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THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF  
WILLIAM H. GRAY

FROM DECEMBER, 1836, TO OCTOBER, 1837

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WILLIAM H. GRAY

JUNE, 1913

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*See Platte River Road Narratives*

*Entry # 33*

mer of 1838 Mr. Gray, with his wife, conducted the party safely to Oregon. After four years of laborious work as missionary and explorer, he resigned from the Mission and became General Superintendent and Secular Agent of the Oregon Institute, later Willamette University at Salem.

He was an important factor in organizing the Provisional Government of Oregon, was a member of the first Legislature, and in 1845 was elected representative from Clackamas county. From 1846 till 1855 he lived upon his farm on the Clatsop plains, and thereafter, with brief intervals, at Astoria until his death in 1889 at Portland.

His History of Oregon was begun in 1864 and published in 1870, an octavo volume of 684 pages, full of personal recollections, careful observation, and rich material for later historians. In the making of that history he played an active part, and his shrewd estimate of men and measures can never be lightly set aside.

The fame of his great friend, Dr. Marcus Whitman, who was massacred by the Indians in 1847, was also dear to his heart, and for several years, beginning in 1874, he labored to secure money for a suitable monument to mark Dr. Whitman's grave. He secured a considerable sum, but the time was too early to allow success then to such a commemorative movement, which did not reach fruition until 1897. The marble shaft on the hilltop which now overlooks the site of the Whitman Mission was built by others after his death, but it was the result of his undertaking and may be truthfully called the fruit of his love and devotion.

A vigorous man, broad-shouldered, broad-minded, big-hearted, Mr. Gray was in many respects much like his friend, Dr. Whitman, whose striking humanness and lofty Christian character have been glorified by the tragedy of his death. It is an interesting commentary upon the impression which Dr. Whitman had made upon his associates that Cushing Eells gave himself heroically to found a college in his memory, and that William H. Gray labored in his old age, without reward, to build him a monument. Into their labors the present generation has entered, and now Whitman College, the product of the pioneers, gratefully acknowledges its triple obligation and commemorates together the names of Whitman and Eells and Gray.

## JOURNAL OF W. H. GRAY

From December 28th, 1836, to  
October 15th, 1837

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DECEMBER 28TH, 1836. About 12 o'clock today I took leave of Brother Spalding and his wife, mounted my horse, and was accompanied by four native Nez Perces, down till near the forks of the Coos Cooska, or Lachkiah, to Palmar. Soon after we ascended the hill from Brother Spalding's house we found the snow to be about eight inches deep, with something of a crust over it, making it difficult for our horses to proceed. However we succeeded in reaching the River at Palmar.

On arriving at the River and learning that there was no ice in the Snake River, I thought best to send my horses back to Brother Spalding's and get a canoe and a couple of Indians to take me to Walla Walla to meet Mr. Ermatinger, to accompany him to Vancouver (for my outfit for traveling) and thence to the Flat Heads. About three o'clock we started in our canoe down the River, continuing down till dark. We put ashore to camp for the night.

DECEMBER 29TH, 1836. This morning the Indians called me up at one o'clock to start. The moon shining very bright to-night, in half an hour we found ourselves on the way down the River. Continuing on down till near daylight, we stopped to warm ourselves at a little Indian village and take our breakfast at a little stream the Indians called PohPohPo Coos. Continuing on down, we found the scenery along the River to be romantic and grand, the banks of the River being high and having deep cuts. Around the points the Rocks present the

one mile further and found water. We put in our boat and proceeded on till about 9 o'clock. Coming to an ice portage, we went ashore for our breakfast. Proceeding on, we have passed three ice portages of little more than one mile each today.

FEB. 18TH. The wind today is from the Southwest; the ice is becoming quite rotten; we have met two ice portages today—camping early, hoping the wind will clear the River of ice.

FEB. 19TH. This morning we continued down a short distance, coming onto an ice portage on the move, which detained us some time. We succeeded in getting through it—one of our men barely escaping going under the ice, in getting out of the boat to cut a passage through. Continuing on, we made another portage a short distance above the Shoots, where we arrived about 12 o'clock. We soon got our boat over and greased—having no gum to prevent its leaking from the rubbing of the ice.

Proceeding from the Shoots, we ran through the Dalles, which presents at this time a scenery grand and terrific, requiring the utmost skill in our bow and stern to keep our boat from dashing against the rocks and going into the whirlpools. The waters are truly in a coiling, curling, scalling, rolling, foaming condition, as they pass through the rocks, which present the appearance of one solid bed of lava. The channel appears to be not more than 30 feet wide at the entrance, where the rocks are between 50 and 100 feet in perpendicular height. The water is now near 25 feet lower at the entrance of the Dalles than it was when we came down in September. We continued down till we reached Pigeon, or Grave Island, and put ashore to camp, having a wet forenoon and evening.

FEB. 20TH. This morning we were on the water long before daylight. We reached the Cascades about 8 o'clock, passed them between one and two P. M., and proceeded to the saw-mill, where we stopped a few hours with a Mr. Walker, an American, who has charge of the mill.

FEB. 21ST. This morning, we arrived at Fort Vancouver

about sunrise. We met Mr. McKenzie at the shore, Mr. Ray and McLeod coming on the way and Dr. Tolomy (Tolmie) and Dr. McLoughlin near the door of the fort.

We also met Mr. Douglas, etc. Proceeding into the office (a conversation corner) we soon had the pleasure of an introduction to the Honorable Mr. Findalson (Finlayson), Junior Chief Factor of the Columbia Department. His appearance is that of a real gentleman. We remained at Vancouver until the first of March.

FEB. 26TH, SABBATH. Today, Mr. Beaver gave us two discourses; the one in the morning on the subject of "Regeneration"; this afternoon on the Confession of Faith and the Catechism of the English Church.

FEB. 28TH. About ten today we were invited to witness before Mr. Beaver the wedding of Mrs. Douglas and Mr. McKenzie. This afternoon our boats—four in number—have been loaded and sent off, to go up as far as the mill, and wait for us till tomorrow morning. This evening, agreeable to a vote that was taken at the wedding (there being only two dissenting votes, Mr. Findalson and Gray), the party assembled in Mr. Beaver's house and soon commenced a four reel, which was soon finished and followed by several others in succession. After nearly all the company had been upon the floor, they then introduced and danced an eight reel, which was followed by two upon the floor dancing to keep the fiddler's bow agoing. This continued until twelve o'clock, when the groom invited the ladies and gentlemen into the adjoining room to take a cup of coffee and a slice of Buffalo tongue. During the evening Mr. Beaver came and commenced conversation with me. He appeared more friendly than usual. He had not spoken to me previous to this evening, though I had seen him several times since I have lived here. He made several inquiries—how we were getting along, etc. Mrs. Beaver made some about the ladies. I took leave of them, expecting to leave early in the morning. After we had taken our cup of coffee, we retired—Mr. Findalson having ordered the lights to be put out.

MARCH 1ST, 1837. We were detained this morning till

life; commenced singing and continued a long time—night and day—wandering from one camp to another, painted frightfully, partly crying, partly singing, and shaking a multitude of bells and gingles. One day she entered a lodge near my house. I followed her, watched her motions and saw them give her a quantity of provisions. When she came out, I called her into my house and locked every person out. It was some time before I could stop her noise. She finally gave up and sat down—of course much exhausted. I finally got her attention by a book, gave her a portion of salts and told her she would be better next day. She came the next day, washed clean, disencumbered of her gingles. She now appears quite well and can read quite well. Meaway returned soon after you left and went from lodge to lodge, telling the people to stop bringing timber and assisting me. It only increased, if possible, their efforts. He was offended, I suppose, because I would not give him a knife for a small bunch of Sarvis (Service) berries. I will not be able to go to Colville till April on account of snow. Shall get the Indians well ploughing before I leave. We have drawn several paintings of important events recorded in the Bible; such as, the Nativity of Christ, His Crucifixion, etc. These I first explain to my Crier. I then go over them to the people, the Crier correcting my language and carrying out the history.

But this only furnishes a starting point for the Indians. They go home, sometimes to spend the whole night in repeating the subject they have heard, coming to us frequently for explanations on some point forgotten or not understood.

I have frequently got up in the night and listened with peculiar emotions of joy to them, repeating the story they have heard on the Sabbath. I am astonished at the amount of Bible knowledge they have already obtained. On the 27th of January Mrs. Spalding opened her school. About one hundred usually attend. With her numerous other cares, she is obliged to supply the deficiency of books with her pen; she prints her own school books. Of course she can spend but a short time in school each day. But through the rest of the day from morning till night, they are assembled in little clusters, with one, the most forward, teaching the rest. What one knows in the

morning, the rest will generally learn by night. Today a stranger will come, not knowing a letter; tomorrow, he will be teaching other strangers. Yesterday one of my sawyers returned from taking \* \* \* He left before the school opened, consequently knew not a letter; today he knows all and can read several words. Last week Mrs. Spalding assembled the girls for sewing. The attempt surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Everything certainly appears very promising. If we are only faithful and prayerful, it would seem that some good might result to this people.

Yours ever truly,

H. H. SPALDING.

Intelligence has arrived this afternoon of Mrs. Whitman's being delivered of a daughter.

MARCH 15TH. We remain at Walla Walla all day.

MARCH 16TH. This morning I started for the Doctor's. On arriving, I found the intelligence received on the 14th to be correct.

MARCH 17TH. Today, Mr. Pambrun and Mr. Ermatinger have come up to see the newcomer, etc., etc.

MARCH 18TH. Intelligence has arrived that it is next to impossible to get to Spokane on account of snow. Mr. Pambrun and Ermatinger return to Walla Walla. I remain and assist the Doctor about his plough, etc. This evening several Nez Perces have arrived, bringing a line from (Doctor) Brother Spalding, and some horses. They have also come after his supplies that came up with us from below. Brother Spalding tells me in his note that he has a second calf from the Pambrun cow, and that the Indians have commenced a meeting house 50 by 70 feet, and that they have also broken considerable ground for corn and potatoes, etc., etc.

Health of both very good.

Yours ever truly,

H. H. SPALDING.

MARCH 19TH. Last evening, it was with emotions of grati-

tude to God that I listened to and answered the questions of Brother Spalding's Indian, while he was explaining some paintings Br. Spalding had given him, to several Cayuses. They listened and looked, and listened and looked again, and inquired respecting the acts of such and such a one, and seemed to manifest the deepest interest in what was said to them. Today, the Doctor took one of the paintings and explained it to them. They appear to be much interested in it. Sabbath.

MARCH 20TH. This morning I returned to Walla Walla and packed up my things, and made ready to start tomorrow for the Flat Heads.

MARCH 21ST. This morning we started about 11, and proceeded on to the first fork of the Walla Walla River; proceeding up it about three miles, we camped, making 23 miles today. This evening we had a little lightning, thunder, and rain.

MARCH 22ND. This morning I sent a note to Brother Spalding by his Indian, who camped with us last night. We started about 9 o'clock, taking a Northeast course. We left the stream and struck across on to the Snake River 24 miles and camped.

MARCH 23RD. Today we crossed the River near the mouth of the Paluce, and proceeded up it about two miles and camped. This afternoon, Mr. Ermatinger has traded two horses for me, for which he gave two 3-point blankets, two yards of blue duffel, three shirts, one handkerchief, one pair of leggins, 60 loads of ammunition, one knife and a brace of tobacco. Mr. Ermatinger has also traded a small \* \* \* \* today to eat.

MARCH 24TH. This morning we started about 9 o'clock. As we left the Paluce we ascended a high hill on the Southeast side of the River, and continued over about fifteen miles till we struck the River again and camped—course East of North. The country we find to be rough, rocky and a light, sandy soil; no timber, and nothing that may be called timber, on the Paluce as yet.

MARCH 25TH. Our horses were not found this morning till half past 10. We raised camp at half past eleven and proceeded on till half past three. Having left the main branch of the Pavilion (or Paluce) on our right, we continued up a North branch a short distance and camped. We found a number of Natives as we came on to the forks of this River. Also, where we are now camped we find a number of Natives.

We have come about twelve miles today. Country still looks sandy and barren; we have passed a few pine trees near the forks.

MARCH 26TH, SABBATH. Mr. Ermatinger said he must go on today. The Indians tell us they love us and our horses, and they say the snow is very deep between this and Spokane, and that our horses will all starve before we get there, and that there is snow all about Spokane. They also want we should give them an extravagant price for provisions. At half past eight we thought best to start and take our chance of getting through to Spokane. Continuing up the stream in a little East of North course, we continued on, passing several snow banks and a considerable soft ground.

Continuing on till four o'clock, finding the snow banks to increase, we camped near the entrance of the Spokane woods, coming about 22 miles today.

MARCH 27TH. This morning at 8 o'clock, we were on the move. Taking a Northeast course, we soon entered the Pine woods and the snow. Continued on till one P. M.—the snow being about to our horses' knees. The trail being covered with snow, and our guide a shiftless Indian (he had stopped at an Indian hut we had passed this morning) we were unable to keep to our trail. However, we continued on, Mr. Ermatinger going on ahead with myself, alternately, to make a track for our horses and break the crust. We continued on till we found the trail again, and proceeded on till six o'clock, or dark. We stopped to camp in the snow, finding no water or grass for our horses. One of my horses has given out—he has not come to camp. 20 miles today.

MARCH 28TH. This morning is delightful to behold. The

earth and the people: He made one man first and one woman, that did wrong—he disobeyed God, etc. He then told them of the promise of a Saviour, and that he came on Earth; how He labored, and how He was crucified, and that He died that sinners might live. He then told them if we came to live with them he wanted they should work their ground, and that if we came we would teach them how to work and how to live as the Whites do, and teach them about God and how good people worship Him.

We wanted they should tell us if they wanted any one to come and live with them to teach them about God and raising grain and cattle. Several of them successively answered, saying they were glad we took pity on them and that they would like to have some one come and live with them to teach them how to live. They also said they were very poor and their country was poor; and if a white man came to live with them to teach them how to live, they wanted to look up to him as a father, and would love him and do as he told them, and they wanted to live as the white man does. Brother Spalding then told them that I had come to see them and to learn their language, and look at their country, and that I was going home this year, and in a year or two would come back with some others to live in their country; that he was going to live with the Nez Perces and had built a house on their land. After singing and a prayer, they retired, except a few who could understand our Nez Perce who remained while they explained a painting they had.

