility of furnishing a thing when one has it not, into a useful refusal to give up what justly belongs to the solicitor, than you do. Whether it is owing to their heathenish educator, or whether they are really the descendants of the children of Israel, and have come honestly by it, as Sinai frequently exhibited toward Moses in the wilderness. I should like to know of its form among the tribes on the east side of the mountains, and among other heathen tribes.

At first these thorns and thistles were exceedingly unpleasant to the skin, but now I get on with such scenes occurring perhaps a dozen times a day, seldom being thrown off my guard. But sometimes I confess I return an angry word, I am sorry for it. God alone can keep me. Pray, dear Brother, for me that in the midst of temptation the sharp edges of which you can have no idea, I may not fall. Want of fine clothing, society are not the trials of a missionary. But to return. Stepping to put up the pail, the old chief of this valley comes in to have his arm dressed, which was torn three days ago by a furious bull which came nigh taking his life, and not only of the old man, but that of myself and two children. Noticing an animal over the river with apparently a broken leg, and thinking it might be one of my cows and without the least thought of danger, I took the old man and my two little children and crossed over in his canoe. Approaching, we discovered it to be a bull belonging to some Indian, but no sooner did he discover us than he rushed upon us. I ran to my children. Eliza flew instantly, and before I came up with Henry, the bull overhauling me, giving me a dreadful blow, but only with his head, his horns passing each side, threw me violently on the ground, wheeled upon Henry, but missed him with the horns, knocking him down with his side, passing on after Eliza, but she soon got out of his reach upon a pine tree. This gave me time to seize my boy and place him safe upon the same tree. In the meantime he was approaching the old man, coming close, he

rushed furiously, throwing him a great distance, and before I could get to him with stones, made several pitches upon him, when he turned again upon me, but having no children I outran him and mounted the same tree with my children. Supposing the old man torn all to pieces I was surprised to see him soon rise up, and calling to him, found him hurt only in the arm. The bull came up to the tree and looked furiously at us for a while and then went off to himself. One leg appeared to have been shot. After dressing the old man's arm and giving him his supper I went for my cows, and found three out of five; the others had no bells on and were in thick brush.

A word about the property at our station. Everything belongs to the Board, horses, cattle, houses and everything in the way of houses, except, I think, the donations, perhaps not these. Should changes take place and it should be necessary, the property can doubtless be sold to good advantage, and the avails go to the Board. The Methodist Mission have done so with their mission in the lower country and dismissed all their laymen. One station only remains at The Dalles where there is one layman. Most of their prevaders have gone home from choice, or have been called home. Much of this lamentable work, I fear, has been brought about by the Board at home, through the influence of the travelers who have listened to the false reports of the ungodly settlers, who having fled from ships, or dark places of the Rocky Mountains, find the light of the gospel too bright for their eyes, red with sin. I understand that most of the missionaries of the Board now receive regular salaries; I suppose simply enough to support them, but this is not the case with this mission. Besides, the donations from friends, we have sent to Vancouver for such things as we need for our family, and to prosecute our work, and to give the Hudson Bay Company yearly a draft on our treasurer to be paid at sight with a bill of exchange in Lewiston. The rate of exchange being against us between this country and England, and between England and the States, we loose about $50 on a $100. Besides, the goods are high. Transportation up the river, high, about $5.00 per 100 pounds. Dr. Whitman and myself have resolved to go alternately to the Willamette for our supplies and bring them on horses. Having the horses and equippage, this method will cost only about half as much as by water.

And now, permit me to thank you for your part in the rich donation lately received; as also for your labors in collecting, putting up and forwarding the barrel. They must have been great. May the Lord bless you with his love and may the Lord reward you with heavenly blessings. We are surprised at the superior quality of the goods, as also, the great amount; surely you have done better with me a sinful, useless, creature than yourselves. May you receive a good account of the improvement of this invaluable donation at the judgment seat of Christ, where all our accounts are to be settled. Eliza and Henry send their thanks to their young friends at Dr. Allen's house. They are often gathering stones and stone arrow points to put in Dr. Allen's box, which I have concluded not to send this fall, but take it with me next summer to the Willamette hoping to find something in the lower country to put in. The bonnets are very nice. Please direct the next box to care of George Abernathy, Esq. Willamette Falls. Mrs. Spalding joins in Christian love to you all. Yours, etc.

H. H. Spalding.

P. S.—Mrs. Spalding received the kind letter from your mother and will answer soon. Through the goodness of God we are all in good health.

Oct. 14, 1847.

To Dudley Allen, M. D.

My Dear Brother: Your letter of last March by Independence has been duly received. I thank you much for the intelligence. I hope the box of curiosities have arrived. We thank you for the notice of sending a third barrel. We are not worthy to receive such favors. You say let us know what will be most useful. I will name some things in my spring letter which may go by those who return. May I ask however for a small keg of honey if you can obtain it without inconvenience. No bees in the country. A hive was brought last season and took the Southern route and was destroyed as was everything else. The immigrants this year took the old route to this country and commenced passing here two weeks earlier than usual, early in August but the hind wagons have not yet arrived. Some 1200 wagons cross the mountains this year. I have spent several days on the route visiting the passing immigrants. Many from

Ohio. I hope to see you with many of your neighbors next fall. It is probably the last year that claims of 600 acres will be taken without charge as government will act and bring the land into market. God willing I hope to be at Grand Round one day or fifty miles from this, with wheat, etc., to commence a settlement. It is a large beautiful country for settlement. Send your goods as I have directed you to care of James Douglass. Fort Vancouver, care of Rev. David Greene, Boston freight paid. Freight from Boston to Vancouver $24.00 per ton cost of hauling over mountains by wagon has been found to be at least $40 per hundred pounds. Come with ..... as they are valuable in this country and equally useful on route. Be prepared to pack your provisions to lighten your wagon sometimes up hill. Have your horses for your wife and family to ride at such times. Perhaps a light wagon but strong with eight yoke of oxen or cows is available for use of family. Most people load too heavy, start with three or four wagons and but three or four yoke for each, no horses, these give out, wagons or left property thrown away. Many depredations have been committed by the Snake and Walla Walla Indians this year. Hope God will send troops to prevent it next year. Five or six stations are being commenced at this time in our midst. The Dalles Station has come into our hands so we need a physician for that station very much, hope you will come to occupy it. If so apply through Rev. Mr. Coe to our Board and come at their expense by land but send property as I have said. Could I see you but an hour I am sure you would come and join our Mission and occupy. The Dalles Station at the same time you could take your claim at that place, one of the most important in the country being the junction of water and land navigation, or if you wish at any other place in the country. Do come to our help as one of our Mission or as a citizen, for the Papists are awake.

My family of four children with Mrs. Spalding were well when I left home last week. Bless the Lord, oh my soul. I have brought 17 horse loads of wheat and corn to this place for passing immigrants as Dr. Whitman has no more than for use of his station. Three-fourths of my people stop in buffalo country this winter. Expect to travel and preach among Cayuse. Mrs. Spalding's brother stops with us this winter. Have not

yet received your letter by ship. 700 wagons of Mormons have stopped at great Salt Lake to settle. We fear they will become troublesome to immigrants. Last fall there was no rain and causing no grass. A hard winter followed and many horses and cattle of white natives died. This season the rains are abundant and the grass already eight inches and prospect of best of feed through the winter. I have in a former letter taken the liberty to request a bit of dried fruit. Perhaps I am too free. Should you think property 400 or 500 head of sheep would be the best property you could bring to the country. This upper must become a herding and manufacturing country. Mr. Glenday, the bearer of this, expects to reach St. Charles, Mo., 1st of January. He expects to return next year with 500 head of sheep. If you can come in his company it would be advisable as he has passed the route and has had experience with Indians. Write to him at St. Charles, Mo. Thomas Glenday, God bless you and enable you to come to the conclusion that will him. Give my Christian love to Mrs. Allen, your father, and family, and all my Christian friends the proofs of whose benevolence we have so long enjoyed. God reward them. Direct to care of Thomas Glenday, Independence, to be there 15 April. Yours truly. H. H. SPALDING.

P. S.—Send no seed by sea as they do not germinate. Bring many by land if you come.

(Kooskoosky) Clear Water (for Kuskuski) River,
Sept. 15, 1855.

To the Ladies of the Presbyterian Church and Congregation in Kinsman, Ohio.

Dear Sisters in Christ: Your very valuable donation of October, 1843, has just arrived everything in good order. Nothing has been injured by salt water, which whenever it does enter a cask or box produces sad work, burning holes very much like fire, I think, however, during the passage from Vancouver up the Columbia to the Methodist Mission Station at The Dalles (Long Rapids), 150 miles, that some water penetrated the barrel, probably at the heads. Dr. Whitman with Indians brought the cargo in canoes from Vancouver to that place and it rained most of the time. He opened every thing at the station and dried the goods so that nothing was injured. The cargo consisted of the follow-

ing pieces for myself, your large cask, a cask not as large as yours from Mrs. Spalding's friends, Holland, Pattsut, N. Y., August, 1844, a box from Portland, Maine, 3 boxes containing 2 globes, books, maps, inkstands, paper, and some clothing from the Board, Boston, and 20 ploughs; donator not yet known. For Dr. Whitman a box from Portland, Maine. For Mrs. Eells a large box and small box from Connecticut. Here he left everything and hastened home from which he had been absent for a long time in the Willamette on important business, at the same time sending letters and with them the letter from our mutual friend and dear brother, Dr. Allen. The letters reached me while at the station of Bros. Whitman and Eells, 150 miles north of this and on the Spokane River and about 60 this side of Fort Colville. See your maps. Here myself and family were on a visit a few weeks to escape for a short time the intense heat of this valley, which owing to the position of the bluffs and hills around is doubtless the hottest place in the world. Much of the time for weeks the mercury from 103 to 110 in the shade and in the sun up to 150. No rain. The milk sours before noon unless kept in the river which during most of the hot season flows rapidly and cool from the snowy mountains in full banks 480 feet wide. The house floor and every article of furniture becomes disagreeably hot and in a few days the house is more like an oven heated than a place for dwelling. At night we are obliged to leave the house and sleep out in a tent. Rev. Mr. Walker and wife and four children arrived 27 June and he assisted me in my harvest. I had some 20 acres to cut, we commenced on the 30th of June with Indian help and the help of one white man we finished cutting and stacking the wheat and both families started on the 12th of July. Mr. Walker carried a young child fifteen months and I carried a little babe not quite four months. To furnish milk for her we had to drive a cow. We made sometimes 15 sometimes 30 miles a day and arrived the 6th day. Our two oldest children rode alone as they have done for many years. Mr. Walker's second and third rode together on one horse. My little boy rode a part of the way alone and was carried by an Indian part of the way. I am surprised that little children can ride so long without getting weary. Every night on getting down from their horses they are off gathering flowers and full of glee. We re-

mained until the 4th of August. I made the sash for several windows for Mr. Walker. We had a very profitable, happy interview with our brothers and sisters, our children had a chance to associate with something beside Indians, a subject beginning to be one of deep interest to us. The health of us all was greatly improved, and I think that we are all enjoying better health than at any time since in the country. The out expense about $12 paid for Indian help. Half of it for driving back cows from Mr. Walker's station. We were six days returning. During our absence our house was forcibly entered, a few quarts of meal and little salt and a few balls taken, otherwise everything safe. On the 14th, with our neighbor, Mr. Gray the only settler in the upper country, one Indian and myself started for The Dalles, 295 miles, leaving Mrs. Spalding and the children alone, which after her almost miraculous escape from a shocking death, alone in the fall of '42 as described in a letter to Dr. Allen, I proposed never again to do. But I have been obliged to do it several times, and probably there will be no remedy while I remain alone in the station. We passed by Dr. Whitman's station, spent the Sabbath, left on Monday, struck the Columbia River at Fort Walla Walla, and continued down it to The Dalles where we arrived Friday noon. Here our Methodist Brethren have a station and the only one left of their once extensive and flourishing mission in Oregon. Oh, what cannot envy and jealousy accomplish. The Rev. Mr. Walker and Mr. Brewer with their wives are located here and are very efficient missionaries, and are doing much good. Mr. Walker was absent to the Willamette a circumstances which I regretted very much. I had, however, a very happy interview with Mr. Brewer and lady. Our packs were to be made up by Saturday night to be ready to start Monday morning. The ploughs were in boxes, the good books, etc., in casks, boxes as above described. Everything was taken out except the globes and packed in bales and covered with .....; the casks taken down and staves baled up. Saturday eve all things were ready. Sabbath spent very happily, by request preached to the little company. Monday morning loaded 16 horses, each horse carrying two bales equally balanced loads weighing 150 to 200 pounds, one large strong horse carried the plough beams, 20, 10 horses were loaded with the ploughs and the staves. On our return we followed the wagon road which a part of the way keeps

out upon the plains to avoid the narrow and stony passages along the river. We found the road much better than the river front where in going down in three or four places the trail leads over points and rocky precipices where it would seem wild goats would not think of venturing, and where a single misstep or slide of the hoof must plunge the animal 200 or 300 feet into the rolling billows below. The whole region of the Columbia River from Walla Walla to The Dalles is an entire desert of sand with here and there a small bunch of willows and a half acre of grass. The former may serve a year or two longer to kindle a fire for the travelers, but the latter will be eaten out long before half the present immigration are passed, and what the late ones will find for their animals to eat I know not. True there is a little bunch grass scattered among the ..... or on the sand plains, but not a sufficiency and probably as was the cause last year one-half or two-thirds of their cattle will die in crossing the Cascade Mountains between The Dalles and the Willamette, unless our country men take the advice of Dr. Whitman and leave their cattle until the next spring in the upper country when they will be and go down safely. Wagons can go down the Columbia River as far as The Dalles, where they are obliged to put on board of boats, as the timber prevents them from going further. Two years ago 100 wagons passed to the Willamette last year 160, and this year 600 are said to be passing Dr. Whitman's station or near to it. As yet all are passing to the lower country as the tribes are not willing that whites should settle in their country. But this will not be the case, and we very much need pious, industrious men to commence settlement in the upper country, but if our Christian friends neglect to attend to this all important subject upon us and settle around us, and exert their religion killing law—annihilating soul destroying, indescribable polluting influences, in all probability, the mission will be overthrown, the civilization or christianity which God has caused to spring up among the people, will be swept away and the people removed beyond all future hopes. I speak from soul-sickening experience. Yes, we already begin to feel the influences of the blood hounds of the bottomless pit. Fled and fleeing from the light of civilization and the restraint of law some of them having schooled themselves for years among the blacklegs of the Western fron-

tier, Texas, and the Rocky Mountains fur trade, and others direct from the hot ranks of anti-religion in the West. Nothing is as odious to their eyes as the appearance of the law of religion in this distant corner of the earth where they expect to find nothing to check their unbridled passions and be assured they will leave no means in their power untried to root out these offensive missionaries. I could fill sheets with the history of events through which Dr. Whitman and myself have been passing for a few years past and the recital of which would chill the blood in veins, and cause you ever after to almost abhor the name of American citizen of which you have nationally so much cause to be proud. But as yet the Lord has not suffered a hair of our heads to fall to the ground, although the dagger in the hands of the white man has been down, and public meetings have been held in the lower country to consult about coming up and pulling down the house of Dr. Whitman, and some property at both stations, has been forcely taken or destroyed, still no assault has been made upon our persons, and considering the fickelness of Indian character, and the short period since light first began to throw its melting influence upon these mountains of heathen darkness, rendered a thousand times doubly prized by the unbroken, accumulating influence of generations, not a tenth part of the toil to all appearance has been accomplished here that might have been expected. Not but what the odds are to human appearance, fearfully and unceasingly against us, and not but what the curing have marshaled upon the battlefield those legions that ever are so successful in every part of the world where religion and science have not built up to the skies the impregnable bulwark of protective law, viz.: fornication, adultery, polygamy, Sabbath breaking, robbery, infidelity, and even friendship and by repeated discharges vollies are pouring down upon us, false reports, calamities, false and fearful insinuations as to our future purposes. They pull every cord, especially the one that vibrated so completely through an Indian's soul, viz.: the never can be satisfied desire for property. The people are told that if they were the true teachers of God who charges nothing for the water they drink and the sun that shines upon them like Him we would charge nothing for food and clothing and long since to an individual they would have been supplied with both. Again they are affectionately asked, where their principle men are who

were alive when their pretended teachers of God came first among them giving them to understand pointing to their graves that we are the cause of death. And considering the fact that these tribes consider that God has interposed in a wonderful manner to prevent this calamity from taking effect especially upon Dr. Whitman. In fact, at our meeting last spring the question was debated whether the danger from this source had not become so great as that duty required us to leave, but after prayerful deliberation we resolved to command anew ourselves, our families, to Him who has so many years protected us from harm. But can it be expected that we can hold out much longer with our present feeble number? Already I seem to see the walks giving away at several points. Who will come speedily to our help? The enemy is increasing every year, while we are necessarily growing weaker. Rest assured if the barrier which you have so generously aided us in creating be swept away by the corrupting influences which are now rolling over the Rocky Mountains upon these Pacific shores, the fate of these tribes, may be read in the history of those who once walked proudly upon your now happy soil. The Board have informed us if this mission fail, it is the last effort they shall make for the Indians. But ask honestly has there been a fair effort made here? Can you and your Christian friends in the states go up to the judgment-seat of Christ and say you have done all you could for the Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains? What is one individual for a whole tribe, especially where, far removed from any source of supplies, he is obliged to erect his own buildings, where raise his own provisions, in addition to his labors in teaching an indescribably ignorant, rude people to cultivate the soil, and without means, attend to questions and wants from this source, enough every day to fill a ream of paper, learn a foreign language, reduce it to a written state, print the books, teach schools, but first build a school house, attend sometimes to 20 or 25 sick patients in a day, besides the appropriate duties of a missionary.