APRIL 3RD. This morning Br. Spalding thought best to return home, getting his supply of potatoes, he took leave of us and returned. I bought a horse of one of his Indians. Mr. Ermatinger has also sent one of Mr. Pambrun's horses that he had to come to this place. Those we left on the way are to be taken back to Walla Walla.

APRIL 4TH. We had a little rain last evening. It commenced raining and snowing about ten this morning. A little after twelve Mr. Ermatinger's men arrived from Colville, with his outfit, etc., etc.—continues snowing.

APRIL 5TH. We had a cold, windy night. Today we crossed the river with our things. About two P. M. we started. Continuing up the Spokane River a short distance, we struck into the plains a little to our left and camped; 10 miles. This morning, previous to starting, I sent a line to Mr. McDonald, requesting information of him respecting the Indians and the country, etc., etc.

APRIL 6TH. At a quarter past eight this morning we proceeded up the Spokane River about fourteen miles and camped to wait for a man that was coming on with some provisions for us from Colville. He has arrived about five this afternoon. This morning, soon after we started, we passed some beautiful gray marble or granite. The soil is the light gravel and very dry in appearance. We find scarcely any grass for our horses. Our course from Spokane has been due East.

APRIL 7TH. About half past seven this morning, we were on the way. Continuing our course, we proceeded a few miles and left three of our horses. Continuing on, we found the snow beginning to increase. Continuing on for about three hours in the snow, we stopped about two P. M. and camped in the Pine woods near the head of the Spokane plains. About three o'clock it commenced raining and continues still in the evening. 20 miles today.

APRIL 8TH, SATURDAY. It continued to rain most of the night and is cloudy this morning. A few moments since a female arrived in our camp from Spokane, 44 miles on foot—her husband coming with us, and sent for her from our camp on the afternoon of the 6th. She left Spokane yesterday morning and has just arrived with us, 9 A. M. She is wet, cold and hungry—yet she appears cheerful with her husband and seems to forget her fatigues in being with him. About twelve, the weather being clear and warm, we thought best to move on. At two we were on our way. We proceeded about seven miles Southeast across the end of the plain, finding about eight inches of snow. As we drew near the opposite side of the plain, we met a number of Natives returning from taking venison. We struck into their trail and soon entered the woods, proceeding

I thought to gain on him by going up and over in another place, but when I had reached the point at which from below I supposed I could cross, I found I could not. I also found I could not return. I succeeded in crawling up to the top and over. Mr. Ermatinger, at the risk of his life, succeeded in getting back, and came around, over. The rocks upon which we were camped are the slate, which look as if they had fallen to the West or South.

APRIL 13TH. We proceeded up the River this morning, passing the slate banks, and arriving at the Shoots, about five miles from the house. About twelve o'clock, Mr. Ermatinger and his little son and I started on foot for the house, where we arrived about three o'clock, and sent off horses for our baggage, which has all arrived safe.

The house is in something of a Valley, surrounded on all sides with high mountains. A little to the East of the house is a beautiful plain, which extends from the mouth of Thompson's River about two miles down—near the house it is about one mile wide. The lower part of the Valley from the house to the Shoots is well timbered with Pine, though not very thick.

APRIL 14TH. Today a number of Pend d'Oreilles, who are camped at the head of the Plain, came to see us and trade. I told them that I should like to meet them on the Sabbath, to know if they wanted any one to come and live with them, etc.

APRIL 15TH. We remain at the house waiting for our horses and the Flat Head camp.

APRIL 16TH. Today I went up to the camp. I found about two hundred persons in all. I told them that I had come to see their country, and to see them. To see if they wanted anyone to come and live with them to teach them about God and how to worship Him, and to show them how the white folks lived, and teach them how to raise grain, etc. I told them that God made all things, and that all good people loved to worship and obey Him; they love to do good to all men, and that God loved all that did right and worshipped Him. I told them I would not now tell them about God, but if any one came

to live with them that they would teach them; that I was now going home again, and I wanted they should tell me if they wanted any one to come and live with them. Their Chief said they would be glad to have us come and live with them, to teach them, and they were glad we took pity on them now; they were so poor, they had nothing, but they would do all they could if we came to live with them.

Mr. Ermatinger's men have left this afternoon. I sent a line by them to Dr. Whitman and Br. Spalding.

APRIL 17TH. At the house. Today I went up to the camp to see a sick woman.

APRIL 18TH. Three of Mr. Ermatinger's freemen arrived today. The Indian camp has left to go down the River.

APRIL 19TH. Cloudy this morning; about half past nine Mr. Ermatinger, Knokerknox, and several Indians came to the house. Commenced raining about four this afternoon.

APRIL 20TH. Rained most of the night and a short time this morning. Some Indians and half-breeds leave today.

APRIL 21ST. Rained and snowed a little this morning; cloudy and cool most of the day.

APRIL 22ND. Mr. Ermatinger has got some Indian articles for me today—a bow and a pipe. I gave some medicine to an Indian woman.

APRIL 23RD, SABBATH. At the house all day. This day we have been permitted to rest from our labors and contemplate the goodness of God towards His creatures.

APRIL 24TH. About eleven o'clock we started from the house, leaving a man with orders to bring on our horses when they should arrive, and he to leave those that were unable to proceed farther at the house. Mr. Ermatinger furnished me horses to go on, and we have made arrangements to exchange those that cannot come on.

about fifteen miles today. The bottoms along on the North fork are rich and beautiful in appearance—timber all along the mountains and streams in abundance; at our camp looks to be good land in abundance.

APRIL 29TH. Cool and cloudy this morning. We broke camp half past nine. Continuing up the little stream, we came into a large plain; continued along to the upper end of it. We camped on a branch of the last stream at two P. M., coming about twelve miles.

APRIL 30TH. Last night I found the dogs very troublesome. They stole some cords, a small axe and my saddlebags—the saddlebags I found this morning.

No Sabbath dawns for me today. Orders were given to raise camp. Accordingly, at half past nine, we were mounted on our horses and proceeded. We soon struck into the Pine woods and ascended a mountain, at the top of which, Mr. Ermatinger tells me, the Pend d'Oreilles were defeated by a party of Black Feet a few years since. We continued on and descended into a plain about one mile long and half a mile wide near the top of the hill. We struck a water course and continued down it, through thick woods, till we came out into the plain at the pass, where, Mr. Ermatinger tells me, he lost three of his men by the Black Feet two years since. Coming into the open prairie, we continued along through the plain, passing several little streams, till we came on to the Middle fork at two o'clock P. M., which we found rising for us. We soon found that we could ford it. Accordingly, we arranged our baggage, and crossed over all safe, and camped on the Southwest side of this fork—coming about eighteen miles today. About half past five the rain began to descend and continues still in the evening.

MAY 1ST, 1837. At ten this morning we were again on the move. Continuing a Southeast course about eight miles, we camped on the South fork of the Flat Head River. The country in the vicinity of the junction of this and the fork we crossed yesterday presents a beautiful aspect. The plains are, near the Rivers, generally level, with several small streams

running through them, lined all along with balm trees and with shrubbery.

MAY 2ND. Today we moved camp about 11 miles up the River and camped on the Karsinemare, or Bitter Root.

MAY 3RD. This afternoon the Indians have brought us a dish as a treat. Soon after the dish was boiled and prepared for eating, the Chief harangued the camp and made a prayer, during which every one is expected to keep a profound silence, and no one moves or utters a sound but the Chief, who returns thanks to Newist Illemahu, the Chief above, for the root, and subsistence it affords them. I am told they are very fond of Spellum, as they call the root.

MAY 3RD. We broke camp this morning. Proceeding up the River on to a little stream about six miles above, we are now camped. Yesterday we were told by an Indian that a party of about thirty Black Feet had been seen with two of Mr. Ermatinger's freemen's horses. This afternoon about three o'clock we had a storm.

MAY 4TH. In camp all day. The Indians are digging the Bitter Root.

MAY 5TH. Today Mr. Ermatinger received a letter from Mr. McDonald, in which he said to Mr. Ermatinger that he can give me no information respecting my inquiries of him about the country, etc., etc., and that he does not approve of my taking a Chief to the States.

MAY 6TH. Today we remain in camp.

MAY 7TH, SABBATH. Today I told the Indians if they would meet I would meet with them to sing to them. About two P. M. they met and we commenced learning the Preparation hymn. This afternoon, a Kootanie and a Squashin, or Pagona, or Blackfoot, arrived in camp.

MAY 8TH. In camp all day.

MAY 17TH. Today we have remained in camp in consequence of one of Mr. Ermatinger's horses having put his ankle out of joint on Monday evening in running a race. Gineo and his camp have left us to go up the River.

MAY 18TH. Today we broke camp and continued up the River about six miles and found Gineo and camped with him on the main River.

MAY 19TH. In camp all day; cool wind and a little sprinkle of rain.

MAY 20TH. Today some of our Indians have started to go back to Camass plain. We broke camp about eleven o'clock and proceeded up the River about seven miles and camped on the main River.

MAY 21ST, SABBATH. Today after the Indians had attended a burial, they met together. After they were seated I told them we had left our friends and country for the only purpose of coming here to do them good, and that I had come to assist in teaching them about God, and how to worship Him as He has told us in His word, and to teach their children how to read and write, and do as White children do, and to teach them how to raise grain and cattle, and build houses, and to cultivate their lands, and live as White people do. I told them, "I have come to see you and your country, to see if you want any one to come and live with you, to teach you about God, and His Son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and how to worship Him, and to see if there was any good place to build a house and make a farm in their country; to know if you wish to cultivate your lands for a living. I want you to tell me if you want any one to come and live with you, before I leave, and what assistance you will give those who come, and if you will protect them and their cattle, and assist them in building houses to live in.

"I am now going to return home and I want to learn as much of your language as I can before I go. I shall tell those who sent me to you what you say. And now if you should want they should send any more to come and live with you, you must

tell me before I leave you, that I may tell them, and they will send some to live with you. We shall not come to trade with you, to buy your beaver and furs; we shall only come to teach you about God, and how to live as the Whites do.

"If you have any one of your Chiefs that you wish to send with me, I will take him home with me, and bring him back to you as soon as we can return, and show him how the Whites live and worship God." After singing and prayer they all retired except a few who remained to give me some words.

MAY 22ND. Monday in camp all day for the Indians to dig their Bitter Root.

MAY 23RD. This morning orders were given to raise camp at nine o'clock. We started, proceeding up the River about eight miles, and about one up a little stream, we camped near it.

MAY 24TH. This morning, half past eight, we started. Continuing up the main fork about six miles, a part of the camp crossed the River and continued up on the opposite side. Mr. Ermatinger thought best not to risk the crossing on account of his goods and continued upon the East side along a rough, single trail about two miles and camped on a little stream.

About nine Lodges stopped with us—the remainder proceeded on, and camped along the River as suited their convenience. Eight miles. This afternoon, intelligence has arrived from another camp that one Flat Head was killed and one had his arm broken by a party of about fifteen Black Feet that were in ambush in the Big Hole on Sablok's Fork. The Indians were trapping for beaver (five in number). The one that was killed was stooping down to get some Bitter Root when the ball struck him. He fell dead on the spot.

MAY 25TH. We broke camp this morning about eight o'clock and continued up the River, passed all those who had passed us yesterday, and continuing on till we reached the head of the Raesinemare, camped on the River. Most of the camp are with us.

We have come about twelve miles today over a rough and hilly trail, descending into deep ravines and ascending high hills. Soon after we arrived in camp, the clouds gathered

blackness and soon gave us several peals of thunder, which sent forth two bolts—one struck a tree not far from camp, and the other a horse a short distance from camp, which it killed instantly.

The Indian who was shot in the arm last Sabbath came to us this afternoon to dress his wound. I found on examination that the large bone was broken just below the elbow and badly splintered. Not having any probe, I took a stick and took out several pieces of bone, and with Mr. Erma-tinger's assistance, we set it and closed up the wound for him, so that he may, with proper care, recover the use of his arm. I should think from the looks of his shirt and Kolu that he must have had several balls fired at him, which rendered his escape critical indeed. From what we can learn, he and the one that was killed (whose name I am told is Lawyer) were alone on the ground not far from their horses. The shots were fired at them from an ambush. He was then pursued by the fifteen. He kept between his horse and the pursuers, and being joined by one of his comrades, who heard the firing, they faced about and presented their muskets, which kept their pursuers at bay until they are joined by the two others and had got their horse, then mounted and struck into the woods, leaving their enemies to take and exult over the scalp and dead body of the one they had killed.

MAY 26TH. Rain last night and nearly all day today. We have remained in camp in consequence of it.

MAY 27TH. Today it has continued to rain till about one P. M. Consequently we did not move camp. The Indians think if it does not rain on the morrow, they must move off to get Buffalo as soon as possible—provisions becoming scarce with them.

We are now at the head of the Raesinemare, which is about eighty-five miles long and from one to fifteen miles wide, laying between two ranges of mountains, ranging nearly North and South. The Southwest fork of the Flat Head River passes along near the range of Mountains on the Southwest side of the Valley. On the mountains on either side and along the sev-

eral little streams and the main fork are to be found Pine, Hemlock and Balm trees—the latter not very abundant. On some of the streams we found small Birch. The mountains on the West are covered with snow; those on the East are nearly cleared. The soil is gravel and sand with a light red look on the surface. The bottoms along the Rivers and streams is the black muck or clog clay. The rocks are the Granite and Limestone, lying in a fallen condition, scattered in all directions. The whole valley is excellent for grazing; our horses have improved astonishingly fast since we arrived at the Bitter Roots.

MAY 28TH, SABBATH. This morning early we were told the camp would move into Rosses Hole. Accordingly at half past seven we started, a part of the camp continuing up the River, the remainder taking an East course; we ascended the mountain and continued along on the top, bearing to the East of South a few miles, through the woods till we descended on the East side into a little valley. Continuing down it, we came into Rosses Hole, which is a small plain, surrounded on all sides with high mountains. The main branch of the Southwest Fork of the Flat Head River passes through it; also the little stream we came down comes in from the East of North. We joined the other part of our camp, who have come over the mountains farther South than we did, both reaching the Hole at the same time. We passed through it and up a little stream, running into the Hole from the West of South—the main branch passing through the Hole from the East. We continued up the stream about two miles into the Little Hole, as it is called, and camped, coming about eighteen miles today, over a rough, mountainous road. We are now surrounded with high mountains, the tops of which are covered with Pines, Hemlock, and a species of tree between the Hemlock and Pine, being an evergreen—the leaf is about half the length of the Pine, and about twice as broad as it is thick; the wood is about as hard as the White Pine. Soon after we arrived in camp today, we heard the rolling of thunder, and have had a little rain. We also, when we were on the mountain, had some hail and snow.

Some Nez Perces have arrived in camp this afternoon from the camp from Fort Hall. They tell us that we shall be joined by their camp in the Big Hole. This has closed another

Sabbath. No voice of sacred song now greets my ears; no temple of the Living God has opened its sacred gates for me today. But onward, onward, is the word that wakes my body from slumber, and soon we ascend the mountains, from whose summit we look abroad and behold the works of Jehovah in the grandeur of Nature as we pass along, and how delightful would it be to hear the voice of praise to Almighty God from these Natives instead of seeing them hastening on to the bar of God, not realizing their situation and their own good. The Nez Perces tell me they are going to Brother Spalding. I have written a line by them.

MAY 29TH. This morning at daybreak the Nez Perces called for the letter, which I handed to them, and they are off. We soon prepared to take an early start to get ahead of camp, having a bad road to pass today. A few minutes after six we were on the move. Proceeding up the stream a short distance, we crossed it and commenced ascending the mountain on our left, which we found to be near one and a half miles long in its windings to ascend and very steep. In about one hour we reached the top and began to descend to the South of East through thick woods. We struck a little stream, and continued down it till we came into the open plain or valley, and continued on down at a quick pace to keep ahead till twelve o'clock, when we came out into what is called the Big Hole, about twenty-eight miles to camp. As we reached the top of the mountain, which, I am told, is the divide between the waters of the Columbia and Missouri, we found a little snow and our trail quite muddy.

The stream, I am told, is one of three forks of the Missouri. Some of our camp did not arrive till after three o'clock P. M. This afternoon several Buffalo Cows have been brought into camp, which seems to give an air of cheerfulness and gratitude to all after our hard day's ride, in anticipation of a good supper on fresh meat. About five P. M. the camp was harangued to unite in a public acknowledgement of the goodness of "Newist Memaku," in supplying us with meat at this time.

MAY 30TH. Last night we had about two inches of snow, which has left us today. We have remained in camp. It was

thought best to let our animals rest a day after coming two of the usual campments. This afternoon, eleven Nez Perces have come to our camp. They tell us that their camp is but a short distance from this. They will join us on the morrow. We have a cold, windy day.

MAY 31st. This place better deserves the name of Grand Valley than that of Big Hole.

At half past nine this morning we started, and continued across the Valley, passing several little streams and a considerable wet bottom, till we came on to a little stream on the Southeast side to camp. About ten miles. About five miles from our last camp we were joined by the Nez Perces, having about twelve Lodges.

This Valley is surrounded with high mountains, the tops of which are covered with snow. At a distant view, they present the appearance of white clouds. At first view, we are led to imagine that the mountains are piled peak on peak till we look almost straight up, to see if we are actually mistaking white clouds for snow-capped mountains. The bottom, or plain, which is very level, is about thirty or forty miles long, and from fifteen to twenty broad near the center. The different cuts or passes in the mountains form nearly a five square around the Valley. The Flat Head Pass, which we came in at, is on the North of West from that to the Salmon River Pass, is a range of mountains forming one side on the West; from the Salmon River Pass to the Horse Plain Pass is a second range, forming a second side on the South of West; from Horse Plain Pass there is a long range of Mountains, extending along on the South and Southeast side, forming the third side down to the outlet. From the Flat Head Pass, extending North is a range of mountains, extending to Deer Lodge Pass, which forms the fourth side; and from the Deer Lodge Pass along the Northeast end to the outlet, the fifth. In each of these passes are considerable little streams coming into the Valley, which is destitute of timbers and almost of a shrub or bush, except a few small Willows along some of the little streams, presenting the appearance, at a distance, of a hedge. All along the edge of the Mountains is an abundance of evergreens which serve to render the scenery around us the

more pleasing to the eye. The mountains all around are rough and irregular. The air is quite cool. This afternoon, a Nez Percés brought his little boy to me to take a bug out of his ear, which I found to be a large wood tick. In taking it out, I found his fangs had become firmly fixed on the internal cavity of the ear, which has swollen so as nearly to prevent hearing, and was painful to the child—in a few days inflammation must have followed.

JUNE 1ST, 1837. At half past eight this morning, we left our camp and proceeded up the Valley a few miles and crossed the stream, continued up it till eleven o'clock, having a little rain. We came on to the River and camped. These bottoms appear to be rich and fertile, producing the onion in abundance, and many other roots, upon which the Indian subsists with the meat they kill.

This afternoon and evening considerable anxiety and alarm has been excited for the safety and lives of several hunters who did not reach camp as soon as expected—intelligence coming into camp that a number of Black Feet have been seen, and exchanged the usual compliment of shooting as near each other as possible. I have not yet learned that any on either side have been killed today. It would seem from the intelligence, and numbers, that we are surrounded with enemies who seek to exult over our scalps and rob us of our animals.

Two of our hunters were fired upon by a party of three Black Feet. They returned the fire, but without effect, and both parties retreated. A second party of five on each side have met today—the Black Feet were in ambush. They fired upon the Flat Heads, but without effect. They were also fired upon in turn to no effect. I believe all are now in camp—how safe the Eye that never slumbers, only sees. Two of Mr. Ermtinger's freemen trappers have come to camp. We have had rain and hail most of the time since three o'clock. The rain continued still at ten in the evening.

JUNE 2ND. How shall I describe the present moment. Today we have remained in camp. Last evening several horses were stolen. It continued to rain and snow all night. This morning a war party started off after the horses. They have

this moment returned, bearing five scalps of their enemies, which have been carried through the camp with the war song and whoop and the frequent discharge of firearms, and the exultation of the whole camp over the death of their enemies. From what I can learn these were five men and one woman of the party the same that were seen yesterday. They were overtaken today by the war party and all killed, except the woman, after a desperate struggle to escape with their lives, which was next to impossible—all of the war party being well mounted and well armed. The scalps are still red with blood.

About an hour after the scalps arrived in camp, the woman has been brought into camp, a prisoner. She appears to be much affected with her situation, though she converses freely in her own tongue. Her appearance is fair; her features are round and full, with a masculine frame, though not a vicious countenance by any means.

At six this evening the drums and war whoop began, a few collecting with their drums and other implements of noise and confusion. They commenced marching in a line round and through the camp, stopping at each principal lodge and giving the war yell, and continuing on the drums when they proceeded.

They continued marching round in camp till a number have collected, the women carrying the scalps attached to sticks in front of the line. After a sufficient number had collected, they formed a ring, with their noise, which consists in beating their drums, rattling ginglets, and singing, five women holding the scalps on their sticks and tossing them up and down in time with the music, and stepping from one side to the other of the ring, striking and swinging the scalps about over their heads and on the ground, stopping and laughing in a most hideous manner at intervals.

Several women have their arms and caps on, who are also in the ring, dancing as they call it. I am told that the woman has been brought into the ring to witness the horrible proceedings over the scalps of her husband and a brother. I immediately went to see if it was true, and found that she had been in the ring and had witnessed the soul revolting scene, and had her husband's and brother's scalps thrown about her head. She was taken from the scene before I saw her. Our horses

coming into camp, the war dance has ceased for the present, and with it most of the noise excited by the occasion.

Oh, what a scene is this. I am led to ask myself, is this human nature? It is even so. How could the heart of a Christian female endure such a scene? To have the scalp of a husband and a brother reeking with their blood, put into her face and thrown beneath her feet. Where, oh, where has the human heart gone? Does there yet remain one sympathy in the bosom of man, that it may be exerted to bring about that day when the nations shall learn war no more, and when a brother shall cleanse his hands from a brother's blood, and the companion of man learn her proper sphere, and act in the noble and exalted station in which they were once placed by their Creator, that their offspring may be trained in the knowledge of the Lord, their Redeemer?

The horses that were stolen last evening have not yet been recovered. From the best information we can get, we are surrounded with three camps of Black Feet, within a few days' march of us. No one but God knows our danger, and no one but Him can protect us.

JUNE 3RD. This morning, half past eight, we rose camp, and proceeded up the Valley a few miles, and passed the Hot Springs, at which we stopped a few minutes. The water is a considerable more than blood heat, though not at boiling. I could hold my hand in it near a half a minute without pain from the heat. The evaporation is a white substance which collects on the stones, of a saltish taste. There is constantly a quantity of steam arising from the water like that from a boiling kettle.

We continued on over the divide on the South of East of the Valley. Soon after we reached the top and began to descend into the Horse Plain Defile, a number of the cows of our camp took it into their heads to act the Brave, by exhibiting the scalps in front of camp as we were proceeding along, and beating their drums and singing the war song, and firing their guns, and yelling at intervals.

We arrived in camp at half past twelve P. M., coming about twelve miles. As near as we can learn four white trappers have been killed a few days since by the Black Feet. We

are told that the five that were killed yesterday were hunting for White trappers. Today they are in Eternity, their disembodied spirits must pass the tribunal of Jehovah.

Four o'clock. The drums are now beating for the scalp dance. I am told it is the custom to dance three times over the scalps. The dance seems to be better got up than yesterday. There are about thirty women in the ring—five holding the scalps in front of the music, with one old gray headed woman on the left of the scalps, holding an ax in her hand and keeping time with the music; a second woman on the right, dressed in her husband's armor, with her face painted red; a third is painted black. She moves in front of the scalps from right to left, moving her head from right to left of her shoulders at every beat of the drum.

The Black Feet, or Squashimes, then creep all over, running in every direction in confusion.

The dance has stopped for a moment to learn the cause of the alarm, which proves to be a few Black Feet that have come for peace. On arriving at this moment a death paleness is on their countenance. They have given up their arms and horses and beg for our protection. Mr. Ermatinger has received a line by them from a half breed in the Black Foot camp. He said the tribe desired peace, and he will use his influence to bring it about. He wishes that Mr. Ermatinger will do the same with the Flat Heads. He said that Ladyard was killed by some of his camp; he also states that thieving horses is the main thing that makes a Chief in his camp. He recommends as a preventative that the Flat Heads should take good care of their horses. The dance is now proceeding. In rear of the scalps are two women dressed in their husbands' armor, keeping time with the music, standing stationary. On the outer circle within the ring, are twenty women, dressed, some painted red and white, some black, some yellow, and spotted to suit their own fancy and make up the variety. The musicians are painted red, black and yellow. The twenty women keep time with the music and step a few inches at a time, and continue round and round the scalps, and four other women singing with the noise as they proceed, raising and falling in the tones of their voices, stopping at intervals and yelling in an indescribable manner.

About sundown, the horses coming into camp, the dance has closed for the night. The Black Foot woman was dressed and painted and brought into the ring, holding a war club, at the commencement of the dance. It was a sight that I could not endure, whatever her feelings may have been. I requested that she might retire into a Lodge which was granted, and I soon saw her wipe the paint from her face with her tears and the perspiration which her situation had thrown her into. Though she endures all with manly fortitude, yet grief is depicted in her countenance.

The three Black Feet that arrived during the dance are two young men and one woman. The woman speaks good Flat Head. I am told that one of them was insulted by a Nez Perce before he reached camp. This evening we have some rain.

JUNE 4TH, SABBATH. This morning orders were given to move camp. At nine the camp was on the way. Mr. Ermatinger and I remain a few moments to see the Black Feet safe on the way, their horses not being found as soon as the camp was ready to start. We proceeded up the Valley of the Defile about nine miles, and camped near the foot of the mountain in the Plain. The Black Feet have come on to camp, and are now with us. The Indian drums are now beating, and the war dance yells have commenced. They are requested to stop today. The Indian whose arm was broken and we set, has taken off the band and will now in all probability lose his life in consequence, as we cannot set it again for him.

JUNE 5TH. Last evening the Indians commenced singing and dancing the war song about ten o'clock, and continued till near daylight. We rose camp this morning about nine o'clock. Continuing a Southeast course, we passed within a short distance of the place where the five Black Feet were killed on the second. We came into Horse Plain on the middle fork of the Missouri, as it is called. We are now camped on a branch of the fork, about nine miles from our last night's camp. The scalp dance commenced about five o'clock this afternoon. After proceeding through the camp, they formed a ring with only one scalp in it, one woman holding it on a

stick, and one by her side with her husband's armor and clothes, with about fifteen little girls and women dancing around and up to the scalp, keeping time and singing with the drums, bells and rattles, which are of elk or Deers' hoofs strung on sticks so as to strike the one against the other.

The Black Feet, who arrived on Saturday on an embassy from their camp, left this afternoon. The woman who was taken with the five scalps wished to accompany them home. She feels her situation to be wretched. We think it not safe to give her up as yet. If the Black Feet comply with terms of peace, Mr. Ermatinger says she shall have her liberty. This afternoon a Nez Perce child has died—a son of a son of Tuetaki. He asked me if they should bury it this afternoon. I told him, "No, wait till morning."

JUNE 6TH. This morning early the Nez Perce came to have me go to his lodge to attend the burial of his child. After reading a part of a Chapter and interpreting it to them as well as I could, we united in prayer. They then told me they would put the child in the ground, which they do by digging in the most obscure place possible, and taking the utmost precaution not to leave any signs of a grave visible, which is necessary to prevent their dead being raised and robbed and scalped by their enemies, which, I am told, frequently occurs, notwithstanding they take every precaution to prevent it. The dead are generally buried in their clothes (best) with a robe wrapped around them, which is an inducement to raise them, and their scalps, horrible as the thought is, serves to increase the exultation of the enemy. If any persons are present at the grave, they all take a little dirt in their hand and throw it on to the body, which is then covered up with the robes or blankets, or whatever the family can afford, and the property of the deceased will furnish.