. . . . . .

But to return to our packs. The first day from The Dalles we traveled 150 miles and crossed the River Shoots at its mouth, in canoes. This river takes its name from the shoots or great falls of the Columbia River at this place where the

Columbia makes a perpendicular fall of fifteen or twenty feet. We collected our horses as soon as light every morning, commenced packing up, attended worship, ate breakfast and mounted our saddles, drive till sun one hour high, selected a spot of fresh grass, took down our packs, struck fire, made tea to check the headache or stimulate the body, which from fatigues of the day by this time becomes exceedingly wearied and often full of pain, attend worship and with two bear skins under us and two blankets over us and we committed ourselves to rest. Usually we had to go down ten times a day to stop the band, catch two or three horses, tighten the cords, arrange the packs. Generally as many as two and sometimes five or six horses a day would take fright, run, kick, throw their packs and break cords and perhaps saddles. No damage was done to the property. Friday night found us at Dr. Whitman's. 175 miles from The Dalles. Saturday, leaving some of the loading at this place, arranged packs again, Sabbath preached. Monday morn started for home, rather anxious, having heard that one of my children was sick. Wednesday early found us at Clear Water, having accomplished the journey with our stoppages in exactly three weeks 295, whole distance 590 miles, 14 days' traveling averaging 42 miles daily. Through the mercy of an ever watchful Providence, found the family well, all things in safety. Next day examined our property. I need not say that it was a day of great excitement for our little children. And what shall I say of the many good things your kind hearts have sent us. Simply to thank you is not enough. Please read Phi. 4, 16, Prov. 11, 25, Acts 20, 35, so may it be with you my good friends, and may we your unworthy brother and sister upon whom you have seen fit to bestow your rich favors so bountifully, make a right use of them. What adds to their value greatly, is the confidence that every article is followed by the doners prayers. I will not pretend to speak of this or that article as particularly acceptable and needful, all are of a superior quality new work well done, variety surprisingly extensive. I believe our whole family at this moment, more or less clothed from them, even a little tot but six months old now was provided for. But permit me to thank that dear mother in Israel who has seen affliction, Mrs. Crocker. The bonnets and pail, axe, saw, chisel, are excellent. The children are highly

delighted with what came for them, but oh that those more important commodities with which your happy country is so abundantly favored of Heaven, might be put up and shipped to us, viz. civilization and the life giving influence, which industry, social order and the various wheels of enterprises, have upon the forming mind to draw out its energies and cause it to grow to manhood. Here my children see nothing around them but a dread calm, a boundless sea of nothing. Instead of seeing themselves carried almost irresistibly forward by the steam wheels of civil, scientific, and religious enterprises from the first years of thought they see nothing above or beyond them but everything below them, they feel it and are made to feel it by the natives who actually look up to them as soon as they are old enough to talk. Instead of the stimulating influence of the Sabbath school, the common school the church going bell, the world of science and of civilization, they feel their tender limbs hung around by the thousand dead weights. Everything is downward but the solitary example of their parents, and try to imagine what it is to bring children up in a heathen land, to say nothing of the wicked influences coming unblushingly in from every side.

You tell us to name such things as we most need. Permit me to take the liberty to do so, for your convenience, simply but not as a dicator. Two years has lapsed since your cask was started. It will probably be another before you get this letter, and should see fit to bestow your beneficance upon us again, it will probably be two years from that time before the barrel can reach us, in 1848 when should children live, Eliza will be 11, Henry Hart 9, and Martha Jane will be 3 one- half. Add one year to each in size.

Clothes and shoes for these children and clothes for myself. I have a good supply of shoes, Mrs. Spalding has a pretty good supply of clothes, and of bedding. The following articles will be better to us than gold or silver, to pay out for labor, viz. cheap calicoes, and white factory shirts for men and boys made rather long, one, two and three quart tin basins; 4, 6 and 8 quart tin pails; small fish hooks, brass nails for ornaments and small brass and iron wire. Please send me a cow-bell, a thing not to be had in this country, also a nail hammer and if convenient a few pounds of nails.

Four Generations—Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Amelia Crooks, Warren Crooks, little Joe Crooks, Prineville, Ore.

Direct your barrel simply to myself Oregon, care of Rev. David Greene etc. of A. B. C. F. M., Remberto Square, Boston, Mass.

And now I have filled several sheets without saying anything about the people, the future prospect of our Mission. The people are a wicked, superstitious tribe of Indians; wicked not in the sense in which I suppose many of the tribes of the earth are, idolaters, murderers, adulterers. They are gamblers to a very great extent. For the first few years of my residence among them, this evil was almost entirely abandoned, but of late it has revived. I think two or three schools in the hands of judicious teachers would tend greatly to check this evil by furnishing an occupation for the leisure hours of the young. When our school was the largest there was no gambling in this vicinity, all were engaged in writing and reading their lessons day and night. But Mrs. Spalding's health failed and for two years she has not been able to do scarcely her own work. Two weeks the school was in the hands of good men, to be sure, but they did not understand the language and the school has gone down I think for the want of one like Mrs. Spalding, able to converse with then, and explain and answer a thousand questions, with a faculty to interest. God has so far restored her health in great mercy that she hopes by his assistance, to resume this, her favorite labor. I wish we had some one to relieve her of her house work, washing, etc. But the people are Indians, and to know the Indian character, you must not go to poets or orators of former days who speak of the Indians as a noble-hearted being never forgetting a favor. Nothing is farther from the truth. In fact I have sometimes thought that an Indian is incapable of feeling gratitude for a favor, however, great, or the feeling of shame for a base act, however mean, but I am rather inclined to think that this characteristic refers to their intercourse among whites rather than with one another and perhaps they have come justly by this feeling from the universal practice of whites of making presents to Indians, in fact they seem to feel that all whites are in debt to every Indian, so they are only getting what is due them when they come and beg for an awl, a flint, a needle, some soap, some flour, some salt, etc., which is done many times a day and more by those chiefs than by the common people, whereas, if I am in the lodge of one

to whom I have just given a meal of victuals and several presents, and ask for a salmon or a piece of meat, not worth half I have given, get it to be sure, but the owner follows me home and I must pay him for it. I do not believe it is possible for a white man to favor an Indian and receive a favor in return, but among themselves if one receives a gift he returns it. I may have a man in a room prepared, with his sick wife and perhaps two or three children for a week, furnish them food, administer medicine daily, Mrs. Spalding prepares gruel, arrow root, and spends conseiderable time with them every day, and if I ask that man once to go a short distance to drive up the cows, when he leaves he will demand pay for driving up the cows. A man will bring a half bushel of corn in the Summer after the grinding season is over, to favor I will offer meal or flour and take his grain, but as soon as I measure his grain, empty it out and fill it with meal or flour, the table is turned, he has conferred a great favor upon me by bringing his grain so far and now I will give only the same quantity of meal, whereas the grain will make more when ground, so much I steal. And so he will allow nothing for tole. But I try to do what is right, although such things are of almost daily occurrence. And still there is an honesty among them that is surprising. I can always take an Indian's word with out much danger of being deceived. I am in the habit of trusting perhaps a hundred Indians every year for 10 or 30 loads of ammunition, a pint of salt, etc., and I do not think that one in 20 fails to meet their engagement handsomely in a deer skin, meat or whatever promised. For plough, etc., I have to receive a good many horses from them every year and generally give them best and careful to tell the fault of the horse if he had any, I generally take their word without looking at the animal. Since I have been in the country my intercourse with the natives and whites has been as 99 to one and still the instances of gross description of down-right knavery has been almost entirely from the whites.

They are remarkably industrious, ever ready to labor for themselves or for me, and could they obtain ploughs and hoes, I think soon every family would raise grain enough for subsistance without depending upon the precarious supply of roots, etc. They are making noble efforts to procure cattle, and the country is fast filling up, but ploughs can not be had only as

they are ordered by the missionaries (except a few for the Hudson Bay Company for 10 beavers each) as all that come into the Willamette are sold on leaving the ship generally. Their attention upon public worship is generally good. Nearly all within ten or fifteen miles assemble on the Sabbath, except a few who have adopted the Catholic form of worship, but these are very friendly and the principle man among them visits our house every day. The Catholics have a station within a day and a half of this and are making great promises to those who will adopt their religion. A year last June twelve natives were received into our church, making in all 22. Many others appear well and may be received the coming Winter. There was less attention to the subject of religion last Winter than any Winter for several years, but I think it was owing very much to own want of faith. Last Winter I attempted a school, but my time day and night was occupied in translating and correcting proof sheet of the Gospel of Matt. It was printed by a young Canadian direct from St. Louis, a very good, young man, though a Catholic.

This Winter God willing, I hope to translate the Book of — —. As fast as I translated, five or six would look over and copy into their little books and so on to the number of 20 or 25. The daily portion was read every evening. This constituted my school. This last Summer many of this people visited the Willamette to exchange horses for cattle. They have returned highly pleased with the Americans. Before nothing was talked of but war, but this excitement is entirely abated and given place to the warmest experiences of friendship. How long things may continue as they are I know not. The Indian is very fickle. Now our prophets were never more flattering.

600 Wagons are said to be passing to the Willamette. Some have reached the Dalles but many have not yet reached the Blue Mountains, 100 miles east of Dr. Whitman's.

Excuse the disconnectedness of this letter, as I have written but a line at a time while thrashing with horses two of my three stacks of wheat winnowing it by moonlight, as there was no wind by day, rafting down, sawing, splitting and cording in wood house my Winter's wood, drift of the ploughs, attending to the sick. Pray for us, pray for this little church of babes, and pray for the success of the gospel among the people. Mrs.

Spalding joins in best wishes of christian love to our dear sisters in Christ.

H. H. Spalding.

PART OF LETTER WRITTEN FEBRUARY 7TH, 1845.

In your last via of the Islands which arrived last December you ask us to name such articles as would be particularly useful. We cannot but esteem such a privilege a very great favor. With such indulgence I will take the liberty to name a few things. Can you collect a barrel of dried fruit? Please get the barrel made of pine, iron bound with a view to be sawed into two washtubs on arriving. Ready made clothing for our children with shoes for Mrs. Spalding. Her number is seven. The ages of our children in 1849 if they live will be as follows: Eliza 12, 15th Nov.; Henry Hart 10, the 24th Nov.; Martha Jane 4, the 20 March; Amelia Lorena 3, the 12 of Dec. I have named 49 as the barrel if started in 47 will not reach us till late in 48. Our children are large and healthy. Please send a pair of old spurs and a pair of compasses and two bridles. I have just asked Mrs. Spalding if she wishes to name any particular articles. She says she prefers to trust to the judgment of the ladies and your self. The goods and many more small but indespensable articles, the benefit of which we are enjoying even yet, convince you that you are not ignorant of the necessities of a family. The pantaloons that you sent me will probably last another year. Coarse common shirts rather long, calico or domestic are useful for Indian trade.

Please direct to care of James Douglass, Esq., Fort Vancouver. Mrs. Spalding would be happy to write to the ladies of your society but cannot command the time this Winter. Perhaps she will next Summer. She joins me in Christian love to yourself, your father's family and the ladies of your societies. May the great head of the church give us grace and wisdom to do his holy will in what ever capacity we may labor in the harvest field. With best wishes for yourself and yours, I remain

Yours very truly,

H. H. Spalding.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXCERPTS FROM LECTURES BY DR. SPALDING

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(By Permission)

ARRIVAL AT HUDSON BAY STATION EN ROUTE TO WEST.

On arriving at the English camp, Mr. McLeod received us with that kindness and hospitality which ever characterized the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company in their intercourse with our missionaries—with the exception of one instance, which will appear hereafter. He invited us into his tent, where he had his oil-cloth table spread, and with such a dinner for beings, who had been so long without bread! Sea biscuits and ham, coffee and sugar, plates and knives. And often on the journey did these gentlemen deny themselves to afford our ladies a rich feast of hard bread.

A few days after, the Nez Perces camp (about 2,000), joined our camp to journey with us to Fort Hall, and to persuade us, if possible to go with them, by their buffalo route, to their country; fearing if we went with the whites they would lose us, after all, as they did Mr. Lee.

On the 18th day of July, the caravan took up its march for Fort Walla Walla. The English, unlike the Americans, packed their animals and turned them loose, driving them in a band before them, like the packers of the present day in this country. The American packer always held his three animals by the cord, riding one and leading the two packed, to be the more ready to form into a hallow square, dismount, hobble and picket the animals at the sudden approach of a band of savages.

The Nez Perces camp was divided into small bands of some 50 or 100 with four times as many horses, each band under a sub chief, the whole tribe directed by three war chiefs, who gave their orders or directions every evening for the next day, riding slowly around among the lodges, with a crier by the side repeating every sentence in a distinct loud voice. I saw at once the power this method would give to preaching, and my experience of many years has only strengthened by conviction.

The labor of the Indian camp, while in a dangerous country, was pretty well divided between the women and men. The latter having the fighting to do, the hunting and scouting and the constant watching; the driving horses to grass and bringing them in at night. While the women do the packing and driving the horses by day, the putting up and taking down lodges and poles, the gathering wood and digging roots and the pounding seeds for food and making moccasins. We found the whole nation, women and men (except the chiefs), given to gambling, but ready and even anxious to learn what the book of God had to say on the subject. After reconnoitering a few days, I made up my mind that the devil would dispute this point with a more determined desperation then any other he held among this simple-minded people, and after having a warfare of nearly 30 years I have found the Gospel of Christ could rout him from every other post more readily than from this. Among the Jews his strong hold was in their hatred to the manifest Deity and melting love of Christ, before which a raging soul is melted to a lovely angel of mercy in a moment.