A little before nine this morning, we were on the march, bearing well to the South. We crossed the head of Horse Plain and struck into a defile on the West and continued up it a few miles till we reached the Pines to camp at the old Black Foot war camp, about nine miles. The country about us is rough and mountainous, with snow all around us. The scalp dance has again commenced this afternoon. The scene

is revolting to the soul to behold—the fiendish exultation over the scalp of a dead enemy. No language can describe it, and no tongue express it. I can imagine nothing except contrasting the horrors of the damned with the joys of Heaven, that seems to give an idea of the disgusting scene before me. When will these Savages learn their real situation and wants?

JUNE 7TH. Last night we had a little snow, rain, thunder and lightning; but the situation last night and today has caused us considerable anxiety. We were told last evening that the men of the Black Feet camp, which is at Beaver Head, were expected to join the other two camps, and all united, come upon us. The reception of the intelligence of the death of the five men from the Beaver Head camp, and the terms of peace alone, will determine whether today we must meet and force our way through the Pass we are now in; to go back we cannot without starving. We must go forward, which is a fact our enemies are apprised of. Their numbers are at least five to one of our own, who are most miserably armed indeed. God alone can defend and protect us. The strength of our camp, though we number about one hundred and twelve lodges, is weak when compared with our enemies. About six o'clock this morning our camp was on the move, continuing on the defile in a West course till we reached the height of land. We bore a little to the West of South, striking into a defile, which descends on to one of the forks of Salmon River. We continued down it; found a rough, dangerous trail—in many places only one animal could pass at a time. We continued down till we came out of the defile, all safe (except a little damage to some of the baggage), for which we would be grateful to our God. A few men might have rendered it next to impossible for us to pass, and destroyed our whole camp, in this defile. We came out and proceeded a short distance up the fork to camp, coming about twelve miles.

About three hours after we had arrived in camp, we were told the Black Feet are coming. A few minutes after a Mr. Bird and three Black Feet arrived, bringing us the intelligence of the friendly disposition of the two camps, which they left about twelve o'clock today. They say they are all anxious for peace, and that the Chiefs say it was good enough for the five

that they were killed. They were told not to go to steal horses, but they would not listen. The friends cried when they were told by the persons who came to propose peace, of their death.

Today we have had a cold, raw day with hail, rain and snow most of the day.

Mr. Bird is a half breed and is employed by the Hudson Bay Company as the Trader among the Black Feet. He tells me that any one wishing to travel with the Black Feet will be well received and treated kindly while with them, and that the best place to reach them is from McKenzie's Fort on the Missouri, or Fort Duprany, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company.

JUNE 8TH. This morning we rose camp at about nine o'clock, and came down the River about one mile to a dryer camp ground.

Mr. Bird took leave of us this morning, saying he would use his influence for a peace between the Tribes, which he says the principal men and Chiefs are all anxious should be permanent. We expect that during today and on the morrow arrangements will be made either for peace or war, which will no doubt depend very much on the interest of the two Traders, and the want of supplies to the Black Feet, or Pagans, in their war with the Blood Indians.

The Flat Heads are generally disposed for peace and will only fight in self defence.

I have been told this evening that one horse was stolen by a Pend d'Oreille from the Black Feet camp last night; our camp tonight may expect to pay the exchange with a much better horse, if not four times the number and the loss of life with them. No punishment except death would be too severe for the thief. He has now hazarded between seven hundred and one thousand lives with all their effects, even should a peace be agreed to, which doubtless will be till our enemies can get a little of supplies from their Traders, to renew their attacks.

JUNE 9TH. Great anxiety seems to prevail throughout the camp. Every one is busy making packs for the horses, and pre-

paring for their own defense, in case of an attack, which seems generally to be expected, notwithstanding the proposition for a peace. The anticipation for an attack is principally founded on the impression of the superior numbers of the Black Feet and their treachery in making and keeping a peace. Two of their camps are joined, numbering not far from two hundred lodges. We are told this morning that there is a motion in the Black Feet camp—the object will doubtless soon be known, scouts from our camp are out to watch their movements.

Eleven o'clock the word is "The Black Feet are coming." Our horses are now all in, and every man is now waiting with his arms in his hands, well loaded and primed, either for a general salute or a desperate contest, which a few moments more will decide. No one but God knows the result, and no tongue can tell what a few hours may produce. Were we sure of an attack, all suspense and anxiety would be at an end. We could then prepare for and meet them upon equal ground, if not with equal numbers.

One P. M. The anxiety caused a few hours since is beginning to subside. Intelligence has arrived that the main camp of the Black Feet have stopped, and that only a few are now coming peaceably to us. Half past one P. M., about twenty-five of the principal men from the Black Feet Camp have arrived. They all have taken a smoke, and some have brought Beaver for trade with Mr. Ermatinger. They tell us that a number will be down on the morrow for trade, etc. Thus the anxiety and alarm that was excited this morning has ended for the day in smoke. However, we are told that while the smoking was going around in camp that one fellow had stolen some horses but was pursued and all recovered but two.

Mr. Bird tells me the Indians wish to see me. He is to send a note with a Chief for my guide to their camp in the morning. Most of the Black Feet have now left for their own camp, I believe, well pleased with their visit, and no insult from either party. How delightful would it be to have all these tribes that have so long sought only the death of each other, come together in peace, and unite in adoring the one Great Spirit on high. May God soon hasten the day when they shall learn to war no more, and when they all shall know Him from the least to the greatest. Ten in the evening. The day has now

closed, but it is with a cloud of anxious feelings surrounding us as the sun left us tonight. Two horses were brought into camp that have been stolen today. The Indian who lost his horse today from our camp has been haranguing the camp for some time. He says he is now left without a horse—most of those stolen on the evening of the first were his. He thinks he must recover his horses at all hazards. He threatens to rob some that come on the morrow, which, if he does, will only exasperate the Black Feet, and cause the loss of life, more or less. If he raises a party to go off and steal a horse, they risk their scalps, and the whole camp in a general battle.

JUNE 10TH. No one can imagine our situation, surrounded with deadly enemies who are influenced only by avarice and revenge. The least movement only excites alarm throughout the camp. We have now upwards of one hundred Black Feet in our camp, which excites a terrible alarm, as well it may. As for myself, I know every circumstance seems to be against a reconciliation of the two nations. Although we have admitted them into our camp, and they have professed friendship towards the Flat Heads, yet treachery has followed their professions of peace so often that the most credulous of the human race, in living among them, would doubt their sincerity. The results of the day God only knows—it has now only half passed over our heads. One word may at this moment let fly a thousand arrows and two hundred balls in our camp, which no power but His, who rules on high, and controls the breasts of the savage and the sage, can prevent. Every man stands with his arms in his hands to watch the least indication of an attack. Our horses are again all in pack, prepared for the worst. How awful is the responsibility of a Trader among these Natives. He is liable to give his enemies the means of causing his own and the death of the tribe with whom he travels. One horse has been seized by the man who lost his yesterday. He says he will hold it as security for his own, however innocent the man may be from whom he has taken the horse. From every circumstance, we have nothing to expect but that we must stand battle, and that soon. Upwards of one hundred and fifty Black Feet have been in our camp today—a portion of them have now left. The word is that more are coming.

I could wish that they may be prevented by those who have just left. The band that were on their way to our camp were what is called the Little Robes Tribe. They came with their Chiefs, peaceably, to our camp, and were well received, and from the fact of having met in peace last year and parted friendly, there was something like friendship manifested towards them this afternoon. I think they left us generally well satisfied, after trading the few articles they had. Mr. Bird came with them. He said to me he thought it was not safe for me to go to their camp, as there were a number of war parties from different tribes about. Most of the Little Robes Band seem to be well disposed Indians in comparison with the other bands. Mr. Bird tells me the Black Feet tribe is in five bands, three of which speak the same language, viz., the Squashins, Bloods and Pagans. The Fall Indians are with them a portion of the Season. They have a dialect different. The Cercees are a band that unite with them occasionally; their language is different. He thinks we might travel safely with all of these bands, and that there ought to be two with the Squashins, two with the Bloods, two with the Pagans, two with the Falls, and one with the Cercees. He says they are a band like the Flat Heads, peaceful and well disposed. Mr. Bird took leave of us early, telling us the Indians had sent off after the band at Beaver Head to come to war with the Flat Heads. He says he will do all in his power to stop them from coming to join those already here.

The day has now closed; the night brings us a kind of relief from the anxieties of the day. There seems to be no confidence whatever in the professions of peace. The Black Feet camp seems to be in a perfect state of anarchy—ours is but little better. Several horses have been stolen today from both camps. No life, I believe, has been lost. The Black Foot woman, who was taken a prisoner on the second, has made her escape today—the particulars I have not yet learned. Orders have been given to raise camp early in the morning, that we may get a better position and prepare for an attack, if we must have it.

JUNE 11TH, SABBATH. This morning about eight o'clock we left our encampment and proceeded down the river about

three hours. We have camped not far above the mouth of this fork as it empties into the main fork of the Salmon River. We kept our scouts out this morning. As near as we can learn, a large party were on their way to attack us. Our camp is now better situated for defense, and the distance between the two will probably prevent an attack, which we might have expected by remaining at our last encampment.

The Black Feet camp must take our back trail in leaving this River—consequently they must pass our encampment. We thought it preferable to let the present professions of peace remain and avoid the opportunity of an attack by moving off about our business, and let them go about theirs—which we hope both parties will be willing to do. We have come about nine miles due West today, which is out of my course to rendezvous. Although we have had the confusion of a Heathen camp about us today, yet my own mind has been relieved from anxiety, in the contemplation of the works and word of God—which is truly sublime all around us. These mountains afford a scenery that renders the works of Jehovah magnificently grand. As far as the eye can extend may be seen the white peaks of mountains, reflecting the bright rays of the sun in every direction, rendering the contrast between the green herbage and the snow truly beautiful. Flowers of every description may be seen all about the edges of the snow.

Eleven in the evening. The day has now closed, but it is with the prospect of violence and bloodshed soon to follow, yet no one knows. We are told this evening that our enemy are determined to revenge themselves on our hunters by killing them when they can get an opportunity.

JUNE 12TH, MONDAY. This evening our horse guard, having caught the fever, common in these mountains, he thought he must act the brave, and stole two horses from a Black Foot Lodge about six yards from Mr. Ermatinger's and started off with them. He was pursued, and the horses recovered, giving his pursuers what is called leg bail, for the use of their horses, and hiding in the woods. About nine we broke camp, and proceeded down the River a short distance, and crossed over onto the South side and continued down a few miles to camp—coming about five miles.

The hunters all mounting their best horses for a general

run after Buffalo, four or five go up into the mountains to drive them down into the plain. Every man then starts after and kills the best Buffalo he can. Some have been run right into camp. From appearance they have had a good run, though the Buffalo are not in as good order as they probably will be in a short time after this.

JUNE 13TH. In camp. Today our camp looks like an extensive meat market; every one has cut their meat in thin slices and spread on sticks and poles to dry in the sun—which is their mode of drying when the weather will permit it. When it will not, the meat is cut up and put on sticks over a little fire, which dries and gives it a little smoky taste. When the meat is sufficiently dried, they put it in small bales of from thirty to forty-five and fifty pounds each. The covering of the bales is made of the hide of the Buffalo, prepared by taking all the flesh and hair off. Some are painted with various colors to suit the fancy of the woman who makes the Parflesh.

All the labor about the meat after it is killed and butchered (and sometimes the woman must butcher the animal) is performed by the woman. Also all the labor of the camp, except simply guarding and driving into camp the horses. The men generally catch and saddle their own horses, mount them, and go off hunting or strolling along camp as their fancy leads them. When they arrive in camp, they either lounge about their own or go to some other Lodge and talk and smoke. Many get together a little one side of camp and spend most of their time and what little property they can get, in playing at hand or the Roolet. When there is no roots near and no meat in camp to dry, the women spend a portion of their time in playing at hand. Thieving horses from their enemies is no crime with them. They rather consider it a noble act. Today we are told a horse came running towards camp with a cablerac on his neck; an Apishermo aparejo was found not far from where the horse started from. It is supposed to be a Black Foot's. We have been told today that the Black Feet have killed the Kootanic woman, or Bowdash, as she is called. She has hitherto been permitted to go from all the camps, without molestation, to carry any message given her to either

camp. She was with the Black Feet that came to our camp on the third, and also came with Mr. Bird on the seventh.

JUNE 14TH. Last night we had rain most of the night, our horses being well parked in and a guard kept, we lost none. This morning, as near as I can learn, four or five have been stolen from different bands soon after the horses were driven from camp. The thieves were pursued, and we are told this evening that there was a large party of Black Feet attacked their pursuers, who were obliged to retreat, being only eight in number; the Black Feet are supposed to number between twenty and thirty. They seem to be all around us, determined on having horses at all risks.

JUNE 15TH, THURSDAY. This morning I am to leave Mr. Ermatinger to proceed to the American Rendezvous, and thence home to the States. Mr. Ermatinger's little son accompanies me, with some few Natives, who go as far as Rendezvous. Our number is small, but God can protect us and carry us forward though our path is beset on all sides. About ten o'clock this morning, we started with the camp, which was to move across the River. We proceeded down a little distance and struck off to the Southwest, and ascended the mountain, passed over, and struck on to the main fork of Salmon River. We have continued up it all day, stopping about one hour to let our horses rest. After we came on to this fork we found a very rough, rocky trail with many dangerous and difficult passes around the points of the mountains, which are very high. We have come about thirty-five miles today, notwithstanding our road has been so bad and difficult. Our party consists of ten men, Flat Heads, two boys and four women. About noon it commenced raining and has continued most of the afternoon and evening. We were all glad to stop to warm and dry ourselves for the night.

JUNE 16TH. This morning, half past seven, we were all mounted and on our way, glad to be off after our cold, wet night.