The day we left Fort Hall, Mrs. Spalding, who by this time had regained considerable strength, was thrown violently upon her head and shoulders, her foot hanging in the stirup. Her horse stepped into a wasps' nest, jumped and kicked furiously, but did not run. Providentially Tom McKay, riding near, sprang to her relief with his rifle drawn, ready to shoot the horse should he attempt to run. No bones were broken, and she was able to move on that day by being carried in the wagon.

We were now fairly in that "great and terrible wilderness" of death, where so many strong men and trappers had perished from starvation in attempting to cross its sand deserts, which are destitute of all game. Two days both man and beast suffered intensely in the hot sands for want of water. Once we had to let our wagon down a steep mountain by cords. Twice I fainted on that desert from exhaustion and the want of water. The deep black cliffs, the heavy mountains, the ever-present sand, want of water, and the strong sage constantly obstructing the wagon, all made deep inroads upon the remaining strength of our long-used animals. But upon their endurance everything depended.

At Salmon Falls we obtained a few salmon of the starving Indians. Once the hunters were sent out to reach the distant mountains for game, but returned after two days with none and in a starving condition. Again they were sent out, and returned with two elk and four deer; but they lasted no time in our large, hungry camp, and only made us feel more our miserable condition in trying to live on old dry buffalo-bull meat, not much better than so much dry basswood bark. If it ever had seen fat it must have been in some other animal that had died years before.

On the 14th day of August, we reached the crossing of Lewis River—latitude, 42 degrees, 55 minutes; longitude, 115 degrees, 04 minutes; 208 miles from Fort Hall; width of river above the islands, 1049 feet, according to Fremont. Two islands divide the river into three channels, each about 700 feet wide. It is usually too deep to ford, but at this time a few of the tallest American horses were about 9 inches above water; all the others and the cattle had to swim. The packs were taken over on the tallest horses. The two tallest and strongest were selected for our wives, but they were illy prepared with their poor frames to stem the sweeping current. A Frenchman led each horse. One channel had to be crossed diagonally up stream; and as the weak horses reached the middle of the channel, lying heavily over against the powerful current, I saw Mrs. Spalding giving way to the bosom of waters everywhere sweeping by her. In an instant more her fate would be sealed. No human arm could overtake and rescue her from the broad sweeping flood. I yelled, "Look at those deer coming down that mountain; we will have meat for supper." She righted immediately, and I instantly replied: "Keep your eye on that mountain, and let it not look at the water again, or you are lost." She understood me, and said she saw no more of the river till they reached the shore, all safe. But Dr. Whitman, in crossing the wagon came nigh being carried away by the heavy current; but was providentially rescued by our everywhere present angel of mercy, Tom McKay, who flew to his relief upon a powerful horse, and by aid of his lasso-rope enabled the Doctor's horses—which were now being carried down stream—to regain and hold their footing, and all were brought to the shore, to the great joy of the Doctor's agonized wife, who was

looking on while her dear husband was struggling in the waters. Some years later the good Doctor, by the blessing of God upon his medical services, saved his deliverer from a fatal disease. Five years later still this ever noble friend of the Doctor, and of our mission, left the Willamette Valley with a company of men to avenge the Doctor's death in the valley of Walla Walla.

We passed the Hot Spring, in which we cooked salmon done in ten minutes, and reached Boise (or Wood) River, about where Boise City now stands and on the 19th reached the Fort, then standing on Boise River two miles above its mouth. Here we spent the Holy Sabbath; had divine service by request of those in charge—a precious privilege we had not enjoyed since we left Fort William. The audience—many of whom had not heard preaching for twenty years—paid profound attention. We had good singing—as was always the case when dear sister Whitman was present, as she undoubtedly had the sweetest and most natural voice that ever fell upon mortal ears.

We had to leave at this post several of our cattle, given out, to receive others of the H. B. Co., at Fort Walla Walla—which the gentlemen kindly offered to give us in exchange, although they were under no obligation to do so. A small patch of corn was growing here, which was a joyful sight to our eyes. We obtained eight quarts of dry corn-all they had—for the benefit of our ladies. The Fort subsisted on salmon and beaver, with a little game occasionally.

At Fort Boise we were compelled to leave our wagon, on account of the weak state of our horses. It was an old friend, and had stuck to us against heavy circumstances, for a long distance. Instead of "an old wagon belonging to Dr. Whitman," as Mr. Gray terms it, Capt. Hart, of Holland Patent, N. Y., Mrs. Spalding's father, had it made expressly for our Western journey, then designed to the Osage Indians. The bed, cover, and some of the running-gears were made with my own hands. Starting from Utica, N. Y., the 1st of February, 1836, on snow five feet deep, I had arranged our craft on runners, with the wheels lashed till we should strike hard ground, which we did in Trumbull County, Ohio, where we left the runners and shipped our wheels; but finding no reliable bottom to the roads, we were compelled to "tack ship" and take water at Pittsburgh. Dr. Whitman and wife and the Pawnee mission-

aries having joined us at Cincinnati, we continued by water to Liberty, Missouri, where we took land again, and the wagon served us faithfully to this post. And especially had it accomplished one vastly important national object. It had settled the question that wagons could pass through the "great and terrible desert" between Green River and Fort Boise. And six years later Dr. Whitman, standing in the White House at Washington with his face, hands and feet frozen by his Winter journey through the mountains of New Mexico, could say confidently to President Tyler that wagons and families could be taken from the Missouri River to the Columbia; and that he had crossed the mountains at the risk of his life to take back to Oregon, that season, from the frontiers, a caravan of emigrants with their families, wagons and herds, God helping them. This information, though directly opposed to the statements of the English Governor Simon, determined President Tyler that Oregon should not be traded off to Ashburton, by his secretary, Webster, for a "mess of codfish," till he could learn the result of Dr. Whitman's attempt to take families, wagons and herds across the continent to the Columbia. Many old Oregonians — Waldo, Applegate, Kyser, Hembree, Nesmith and others — remember with profound satisfaction the glorious result of the Doctor's expedition, as they helped, by their personal hazards and toils, to crown it with success. Two years later, when Polk, with Dallas, was a candidate for the Presidency, with his motto "Texas and Oregon—fifty-four forty or fight!" Webster was on the opposite ticket with his motto, "No fight! No Oregon!" But Webster lost; for by this time Dr. Whitman's Winter journey had produced a glorious harvest of Western settlers for Oregon. But poor Mr. Webster could never forgive the Doctor for upsetting his pan of codfish just as he was about to sit down to tea with the British governor.

Dr. Newell, in a letter to the Oregon Herald, sometime ago, denies that we brought our wagon and cattle to Boise, by saying that he was the first man to "break sage with a wagon" from the Rocky Mountains to Boise in 1840, and that Dr. Whitman took him by the hand and congratulated him on being the first man to bring a wagon through the Snake deserts.

The same paper published a letter from Wm. H. Gray, in which there were false statements concerning the Lapwai Mis-

sion and grave charges against Dr. Newell, Esq. Lassater, Rev. C. Eells and myself. I immediately prepared a communication correcting these mistakes of Dr. Newell and Mr. Gray, and sent them to the Herald, but the editor refused to publish. That Lapwai Mission is a troublesome bone, both to the Herald and the Oregonian—to one because of religion, and to the other because of politics.

On an island in Snake River, below the mouth of Boise, Wilson Hunt established a trading post in 1811, leaving it in charge of Reid, with a few men—one being Dorio, whose Indian wife figures in "Astoria". Soon after the Fort was cut off, with every soul, except one man, mortally wounded, and Madam Dorio, who managed to escape with her two children, two horses, and the wounded man. She traveled slowly, but the man fainted from the loss of blood, and could go no further. That night he died; and before dawn this heroine did the best she could in burying the body in the frozen ground with nothing but her knife, and then pushed on, taking one child before and one behind, and leading one horse. She directed her course, keeping away from the trails, toward the Walla Walla country. On reaching Grande Ronde she found, as she expected, the snow too deep to attempt to cross the mountains with her children. She killed her two horses, dried the meat, selected a secure place, and with rushes and the horse-skins, prepared her Winter camp and awaited the opening of Spring. Although her cup of sorrow would seem to have been full to the brim, yet again it was made to more than run over by the sudden death of one of her children in mid-Winter. Providentially she was not discovered through the Winter by the Snakes, and at early Spring, with her remaining child on her back she made her way on foot through snows of the mountains to the Walla Walla country, and finally to Astoria. The surviving child was Baptiz Dorio, well known to old Oregonians.

The H. B. Co. was organized and received their charter from Charles II, in 1669; and soon became a monopoly, second only to the famous East India Co. Their rigid economy and wise regulations have secured to them great success in commerce. Their strict honesty with the natives, always fulfilling their promises and requiring the same of the Indians, had secured to them the entire confidence of all the Indian tribes. They

have always succeeded far better with the Indian race, and at an expense incalculably less, than the agents of the American Government. Who ever heard of an Indian war in the British possessions, where the H. B. Co. have control? Who ever knew a contract broken by that company, once made with an Indian tribe, or with a single Indian? But continual breach of contracts, is the peculiar feature of the American policy with the Indian race; and the far-spread, exterminating Indian war now waged by the Government, or rather by contractors, upon infants and old women; at a cost, to the American people, of $1,000.-000.00 a week, is the result. Almost the entire vast territory of the Pacific slope, and a greater territory east of the mountains, has been obtained by the United States, by purchase from the Indians. The prices for these lands have always been fixed by the Government itself, and the contracts for these lands entered into with the several tribes, at their several councils, were ever of the most solemn and sacred character. The God of Heaven and his holy angels were referred to as witnesses to the covenant. The Indians are assured, in behalf of the President of the United States, that he, their great father, has an equal interest in his red and white children. That the Government cannot lie; that the covenated stipulations (which are always generous and ample) shall be faithfully and solemnly met by the Government, in payments every year, for ten or twenty years, in money and the undivided services of well qualified men, to establish their schools, and to aid and instruct the individual Indians to cultivate the earth, and in the mechanical arts. On the part of the Indian race, these land contracts have been faithfully fulfilled, and their lands delivered and were settled. Territories and states were organized on these lands. But how, on the part of this great Christian nation (?) one part boasting of honor, the other of magnanimity? Shameful, almost universal breach of faith. Not one of these thousand contracts, especially the last ten years, has been honestly met, and but few attempted. Almost the entire amount of the millions of money due the tribes for these lands, has been withheld at Washington, or knowingly given into the hands of superintendents with wind securities, and who have squandered it. The great army of men thus solemnly pledged by the Government to do this noble, philanthropic work for the Indian race

on the reservations, for which the tribes have paid their lands, were, with few exceptions, wholly unqualified for the work specified in the treaties; often known to be thus unqualified, and yet employed by the Government; and never enter upon their specified labors; are not set to do the work for, and with the Indians, as contracted in the treaties; most of them immoral, many of them notorious gamblers, drunkards, whore-masters; but go to work for themselves, thus not only rob the tribes yearly, of the $30,000.00 usually due on each reservation for such specified labors, but compel the tribes to furnish them with lands, timber, mills and teams, to use for themselves, for the ten or twenty years, while they thus rob them. More honorable for the Government, far, to have robbed the Indian race outright, of their country, and drove the last Indian into the Pacific. Better, far better for us— the American people— who are soon to meet this crime of our authorized agents, at the bar of God; better for the Indians, had that band of blood-stained fanatics, pickpockets and war-factors, called the Indian Department, taken the millions due the Indian tribes, and taken ship for the Fejee Islands, and never set foot on a reservation. By the shameful perfidities, the immense swindling and constant deceptions of the Indian Department, practiced upon the tribes, the whole Indian race have become perfectly disgusted with the American people; have lost all confidence in the Government, and finding the Government always breaking its word, and that the decree has gone forth to exterminate the last red man and woman, they have taken up the tomahawk, determined to sell themselves and what little they have left, as dear as possible.

On the other hand, had the simple, cheap policy of the H. B. Co. been pursued with the natives, to-day, a single man could have traveled from the Columbia to the Missouri in safety. When we arrived in the country, a single white man or woman could have traveled from Fort Hall to Vancouver without harm; but how is it now, and why? The Nez Perces and Snake tribes answer that question without possibility of a dodge. The one was taken in hand by the Christian Missionaries, with the holy Sabbath and the Bible; the other, and the better tribe (according to Lewis and Clarke) was taken in hand by the American Government, with the lasso-rope, gunpowder and broken pledges.

But the innocent have to suffer the consequences of bad government, and the people have to foot the enormous bills of the provoked Indian wars.

The rivalry of the two companies continued for more than thirty years, and culminated in open war between the two companies. The loss of many lives, and the ruin of nearly all the old pioneer partners of the North West Co., and finally the consolidation of both companies in one, under the name of the Hon. Bay Company in 1821. The veteran McKinzie of the N. W. Co., who, in 1739, pushed his extensive explorations by the Slusa Lake and McKenzie River, to the Arctic Ocean, in 1792, was the first white man to cross the Rocky Mountains, latitude, 54 degrees, reached the Pacific Ocean, latitude, 52 degrees in September. Capt. Gray having entered the mouth of the Columbia in the month of May, four months before, and had given this great West to his country, and the name of his good ship to the river, which name "will flow with the waters of the bold river as long as the grass grows or water runs in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains."

Fourteen years after—the year Lewis and Clarke recrossed the mountains—Simeon Frazier, of the N. W. Co., established a trading post on Frazier's Lake, in New Caledonia; the first trading post West of the Rocky Mountains. The Americans were next on the ground, with a trading post on the headwaters of the Bitterroot River, established by the Missouri Fur Co., in 1808. John Jacob Astor's stupendous enterprise by sea and by land, commenced in 1811 at Astoria, and the four other points already named, backed by immense wealth and pushed forward with almost superhuman energy. But the iron will of this great man had the strange apathy of his own Government; the treachery of his own partners, the War of 1812 and even the elements to contend with, and had, like all before him, left the arm of Jehovah out of his reckoning; and Astor failed, sadly failed to make a permanent footing for the American commerce on this coast. The Missouri and the American Fur companies, under the guidance of the veteran mountaineers. Ashley and Henry Sublitt, Fritzpatrick and Bridger, and other experienced mountain rangers from the year 1824 and on; and finally Capt. Bonneville and Capt. Wyeth, as late as '34 all put forth stupendous and repeated efforts at an enormous expense of

money and men, to secure, under the joint occupancy of the country, the United States' share of the rich fur trade, and to light up the blaze of a second North American republic on the Pacific shores.

Leaving our ladies to Winter, perhaps at Vancouver, Dr. Whitman, Mr. Gray and myself returned with Mr. Pambran to Fort Walla Walla, where we found the Indians in waiting to conduct us to their countries. In ten days two stations had been selected; one for Dr. Whitman, among the Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians, at a place called Waiilatpu, in the forks of the Pasha (Mill Creek) and Walla Walla rivers, 25 miles east of Fort Walla Walla; and the other for myself among the Nez Perces, two miles up the Lapwai, a south branch of Kooskooskee or Clearwater River, and 12 miles from its mouth, and 125 miles southeast from Fort Walla Walla, in latitude 46 degrees, 28 minutes and longitude 117 degrees, 05 minutes.

Leaving Dr. Whitman and Mr. Gray, with two Hawaiians whom Dr. McLaughlin had kindly furnished to us as helpers, and the two Nez Perces boys who had come with us from the states, and a colored man from the mountains, to commence buildings at the Doctor's station, I reached Fort Walla Walla at 12 o'clock on the night of October 18, just in time to take passage for Vancouver in the boat bearing the express from Montreal, Canada, and York Factory on Hudson Bay, which places it had left in March preceeding. The express was in charge of Mr. McKenzie, who had grown up in the service, and had spent much of his time in crossing and recrossing the Rocky Mountains and carrying company's express between their far distant posts. He gave many vivid accounts of their stern and awful defiles, their everlasting snows and their terrific and thundering glaciers.