Soon after we started, the rain commenced again. We continued up the River, ascending high, pointed rocks, and de-

scending abruptly, passing along a single trail, continuing on till we passed over one immensely high, we came into a little plain, and stopped about one hour and a half, caught our horses, and passed over a small hill and struck into a large plain. Leaving the main fork on our right, we continued up a small stream which runs through the plain, till six this evening; having kept our horses on a quick pace all day, we thought best to camp, having come near forty miles today. We have a rain again this afternoon and evening.

This plain seems to be an extensive one, beautifully situated between two ranges of mountains running North of West and South of East, both of which are now crowned with snow. The Valley and plain is beautiful all along the streams with Willow and Balm trees.

JUNE 17TH. We had hail most of the night and a considerable today in showers. We started at a few minutes past seven this morning, proceeding up the plain. We continued over the divide and down a short piece to stop for noon at a little past two P. M. At four P. M. we proceeded down along a valley, or defile, till about seven o'clock, meeting several bands of Buffalo. Our course today has been South of East, about forty-five miles. We have lost no time, but kept straight forward, having a good trail on comparatively level ground to pass over. We are now camped near the end of the plain on a little stream, running Northeast around a large branch, which is now a little South of East of us.

JUNE 18TH. SABBATH. We left our encampment at seven this morning. Continued down stream till twelve M., stopped to noon and proceeded on. My guide thought to take a shorter route to the river and struck straight for the Tetons, two small, round, high bluffs of rock in the middle of the plain. We continued on till we came to the river as was supposed, but found no water. He then continued on, to reach the Snake River if possible. We succeeded in getting within a few miles of the Teton, and found we could proceed no farther, it being dark and cloudy. We stopped in the plain, no water; having been seven hours coming and finding no water, we turned our horses loose and lay down without water or fire, thoroughly

fatigued, having been twelve hours riding at near four miles to the hour—forty-eight miles.

JUNE 19TH, MONDAY. About sunrise this morning, we were on the move to find water as soon as possible, and reach the fort. We continued on, passing between the Tetons. We continued on till two P. M. before we found any water—coming on to Snake River, about twelve miles above Fort Hall. As we approached the River, our horses started upon a full gallop for the River. They rushed into the River, and seemed as if they would kill themselves drinking. I succeeded in getting them out and proceeded down the River a few miles, and stopped to noon. We were nine hours before we reached the River and twenty-one without water, coming about thirty miles to the River. Continuing down to the Ferry shore, twelve miles, where we arrived at sundown. We are told to wait till morning, and they will assist us across. We cross on to the Island, not far from the Fort, and camp. Turn our horses loose for the night, having been five days from the Flat Head camp.

JUNE 20TH. This morning, Captain Thing, the Superintendent at this Fort, sent over a man with a small boat and a Lodge, to bring over my baggage in. We put in our things and started to cross. The current being too strong for us, we did not make the landing, but went down the stream a little distance before we could get to shore on an island. We then attempted to get up the stream to the landing, but found we could not. We were obliged to take out our baggage and put it on our horses to cross to the main landing.

Some of my baggage got considerable wet before we got it out of the Lodge; then in crossing the Shoot, all the things—books, clothing, etc.—in my trunk, got thoroughly wet, some badly damaged. We arrived in the Fort a little past twelve M. We have been kindly received by Capt. Thing, who has and is constantly improving this post very much by erecting new walls of mud daubies, or bricks, and building houses of the same, rendering the fort very neat and pleasant. We heard thunder and saw lightning along the mountains on the South of the plain, and had a considerable wind, but no rain.

JUNE 21ST. Today we have remained at the Fort all day, drying and packing, etc. I have written a letter to Mr. Ermatinger. This afternoon we had a similar wind storm to the one we had yesterday. No rain.

JUNE 22ND. We left the Fort this morning half past nine, taking a due East course. We continued up the waters of Portneuf till five P. M., coming on to our trail of last year. We have camped near the commencement of the mountains, coming about twenty-four miles today. This morning, in attempting to catch one of my horses, I received a kick from him in the small of my back, which pains me still. We met the Hunters of Fort Hall returning to the Fort loaded with meat a short distance this side of the Fort.

JUNE 23RD. We started this morning at six o'clock, proceeding over the divide on to a branch of the Portneuf. As we began to descend over the divide we came in contact with a gray bear. He seemed for a time to be ready to stand his ground and give us a battle, but he soon found we were not disposed to come too near him—at least till we saw how well he could stand an attack with our balls at a distance. We fired at him. After receiving the first round, he retreated a little distance and stopped, and sat upon his hind feet and looked at us a moment. Finding a reinforcement coming on to our assistance, he turned and made for the bushes as fast as possible. We pursued, but lost sight of him. After we struck onto the stream we continued down it till eleven A. M. and stopped to noon. The Indians having killed two bulls, we remained till three P. M., to dry our meat over a fire a little before starting, to make it lighter packing. At three we started, left the stream on our right and passed over a range of mountains on our left. After ascending and descending several hills, we began to descend to the Southeast into a long Valley running Southeast and Northwest. Here we have a second battle with a black bear, which ends similar to the first. We are camped on a little stream running into the Valley. Twenty-seven miles.

JUNE 24TH. Last night four of my horses could not be found. Some of the Indians thought best not to picket till

it was too dark to find all of our horses, being camped in the bushes. This morning we had to wait till half past six before we could find our horses and get ready to start. We proceeded down the Valley to the Southeast till we came within a short distance of Bear River. At eleven o'clock we stopped to noon till half past one P. M., and proceeded on till we came on to the River, not far from our camp of last year. Coming on to McLeod's trail, we continued on up Bear River a little South of East.

About five, as we were proceeding on our way, a large gray bear crossed our path. We immediately prepared for a battle, which he seemed little inclined to avoid, moving but slowly to get out of our way. We fired two balls at him, and the Indians stuck five arrows into his sides. He then became furious and began to pursue us. Everybody retreated, and came up near him several times to attempt to shoot him. He still maintained his ground; getting into the bushes, he began to pull the arrows out. At this moment we advanced upon him. One ball from my gun and one more from an Indian's, caused him to give a terrible growl, and rush towards us, but he had received his death wound, and fell dead before he could extricate himself from the bushes. The Indians took his claws, or nails, and a small piece of his hide, and left him for the wolves. We proceeded on till half past six, to camp on our camp ground of last year, coming about thirty-six miles.

JUNE 25TH. At six this morning we started. Continuing up the Valley of the Bear River about ten miles, we stopped from nine till twelve to noon, the Indians getting some Bull meat to carry us a few days. After we had nooned, we struck off along the bluffs on the Southeast side of the River, continuing over and through several small valleys till we came onto Davis' Fork at six to camp on a little island, coming about thirty-five miles today.

As we came near to our camp, we had a chance after another bear, of a lighter color than either of the others. He did not stop to give us battle, but ran for the mountains as fast as possible. Three Indians gave chase, but could not overtake him.

Thus has passed another Sabbath. Our number is too small to risk laying by a single hour more than is absolutely

down so as to partially shed rain, and permit the guards to be upon the tops of the quarters and see over the top of the stockade. It is situated on an extensive level plain or flat, with spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the east, at the distance of thirty miles, high ranges of barren sage hills on the south, some eight miles distant. As you leave the flat level bottom formed by the Snake and Portneuf rivers, all along its banks it is skirted with a fine growth of cotton-wood, relieving the landscape and forming a beautiful contrast to the high barren plains beyond. To the west is the valley of the Snake River, from thirty to sixty miles wide, a high, sandy, and barren sage plain. This valley is bounded on the south by a low range of hills, running from northwest to southeast. On the north side of Fort Hall is an extensive high plain; this plain is, from Fort Hall, across it, full forty miles. The only objects that meet the eye on this extensive plain are three high basaltic buttes or mountains thrown up near its center. At the foot of the one a little to the south and west of the two rounder and equally prominent ones, is a fine spring of water. In 1837, the writer, in his explorations of the country, was anxious to learn more than was then known of the character of this great basin in the mountains, having the year previous entered it by way of Soda Springs and Portneuf. This time he came into it from the north by Codie's Defile, and concluded he would take a straight course and pass between the two northeastern buttes, and reach Snake River near Fort Hall. His Indian guide objected; still, as we had good horses, and were traveling light, we took the precaution to water our animals before entering this plain. We were twenty-six hours on horseback, having stopped but six hours to rest; we tied our horses to the sage brush, to prevent them from leaving us to hunt for water. Not a drop did we find on our route till we reached Snake River, thirty-two hours from the time we left running water on the north and west sides of this plain. In our course we found nothing but barren, basaltic rock, sand, and sage. It is possible, had we turned to the right or left, we might have found water, but I saw nothing that gave indications that water was near; on the contrary, I noticed that the fine stream at which we watered our animals sank into the rocks, leaving no marks of a channel to any great distance. In fact, my impression was, after twelve hours' ride, that it was useless to spend our time and strength to hunt for water, and kept our course. Jaded and fatigued as our animals were, as we approached Snake River every nerve seemed strung to the utmost; our animals became frantic and unmanageable; they rushed forward at full speed and plunged into the first water they saw. Fortunately for them and

the horses, the water was only about three feet deep, water appeared to be preferred to air; they plunged their heads deep in and held their breaths till their thirst was relieved.

This plain is bounded on the north and east by spurs of the Rocky and Bear River mountains; on the south and west by the high plains of Portneuf and Snake River valleys. There is a range of mountains commencing on the northwest of this plain, extending west and north along Snake River, dividing the waters of the Snake and La Rivière aux Bois (the wooded river.) This whole plain has the appearance of having been one vast lake of lava, spread over the whole surrounding country, appearing to have issued from the three basaltic mountains in the midst of it. I noticed, as we passed between the two, which were probably not more than ten miles apart, that we appeared to be on higher rock than in any direction around us. From this fact I concluded that the three must have been pouring out their volcanic lava at the same time and ceased together, leaving the country comparatively level. The small amount of soil found upon the surface, as well as the barrenness of the rock, indicated no distant period of time when this volcanic plain had been formed.

At Fort Hall we had another overhauling and lightening of baggage. The Doctor was advised to take his wagon apart and pack it, if he calculated to get it through the terrible cañons and deep, bottomless creeks we must pass in going down Snake Plains. Miles Goodyear, the boy we picked up two days from Fort Leavenworth, who had been assigned to assist the Doctor, was determined, if the Doctor took his wagon any further, to leave the company. He was the only one that could be spared to assist in this wild, and, as all considered, crazy undertaking. Miles was furnished a couple of horses, and the best outfit the mission party could give him for his services, and allowed to remain or go where he might choose. In his conclusions, he was influenced by the stories he heard about the treatment he might expect should he reach the lower Columbia. His idea of liberty was unlimited. Restraint and obedience to others was what he did not like at home; he would try his fortune in the mountains; he did not care for missionaries, Hudson's Bay men, nor Indians; he was determined to be his own man, and was allowed to remain at Fort Hall. This loss of manual strength to the mission party compelled the Doctor to curtail his wagon, so he made a cart on two of the wheels, placed the axletree and the other two wheels on his cart, and about the 1st of August, 1836, our camp was again in motion. As we reached camp on Portneuf the first night, in passing a bunch of willows, Mrs. Spalding's horse, a kind and perfectly gentle animal, was stung by a wasp, causing him to spring to

stopped still till Mrs. S. was relieved from what appeared almost instant death. Next day we continued on down the river till we reached Salmon Falls, on Snake River.

We found a large number of the Salmon and Digger Indians at their fishing stations. Their curiosity was excited, and overcame all the fears that had been attributed to them by former travelers. All of them came about the camp, and appeared quite friendly, furnishing to the party all the fresh and dried salmon they wanted, at the most reasonable rates, say a fine fresh salmon for two fish-hooks; four for a common butcher-knife; ten dried ones for a shirt; in fact, receiving only such pay or presents for their fish and roots, as the Hudson's Bay Company's traders saw fit, or would *allow* the missionary party to give them. It will be remembered that, in the conversation with Captain Wyeth, the party had been cautioned as to dealing with the Indians, or in any way interfering with the Indian trade, or tariff, as the Hudson's Bay Company gentlemen call the prices they were in the habit of giving to the Indians, for any article of property they might have to dispose of, or that the company might want. If the Indian would part with it at all, he must receive the price or the article they chose to give him, not as an equivalent for his article, but as a condescension on the part of the trader, in allowing him the honor of making the exchange. The Indian's property or article, whatever it might be, was of no consequence to the trader, but the article he gave or furnished to him was of great value. The Indian knew no other system of trade; it was that or nothing; hence the wealth of this arrogant and overgrown company, claiming exclusive trading privileges, as also the right to occupy the country in such a manner, and for such purposes as they chose. As a matter of course, the mission party were not in a condition to vary or change this system of trade; neither were they allowed to encourage the Indians in the expectation of any future change, except as to the religious instructions they were at liberty to impart to them.

The gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company were frank with the mission in giving them their tariff: For a salmon at Salmon Falls, two awls or two small fish-hooks; one large hook for two salmon; for a knife, four salmon; for one load of powder and a charge of shot, or a single ball, one salmon. At Wallawalla the tariff was nearly double, say two balls and powder for one large-sized salmon; a three-point blanket, a check shirt, a knife, five or ten balls and powder, from half a foot to three feet of trail-rope tobacco, the price of a good horse. In short, there was but one single object the Indian could live for; that was to contribute his

Company, and to assist them, when required, to relieve the country of intruders. That they were in a state of absolute subjection to the control of the company no one that traveled in it at that early day can doubt for a moment. Speak of improving the condition of the Indians to gentlemen of the company, they would insist that it only made them more insolent, demand higher prices for their produce, and be less inclined to hunt for the furs necessary to supply the goods furnished for their use. The idea of improving the condition of the Indian, and raising him in the scale of civilization, and by that means increase his natural wants, and encourage him with a fair compensation for his labor, was no part of their chartered privileges. They found the Indian as he was; they would leave him no better. The country and all in it was theirs; they could not allow any interference with their trade. "If you missionaries wish to teach them your religion, we have no particular objection, so long as you confine yourselves to such religious instruction; as to trade, gentlemen, we will not object to your receiving from the Indians what you may require for your own personal use and subsistence, provided you do not pay them more for the article you buy of them than the company does. We will give you our tariff, that you may be governed by it in your dealings with the Indians. You will readily perceive, gentlemen, that it is necessary for us to insist on these conditions, in order to protect our own interests, and secure our accustomed profits."

## CHAPTER XVII.

An explanation.—Instructions of company.—Their tyranny.—Continuation of journey.—  
Fording rivers.—Arrival at Boise.—Dr. Whitman compelled to leave his wagon.

It may be asked why the writer gives this explanation of trade and intercourse with the Indians and missionaries before they have reached the field of their future labors? For the simple reason that the party, and the writer in particular, commenced their education in the Rocky Mountains. They learned that in the country to which they were going there was an overgrown, unscrupulous, and exacting monopoly that would prevent any interference in their trade, or intercourse with the Indians. This information was received through the American fur traders, and from Captain Wyeth, who was leaving the country; and from Mr. John McLeod, then in charge of our traveling caravan. It is true, we had only reached Salmon Falls, on Snake River, and we only wished to buy of the miserable, naked, filthy objects before us, a few fresh salmon, which they were catching in apparent abundance; and as is the case with most American travelers, we had many articles that would be valuable to the Indian, and beneficial to us to get rid of. But this overgrown company's interest comes in. "You must not be liberal, or even just, to these miserable human or savage beings; if you are, it will spoil our trade with them; we can not control them if they learn the value of our goods."

This supreme selfishness, this spirit of oppression, was applied not only to the Digger Indians on the barren Snake plains and the salmon fisheries of the Columbia River, but to the miserable discharged, and, in most cases, disabled, Canadian-French. This policy the Hudson's Bay Company practiced upon their own servants, and, as far as was possible, upon all the early settlers of the country. In proof of this, hear what Messrs. Ewing Young and Carmichael say of them on the thirteenth day of January, 1837, just three months after our mission party had arrived, and had written to their friends and patrons in the United States glowing accounts of the kind treatment they had received from this same Hudson's Bay Company. How far the Methodist Mission joined in the attempt to coerce Mr. Young and compel him to place himself under their control, I am unable to say. The Hudson's Bay Company, I know, from the statement of Dr. McLaughlin himself, had

wishing them freely to the Indians, as they thought the interest of their trade required. Mr. Young's letter is in answer to a request of the Methodist Mission, signed by J. and D. Lee, C. Shepard, and P. L. Edwards, not to erect a distillery on his land claim in Yamhill County (Nealem Valley). The Methodist Mission was made use of on this occasion, under the threat of the Hudson's Bay Company, that in case Mr. Young put up his distillery the Hudson's Bay Company would freely distribute their liquors, and at once destroy all moral restraint, and more than probable the mission itself. Lee and party offered to indemnify Mr. Young for his loss in stopping his distillery project. The Hudson's Bay Company held by this means the exclusive liquor trade, while the mission were compelled to use their influence and means to prevent and buy off any enterprise that conflicted with their interests. Mr. Young says, in his reply:—

"Gentlemen, having taken into consideration your request to relinquish our enterprise in manufacturing ardent spirits, we therefore do agree to stop our proceedings for the present; but, gentlemen, the reasons for first beginning such an enterprise were the *innumerable difficulties* placed in our way by, and the *tyrannizing oppression* of, the Hudson's Bay Company, here under the absolute authority of Dr. McLaughlin, who has treated us with more disdain than any American's feelings could support; but, gentlemen, it is not consistent with our feelings to receive any recompense whatever for our expenditures, but we are thankful to the society for their offer."

The writer of the above short paragraph has long since closed his labors, which, with his little property, have done more substantial benefit to Oregon than the Hudson's Bay Company, that attempted to drive him from the country, which I will prove to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced mind as we proceed. I am fully aware of the great number of pensioned satellites that have fawned for Hudson's Bay Company pap, and would swear no injustice was ever done to a single American, giving this hypocritical, double-dealing, smooth-swindling, called honorable, Hudson's Bay Company credit for what they never did, and really for stealing credit for good deeds done by others. The company insisted that the mission party should, as a condition of being permitted to remain in the country, comply with their ideas of Indian trade and justice in dealing with the natives. The utmost care and attention was given to impress this all-important fact upon the minds of these first missionaries. They were told: "Gentlemen, your own pecuniary interests require it; the good—*yes, the good*—of the natives you came to teach, requires that you should observe our rules in trade."

all the Protestant missions. But, thank God, the country is relieved of a curse, like that of slavery in the Southern States. An overgrown monopoly, in using its influence with Catholicism to destroy Protestantism in Oregon and the American settlements, has destroyed itself. Priestcraft and Romanism, combined with ignorance and savagism, under the direction of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company traders, is a kind of mixture which Mr. Ewing Young says "is more than any American citizen's feelings could support;" yet for six years it was submitted to, and the country increased, not so much in wealth, but in stout-hearted men and women, who had dared every thing, and endured many living deaths, to secure homes, and save a vast and rich country to the American Republic. Was the government too liberal in giving these pioneers three hundred and twenty acres of land, when, by their toil and patient endurance they had suffered every thing this arrogant, unscrupulous, overgrown monopoly could inflict, by calling to its aid superstition and priestcraft, in the worst possible form, to subdue and drive them from the country?

Is there an American on this coast who doubts the fact of the tyrannical course of the company? Listen to what is said of them in 1857, '58, in their absolute government of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, by a resident. He says:—

"In my unsophisticated ignorance, I foolishly imagined I was entering a colony governed by British institutions; but I was quickly undeceived. It was far worse than a Venetian oligarchy; a squawtoocracy of skin traders, ruled by men whose lives have been spent in the wilderness in social communion with Indian savages, their present daily occupation being the sale of tea, sugar, whisky, and the usual *et ceteras* of a grocery, which (taking advantage of an increased population) they sold at the small advance of five hundred per cent.; by men, who, to keep up the *entente cordiale* with the red-skins, scrupled not (and the iniquitous practice is still continued) to supply them with arms and ammunition, well knowing that the same would be used in murderous warfare. I found these 'small fry' claiming, under some antediluvian grant, not only Vancouver Island, but a tract of country extending from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, from British Columbia to Hudson's Bay—a territory of larger area than all Europe. The onward march of civilization was checked; all avenues to the mineral regions were closed by excessive, unauthorized, and illegal taxation; and a country abounding with a fair share of Nature's richest productions, and which might now be teeming with a hardy and industrious population, was crushed and blasted by a set of unprincipled autocrats, whose selfish interests, idle

bition by trampling on the dearest rights of their fellow-men. In Victoria and British Columbia the town lots, the suburban farms, and the water frontage were theirs,—the rocks in the bay, and the rocks on the earth; the trees in the streets, which served as ornaments to the town, were cut down by their orders and sold for fire-wood; with equal right (presumption or unscrupulousness is the appropriate term) they claimed the trees and dead timber of the forests, the waters of the bay, and the fresh water on the shores; all, all was theirs;—nay, I have seen the water running from the mountain springs denied to allay the parched thirst of the poor wretches whom the *auri sacra fames* had allured to these inhospitable shores. They viewed with a jealous eye all intruders into their unknown kingdom, and every impediment was thrown in the way of improving or developing the resources of the colony. The coal mines were theirs, and this necessary article of fuel in a northern climate was held by them at thirty dollars per ton. The sole and exclusive right to trade was theirs, and the claim rigidly enforced. The gold fields were theirs likewise, and a tax of five dollars on every man, and eight dollars on every canoe or boat, was levied and collected at the mouth of the cañon before either were allowed to enter the sacred portals of British Columbia. This amount had to be paid hundreds of miles from the place where gold was said to exist, whether the party ever dug an ounce or not. They looked upon all new arrivals with ill-subdued jealousy and suspicion, and distrusted them as a praetorian band of robbers coming to despoil them of their ill-gotten wealth."

Was this the case in 1858? Show me the man who denies it, and I will show you a man devoid of moral perception, destitute of the principle of right dealing between man and man; yet this same Hudson's Bay Company claim credit for saving the thousands of men they had robbed of their hard cash, in not allowing a few sacks of old flour and a quantity of damaged bacon to be sold to exceed one hundred per cent. above prime cost. "Their goods were very reasonable," says the apologist; "their trade was honorable." Has any one ever before attempted to claim honorable dealing for companies pursuing invariably the same selfish and avaricious course? This company is not satisfied with the privilege they have had of robbing the natives of this coast, their French and half-native servants, the American settlers, and their own countrymen, while dependent upon them; but now, when they can no longer rob and steal from half a continent, they come to our government at Washington and make a demand for five millions of dollars for giving up this barefaced open robbery of a whole country they never

single farthing of it,—they deserve the curses due to the company who have robbed the native inhabitants of all their labor, their own servants they brought to it, the country of all they could get from it that was of any value to them, and the nation upon whom they call for any amount, be it great or small.

I have not time, and it would be out of place, to say more upon this subject, at this time, in the historical sketches we propose to give. Be assured we do not write without knowing what we say, and being prepared to prove our statements with facts that have come under our own observation while in the country. We will leave the Hudson's Bay Company and return to our mission party.

After getting a full supply of salmon for a tin whistle, or its equivalent, a smell of trail-rope tobacco, we came to the ford at the three islands in Snake River, crossed all safe, except a short swim for Dr. Whitman and his cart on coming out on the north side or right bank of the river. As nothing serious occurred, we passed on to camp. The next day, in passing along the foot hills of the range of mountains separating the waters of the Snake River and La Rivière aux Bois, we came to the warm springs, in which we boiled a piece of salmon. Then we struck the main Boise River, as it comes out of the mountain, not far below the present location of Boise City; thence, about ten miles down the river, and into the bend, where we found a miserable pen of a place, at that time called Fort Boise. It consisted of cottonwood poles and crooked sticks set in a trench, and pretended to be fastened near the top. The houses or quarters were also of poles, open; in fact, the whole concern could hardly be called a passable corral, or pen for horses and cattle. I think, from appearances, the fort had been used to corral or catch horses in. We were informed that it was established in opposition to Fort Hall, to prevent the Indians, as much as possible, from giving their trade to Captain Wyeth, and that the company expected, if they kept it up, to remove it near the mouth of Boise River.

At this place, McLeod and McKay, and all the Johnny Crapauds of the company, united in the opinion that it was impossible to get the Doctor's cart any further without taking it all apart and bending the iron tires on the wheels, and packing it in par-fleshes (the dried hide of the buffalo, used as an outside covering for packs), and in that way we might get it through, if the animals we packed it upon did not fall with it from the precipices over which we must pass. *Impossible* to get it through any other way. After several consultations, and some

wagon animals, a compromise was made, and the party that reached their permanent location, the Doctor or Mr. Gray would return with the Hudson's Bay Company's caravan and get the wagon and bring it through. To this proposition the Doctor consented. The wagon was left, to the great advantage of the Hudson's Bay Company, in removing their timber and material to build their new fort, as was contemplated, that and the following seasons.

All our goods were placed upon the tallest horses we had, and led across. Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman were ferried over on a bulrush raft, made by the Indians for crossing. The tops of the rushes were tied with grass ropes, and spread and so arranged that, by lying quite flat upon the rushes and sticks they were conveyed over in safety. Portions of our clothing and goods, as was expected, came in contact with the water, and some delay caused to dry and repack. This attended to, the party proceeded on the present wagon trail till they reached the Grand Ronde; thence they ascended the mountain on the west side of the main river, passed over into a deep cañon, through thick timber, ascended the mountain, and came out on to the Umatilla, not far from the present wagon route.

As the party began to descend from the western slope of the Blue Mountains, the view was surpassingly grand. Before us lay the great valley of the Columbia; on the west, and in full view, Mount Hood rose amid the lofty range of the Cascade Mountains, ninety miles distant. To the south of Mount Hood stood Mount Adams, and to the north, Mount Rainier; while, with the assistance of Mr. McKay, we could trace the course of the Columbia, and determine the location of Wallawalla. It was quite late in the evening before we reached camp on the Umatilla, being delayed by our cattle, their feet having become worn and tender in passing over the sharp rocks, there being but little signs of a trail where we passed over the Blue Mountains in 1836.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Arrival at Fort Wallawalla.—Reception.—The fort in 1836.—Voyage down the Columbia River.—Portage at Celilo.—At Dalles.—A storm.—The Flatheads.—Portage at the Cascades.

NEXT day Mr. McLeod left the train in charge of Mr. McKay, and started for the fort, having obtained a fresh horse from the Cayuse Indians. The party, with Hudson's Bay Company's furs and mission cattle, traveled slowly, and in two days and a half reached old Fort Wallawalla, on the Columbia River,—on the second day of September, 1836, a little over four months from the time they left Missouri. Traveling by time from two to three miles per hour, making it two thousand two hundred and fifty miles.

Their reception must have been witnessed to be fully realized. The gates of the fort were thrown open, the ladies assisted from their horses, and every demonstration of joy and respect manifested. The party were soon led into an apartment, the best the establishment had to offer. Their horses and mules were unloaded and cared for; the cattle were not neglected. It appeared we had arrived among the best of friends instead of total strangers, and were being welcomed home in the most cordial manner. We found the gentleman in charge, Mr. P. C. Pambrun, a French-Canadian by birth, all that we could wish, and more than we expected.

Mr. J. K. Townsend, the naturalist, we found at Wallawalla. He had been sent across the Rocky Mountains, in company with Dr. Nutall, a geologist, by a society in Philadelphia, in 1834, in company with Captain Wyeth. He had remained in the country to complete his collection of specimens of plants and birds, and was awaiting the return of the Hudson's Bay Company's ship, to reach the Sandwich Islands, on his homeward course, having failed to get an escort to connect with Captain Wyeth, and return by way of the Rocky Mountains. From Mr. Townsend the mission party received much useful information relating to the course they should pursue in their intercourse with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians. He appeared to take a deep interest in the objects of the mission, confirming, from his own observation, the information already received, cautioning the party not to do any thing with the Indians that would interfere with the Hudson's

words, "The company will be glad to have you in the country, and your influence to improve their servants, and their native wives and children. As to the Indians you have come to teach, they do not want them to be any more enlightened. The company now have absolute control over them, and that is all they require. As to Mr. Pambrun, at this place, he is a kind, good-hearted gentleman, and will do any thing he can for you. He has already received his orders in anticipation of your arrival, and will obey them implicitly; should the company learn from him, or any other source, that you are here and do not comply with their regulations and treatment of the Indians, they will cut off your supplies, and leave you to perish among the Indians you are here to benefit. The company have made arrangements, and expect you to visit Vancouver, their principal depot in the country, before you select your location."