We left Walla Walla at 2 o'clock in the morning and reached Vancouver the third day, running both "Big" and "Little Dalles" and making short portages at the Deschutes and Cascades, Mr. McKinzie had a choice crew from York Factory, under charge of "Little Paul," an Iroquois, one of the best watermen in the service of the H. B. Co.

I found our ladies in good spirits and vigorous health. Mr. Lee had visited them, and expressed his unbounded joy at the

favorable success of their hazardous and toilsome journey across the continent, a work which he had thought impossible for a white woman to accomplish. His spirits and hopes were greatly revived, and he returned to his mission home on the Willamette, nine miles below Salem, to wait anxiously the arrival of his lady missionaries, who were even at that date three months on their sea voyage, but did not arrive in the Columbia till the next May.

Dr. McLaughlin and Mr. Douglas expressed their willingness to aid us in our undertaking to the utmost of their ability, from the public and even from their private stores. Their goods were of a superior quality to any in the country then, and they magnanimously afforded them to us cheaper than the same can be had now, and delivered them, properly baled, at Walla Walla, from time to time, at about $2 per hundred.

Although Dr. McLaughlin was disappointed in not retaining the example and instruction of our wives with the half-bred woman of the post (who, by the way, appeared extremely well), he put forth every effort to get our outfit and the boats ready as soon as possible, that we might accomplish the up-river journey before the Winter storms set in; and on the 2nd of November, 1836, the cargo and two boats were ready to leave, under the charge of the same Mr. McLeod who had conducted us with such care and kindness from Greene River to Walla Walla. Our outfit was ample—clothing, bedding, materials for building and farming, medicines, groceries, Indian goods, etc,,—for the two stations, amounting to over $1,000, which was paid then, as ever after, by a draft on the treasurer of our Board in Boston, to be paid by bill of exchange in London.

Dr. McLaughlin gave an order on Fort Colville for all the flour and grain we should need at both stations for two years; but insisted, like a father, that we should make ourselves independent in that time, by having grain in abundance and flouring mills at each station, not only for our comfort but for the success of our cause, in which he and fellow-officers manifested a lively interest.

To give an idea of the warm interest Dr. McLaughlin took in the early Protestant Missions, I will copy one of his letters to Rev. Jason Lee:

"Fort Vancouver, March 1, 1836.

Rev. Jason Lee:

Dear Sir:—I do myself the pleasure to hand you the enclosed subscription ($250), which the gentlemen who have signed it request you would do them the favor to accept for the use of the mission, and they pray our Heavenly Father —without whose assistance we can do nothing—that of His infinite mercy he may vouchsafe to bless and prosper your pious endeavors and believe me to be, with esteem and regard, your sincere well-wisher and

Humble servant,

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN."

At the Cascades we met heavy storms of rain and snow, which made the traveling by day in open boat and sleeping on the ground at night very disagreeable for our ladies. But the early mothers of Oregon understood this. Assured by Mr. McLeod that there was not much danger. Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman determined to remain, one in each boat, and brave the billows and terrific whirlpools of both Dalles. Only the bowsman and steersman remained with them, while the rest of the men and some 80 Indians strung out on the long cordell, 300 feet. When the boat containing Mrs. Spalding was near the upper end of the fearful channel, the cordell caught upon a rock, and in throwing it off the slack gave the surging billows an advantage, and in an instant the boat was whirled and carried down the flood. I gave up my dear wife as lost, but the experienced Iroquois immediately hauled in the line, to prevent it from fastening to the rocks, and then calmly brought the boat to land at the mouth of the Dalles.

I will condense the history of our eleven years' mission work into a short compass, omitting, necessarily, many events during that period pertaining to myself or angel wife, or the people, or our associates, or the yearly immigration of our beloved countrymen—events thrilling and painful, now dark, now bright; now joyful; now fearful; discouraging to-day, hopeful to-morrow; events pertaining to us, also, as American citizens attempting to occupy, according to treaty, this great West jointly with the subjects of Great Britian, who were actually in possession with the whole country and were determined to hold it, either by

fair means or foul. All this thrilling and, most of it, essentially American history will come out some day; but I must hasten to say that we arrived at Lapwai November 29, 1836, and commenced our work, which the bloody tragedy that occurred precisely eleven years from that date, closed and drove us from the country, broke up the Protestant missions and the American settlements east of the Cascades, and drove every American from that region, and closed that country, by order of Government, for ten years, against Protestant missionaries. But myself and angel wife left the following as the fruits of those eleven short years of labor; but chiefly due, let me here say, as my last privilege, to the entire consecration, the trust in God, the amazing devotion of her, who is now in heaven—one, undoubtedly, of the very few most devoted lady missionaries of the Board who have devoted themselves to the fearful but glorious work of foreign missions; fearful because of the darkness and filth into which they have to descend to begin their work, glorious because of the astonishing effects of the Bible upon the human soul. I say we left the following, viz.:

A school of 234 most enthusiastic learners, old and young, (see Agent Anderson's letter to Dr. Atkinson,) half of them good readers, and are so to-day, twenty years after; one-third good with the pen. (The principal chief writes his powerful speeches, he wrote two long letters in 1864 and '65 to Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, begging the treaties to be fulfilled, the schools re-established and their old teachers reinstated.) Also, a native church of 25 members, 40 propounded for membership, and over 100 giving evidence of conversion; a large class of girls taught to spin and weave, and over 200 yards of good flannel wove, the boarding children—over 20—taught in English; the whole nation with the exception of one small camp, a sabbath—observing and a church and school going people, making their adopted religion an open and earnest business—partriachical worship night and morning, only one harlot in the nation, drunkenness unknown, thieving abandoned, gambling about broken up, filthy habits supplanted by cleanliness and decency; the whole people delighted with Sabbath worship, prayer meetings and singing of hymns.

When we arrived the nation was most miserable, indolent and filthy, without letters, without plow, hoe or cow; not a ker-

nal of grain, nor a foot of land in cultivation; living on roots, fish and game, and many starving; without law, and no knowledge of redemption on the Sabbath. When we were broken up (we did not abandon the station as Mr. Lincoln says), we left the whole people understandingly, and happily at work on their little farms all through their country, pretty well supplied with hoes and plows many procured from the states and wooded with my own hands; also with cows—first from my own little band of five, and later by my aid from the Willamette and the yearly immigration, paid for, of course; raising, the last years, from 12,000 to 20,000 bushels of grain yearly, including peas which habit they retain yet. In 1862 they raised 22,000 bushels of wheat and corn and brought it to their mill, built according to treaty; quite well supplied with medicines, and taught their use.

I reduced their language to a written state and printed the first book in 1839 upon a press donated by the native Christians of Honolulu, S. I., brought to Lapwai and set up by Mr. Hall, of the Sandwich Island mission. It was the first printing press on the Pacific slope. A part of the old "office" with the adobic chimnies yet stands with the apple trees around it. Other books followed in the Nez Perces and Flat Head languages.

We left at the station one flouring mill; two long ditches for the mills and for navigation, dug by native help, and some fifteen ditches through the country, dug by the natives for their use; a large bearing orchard and several among the people, all from seeds I brought; a large church or school house, a commodious Indian room, printing office, flour house, weaving, and spinning room, eating and sleeping rooms for twenty boarding children, granary, work-shop, blacksmith-shop, store-room, wood-house, large and commodious dwelling house—in all 11 fire-places; large farm well fenced and irrigated, with 600 bushels corn raised that year, 300 of wheat, 30 acres of wheat in, 30 head of cattle, 40 head of horses for packing and riding, as I had to pack grain every winter to Waiilatpu, the yearly immigration requiring everything the doctor could raise. The whole nation were attached to the American government and taught its principles, except the small pagan camp.

To accomplish this great and good work, by the aid of God's spirit and the Bible, my angel wife and myself had what was

about equal to one white person—sometimes one, sometimes four, much of the time more. Our help was native. This, undoubtedly, was one secret of our great success. Had we employed white help, as we should had it been in the country, the natives would naturally have stood aloof; but as it was, necessity, or the hand of Providence, brought us constantly in close contact, compelling them to learn and assume the responsibilities of the labors, both outside and in the house. We were allowed to draw on our Board yearly $600 with which to clothe, feed and house ourselves, and for general improvements, to purchase supplies and conduct our mission.

. . . . . .

As that bloody date, the fatal 29th of November, 1847, drew near, the clouds that had been seen gathering in the horizon grew thicker and darker. The officer at Walla Walla had declared before two witnesses that if Spalding and Whitman did not leave, the Indians would kill them, for the Fathers would have those stations. Tomsucky (Cayuse chief), one of the butchers, had offered at a meeting at Walla Walla called by the Bishops, to kill the doctor and give his station to them. The Bishop, of course, told him not to do it. Protestant Indians had been offered $50 and five cows to leave the Americans and join the Catholics. That class of mountain men who were opposed to civilizing the Indians and were given to that beastly amalgamation for which they had left the civilized world, left no stone unturned to excite the Indians to drive us off, and succeeded in driving Mr. Smith and wife from their station, sending Messrs. Gray and Rogers away, and butchering Dr. and Mrs. Whitman; and one of these vagabonds in English pay induced the Nez Perces to throw me headlong out of my mill and seize it and demand pay for the water and wood.

Two weeks before the massacre some man said to Col. Lee: "I have got two missionaries under my thumb, and all that can be seen is the edges sticking out."

That kind-hearted Catholic philanthropist, Dr. McLaughlin, had been removed from Vancouver, and that shrewd Scotchman, Jas. Douglass, put in his place. That warm-hearted Protestant McKinley, had been removed from Walla Walla, and a bigotted Papist put in charge, who told the Indians war existed then

between King George and the "Boston men," and large hosts of the former would be over soon. "Who will you join—Whitman and Spalding, who have only potatoes and books, or us who have blankets, powder and tobacco?" The Cayuses would come up to the doctor's station and hold the scalp dance at night. The far-seeing doctor said to Wm. Geiger, of Forest Grove, only two weeks before his death: "This will prove my scalp dance."

The long promised aid of our government was still withheld. The venerable Lee, that stern patriot, had committed an unpardonable sin and had lost his position for bringing from California 600 head of cattle, thus rendering the little American colony in the Willamette independent of the British monopoly. Dr. Whitman had committed a mortal sin against those women upon the Tiber and the Thames, by outflanking the great H. B. leaders—Grant, Simpson and Fox—and thus upsetting Webster's "mess of codfish," by his hazardous journey in the winter to Washington and successfully returning with the great immigration of '43 through to California. Finally the 13 Catholic priests and one Bishop and one Vice-General who had just arrived at Walla Walla, proclaimed to the Indians that the measles which was then raging in the country, carrying off multitudes, was occasioned by poison. Something should be done; and Dr. Whitman and myself proposed a meeting with the priests, to come to an amicable understanding as to our future labors. And to this end, taking my eldest daughter—now Mrs. Warren of this place, then in her eleventh year—and leaving Mrs. Spalding and the other three children, Mrs. S.'s brother, now in Walla Walla, and Miss Johnson, now near Salem, I left our dear home—little thinking it was for the last time—on the 18th of November, and arrived at Waiilatpu the 22d. Found the Indians everywhere sick with the measles, dying from one to three daily; also found some 80 immigrants stopping to winter on account of sickness or give-out teams. Six of the doctor's ten adopted children, and two young men and one young woman, besides Mr. and Mrs. Osborne (now my neighbors) and their five children, were all sick in the same house and needing constant care. In addition to the almost superhuman labors of the doctor and his angel wife at and about the station, the doctor was often called to visit the

sick at the distant camps of Indians and at Fort Walla Walla. He seldom sat down to eat a meal without being disturbed by a professional call, which was fast undermining the doctor's constitution. One has said: "Had the Indians waited a little he would have died from over-abundant labors." He emphatically "sought not his own but all others' good."

On my arrival, we called a meeting of the Cayuse chiefs and told them that we would sell out to the Catholics if they preferred them as their teachers. Fourteen or fifteen chiefs rejected the idea at once; said we could speak their language, had told them the truth about corn and cattle, and they believed our religion; said only a few of the women and fools talked about killing, and that they knew the sickness came not from us but was sent by the Great Spirit. We must not leave.

The same week I visited Walla Walla, and a conference was partly agreed upon with the priests. They asked for and I cheerfully agreed to furnish them all needed supplies from my station. With the Bishop, the Vicar and the priests I had an animated discussion on changing the biscuit into "God." I showed them plainly they must be deceivers or cannibals; deceivers if it was not the real body of Christ, and cannibals if it was the real body, because they broke it up and fed it to the people. I also called their attention to their Catholic "ladders," beautifully printed and scattered among the Indians, representing the Catholic as the only church leading to Heaven, and all Protestants (Whitman and Spalding's names on that line), starting from Luther and leading down to hell, filled with horned devils and big fires, all graphically painted in colors. I told them they would probably cause our death and that of our helpless families. I little thought then that such an awful calamity was so near. I little thought then that these men, who appeared so gentlemanly and were asking food from my station, were plotting my death and that of my associates and our families.

On returning to the doctor's on Saturday evening I found him ready to start for the Umatilla, 32 miles away, to visit sick Indians, and he urged me to accompany him. Leaving sister Whitman in tears (she had seen too much of the Catholic, Lewis, who in less than 48 hours sent a ball through her bosom), and my daughter in school, we started about dusk.

Dear sister Whitman! companion of my youth and of our long journey hither! I little thought then I should behold your smiling countenance no more in this world. It rained most of the night, and the darkness was intense; but we had a precious time. I never found my brother more spiritually-minded or more ready to depart. He said our lives were in danger, but that we could not honorably leave without permission from the Board or request of the Indians. He said Mr. Lee had fallen clearly from his stern patriotism and his efforts to Americanize this country, and he would probably go next "But my death will probably do as much good to Oregon as my life can."

We arrived at the Umatilla just before daylight. My horse had fallen in the darkness upon the slippery mountain and bruised me badly. I remained at Umatilla for a few days and Dr. Whitman hurried back to his station.