Mr. Townsend had gathered from the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the year he had been in the country, a good knowledge of their policy, and of their manner of treatment and trade with the Indians. He had also learned from conversations with Rev. Samuel Parker and the various members of the company, their views and feelings, not only toward American traders, but of the missionary occupation of the country by the Americans. The mission party of 1836 learned from Mr. McLeod that the Hudson's Bay Company had sent for a chaplain, to be located at Vancouver, and from Mr. Townsend that he had arrived.

It will be borne in mind that this honorable company, on the arrival of Rev. J. Lee and party to look after the civil and religious welfare of the Indians, examined their old charter, and found that one of its requirements was to *Christianize* as well as trade with the natives of this vast country. They found that the English church service must be read at their posts on the Sabbath. To conform to this regulation, a chaplain was sent for. He came, with his wife; and not receiving the submission and attention from the chivalry of the country he demanded, became thoroughly disgusted, and returned to England (I think) on the same ship he came in. As we proceed, we will develop whys and wherefores.

Old Fort Wallawalla, in 1836, when the mission party arrived, was a tolerably substantial stockade, built of drift-wood taken from the Columbia River, of an oblong form, with two log bastions raised, one on the southwest corner, commanding the river-front and southern space beyond the stockade; the other bastion was on the northeast corner, commanding the north end, and east side of the fort. In each of these

... were guarded when any danger was suspected from the Indians. The sage brush, willow, and grease-wood had been cut and cleared away for a considerable distance around, to prevent any Indians getting near the fort without being discovered. Inside the stockade were the houses, store, and quarters for the men, with a space sufficiently large to corral about one hundred horses. The houses and quarters were built by laying down sills, placing posts at from eight to twelve feet apart, with tenons on the top, and the bottom grooved in the sides, and for corner-posts, so as to slip each piece of timber, having also a tenon upon each end, into the grooves of the posts, forming a solid wall of from four to six inches thick, usually about seven feet high from floor to ceiling, or timbers overhead. The roofs were of split cedar, flattened and placed upon the ridge pole and plate-like rafters, close together; then grass or straw was put on the split pieces, covered with mud and dirt, and packed to keep the straw from blowing off. The roofs were less than one-fourth pitch, and of course subject to leakage when it rained. For floors, split puncheons or planks were used in the chief trader's quarters. In the corner of the room was a comfortable fireplace, made of mud in place of brick. The room was lighted with six panes of glass, seven inches by nine, set in strips of wood, split with a common knife, and shaped so as to hold the glass in place of a sash.

The doors were also of split lumber, rough hewn, wrought-iron hinges, and wooden latches; the furniture consisted of three benches, two stools, and one chair (something like a barber's chair, without the scrolls and cushions); a bed in one corner of the room upon some split boards for bottom; a rough table of the same material roughly planed. This, with a few old cutlasses, shot-pouches, and tobacco sacks (such as were manufactured by the Indians about the post), constituted the room and furniture occupied by P. C. Pambrun, Esq., of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. Into this room the mission party were invited, and introduced to Mrs. Pambrun and two young children-misses. The kind and cordial reception of Mr. Pambrun was such that all felt cheerful and relieved in this rude specimen of half-native, half-French dwelling. The cloth was soon spread upon the table, and the cook brought in the choice game of the prairies well cooked, with a small supply of Irish potatoes and small Canadian yellow corn. This was a feast, as well as a great change from dried and pounded buffalo meat "straight," as the miners say, upon which we had subsisted since we left the rendezvous, except the occasional fresh bits we could get along the route. Dinner being disposed of, some fine melons were served,

in the bends of the Wallawalla River, about two miles from the fort. The supply of melons was quite limited, a single one of each kind for the party. Mr. Townsend on this occasion yielded his share to the ladies, and insisted, as he had been at the fort and partaken of them on previous occasions, they should have his share. Dinner over, melons disposed of, fort, stores, and quarters examined, arrangements were made for sleeping in the various sheds and bastions of the fort. Most of the gentlemen preferred the open air and tent to the accommodations of the fort. Rooms were provided for the two ladies and their husbands, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding.

Next morning early, Messrs. McLeod and Townsend started for Vancouver in a light boat, with the understanding that Mr. Pambrun, with the company's furs, and the mission party, were to follow in a few days. Mr. McKay was to remain in charge of the fort. All things were arranged to Mr. Pambrun's satisfaction; two boats or barges were made ready, the furs and party all aboard, with seven men to each barge, six to row and one to steer, with a big paddle instead of a helm, or an oar; we glided swiftly down the Columbia River, the scenery of which is not surpassed in grandeur by any river in the world. Fire, earth, and water have combined to make one grand display with melted lava, turning it out in all imaginable and unimaginable shapes and forms on a most gigantic scale. In other countries, these hills thrown up would be called mountains, but here we call them high rolling plains, interspersed with a few snow-capped peaks, some fifteen and some seventeen thousand feet high. The river is running through these plains, wandering around among the rocks with its gentle current of from four to eight knots per hour; at the rapids increasing its velocity and gyrations around and among the rocks in a manner interesting and exciting to the traveler, who at one moment finds his boat head on at full speed making for a big rock; anon he comes along, and by an extra exertion with his pole shoves off his boat to receive a full supply of water from the rolling swell, as the water rushes over the rock he has but just escaped being dashed to pieces against. As to danger in such places, it is all folly to think of any; so on we go to repeat the same performance over and over till we reach the falls, at what is now called Celilo, where we find about twenty-five feet perpendicular fall.

Our boats were discharged of all their contents, about one-fourth of a mile above the main fall, on the right bank of the river. Then the cargo was packed upon the Indians' backs to the landing below the falls, the Indian performing this part of the labor for from two to six inches of trail-rope tobacco. A few were paid from two to ten charges

lines as near the fall as was considered safe, hauled out of the water, turned bottom up, and as many Indians as could get under them, say some twenty-five to each boat, lifted them upon their shoulders and carried them to the water below. For this service they each received two dried leaves of tobacco, which would make about six common pipefuls. The Indian, however, with other dried leaves, would make his two leaves of tobacco last some time.

This portage over, and all on board, we again glided swiftly along, ran through what is called the Little Dalles, and soon reached the narrowest place in the Columbia, where the water rushes through sharp projecting rocks, causing it to turn and whirl and rush in every conceivable shape for about three-fourths of a mile, till it finds a large circular basin below, into which it runs and makes one grand turn round and passes smoothly out at right angles and down in a deep smooth current, widening as it enters the lofty range of the Cascade Mountains. The river was deemed a little too high, by our Iroquois pilot, to run the Big Dalles at that time, although, in January following, the writer, in company with another party, did run them with no more apparent danger than we experienced on the same trip at what is called John Day's Rapids. At the Dalles our party made another portage, paying our Indians as at Celilo Falls.

The Indians' curiosity to look at the white women caused us a little delay at the falls, and also at the Dalles; in fact, numbers of them followed our boats in their canoes to the Dalles, to look at these two strange beings who had nothing to carry but their own persons, and were dressed so differently from the men.

We proceeded down the river for a few miles and met the Hudson's Bay Company's express canoe, in charge of Mr. Hovey, on its way to Lachine, going across the continent; stopped and exchanged greetings for a few minutes and passed on to camp just above Dog River. Next morning made an early start to reach La Cascade to make the portage there before night. We had proceeded but about one hour, with a gentle breeze from the east, sails all set, and in fine spirits, admiring the sublimely grand scenery, when, looking down the river, the ladies inquired what made the water look so white. In a moment our boatmen took in sail, and laid to their oars with all their might to reach land, and get under shelter, which we did, but not till we had received considerable wetting, and experienced the first shock of a severe wind-storm, such as can be gotten up on the shortest possible notice in the midst of the Cascade Mountains. Our camp was just

baggage, furs, and even boats had to be taken out of the water to prevent them from being dashed to pieces on the shore. For three days and nights we lay in this miserable camp watching the storm as it howled on the waves and through this mountain range. Stormy as it was, a few Indians found our camp and crawled over the points of rocks to get sight of our party.

Among the Indians of the coast and lower Columbia none but such as are of noble birth are allowed to flatten their skulls. This is accomplished by taking an infant and placing it upon a board corresponding in length and breadth to the size of the child, which is placed upon it and lashed fast in a sort of a sack, to hold its limbs and body in one position. The head is also confined with strings and lashing, allowing scarcely any motion for the head. From the head of the board, upon which the infant is made fast, is a small piece of board lashed to the back piece, extending down nearly over the eyes, with strings attached so as to prevent the forehead from extending beyond the eyes, giving the head and face a broad and flat shape. The native infants of the blood royal were kept in these presses from three to four months, or longer, as the infant could bear, or as the aspirations of the parent prompted. For the last fifteen years I have not seen a native infant promoted to these royal honors. My impression is that the example of the white mother in the treatment of her infant has had more influence in removing this cruel practice than any other cause. As a general thing, the tribes that have followed the practice of flattening the skull are inferior in intellect, less stirring and enterprising in their habits, and far more degraded in their morals than other tribes. To this cause probably more than any other may be traced the effect of vice among them. The tribes below the Cascade Mountains were the first that had any intercourse with the whites. The diseases never feared or shunned by the abandoned and profligate youth and sailor were introduced among them. The certain and legitimate effect soon showed itself all along the coast. So prevalent was vice and immorality among the natives, that not one escaped. Their blood became tainted, their bodies loathsome and foul, their communication corrupt continually. The flattened head of the royal families, and the round head of the slave, was no protection from vice and immoral intercourse among the sexes; hence, when diseases of a different nature, and such as among the more civilized white race are easily treated and cured, came among them, they fell like rotten sheep. If a remnant is left, I have often felt that the reacting curse of vice will pursue our advanced civilization for the certain destruction that has befallen the miserable tribes

It is also true that they soon learned the causes that would sweep the Indians from the land, and in their feeble efforts to check and remove the causes, they were met by the unlimited and unbridled passions of all in the country, and all who came to it for a number of years subsequent, with a combined influence to destroy that of the missionaries in correcting or checking this evil. Like alcohol and its friends, it had no virtue or conscience, hence the little moral influence brought by the first missionaries was like pouring water upon glass: it only washed the sediment from the surface while the heart remained untouched. Most of the missionaries could only be witnesses of facts that they had little or no power to correct or prevent; many of them lacked the moral courage necessary to combat successfully the influences with which they were surrounded, and every action, word, or expression was canvassed and turned against them or the cause they represented.

The reader will excuse this little digression into moral facts, as he will bear in mind that we were in a most disagreeable camp on the Columbia River, between the Cascades and the Dalles, and for the first time were introduced to real live Flatheads and the process of making them such. The men, also, or boatmen, amused themselves in getting the members of the royal family who visited our camp drunk as Chinamen (on opium), by filling their pipes with pure trail-rope tobacco.

On the fourth morning after the storm stopped us, we were again on our way. Arrived at the Cascades and made a portage of the goods over, around, and among the rocks, till we reached the basin below the main shoot or rapids. The boats were let down by lines and hauled out to repair leakage from bruises received on the rocks in their descent. Damage repaired, all embarked again, and ran down to Cape Horn and camped; next day we reached the saw-mill and camped early. All hands must wash up and get ready to reach the fort in the morning. From the saw-mill an Indian was sent on ahead to give notice at the fort of the arrival of the party. Our captain, as the Americans would call Mr. Pambrun, who had charge of the boats, was slow in getting ready to start. Breakfast over, all dressed in their best clothes, the party proceeded on down the river. In coming round a bend of the upper end of the plain upon which the fort stands, we came in full view of two fine ships dressed in complete regalia from stem to stern, with the St. George cross waving gracefully from the staff in the fort. Our party inquired innocently enough the cause of

what, as the boats neared the shore, two tall, well-dressed, heavily-dressed gentlemen waved a welcome, and in a moment all were on shore. Rev. Mr. Spalding and lady were introduced, followed by Dr. Whitman and lady, to the two gentlemen. One, whose hair was then nearly white, stepped forward and gave his arm to Mrs. Whitman. The other, a tall, black-haired, black-eyed man, with rather slim body, a light sallow complexion and smooth face, gave his arm to Mrs. Spalding. By this time Mr. McLeod had made his appearance, and bade the party a hearty welcome and accompanied them into the fort. We began to suspect the cause of so much display. All safely arrived in the fort, we were led up-stairs, in front of the big square hewed-timber house, and into a room on the right of the hall, where the ladies were seated, as also some six gentlemen, besides the tall white-headed one. The writer, standing in the hall, was noticed by Mr. McLeod, who came out and invited him into the quarters of the clerks. We will leave our ladies in conversation with the two fine-looking gentlemen that received them on arriving at the water's edge, while we take a look at the fort, as it appeared on September 12, 1836.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Fort Vancouver in 1836.—An extra table.—Conditions on which cattle were supplied to settlers.—Official papers.—Three organizations.