On the 29th of November, Dr. Whitman was with his wife in the living room of their house and was called into the store room by a group of Indians. One said he was sick and wanted medicine. While the sick Indian engrossed the doctor's attention, Tamahos stepped behind him, drew a pipe tomahawk from under his blanket and buried it in the doctor's head. He fell partly forward and a second blow on the back of the head brought him to the floor. The Indian had to put his foot on the doctor's head to tear the tomahawk out, and said: "I have killed my father." With the first blow upon the doctor's head, the terrible work commenced on all sides at the same time. John Sager, lying sick in the same room, made some defense, but was shot in several places and his throat cut, and the body thrown partly across Dr. Whitman. Mrs. Osborne says, immediately after the doctor went into the kitchen, an Indian opened the door spoke in native to Mrs. Whitman who had only time to raise her hands and exclaim: "Oh, my God!" when the guns fired, and the crash of weapons and the yells commenced. We can describe the scene at but one point at once. Four Indians stood around Mr. Gill, the tailor, in the large house, weapons concealed, awaiting the signal. Three shots were fired at him, but one took effect, breaking his back. The sufferer lingered in great agony, begging the women to shoot him in the head, and expired about 12 o'clock. The women naturally ran to the doctor's house, meeting savages naked, painted, yelling, laugh-

ing, frantic, hewing, cutting down their victims everywhere. As they came into the kitchen, Mrs. Whitman was attempting to move her husband. John was gasping. The Bridges girl was covered with blood from Dr. Whitman. Next day she was found alive. Sails and Bewley, who lay sick in next door, were groaning terribly, but next day were found unwounded. Mrs. Hall, who stopped to assist Mrs. Whitman, says the doctor's ribs were smashed. They dragged him into the sitting room and applied a bag of hot ashes to stop the blood. Mrs. Whitman, kneeling over her gasping husband, said "Doctor, do you know me?" The dying missionary was to speak no more, he only moved his lips. The dear wife saw her terrible fate. She raised herself and exclaimed "Oh, God, thy will be done! I am left a widow. Oh, may my parents never know this!" The Indians seemed to have left the house. The terrible scene without—the roar of guns, the crash of war clubs and tomahawks, the groans of the dying, the screams of women, the howling of dogs, the yells of the savage demons, naked, painted with black and white, naturally attracted the attention of Mrs. Whitman, and she stepped to a south window, but instantly raised her hands and exclaimed, "Joe, is this you doing all this?" and the glass rattled. She fell, the bullet having pased through her. She lay some time apparently dead, when she revived so as to speak; and her first words were, before she could raise her head, her heart's blood fast running away and mingling with the blood of her gasping husband and two others who had been brought in wounded, were a prayer: "Oh, my Savior, take care of my children, now to be left a second time orphans and among Indians." Joe Lewis was undoubtedly the one who shot Mrs. Whitman, and who took the lead in this bloody tragedy; and but for him, his teasing the Indians, and his false representations the Indians would never have killed their best friends and butchered the Americans. He told the writer he was born in Canada and educated in Maine. He was a good scholar and good mechanic, and had the appearance of an Eastern half-breed, spoke the English as his native-tongue and was a devoted Catholic, wearing his cross and counting his beads often. The emigrants of that year saw him first at Fort Hall, and Mrs. Lee testifies that he was several times heard to say, "There will be a change in that country

(Walla Walla) when the Fathers get down." He told the Indians that he was a Chinook; that the Americans had stolen him when a child. He had grown up in America; knew the Americans hated the Indians, and intended to exterminate them; would send missionaries first, and then the multitudes would come and take the country. They better kill Dr. Whitman and the missionaries, and what Americans there were: they could do it and he would help them. They would receive plenty of ammunition from below. After the butchery he was protected as never an American was; went off with most all the money and valuables plundered from the helpless widows and orphans, and has been seen at north-east stations.

Mr. Canfield, one of the three dressing the beef, who escaped, finally reached my station in the country of the Nez Perce Indians, says: "We saw multitudes of Indians collecting on foot and horse, but thought it was on account of the beef. The first notice was a shock like terrible peals of thunder, accompanied by an unearthly yell of the savages. I sprang up but saw ourselves perfectly enveloped by naked Indians, whose guns seemed blazing in our faces. I turned twice before I saw an opening; saw Mr. Kimball fall; sprang for the opening, and through the thick smoke, dashing the guns aside with my hands. At a distance I looked back, and saw an Indian taking aim at me, and afterwards found that a ball had entered my back and passed around between the skin and ribs, where it remains. I passed my family in the shop, and catching up a child, ran into the large building, upstairs, and into the garret, where I looked down from the windows upon the whole scene. Saw naked savages painted black and white, yelling and leaping like flying demons, caps of eagle feathers streaming, guns roaring, tomahawks, war clubs and knives brandishing over the heads of their victims, white women running and screaming, and the Indian women singing and dancing. Saw Kimball run around the north end of the Doctor's house, covered with blood and one arm swinging, pursued by Indians. Saw Hoffman fall several times, but would rise amid the flying tomahawks, till he was backed up in the corner of the doctor's house, when two Indians came up on horses with long handled tomahawks, overreached, cut him down, and he rose no more. Saw some Indians, apparently trying to protect our women and children. Saw Mr.

Rogers run into the house from the river, with one arm swinging and pursued by four Indians; also saw Mrs. Saunders, led by two Indians, go into Findley's lodge. Saw Joe Lewis and a whole crowd of Indians and Indian women driving our school children from the school door into the kitchen, with tomahawks, guns, and knives brandishing over their little heads and in their faces. My heart fainted for them, but I could do nothing. Paid Joe Stanfield a watch to bring me a horse to a given point of brush after dark. Went there and waited all night but no horse came."

Four Indians attacked Mr. Hall, lying on the floor in the cook-room; the first gun missed fire, when Mr. Hall wrenched the gun from the Indians, and ran, giving him time to reach the brush, where he lay till dark, and that night found his way to Fort Walla Walla, but was turned out, put over the Columbia River and has never been heard from since. It is said he was immediately killed by the Indians. There were in the fort, besides the gentlemen in charge, some twenty white men, including some ten Catholic priests, who had arrived in the country about six weeks before, under the immediate superintendency of Bishop Blanchett and Vicar General Brouilette, a part via Cape Horn and part by the Overland route. It is reported that the children of Mr. Hall, after their arrival at the fort, saw the pants, cap and sash of their father. The roar and yells commenced, Mr. Saunders, the teacher naturally opened the school room door, when three Indians came up the steps and seized him. His daughter Helen and my daughter Eliza ran to the window. Helen screamed, "They are killing my father." Eliza gazed a few minutes on the terrible scene. She saw Mr. Saunders fall and rise several times among the tomahawks and knives, trying to reach his horse, till two Indians came up on horses and with a long-handled tomahawk hewed him down. Next day in going among the dead she found his head split open, a part lying at a distance; and with her tender hands the dear child put it in its place, and assisted in sewing sheets around his and the other bodies. She found Hoffman split open in the back and his heart and lungs taken out; she replaced them and sewed a sheet around him. His afflicted sister, in Elmira, N. Y., writes me, "I desire above all things to clasp that dear child to my bosom before I die, for her kindness to my

fallen brother whom I am to see no more." Eliza saw multitudes of Indian women and children dancing and naked men swinging their hatchets dripping with blood.

In the sitting room there were now four persons bleeding—Doctor and Mrs. Whitman, Kimball and Rogers; Sagers was in the kitchen. After the women came in they fastened the door and took the sick children and Mrs. Whitman up stairs. At the commencement the children of the school hid themselves in the loft over the school room. Towards night Findley, Joe Lewis and several Indians came in and called the children to come down. Findley selected the two Manson (Hudson Bay) boys, and the Doctor's Spanish boy, to take to Walla Walla, to save their lives, and said the others were to be killed by the Indian women. My Eliza caught Findley by the clothes: "Oh, Nicholas save me, do!" He pushed her away, and Lewis and the Indians huddled them down into the kitchen. As they were driven into the kitchen to be shot, they passed over the body of John. His brother Francis, fifteen years old, stooped down, took the woolen scarf from the gory throat of his dying brother, and spoke to him. John gasped, and immediately expired. Francis said to his sister Matilda, "I shall go next," and was never heard to speak again. The children were huddled in a corner, where a scene that beggars description commenced. The large room filled up with Indian women naked, painted men, yelling, dancing, screaming, scraping up the blood that was deep upon the floor, and flirting it, painting their guns and brandishing their bloody tomahawks over the heads of these helpless little lambs, screaming. "Shall we shoot? Shall we shoot?" Eliza, who could understand their language, says: "I covered my eyes with my apron, that I might not see the bloody tomahawk strike that was just over my head."

Telankaikt (the head chief, who was hung at Oregon City,) stood in the door to give the order. In this fearful situation these dear children were held for an hour. Those spared are now grown up women and men, and scattered over the coast, and must ever look back upon that hour with the deepest emotion, as affording a striking proof on the one hand of malignant, unfit state of the human unrenewed heart for the purity of Heaven. Ups and Moolpod, the Doctor's Indian herdsmen, crawled in, threw their robes around the children, and huddled

them out the north door into the corner. But here the Indians, who seemed to have finished up the bloody work elsewhere, soon collected in great numbers arranging themselves three or four deep the whole length of the seventy-foot ell, with the guns drawn and pointing to the same door. This would bring the children, now huddled in the corner, in a range.

About this time Canfield saw Joe Lewis, at the head of a band of Indians break in the south door of the Doctor's house with his gun. They came into the sitting room, broke down the stair door, and were coming up stairs. The women collected around Mrs. Whitman, who lay bleeding. "The Indians are coming; we are to die, but are not prepared. What shall we do?" The gasping saint, with her dying breath, replied earnestly and calmly: "Go to Jesus and ask him and he will save you." Thus the faithful missionary spent her last breath. Some one said: "Put that old gun barrel over the stairway to frighten them." Mrs. Whitman replied, "Let all prepare to die." Mr. Rogers went to the head of the stairs. spoke to Tomsueky, who said: "The young men have done this; they will burn the house tonight; you had better all come down and go over to the big house where we will take care of you." Oh, the demon that could thus throw them off their guard at the last moment.

Eliza, just out among the children, could hear all this, and knew now what the Indians arranged along the house with their guns drawn were waiting for. Fearful moments for the dear child, as she heard the steps coming down stairs and approaching the fatal door, but of course she could give no warning. Mr. Kimball, Catherine, Elizabeth, and sick children, remained in the chamber. Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Whitman and Miss Bewley came down. The Doctor's face had been terribly cut, after Joe came in, but he was yet breathing slowly. Mrs. Whitman fainted. Supposing she was to be saved she had told them to get some clothing from the bedroom. They laid her upon a settee, and Joe and Mr. Rogers took it up, passed into the kitchen, Miss Bewley ahead, over the body of John, out of the kitchen door, and about the length of the settee, when Mr. Rogers saw his doom, and both dropped the settee. Mr. Rogers had only time to raise his hands and exclaim, "My God, have mercy!" when the guns fired. As an Indian seized Frances by the hair of the head, while Lewis jerked one of his pistols from his

belt, put the muzzle to Frances' neck and fired, blowing the whole charge into the boy's throat. Mr. Rogers fell upon his face; Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Rogers and Frances were all three shot in several places, but not killed. The balls flew all about the children, riddling their clothes. One passed through Miss Bewley's clothes and burned her fingers, but none of them were hit. The smoke, blood and brains flew all over them, as they stood trembling and silent with terror. Several naked savages gathered around Miss Bewley with drawn tomahawks, but when she stopped screaming they led her away to the large house.

And now commenced a scene beyond the reach of the pen, and which must convince any unprejudiced mind that there is a hell in the human heart, if nowhere else. The poor helpless children were compelled to witness it. The Indian women and children were particularily active—yelling, dancing and singing the scalp-dance. Mrs. Whitman was thrown violently from the settee into the mud. They tried to ride their horses over the bodies, but the horses refused. They slashed the faces of their dying victims with their whips, and as they would writhe and groan it only increased the glee of the Indians. They leaped and screamed for joy, throwing handfuls of blood around, and drinking down the dying agonies of their victims as a precious draught.

They children were led over to the large house, and the yells of the savages died away. The horrible scene was changed from the dead and dying to the living and helpless, and became more terrific because death could not come to the relief of the sufferers. Helpless wives and daughters, with their husbands and fathers dead or dying in sight; girls so young that the knife had to be used, subjected to the brutalities of the naked, painted demons—four or five at a time glutting their hell—born passions upon one of these most to be pitied of our fellow mortals.

The three sufferers yet breathing continued to groan on until in the night, as heard by Mr. Osborne and family, who lay concealed under the floor near by. The voice of Frances ceased first, then Mrs. Whitman, and last Mr. Rogers was heard to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" and was heard to say no more.

Thus fell at her post the devoted Mrs. Whitman, daughter of Judge Prentiss, of Prattsburgh, N. Y., alone, under the open

heavens, no mother's hand or husband's voice to soothe her last moments—the cold earth her dying pillow, her own blood her winding sheet. The companions of my youth—we were members of the same school, of the same church, of the same hazardous journey, of the same mission. Rest, sweet dust, till Jesus shall gather up the scattered members.

"Away from her home and the friends of her youth,
She hasted, the herald of mercy and truth;
For the love of the Lord and to seek for the lost.
Soon alas! was her fall, but she died at her post.

She wept not herself that her warfare was done,
The battle was fought and the victory won,
But she whispered of those whom her heart clung to most:
"Tell my sisters for me that I died at my post." "

Extensive settlements and a considerable town, schools and christian churches, daily stages and the hum of business occupy the valley of the Walla Walla which, but for the blood of Whitmon would to-day have been occupied by Indian farms and Cayuse horses.

Under the judicious and energetic policy of Dr. Whitman, a double and noble object was accomplished. The way-worn and destitude immigrant, compelled to Winter with the Doctor, needed employment to procure subsistence and horses to go on the next Spring. The Indians needed their lands broken and rails made, and had an over abundance of horses (several chiefs had 1,000 head each) to pay. The Doctor set the white men to work for the Indians, received pay from the Indians and paid the whites, in this way the Cayuses were enlarging their improvements every year, and were raising over 10,000 bushels of grain (including peas) yearly; and would have been so firmly fixed upon their lands, and promising so well if the Government would never have attempted to move them; and but for the blood of Whitman, the Indians would not have consented. They feel his blood has purchased the country which they have forfeited by his death.

Mr. Osborne is a worthy citizen of Linn County, and a devoted member of the church of Christ. Mrs. Osborne, after enduring unceasing sufferings for 15 years from successive ulcer sores around the shoulders, occasioned by her chills and

terrible sufferings, has, through a kind Providence, regained her health.

Mr. Osborne says: "As the guns fired and the yells commenced I leaned my head upon the bed and committed myself and family to my Maker. My wife removed the loose floor. I dropped under the floor with my sick family, in their night clothes, taking only two woolen sheets, a piece of bread and some cold mush, and pulled the floor over us. In five minutes the room was full of Indians, but they did not discover us. The roar of guns, the yells of the savages, the crash of the clubs and knives, and the groans of the dying continued till dark. Soon after I removed the floor and we went out. We saw the white face of Frances by the door; it was warm, as we laid our hand upon it, but he was dead. I carried my two youngest children, who were also sick, and my wife held on to my clothes in her great weakness. We had all been sick with the measles, and two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes. The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance. There seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla. A dense cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete. We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face. We had to feel out the trail with our feet. My wife almost fainted, but staggered along. Mill Creek which we had to wade, was high from large rains, and came up to the waist. My wife came near washing down, but held to my clothes, I bracing myself with a stick, holding a child in one arm. I had to cross five times for the children. The water was icy cold and the air freezing.

Staggering along about two miles, Mrs. Osborne fainted and could go no farther, so we hid ourselves in the brush of the Walla Walla River, not far below Tom Suckey's (a chief) lodges. We were thoroughly wet, and the cold fog, like snow, was about us. The mud was partially frozen as we crawled, feeling our way into the dark brush. We could see nothing the darkness was so intense. I spread one wet sheet down on the frozen ground, wife and children crouched upon it, and I laid the other over them. I thought they must soon perish, as they were shaking terribly with the cold, and kneeling I commended us to our Maker.

The day finally dawned and we could see Indians riding furiously up and down the trail. Sometimes they would come close to the brush, and our blood would warm and the shaking would stop from fear. The day seemed a week. Expected every moment my wife woud breathe her last. Tuesday night we felt our way to the trial and staggered along to Dog Creek, which we waded as we did Mill Creek, and kept on about two miles when my wife again fainted. Crawled into the brush and frozen mud to shake and suffer on from hunger and cold, without sleep. The children called incessantly for food. Wednesday night wife was too weak to stand, and I took our second child and started for Walla Walla; had to wade the Touchet; stopped frequently in the brush from weakness; heard a horseman pass and repass as I lay concealed in the willows; have since learned it was Mr. Spalding. Reached Fort Walla Walla after daylight, and begged Mr. McBean for horses to get my family, for food, blankets and clothing to take to them, and take care of my child till I could bring my family in, should I find them alive. Mr. McBean told me I could not bring my family to his fort. Mr. Hall had come in on Monday night, but he could not have an American in his fort, and he had put him over the Columbia River; that he could not let me have horses or anything for my wife and children, and I must go to Umatilla. I insisted on bringing my family to the fort, but he refused; said he would not let us in. I next begged the priests to show pity, as my wife and children must perish, and the Indians would undoubtedly kill me, but with no better success. I then begged to leave my child, who was now safe in the fort, but they refused.

Mr. McBean gave me breakfast, but I saved most of it for my family. Providentially Mr. Stanley, an artist, came in from Colville, narrowly escaping the Cayuse Indians. He let me have two horses and some food he had left; also a cap, a pair of socks, a shirt and handkerchief, and Mr. McBean furnished a faithful Indian, and Thursday night we started back, taking my child, but with a sad heart I could not find mercy at the hands of the priests of God. The Indian guided me in the darkness to where I supposed I had left my dear wife and children. We could see nothing, and dare not call aloud. Day light came and I was exposed to Indians, but we continued to

search till I was about to give up in despair, when the Indian discovered my wife and children, yet alive. I distributed what little food and clothing I had, and we started for the Umatilla, the guide leading the way to a ford. But just as we were about to cross, a Cayuse came upon us. I gave him a piece of tobacco. He told my Indian he had come to kill us all. My Indian replied: "Yes, you had better kill them; you have no scalps now, but then you will have five—the sick man's, this woman's and the three children's. You will then be big brave!" By this he shamed the Cayuse, who said: "I will not kill them, but they will be killed at Umatilla and that will do." He left and we crossed the Walla Walla River, and the guide said: "Go to the fort." My wife said: " If I am to die I will die at the door of the white man. We will go to the fort, if God will save us to reach that place."

The Indian had to hold my wife before him on the horse. To escape the Indians we had to hide in the brush till dark. We reached the fort late Sunday night. I laid my wife down and knocked at the gate, and Mr. McBean came and asked who was there. I replied. He said he could not let us in; we must go to Umatilla, or he would put us over the river as he had Mr. Hall. My wife replied, "She would die at the gate, but she would not leave." He finally took us into a secret room and sent an allowance of food over daily. Next day I asked him for blankets for my sick wife to lie on, but he said he had nothing. Next day I urged again; he had nothing, but he would sell a blanket out of the stores. I told him I had lost everything and had nothing to pay, but if I should live to get to the Willamette I would pay. He consented, but the hip bones of my dear wife were worn through the skin on the hard floor. Stickus, the chief, came in one day and took the cap from his head and gave it to me and a handkerchief for my child."

MORE OF THE MASSACRE

The sun of the 30th of November refused to shine on the once beautiful and happy valley of the Walla Walla, now stained with the blood of God's servants, and the bloody work was not yet done. Mr. Kimball, with an arm broken, and otherwise badly wounded, remained in the chamber with the four sick children and the two eldest Sager girls, Catherine and Elizabeth.

Four Generations—Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Minnie Illsley, Mrs. Blakemore and her little daughter Maxine

They tore up a sheet, wound up his arm and bandaged his bleeding body, but he suffered terribly all night, and became frantic for water in the morning; said he would have it if killed in the attempt, and crawled out to the river. A friendly Indian saw him, and hid him in the brush, but for reasons unknown, about sundown he crawled out and came toward his house. Catherine says: "I heard the crack of a gun by my side and turned. Frank Escaloon, an Indian, was taking his gun from his face; laughing and pointing to the fence, he said: "See how I make the Sugapoos (Americans) tumble." Mr. Kimball was falling from the fence near the door, the blood running down the rails. Frank then took Susan Kimball by the arm and laughingly said, "See, I have killed your father, and you are to be my wife," and dragged her away.

The same evening Mr. Young, coming down with a team, was met over the hill, a mile from the station, and shot. The same afternoon, Gen. Brouilette, Vicar General for the Pope of Rome on the coast, arrived from the Umatilla at the camp of the murderers, which was close by the station. They kept up the scalp dance all night, the screams of our helpless women, writhing in the hands of the unrestrained demons, in plain hearing.

On Wednesday a shocking deed was committed—one that must chill the heart of every American, and forever blacken the name of Gen. Brouilette as a philanthropist, and cannot but equally blacken the names and characters of those persons in this country and in Washington, connected with the government, who have taken pains to justify the savages, and excuse Brouilette. He, the General, told me with his own lips, as the history will show: "This morning after I baptized the children of the camp, I went over to see what I could do for the women and the dead bodies."

Thus the new missionary—this priest of God in the vestments of God—commenced his mission work in his new field, which he had emphatically gained by American blood, by baptizing those blood-stained children of these bloody savages, the dead bodies yet lying unburied about him. For the last twenty years I have not ceased to ask the unprejudiced what effect this baptizing, under those circumstances, had upon the minds of the Indians. There can but one answer be given. They under-

stood the priest as approving what they had done and were doing. After the baptizing of the murderers, the bodies were collected, sheets sewed around them by my daughter Eliza and others, they were hauled by hand in wagons and put into a pit and slightly covered.

Sails and Bewley were removed to the large building and commenced to gain slowly. The helpless women and girls, bereft of their husbands, fathers and brothers, by the cruel tomahawk, stripped of their property, cattle, teams, money, and even of their clothing, till they had not enough to keep them warm, were subjected to a fate more terrible than death itself, and beyond the power of the pen to describe. The Indians admitted that in some cases they had to use the knife, their victims being so young. I am told by the volunteers that three Indians who reported these acts to them the next summer, rather boastingly, were missing next day.

Our captive women were compelled to cook for large numbers of the savages every day, who would call upon Eliza to know if poison was put in the food, and requiring her to eat of it first. Robbed of the most of her clothing, exposed to the cold and the smell of blood while sewing sheets around the offensive dead bodies, constant calls from the terrified white women and the Indians, to interpret for them, Eliza sunk down in a few days, and was laid almost helpless in the same room with Sails and Bewley. On the eighth day after the first butchery, three Indians came into the room and said that the great white chief at Umatilla had said that they must kill the two sick men to stop the dying of their people. They tore off the table-legs and commenced beating Sails and Bewley and were full half an hour in killing them—their victims struggling over the floor and around the room, the blood and brains flying over my child, who was compelled to hear the blows and groans and witness the terrible scene. Miss Bewley attempted to rush in from another room, when she heard the agonies of her dying brother, but the woman was held back. The bodies were thrown out at the door, and were not allowed to be buried for three days.

. . . . . .

The next day, Edward, son of the Chief, and the one who met me, to kill me, returned from Umatilla, as stated by

D. Young, and all said the white chief advised him to kill all the Americans, and he went up to the sawmill and was bringing down Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their families to kill them, when Timothy, a Nez Perces chief and "Eagle," native Christians, arrived from Lapwai and prevented it by saying no more Americans should be killed while they were alive. No more were killed. There were now forty women and children writhing in the hands of the bloody savages, and four Americans. Young, and his two remaining sons, and Smith, from the sawmill. Three sick children died in the hands of the Indians. A child of Mrs. Hayes and two of the doctor's children and Mr. Osborne and family had reached Walla Walla.

The next day, while the brother of Miss Bewley lay yet unburied at the door, my child Eliza looking out of the door as she lay sick, and seeing an Indian ride up, leading a horse, cried out, "Oh there is Tashe—my horse; now I know the Indians have killed by father for they have got my horse." The Indian came in, said he was sent to take that young woman, pointing to Miss Bewley, over to Umatilla to be the wife of "Five Crows," a Cayuse Chief. The horse he brought for her to ride was my own, and was Eliza's riding horse, and recognized by her as soon as she saw it. This horse with three others, which I left in the hands of Brouilette when I met him and the Indians and fled for life, as the history will show, were found in his hands still, by the Nez Perces chiefs, James and Joseph, when I sent over for Eliza and the horses after I reached my home. So it seems that the horse that was sent to take Miss Bewley over to the Umatilla, to be subjected to the brutalities of the savage, was furnished by the Vicar General of the Jesuits on this coast, and the same agent who is now collecting unsuspecting young girls all through this great West, not for the same purposes, to be sure now, but for the large and flourishing schools throughout the country, of which he is the head.

But we let the amiable sufferer speak for herself as near as I can recollect. Her deposition was taken before Esq. Walling, then of Oregon City, 1848. The document is in Portland.

"After shaking with a chill of ague, and while the fever was yet raging and my head and bones in great pain, the Indian started with me for the Umatilla in the afternoon. I rode Eliza

Spalding's horse, which the Indian had brought for me. This led us to suppose that the Indians had killed Mr. Spalding, somewhere. I had no choice but had to submit to whatever the Indians directed. Although our fate as women and girls, in the hands of the savages who had murdered our husbands, and fathers and brothers, was worse than death, still when I took my fellow sufferers by the hand to bid them farewell, the white women and children, my heart seemed ready to burst with grief. I fell upon the dead body of my dearest, dearest brother, yet unburied, and kissed his cold face all covered with his own blood. Oh, that dear face that had ever been so precious to me —how could I leave it? I begged God to take my breath and let my cold body sleep by the side of his. The poor white women and children stood weeping very loud. Even the Indian women seemed moved. The Indians pulled me gently by the arm and pointed to the horse, and I was obliged to leave my dear brother lying cold and unburied, to see him no more. I was weeping so hard I could not see and could scarcely stand. The women and the Indians helped me along and helped me on the horse. Only the day before my brother was killed, he told me he would soon be able to walk and that he would leave in the night and find help to deliver us from our sufferings. I told him he was too sick yet and besides if he attempted such a thing the Indians would kill him. He said he cared nothing for his life, if he could only deliver me from my sufferings. The Indians had abused me before his eyes, but he dared not raise his hand even if he had had the strength, and his groans of anguish on my account were harder if possible than my own. He had seen me dragged out by the savages and had become almost frantic, and declared he would try to deliver me if he died in the attempt. I had noticed Joe Stanfield and Jo. Lewis listening to us and think they overheard us, as word came from Umatilla to kill my brother and Mr. Sails, and I have always felt the Catholics were the cause.

The Indians led my horse and as I rode away I thought my heart would break with anguish. The idea of my leaving dear brother unburied—the idea of turning my back forever upon the white people, to see my mother no more; to be doomed to suffer and live with the savages! Oh, how I begged God to send help or send death."

That night this amiable young saint lay down upon the prairies with but one blanket, the frozen earth covered with snow, her night pillow; the dark heavens her curtains, her woes only growing darker and thicker at every step. No mother's hand or brother's to hold her aching head or stay the quivering flesh that seemed ready to fly off the bones, shaking so terribly with the cold and the ague. The Indian made a fire, which, however, lasted but a short time, and he was soon asleep in his blanket. But what a night for that dear angel; it seemed a month, and yet she dreaded to have it end. The snow came down, and the chilling winds blew fiercely, "Has God and nature combined with the savages against me! No. I will not murmur, I will trust God. He will do right for Jesus' sake." Yes, dear young sister, my fellow suffer to some extent, on those same cold, dark prairies, your Savior, once in deeper agony, did hear your prayer and was, even at that dark hour working your and my deliverance by the only arm that could have been found west of the Rocky Mountains to have rescued us and our fellow prisoners from a sure death or a perpetual captivity among the Indians. Although the sufferings of that night were terrific and beyond the power of the pen, yet that dear girl could look forward to the dawn, as the morning only of a day of fearful and accumulating woes. As soon as light dawned, without a moment's sleep through the night from shivering cold, and without food our dear victim, too cold or too weak to help herself, was helped on the horse and they started. Thank God, it was Eliza's horse and very easy to ride. They reached "Five Crow's" lodge before noon. He went out and met her and took her carefully in his arm from the horse and led her into the lodge, spread down robes and blankets and laid her upon the bed, and built up a large fire and prepared two or three kinds of food and tea; but the terrible fever that followed the long chills and the pains in her head and bones, would not allow her to eat. After she recovered so as to walk, the chief told her, if she wished, to go over to the house of the white man (Bishop Blanchette and Brouilette) and at night he would come for her. And she went over and went into the Bishop's room. They had arrived at the Umatilla from Fort Walla Walla two days before the massacre. And the company consisted of Bishop Blanchette, General Brouilette, two priests and three French-

men—seven white persons altogether. The three Frenchmen occupied the kitchen and the other four the sitting room or office into which our helpless sister presented herself to the Bishops and the priests, begging them that they would protect her and not allow the Indian to take her away. The darkness came and with it, the Indian, as she expected. He came into the kitchen near the middle of the door and spoke to Miss Bewley to come and go over home with him. He called to her several times, but she remained quiet and give him no answer, and he soon turned away from the door and walked out, and then commenced a scene in that room that out-Herods all that the bloody savages had done thus far, and here again we will let the helpless victim tell her own story:

"As soon as Five Crows left the door, Bishop Blanchette spoke first, and said: 'You had better go and be his wife.' I refused; I had rather die. Then Brouilette, who could speak better English, said: 'You must go, or he will come back and do us all an injury.' I arose, terrified at his words and looks, and commenced crying, begging him not to send me, and to have pity upon a poor, helpless girl. He said I must go, and he called to Joe, his servant to take me over. And the servant came in, I fell upon my knees before the priest. 'Oh, do pity me, save me, save me; don't give me to the Indians, but shoot me.' He arose and brushed away my hands, and said to the servant to take me over. I then sprang toward the two young priests, holding my hand appealingly but they said nothing and moved not a hand, and the servant, half dragging, half carrying me, hurried away. I can never describe the feelings of my soul as I cast a last look upon these white men."

The servant took her over to the Indian's lodge (half mile distant), opened the door, put her in and turned back to the house.

And now another scene opens in that lodge, most emphatically note the counterpart of that blood-freezing scene I have related in the Bishop's room. "As I was pushed into the lodge, the chief told me to sit down on a buffalo robe. A good fire was burning, and no one was in the lodge but the Indian. He was silent for some time, and then turned and said kindly, to me, "If you do not wish to be my wife, go back to the white

man's house. I will not trouble you. Take your bundle of clothes." And she returned immediately to the Bishop's house.

Well would it have been had our unfortunate daughter trusted to the humanity of the savage, rather than to the religion of the Bishop. But instinctively the house of the white man was sought as soon as this frightened lamb found herself free from the hands of the dreaded Indians, and she found the Bishop's house in the thick darkness, and sank down on the floor in his room. And as they collected around her she screamed and commenced begging them to save her, supposing she was to be again dragged away. But they soon quieted her by preparing a good bed and some food. The next day she begged them to send her to Fort Walla Walla, for she feared the Indian would be persuaded to come again. She would work for them, or should she live to reach the settlements, her friends would pay them any sum. The third day, and evening, just as she feared, the Indian came again, and stood at the same middle door, and told her to come with him. And here again the former soul-sickening events were enacted over. But this time the Indian, having learned more of the designs of his spiritual adviser, remained to receive his victim. She says: "I was forced out of the room, and the Indian took me by the arm and led or dragged me away. And from that time I was subject to the Indian. I would return to the Bishop every morning. One morning as I was wringing my hands and crying, one of the young priests spoke kindly to me, telling me to pray to the Virgin. On another morning, as I came in, the other young priest laughingly asked me how 'I liked my new husband.' I thought this would break my heart, and cried through the day. About three weeks after the butchery, two Nez Perce chiefs, by the names of James and Red Wolf, came after Mr. Spalding's horses, which he had left with Brouilette, and brought us the news that Mr. Spalding had escaped and reached his family alive in the Nez Perce country, and that Mr. Canfield had also escaped and reached the same place. And what was to me the most joyful news, they said efforts were being made to deliver all of the captives. Although I could see no hope, the bare mention was a great comfort in my terrible situation.

"The next day while the Nez Perces were yet there, word came that Mr. Ogden had arrived at Walla Walla from Van-

couver, with men, boats and goods, to deliver the captives from the Indians, and that he had sent for the Cayuses and Walla Wallas to come into council. Only those who have been in terrible circumstances can have any idea of my frantic joy. I could not eat or sleep or sit still, although the chills and fever continued severe. I watched every motion of the trees, the birds, and the Indians, and every hour seemed a week. Three days after the first news of Mr. Ogden, Mr. Brouilette called to me in the morning to come out to him. He was on his horse to go to Walla Walla. My heart leaped for joy with the hope that I was to be taken with him, but as I came up his look, as he pointed his finger, chilled my blood, and he said: 'Look here, if you go to that Indian's lodge tonight, stay there; don't come to my house again. Stay at one place or the other.' My blood curdled. In an instant I saw my fate was fixed, and not by the Indians; my breath almost stopped, and I only replied: 'But what can I do? The Indians will drag me away.' He replied: 'Remember what I tell you!' and put spurs to his mule and was soon out of sight. I sank upon the ground almost senseless, and lay some time but recovering a little, I begged God in mercy to take away my life. The chills returned as I lay upn the frozen ground, and it seemed as if the flesh would shake off my bones. The Indian would find me where I was, and I dreaded the house, but had to return to the Bishop's room.

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The fever and the pains that followed were terrible, and yet the fearful forebodings for the future would make me forget these for a moment. I told one of the young priests what Bruilette had ordered and begged him to protect me. He said the Bishop did not like to have women about his house, but if the Indians came for me I would have to go. I asked if they would let me come back in the morning. He told me to come. When the Indian came in the evening, I tried to keep out of his way by going from one room to another, into the Bishp's room, then into the kitchen among the men, he followed me and tried to crowd me out of the door. He put my bonnet and shawl on. When his head was turned, I threw these under the bed and he did not find them, but finally dragged me away without them.

But thanks, everlasting thanks be to God, my deliverance came most unexpectedly. On the 28th of December, in the

morning, while I was yet at the Five Crow's lodge, an Indian rode up leading a horse and handed me a note rom Mr. Ogden, stating the joyful news that he had finally succeeded in redeeming all the unfortunate captives, that he had redeemed me. I had nothing to fear and nothing to do but to accompany the Indian as fast as I could, comfortably, to Walla Walla. I could hardly believe my eyes. I bowed upon my knees with a grateful heart and thanked my Savior for his great mercy to me. The Five Crows prepared tea and a good breakfast for me and put a new blanket and buffalo robe upon the saddle to make it comfortable for me to ride and for sleeping at night, and a thick shawl around me and assisted me on my horse and bade me good-bye kindly, and with much feeling, and gave me food for the journey. Again I was riding with a lone Indian over the prairies, but with very different feelings from those of three weeks before. Indeed, I cannot describe my feelings. My joy was unspeakable and yet I might be seized by the hands that had deceived me in the hour of greatest peril. Although I was more fit for the sick bed than a journey on horseback of 55 miles in the winter, yet I found myself urging the horse sometimes upon the lope. It was a gentle, and easy going horse. The night was cold with a thick fog. The Indian found a good camping ground on the Walla Walla and soon had a good fire and replenished it several times through the night seemingly for my benefit. Although I had bedding enough and the good fire to keep me comfortable, my joy kept me from sleep. At dawn the Indian was up, built a rousing fire and brought in the horses which he had hobbled out, and took great pains to prepare my breakfast, with tea in a cup he had with him, and then after he worshiped, in which I joined most heartily, although I understood but a few of his words, he saddled my horse and arranged my robe and blanket and helped me on, and we rode off, and when we came in sight of the Fort the Indian pointed it out to me and said: "House, 'suyapu aiat.'" American woman. I thought my heart would jump out of my bosom.

As we rode up, Governor Ogden and Mr. McBean, with several Catholic priests and half-breed women came out. Mr. Ogden took me gently from the horse, as a father, and said, "Thank God, I have got you safe at last. I had to pay the Indians more for you than for all the other captives, and I

feared they would never give you up." Mr. McBean provided a good bed for me and treated me very kindly. They took me into Mr. Osborne's room, where I found Mrs. Osborne very sick and her hip bones cut through the skin on the floor. All the captives from Walleiptu were brought in that night. Two days after, Mr. Spalding and family, and Mr. Craig and Canfield, were brought in by the Nez Perces.

The deposition of Mr. Kinzie before Judge Lenox of Washington County, Oregon:

Mr. Kinzie was a brother to Mr. Kinzie of Polk County, Oregon. He says: "Went by Doctor Whitman's station to obtain supplies for food and to change my poor oxen for horses; but the doctor had no horses to change. I went on to Fort Walla Walla and effected a swap with Mr. McBean, and as I was about to start he (Mr. McBean) said: "There will be trouble with the Indians, but if they attempt to molest you, show them the brand on the horses. They will know it is the Hudson Bay brand and will let you pass. And let me tell you, Spalding and Whitman had better leave this country; if they do not, the Indians will kill them, for the father will have these stations. They offered Doctor Whitman everything that was reasonable, and in silver dollars, and he would not take it and now he had better leave, for they will have the station." The above is as nearly correct as I can recollect. The deposition is in the lower country. Mr. Wilcox, before the same judge, testifies: "Mr. McKinzie overtook our train in the evening, after we had camped at the mouth of the Umatilla, and without getting off from his horse, inquired with much agitation, if we had heard anything from the doctor. I told him I had heard that he was looking out an emigrant road to leave the Umatilla high up, and not strike the Columbia until reaching the Deschutes, the present Well Springs and Rock Creek route. He said. 'I have a mind to start for him tonight, for I fear the Indians will kill him, and gave as a reason that the officer in charge at Fort Walla Walla had assured him that the Indians would kill Spalding and Whitman if they did not leave the country soon for the fathers would have those stations."

These men moved on with the emigration of that fall, but before they reached the Willamette the news of the Wallepitu tragedy overtook them.

Mr. Marsh, son of the Mr. Marsh who was killed, testifies as follows, as well as I can recollect: "I left my father and little sister at Doctor Whitman's Mission two weeks before the massacre and went down to Walla Walla and got work, and while there I heard Mr. McBean say in the presence of the priest, 'Doctor Whitman and Mr. Spalding had better leave or the Indians will kill them, for the fathers will have those stations.' "

Mr. Hinman, who had charge of our Mission Station at the Dalles, with Perri Whitman, nephew of Doctor Whitman, as interpreter, testifies: "On the third of December, 1847, after breakfast, the Indians came in and said a Frenchman was down at the river. I told them to call him up. He came and sat down to breakfast. I asked, 'what news from above?' 'All the men are dead at Walla Walla except Mr. McBride and myself, and I am in a great hurry to get to Vancouver to have other men come up. Can you help me to a canoe and Indians? Mr. McBean wished you would?' 'What killed him.' 'The measles.' 'Have you heard from Doctor Whitman?' 'Yes; I heard he was dead.' 'When?' 'Four weeks ago, but I don't believe it.' 'Well, I have to go down to Vancouver, and will go down now," and as soon as I could get ready, we started in my canoe with Indians. But on reaching Cape Horn the wind stopped us and I made a camp and lay down. But I noticed the Frenchman was much agitated; he would walk up and down the river and come and look earnestly at me, and go away and come back again. Finally he came up and fixing his eye upon me he exclaimed 'Very bad man, me, Mr. Hinman. Big lie I tell you. No man dead at Walla Walla. But Doctor Whitman be dead. All the Americans at the doctor's dead. Indians have killed them. I see them with my eyes, the day before I start. I see Mrs. Whitman dead. Indians got all women and children prisoners. I take letter to Vancouver for the Company to come quick and get all American women and children, before Indian he kill them.' Mr. Hinman said: 'Why did you not tell me at home? Now the Indians have probably come down and killed my family! " 'Very bad man Mr. Hinman, but the priest tell me not to tell you and Americans at Dalles. If I tell you they no pardon my sins, but I have to tell you, too much terror here,"—putting his hand to his breast. Mr. Hinman knew not whether to turn back to save his family, or to push ahead to

give the Company the news and the opportunity to send up the sooner, but he dashed on and reached Vancouver, went into Mr. Ogden's office and delivered the letters and reported the awful news. 'Just what I expected,' said Mr. Ogden, 'when those eight priests went up a few weeks ago.' The letters being directed to Mr. Douglas, they all walked in to his office and throwing down the letters, Mr. Ogden said: "There, see what a war in religion has done. The good doctor is dead. I knew there would be trouble when the priests went up." "Hut, tut, Mr. Ogden, don't be so hasty," said Mr. Douglas, and opened the letters and read: "Doctor Whitman is killed, Mrs. Whitman is killed. Indians are after Spalding, &c., &c., and moreover parties are fitting out, one to go to the mill, one to go to the Spokane Mission to kill at those stations, and to go to Clear Water, and one to g—my God, Hinman, why are you here?—to the Dalles." "Sure enough," said Hinman, "why was that Frenchman forbid to tell me and I only heard it just up here at Cape Horn." The tables were now turned upon Mr. Douglas, who replied: "You must remember, that man was in trying circumstances." Mr. Douglas transcribed that letter to Governor Abernethy for the "Oregon Spectator," but that sentence was left out, and but for Mr. Hinman's providential presence, the world would not have known that the man was bearing a letter by the Dalles, containing a declaration that a party of the savage murderers was to start to kill the families at that place, was forbidden to warn them of their danger on pain of not having his sins pardoned, and when asked by Mr. Hinman about the doctor, said he did not believe he was dead. But he was the man, who sent out to look for horses, attracted by a crowd about the doctor's, rode there on Tuesday, and saw the dead bodies lying about; saw the doctor's body and Mrs. Whitman's and returned to Walla Walla that evening and started the next morning for Vancouver with the letters. P. B. Whitman, says, in his deposition before Esq. Purdy of Salem: "About twenty-five minutes after Mr. Hinman and the Frenchman had left for Vancouver, a crowd of Indians came into the room and sat down silent for sometime, and then exclaimed, "Why are you not crying?" "Why?" "Because your father and mother are dead, all the Americans are read; the Cayuse have killed them! "How do you know?" "The Frenchman told us that he saw them lying

dead about the doctor's house just before he started, and he has gone to Husushuihai (White head's Vancouver) for them to send up more goods to purchase the many captive women and children." "That cannot be," I replied; "the Frenchman told us that he had not seen the doctor, my uncle, for two weeks, and did not believe he was dead; but that all the men at the Fort, except himself and Mr. McBean, were dead, that he was going to Vancouver for more men to man the Post. Besides, we have received no letters from Walla Walla. But if my uncle and the Americans at this place had been killed, we surely would have received letters from Mr. McBean or the priests." There were six Americans at the Dalles, viz.: Mr. and Mrs. McKinney (emigrants), P. B. Whitman and Doctor Safrons. As they had received no intimation from the Frenchman, who was direct from Walla Walla, and had received no letters from that Post, which they certainly would, had the doctor and the emigrants been killed, as represented by the Indians, they could not believe for a moment the report of the Indians. But still the Indians about the station became more and more excited from day to day, and finally took their women and effects to the mountains and the day before Mr. Hinman's return, several painted, naked Cayuse showed themselves in the vicinity of the Station.

It is a question of vital importance to American Protestants, not of that day only, but of the present day, why that Frenchman was ordered not to let the Americans at The Dalles know their danger? Why he was threatened with that most fearful of all punishments, more than fines or imprisonment, to deter him from telling them? Why did not Mr. McBean or the priests write by that messenger to The Dalles, when they knew a party of the murderers was soon to start to kill them? Why was the Frenchman told to obtain Mr. Hinman to go on with him if possible, thus leaving his family more exposed? That Vancouver was not concerned in this appears from the surprise of Mr. Douglas. Considering the connection of Walla Walla with the H. B. Company, it was natural, but not honest, that Mr. Douglas should leave the declared doom of the Americans at The Dalles out of Mr. McBean's letter, when he transcribed it for Governor Abernethy.

CHAPTER IX.

JOSEPH, CHIEF OF THE NEZ PERCES

"THE death of Joseph, the famous Indian warrior-statesman, on September 21, 1904, at the Colville Indian Reservation, at Miles, Washington, recalled a name, now almost forgotten, which was at one time a terror through the entire Northwest. Though dying alone and in obscurity, his name will, nevertheless, take a place in history with those of Tecumseh, Brant, Black Hawk, Pontiac and Sitting Bull; and by many he is considered the greatest of all the Indian warriors.

While his well-laid plans finally collapsed, through lack of men, and through the combined efforts of Generals Howard, Miles, Gibbons and Sturgis, still strategy, diplomacy, quick marches, elusive powers and dashing courage have never been surpassed in the records of Indian warfare. When we realize that it took forty companies of United States troops, together with a small army of scouts and volunteers, over two months, to hunt down and capture a band of three hundred Indians, we gather some idea of the genius of its commander.

There is a pathos in the death of this great warrior, alone, save for a handful of followers, his power and influence gone, his hopes and plans crushed and defeated. Defiant and persevering to the end, he kept up the struggle until a few weeks before his death, when he seemed to realize that all was over. Sitting stoically beside his camp-fire, he gazed long and earnestly at the distant hills, and murmured "Halo manitah," meaning that he would not live to see another winter. Silent, severe and proud, he would sit whole days without speaking or moving, and, so sitting, he fell forward on his face, dead.

The Chutepalu Indians, called Nez Perce (nose pierced) by the early French explorers because of the ringed ornaments worn in the nose, occupied for hundreds of years the beautiful and fertil basin of the Grand Ronde of Oregon, making their headquarters at the junction of the Snake, Clearwater and Grand Ronde Rivers, though they ranged the country for many miles, from the Blue Mountains to the Rockies, and from Canada to Arizona. They were among the wealthiest of all Indian

tribes, for the mountains were bountifully supplied with game, the rivers teemed with salmon, and the valleys offered an abundance of nutritious food for their horses.

The first authentic reports of them were given by Lewis and Clarke, with whom they were on friendly terms. Their promise made to the explorers, never to war on the white man, was faithfully kept until the final dispute over the possession of the Wallowa Valley, which resulted in the Nez Perce Indian War.

The gold craze in California sent hundreds of miners and settlers through this section, who, recognizing the wonderful possibilities of the mild and fertile valley, took up homesteads and settled there. For a time there was room for all to live in peace, and the friendly relations established by Lewis and Clarke were continued. The Rev. Mr. Spalding, a missionary, a good and just man, did much to maintain the kindly feeling, until he was driven out by the Indians. He was a great friend of old Joseph, whose Indian name was Inmut-tos-yah-lat-lat, and to whom he gave the name of Joseph.

By the year 1855 the Whites had multiplied so greatly that Governor Stevens of Oregon deemed it advisable to negotiate a treaty with old Joseph. This treaty was finally enacted with satisfaction to all parties concerned, the Indians being granted the district known as Wallowa and Imnaha.

Things went smoothly until the year 1863, when the white population had again increased to such an extent that another treaty was drawn up, this time by Governor Grover of Oregon, who informed the government of the great value of the land owned by the Indians, and strongly advised the purchase of it. Old Joseph, his son, White Bird, Big Thunder, Eagle, and many other Nez Perce warriors, were bitterly opposed to this treaty, and not only refused to sign it, but also to attend the council.

Lawyer, an ambitious chief distinguished for his impassioned oratory, gathered around him those who were willing to sell their lands, and signed the contract. Joseph claimed that Lawyer and his followers had acted without the authority of the band, and, summoning his people, he impressed upon them the necessity of holding the land, and showed them the territory to which they were to cling by placing poles around the entire

valley. "Inside of this is our home," he said. "The whit men, may take the land outside, but here our people were born and here the bones of our fathers lie, and we will not give u these bones to any man."

Lawyer and his followers, known as the "Treaty" Indians accepted pay for their lands, and were removed to the Ne Perce Reservation at Lapwai, Idaho, while Joseph and his fol lowers, known as the "Nontreaty" Indians, were allowed t remain in the valley of the Grand Ronde, until it was agai thought necessary to move them. A commissioner was sent b the government to negotiate with Joseph and his tribe for thei removal to Lapwai, stating that it had all been purchased fron Lawyer. Joseph, infuriated, haughtily replied that he had neve sold the land, nor had he or his people ever received any re muneration for it. It was a delicate point, and needed delicat handling. A great council composed of government represen tatives and Indians was held, and Joseph, being too feeble t conduct the meeting himself, commanded his son, young Joseph to speak for him, declaring that hereafter the latter should b chief of the tribe.

This was the opportunity for which the young warrior ha long been waiting. He had already shown courage, skill an tact, and was a favorite with his people. He was at that time an ideal type of an American Indian, six feet in height, gracefu of movement, magnificently proportioned, with deep chest an splendid muscles. His expression was mild and impassive, ex cept when aroused, when a light would come into his smal bright eyes which denoted the iron will and defiant, war-like spirit that lay beneath. His mother belonged to the Cayus tribe, a cruel and treacherous race, whence undoubtly came th evil instincts which at times arose in a nature possessing man fine and noble qualities.

Young Joseph stood up with all the dignity which character izes his race, and in a full melodious voice delivered such a able and convincing appeal that, had it been made by Patrick Henry, Edmund Burke or any other of the great orators, wh pleaded for their people in distress, it would have gone down into history as a masterpiece.

After due consideration, the government sent word t

Mrs. Amelia Spalding Brown, youngest daughter of Rev.H.H. Spalding

Joseph that unless he consented to be removed peacably he and his people would be placed by force upon the Reservation. This was in May, 1877. To substantiate this statement, General O. O. Howard and a company of United States cavalry were sent to Walla Walla, in readiness to remove Joseph, unless he obeyed orders within thirty days.

This aroused the Cayuse blood in Joseph's veins and he determined on revenge. With the skill of a general and cunning of an Indian he laid his plans. Forming the Nontreaty Indians into three bands, he with White Bird, Looking-Glass and himself at their respective heads, removed them all—horses, stock, squaws, everything—to Cottonwood Creek, sixty miles from Lewiston, Idaho, ostensibly for the purpose of complying with the government's demand, but in reality to prepare for the bloody encounter which was to follow.

In order to arouse the fighting blood of his people, the wily chieftain told them that the Great Spirit had ordered all the living Nez Perces to the warpath, and that the dead were to be raised from their graves, and, unbound, they would drive the whites out of their valley, across the mountains and into the sea. This they sincerely believed, warriors and squaws anxiously awaiting the signal to begin to fight.

Joseph, sly and cautious as usual, put off the day as long as possible, in order to perfect his plans more fully. General Howard came to Fort Lapwai to see that the Indians were safely installed on the Reservation.

The twenty-ninth day arrived without incident, and the soldiers, who had predicted trouble, were beginning to breathe more freely, when a blood-stained messenger rode wildly into camp with the news that four white men had been killed by Indians, near the town of White Bird, on the Salmon River, and that the whole community was in dire need of assistance. Howard immediately sent two companies of cavalry to their aid under Lieutenant Perry, with the instructions to subdue the Indians and to bring Joseph back with them under arrest. Word was also sent to Mount Idaho for reinforcements and a small company of brave and resolute men under Captain Randall set out with speed to join Perry.

Joseph, being informed of this move, sent White Bird to

attack them. The Salmon River country, one of the most rugged wildernesses in the world, was almost impenetrable to Perry and his men, while to the Indians it was comparatively easy. The cavalry, in columns of four, wheeled into the narrow canyon, when suddenly they were fired upon from every quarter by an invisible enemy, all that they could see being little puffs of smoke which seemed to issue from out the very rocks. Men and horses fell dead, as if stricken by the hand of God. The most courageous of men cannot stand before such a fire, and when one-third of their number had been killed the rest turned and fled, in spite of Perry's brave attempt to rally them. Seeing that it was impossible to continue the pursuit with this handful of men, Perry reluctantly retreated toward Mountain, Idaho, Presently he heard more shooting from below, in a deep canyon, and at first supposed that it was a fresh attack, but on investigation discovered Randall and his small force standing off a band of Indians, who were riding swiftly around them in circles, drawing closer and closer, shooting from the far side of their horses as they rode. Perry's cavalry, discouraged, defeated and wounded, could not be induced or threatened to go to the rescue, for it was certain death.

"The man who goes down there is a d—n fool; but he's a d—n coward if he doesn't, and I, for one, am going to help them out," cried Major George Sheater, and never were there truer or braver words spoken. Not wishing to see him die alone, Perry and several of his men joined him, but before they could reach the spot, another detachment of Henry's cavalry arrived, and the Indians made a hasty retreat.

The thrill of victory was to the Indians like the smell of blood to wild animals. Joseph, more humane than most of them, did his best to prevent the awful outrages which were committed, but he could no more control his savage people than he could the beast of the forest. Pale-faced, blood-stained messengers arrived at the various posts in rapid succession, with the news of terrible butchery and atrocious crimes. Wild, distracted men, whose wives and children had been butchered before their very eyes, were crying for vengeance. Howard, with only a few troops at his command, called for volunteers and sent to Colonel Whipple at Wallowa for immediate assist-

ance. He was answered promptly, and the combined troop, consisting of some four hundred men, set out for White Bird Creek.

Joseph had with him about three hundred warriors, and was much encumbered with squaws and a small army of horses. Seeing that he was pursued by Howard and reinforcement, he, with remarkable generalship, directed his retreat across the Salmon River into an exceedingly rough country, where all military maneuvers were impossible. Howard and his cavalry followed him, Joseph taking a position where he could watch their every move. He skillfully led them into a narrow canyon, where by doubling on his tracks, in a night attack, he contrived to cut off their supplies for three days to make his escape without the loss of a man.

Howard, then sending two companies on ahead to open the way, succeeded in surrounding the Indians, but with the loss of one officer, two scouts, and ten men. It looked as if Joseph was, at last, effectually cornered; but by a masterly retreat he again eluded his pursuers and escaped into the mountains.

By a series of rapid marches, long detours and running fights, in which Joseph showed the highest qualities of leadership, the Indians encircled Howard's entire army and gained the Lolo trail leading into Montana. Sitting Bull, with twelve hundred warriors was encamped in Canada, and it was Joseph's plan to reach him if possible, in the hope of Sitting Bull's joining forces with him against the whites. Howard's horses, already spent, could not keep pace with those of the Indians, who had a continual change from their inexhaustible supply of ponies. Joseph watched every move of the enemy like a hawk, keeping two or three marches in advance, just out of harm's way. When the army moved, he moved, and when the army rested, he rested also. By thus moving proportional distances, the Indians kept far enough ahead to avoid an encounter and, hurry as he would, Howard could not gain on them one mile.

Howard's expectations now lay in General Gibbon, who was stationed at Helena, Montana. A messenger was sent post-haste to inform him of Joseph's position, hoping that by this method Joseph would be effectually trapped. Gibbon immediately set out for the Lolo trail, and coming unexpectedly upon

the Indians in the night, attacked them in the battle known as the Battle of the Big Hole. Joseph, completely surprised by an onset from this quarter, coolly rallied his warriors about him, and by a series of bewildering maneuvers, succeeded in recovering his ponies, buried his dead, and in making his escape, taking with him a considerable quantity of Gibbon's ammunition. His loss was thirty men and fifty women, while Gibbon's was much greater.

General Howard, in speaking of this, said: "Few military commanders with good troops could have recovered so effectually, after such a fearful surprise. His repeated successful escapes showed an ability to plan and execute, equal to that of many a partisan leader whose deeds have entered into classic history."

On finding that Joseph had again escaped him, Howard joined forces with Gibbon and the pursuit was continued, but they could gain no faster than before, the Indians always keeping some fifteen miles in advance. Each night the soldiers would camp on the very spot vacated by the enemy, within sight of their flickering camp fires, exasperatingly out of reach.

Realizing at last the impossibility of overtaking the Indians, word was sent to General Sturgis to intercept them from the east. He promptly responded with seven companies of the Seventh Cavalry, and Howard, believing Joseph to be penned at last, decided to give his wornout men a much needed rest, in order to put them in some sort of condition for fighting. Men and horses were completely fagged out. For two months they had pushed on unceasingly through one of the roughest parts of America, without a single halt. It was bitterly cold, the men were in rags and nearly barefoot, the rugged hills and sharp, slippery rocks cutting their feet at every step. The half-starved horses could find little to eat, as Joseph's army of ponies had devoured everything as they went through. Lame, wounded, discouraged, sick for want of food and sleep, a rest was now an absolute necessity.

Much against his will, Howard called a halt at Henry's Lake, near Tacher's Pass.

At the end of four days, the advance was continued with renewed energy. After nine days of rapid marches, Howard

came unexpectedly upon Sturgis, in Clark's Valley, and was greatly disappointed to learn that he had seen nothing of the Indians, believing all the time that they were still ahead of him.

Joseph, being informed by his scouts of the approach of a new enemy, had withdrawn his entire band of men, women, children and stock into the forest, where by a clever detour, he had encircled the army without exposing a single man.

Howard, disappointed, but not discouraged, joined forces with Sturgis and again sent word for assistance, this time to General Miles at Tongue River. If Joseph succeeded in eluding Miles as well, he would have a clear field to Canada and Sitting Bull, and then there was no telling what might happen. Henry's army, reinforced with fresh horses and supplies, now made better progress; but Joseph also, with wonderful energy, pushed on more rapidly.

All along the route, the troops came upon hideous evidences of destruction and slaughter. At the Soda Butte Mines the entire camp was found murdered and scalped.

General Miles, being informed of Joseph's position, hurried forward, hoping to cut him off before he reached the Missouri, but on arriving at the mouth of the Musselshell River, found that he was just too late. Joseph had crossed the Missouri the day before, and had headed for the upper extremity of Bear Paw Range. Miles, with fresh horses and men, pushing on night and day at a tremendous rate of speed. Joseph, now thinking himself secure, took a more leisurely pace. He had no knowledge of this fourth enemy approaching so rapidly upon him, until, on October 5, 1877, he was overtaken and attacked beyond the Bear Paw Mountains in a deep and rugged ravine. So bold and swift was the assault that, before he was fully aware of the arrival of Miles, his band was cut in two, half of his horses captured, and many of his men killed and wounded. Quickly, ably, and with consummate cleverness he rallied his scattered tribe of seventy warriors about him, and together they made a brave stand. In spite of the furious onslaught they succeeded in digging rifle pits in the far end of the canyon. Here they fought with such determination and bravery that, suffering as they were from loss of men and supplies, and with odds of more than two to one against them, they held out for

three days, and made it possible for part of their band to escape and join Sitting Bull in Canada. Often the fighting was hand to hand and Joseph, always in the thick of it, showed the greatest courage and skill. Two horses were shot under him and his clothes were torn to pieces, but he remained unhurt throughout. Eighteen of his men and two women were killed during the first two days of battle, the troops' loss amounting to twenty-six killed and forty wounded.

The third day Miles sent a messenger under flag of truce into Joseph's camp with conditions of surrender. Joseph replied that he must have time for consideration, hoping that, in the meantime, those who had escaped would return with Sitting Bull and his allies.

The next day another messenger was sent with word that, unless an immediate surrender was agreed upon, the fight would be continued. Joseph consented to visit Miles and discuss the matter.

Howard and part of his troop had meanwhile arrived with fresh horses, the rest following as best they could, some 25 miles in the rear. Howard must have felt keenly the disappointment of reaching there too late to take part in the victory, after all that he had endured, but his only sentiment was a prayer of thanksgiving that Joseph had at last been run to earth.

After long and exciting negotiations with Miles and Howard, Joseph finally decided to surrender, in order to save further bloodshed, on condition of good treatment to himself and followers.

When all had been arranged, Howard felt that his work was finished, and he returned to his station in the Department of the Columbia. His conduct after the battle was over, was most praiseworthy, and marks him as a true gentleman as well as a brave soldier. After one of the most remarkable and tedious marches in the history of warfare, in which he had pursued the swift-footed Indians and their wily leader for over a thousand miles, with wounded men and lame horses, fighting running battles, suffering inconceivable hardships and overcoming obstacles in a way worthy of a Napoleon, he arrived a day too late to participate in the victory, and generously gave the credit

to his more fortunate fellow-officer, with only praise to God in his heart that the end had successfully been accomplished.

After the surrender, Miles conducted Joseph and the other prisoners across the Missouri, back to his post at Tongue River. They were then removed to Fort Leavenworth, and from there to the Indian Territory, where some of them still live in peace and plenty.

Joseph, true to his cause to the last, sent plea after plea to the government for himself and people to be sent back to the Grand Ronde Valley, insisting that Miles had promised this privilege in the conditions of surrender. He made two trips to Washington for the purpose, and delivered an appeal surprisingly powerful, so full of longing pathos and truthfulness, as he saw the truth, that the Government gave his case a careful and thorough investigation. His statement in part was as follows:

"My friends, I have been asked to show you my heart. I am glad of the chance to do so, I want the white people to understand my people. Some of you think an Indian is like a wild animal. This is a great mistake. If we were let alone we are as peaceful as any other nation. All we want is the land of our fathers and to be let alone. When my father, who was a noble chief, was dying, he sent for me, and I took his hand in mine. He said, 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone you will be the chief of these people. They will look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more and the white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget your father's dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the homes of your father and mother to any man."

I pressed my father's hand, and promised him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit-land. I buried him in the beautiful valley of winding waters (Wallowa). I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild beast.

I have carried a heavy burden on my back ever since I was a boy. I learned that we were but few, while the whites were many, and that we could not keep our lands from them. We were like deer. They were like grizzly bears. I would have given my life if I could have prevented the war, but it was inevitable. When the killing began, my heart was hurt; but it has gone too far, I could not stop it. I blame my young men, but I blame the whites more, for they took our lands. I deny that either my father or myself ever sold that land. It may never again be our home, but my father sleeps there, and I love it as I love my mother. I do not know why the whites took our land. They had so much, we so little. The Great Spirit Chief (General Miles) promised us we should be returned to the land of our fathers. Why has not this promise been kept? If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. I only ask the Government to be treated as all other men are treated. My heart is heavy when I see my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country or shot down like dogs. All we ask is an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indians break the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also. Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think, and talk, and act for myself, and I will obey every law, or submit, to the penalty. Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we shall have no more wars. We shall all be alike, brothers of one father and one mother with one sky above us, and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit who rules above will smile upon this land and send rain to wash out the bloody spots, made by brothers' hands, from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race is waiting. Joseph has spoken for his people."

After consideration the government decided that to remove Joseph either to Idaho or Oregon would be injudicious, and it

was a wise decision. The horrors of the war are still fresh in the memories of many who held Joseph personally responsible for them. I have talked with men whose families had been butchered by the Nez Perces, men who had seen their children's tongues torn from their mouths, and their infants' brains dashed out before their eyes. Time alone can obliterate these memories, and Joseph's life would have been in jeopardy had he returned, even at this late date, to the blood-stained soil of Oregon.

From a mercenary point of view as well, it would have been unwise. The Wallowa Valley, forty miles long and fifteen miles wide, is one of the most fertile districts in the United States. No finer wheat or fruit is grown in all the world than there. It would have cost the government over two hundred thousand dollars to purchase sufficient room for Joseph and his tribe, and the land would have gone to ruin, for the Indian is a poor farmer. The fish and game are practically extinct in the immediate vicinity, and Joseph would have been no better off there than elsewhere.

Concluding that neither the happiness of the Indians nor the welfare of the community would be benefited by granting the request, Joseph and one hundred and fifty of his people were removed to the Coville Reservation, Washington, north of Spokane, where they were provided with houses and farm implements but the most of them preferred their own tepees and their old mode of living.