FORT VANCOUVER was a stockade, built with fir-logs about ten inches in diameter, set some four feet in the ground, and about twenty feet above, secured by pieces of timber pinned on the inside, running diagonally around the entire stockade, which at that time covered or inclosed about two acres of ground. The old fort, as it was called, was so much decayed that the new one was then being built, and portions of the old one replaced. The storehouses were all built of hewn timber, about six inches thick, and covered with sawed boards one foot wide and one inch thick, with grooves in the edges of the boards, placed up and down upon the roof, in place of shingles; of course, in case of a knot-hole or a crack, it was a leaky concern. All the houses were covered with boards in a similar manner in the new quarters. The partitions were all upright boards planed, and the cracks battened; floors were mostly rough boards, except the office and the governor's house, which were planed. The parsonage was what might be called of the balloon order, covered like the rest, with a big mud and stone chimney in the center. The partitions and floors were rough boards. There were but two rooms, the one used for dining-room and kitchen, the other for bedroom and parlor. The doors and gates of the fort, or stockade, were all locked from the inside, and a guard stationed over the gate. In front of the governor's house was a half semicircle double stairway, leading to the main hall up a flight of some ten steps. In the center of the semicircle was one large 24-pound cannon, mounted on a ship's carriage, and on either side was a small cannon, or mortar gun, with balls piled in order about them, all pointing to the main gate entrance; latterly, to protect the fort from the savages that had commenced coming over the Rocky Mountains, a bastion was built, said to be for saluting her Majesty's ships when they might arrive, or depart from the country.

At 12 m. the fort bell rang; clerks and gentlemen all met at the common dinner-table, which was well supplied with potatoes, salmon, wild fowl, and usually with venison and bread. Dinner over, most of the gentlemen passed a compliment in a glass of wine, or brandy, if pre-

ferred; all then retired to the social hall, a room in the clerks' quarters, where they indulged in a stiff pipe of tobacco, sometimes filling the room as full as it could hold with smoke. At 1 p. m. the bell rang again, when all went to business.

The party had no sooner arrived than the carpenter was ordered to make an extra table, which was located in the governor's office, in the room where we left them on first bringing them into the house. This extra table was presided over by the governor, or the next highest officers of the fort; usually one or two of the head clerks or gentlemen traders were, by special invitation, invited to dine with the ladies, or, rather, at the ladies' table. The governor's wife was not sufficiently accomplished, at first, to take a seat at the ladies' table. I never saw her in the common dining-hall; neither was the mother of the chief clerk's children permitted this honor at first. However, as Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding soon learned the fort regulations, as also the family connection there was in the establishment, they very soon introduced themselves to the two principal mothers they found in the governor's house, one belonging to the governor, and the other to the chief clerk, and made themselves acquainted with the young misses; and, in a short time, in opposition to the wish of the governor and his chief clerk, brought them both to the ladies' table. They also brought the youngest daughter of the governor to the table, and took considerable pains to teach the young misses, and make themselves generally useful; so that, at the end of two weeks, when arrangements had been made for the party to return to Wallawalla to commence their missionary labors, the governor and chief clerk would not allow the ladies to depart, till the gentlemen had gone up and selected their stations and built their houses, so that they could be comfortable for winter. Captain Wyeth and Mr. Townsend were correct in their ideas of the reception of this party. The utmost cordiality was manifested, the kindest attention paid, and such articles as could be made about the establishment, that the party wanted, were supplied. The goods were all to be furnished at *one hundred per cent. on London prices*, drafts to be drawn on the American Board, payable in London at sight. They were cashed by the Board at thirty-seven cents premium on London drafts, costing the mission two dollars and seventy-four cents for every dollar's worth of goods they received; freight and charges from Fort Vancouver to Wallawalla were added. These goods were received and paid for, not as a business transaction with the Hudson's Bay Company, by any means, but as a *gracious gift*; or, to quote the governor and chief clerk, "You gentlemen *must* consider yourselves under great obligation to the Hudson's Bay Company, as we

necessary for our horses to eat and rest. We must move on; no time must be lost. May God grant that our Souls, which are fatigued with the long absence of the Sanctuary, may soon arrive at the day and time when the body may rest and the Soul commune with its Maker.

JUNE 26TH, MONDAY. At a little past six we proceeded up the River and crossed Davis' Fork at our campment of last year, and proceeded on, following our old trail, till we came onto Tom Ham's Fork, about twenty-seven miles, a little past two P. M. We stopped an hour and a half to noon and proceeded on. As we came on to the height of land, the air being clear, we had an extensive view of the different ranges of high mountains around. Wind River mountains lie to the North of East; a long range extends along the South, running along Green River: a third range, through which we have passed, lies to the Northwest of us—all of which are covered with snow above a certain height. We seemed to be in the center of the three, which are from ninety to one hundred miles distant from us. The Valleys and long ranges of mountains, and high bluffs render the scenery grand and romantic in the extreme.

The whole of this vast extent of mountains is almost destitute of a tree; there are, however, some few scattering Cypress and Poplars, which serve to render the scenery, if possible, still more barren and lonely all around. We passed several snow banks this afternoon. We left our camp at four, and arrived at this campment at half past six, on a little stream under a bluff of rocks on the west side of us—our Saturday night encampment of last year; between seven and eight miles this afternoon, making about thirty-four miles over a rough, mountainous trail.

JUNE 27TH. At six this morning we were again on our way. Continuing about two hours, we saw two horses. Some of our party went to bring them on. As we passed over a little rising ground, they saw a number more, and immediately fired their guns. We continued on at a quick pace, and soon saw a number of Indians coming toward us, and others driving in their horses.

We, supposing them to be of Mr. McLeod's party, continued straight into camp, which was in the bushes behind a hill. We had scarcely reached their camp before we concluded they were Black Feet.

However, we proceeded on, knowing that God was able to deliver us from all danger, and that He alone can deliver us. After we were in camp a few moments, I gave them some tobacco, and told them by signs, it made me sick to smoke. They emptied my powder horn, and wanted more. I told them I was in haste to be off. That I had come from the East, had been to the West, and was now going East, and mounted my horse, called to my Indians to mount theirs, and drove off, while numbers of them were loading their guns. We were soon out of sight, and loaded our own arms, in case of an ambush attack. Proceeding on a short distance, we met four of Mr. McLeod's men returning for four horses they had left at their encampment, which we have learned the Indians have taken with them. We proceeded till twelve M. and stopped to noon till 2 P. M., and proceeded on till we arrived in McLeod's camp at seven, coming nearly forty miles today.

Since our arrival we have learned that the party of Indians we met were a war party of the Utes (Utahs) seeking plunder. God alone has preserved us—our whole number being only 14, four of those being women, and three boys, and having only four guns in our party. We have also learned that a party of seventeen Black Feet are now about our camp, and that they have been seen today.

On arriving, I received several letters from Brother Spalding and Dr. Whitman and wife. Brother Spalding has sent four Indians to accompany me to the States.

JUNE 28TH. This morning we broke camp a few minutes past nine, and proceeded along between the Mountains and the large stream upon which we are camped about twelve miles. This encampment is the same at which we remained one day after starting with Messrs. McLeod and McKay last year. As we arrived at this encampment, we met Mr. McLane and Dr. Newell, from Rendezvous, with several others. I find on inquiry, that Br. Spalding's Indians have disposed of three horses and nearly all their ammunition. I have bought one

horse today for which I paid five dollars in articles I bought at Vancouver.

JUNE 29TH. Today we have remained in camp to let our horses eat the grass at this place, the Company not yet having arrived from St. Louis.

JUNE 30TH. This morning, we learned that an express had arrived from the American F. T. Company, and that they will on in fifteen days. I was told last evening that one of Brother Spalding's Indians did not want to go any farther. This morning I inquired of him if this was so. He said "Yes." I told him he could return, but he must give me Brother Spalding's rifle, which he had to use, also his horse; he gave the rifle, but kept the horse. We move camp and proceeded to our encampment ten miles from Rendezvous. As we drew near the encampment, Allis came up and asked me if I was going to camp here. "Yes," I told him. He said the Nez Perces were going on. "Very well. It is not necessary we should." He said, "I shall go on." "You can, and you can go back, too," was my reply.

He spoke in an independent, insulting manner. He has induced Williams, Brother Spalding calls him, to leave also, and said he should take his horses on. "If you do, you must not expect to go with me. You must take no horses but your own."

I am told by Messrs. McLeod, McKay and Walker, that neither of the three have paid the least attention whatever to their horses, nor stood a single guard. Isaac, the old Nez Perce, and a Nez Perce boy have done the whole. They say the same. The three have now left. I have proposed to two of my Flat Heads to go with me down. Isaac says he will go on with me, and that the other hearts are bad—they don't like to do anything.

JULY 1ST, SATURDAY. I understood this morning we were to move camp, and prepared to do so. I was told we did not raise camp today, and probably not till Monday. This evening, I am told, we are to raise camp on the morrow. Today

Mr. Harris came to our camp. He thinks the company will not be here under eight days.

JULY 2ND, SABBATH. This morning we moved camp about nine, and proceeded over about twelve miles on to Green River and camped near the mouth of Horse Creek on an island. The camp of Mr. Drips is a short distance from us on Horse Creek. Mr. McLeod said to me this morning, after I remarked to him, "Had I known yesterday that you were going to move camp today, I should have gone over yesterday." He said to me, "There is no Sabbath in this country"—which is truly the case—No Sabbath. No Sabbaths dawn here to give rest to the body and food to the mind; desolation and profanity is inscribed on all that pertains to man, as if all who had reached these heights had already attained the final consummation of every Earthly object, and once here, they have no fears in relation to this world or the next. They seem to have cast off all fears of both God and man.

JULY 3RD. Today we have remained in camp. I called on Mr. Drips this morning to see if I could make arrangements to leave soon for the States. He thinks not. Soon after I returned to our camp, about twenty-five of the Delaware Indians came to our camp, by permission, to have a scalp dance, which differs from the Flat Head's materially. The men are mostly naked, all holding some implements of war. Their dance consists in jumping first on one and then on the other foot, and passing and repassing each other in every direction, and going and jumping round in the ring. Their musical instrument, which is the same as the Flat Head's, is so managed as to change the time, beating slow, then quick with a double beat: at every change of their music, they give the yell and jump in a different position, placing their bodies in a different position, erect, stooping forward, and on both sides stooping down as if to look through the bushes, or the ring for their enemies, and stepping from one side to the other, keeping time with their music, and yelling at intervals, and firing their guns; their scalps, perhaps three whole ones, were cut into nine or ten pieces, pretending to be as many scalps, all strung on one pole. Their dance continued for about four hours, when they all retired.

JULY 4TH. The Sixty-first anniversary of American Independence has dawned. Where now are the souls of those patriots, who proclaimed to the world this day sixty-one years since, that they were free men? Is there one that now survives to participate in the Jubilee of his country? A voice from the earth answers "No." They are now no more, their disembodied spirits have gone to their reward; the fruits of their labors they have left for others to inherit. We can remember and think of the valor, and celebrate the day; and while their souls are reaping the reward of their labors in another world, we can come around the Nation's Temple, and adore the God of Nations, and the Sustainer of the Universe. May the time soon come when a Jubilee from the bondage of sin, ignorance and superstition shall be proclaimed to a world, and when the Nations shall come around the Altar of Jehovah to celebrate the Triumphs of Redeeming Grace, in Peace and Good Will to all men.

About eleven o'clock we moved camp, and proceeded across some little branches, and on to an Island, commanding a view of the plain on the North side of Green River, where we are now camped, to remain till the company arrive from St. Louis—several of the Rear have arrived today, I am told. I have commenced a letter to Brother Spalding.

JULY 5TH. Today we have remained in camp, and sent out our hunters for meat. They came in this evening with a good quantity. Mr. Harris called on me this afternoon. He thinks there is prospect of my leaving soon after the Company arrive from St. Louis.

JULY 6TH. In camp all day. This evening my Flat Heads came over to my camp. One of them says he will go with me to the States. Today I was told, in conversation with Messrs. McLeod, McKay, Walker, and McLane, that Indian women are a lawful commerce among the men that resort to these mountains from the States and elsewhere. They named to me a man by the name of Dr. Newell, as he is called, who won a woman on a wager. On hearing that his old Flat Head wife was coming with McLeod's party, he said he must get rid of the woman. Accordingly, he went and sold her to her

previous owner for One Hundred Dollars. A second individual, they tell me, lost his wife on a wager. A few days after, he won a horse, and bought his wife back again. The buying and selling of Indian women is a common occurrence at this Rendezvous, especially among those having a white face. The principal White trader from the East of the Mountains, I am told, has taken three wives. He tells the Indians to take as many as they can—thus setting at defiance every principle of right, justice and humanity, and law of God and man.

JULY 7TH. In camp all day. About two P. M., we heard in the distant mountains several claps of thunder, and saw the lightning flash around the tops of the snowcapped peaks, which to the distant beholder seems to be far above the clouds.

JULY 8TH, SATURDAY. We have had a warm day with a little rain this afternoon. Mr. McLeod tells me that Mr. Slakam (Lft. Slocum) said to him he saw Mr. Parker\* at Oahoo last December and that Mr. Parker had offered Four Hundred Dollars for a passage home, and could get none at that rate.

JULY 9TH, SABBATH. Today we are permitted to remain in camp. May God assist us to keep this day sacred in meditating upon His word and goodness, manifested towards us during the past. Peace and quietness has comparatively prevailed in our camp today.

JULY 10TH. In camp. I have commenced a letter today to Dr. Whitman. This afternoon Mr. McLeod tells me we are to move camp on the morrow. Some few "Snakes" arrived at Mr. Drip's camp on \* \* \* They have a scalp dance today.

JULY 11TH. This morning we broke camp and moved up to the old camp at which we rendezvood last year, expecting the company from St. Louis soon.

This afternoon a Mr. Meldrum has come to my tent with three Choos, or Upsahpokys, as they call themselves.

\*Rev. Samuel Parker, who came with Dr. Whitman in 1835.

The one's name he calls the Choos came, two principal men, and one he calls the "Slap in the Face," a man of considerable standing in the Nation. They travel principally on or between the Yellowstone and Big Horn. They travel principally down above the range of the Black Hills as low as the mouth of Powder River, extending west to the height of land. They number about four hundred Lodges, averaging about ten persons to one Lodge. Their habits are total abstinence and mild. He says they have great affection for their children, generally hospitable among themselves and all who are with them, superstitious in their customs and religious worship, which consists of Idols of various descriptions, or a species of Medicine or jugglerism. They pay great regard to the sun, moon and stars. They have one Supreme Being, or Great Spirit. When the body dies, they think the spirit goes into Hades, or wanders in the air.

Mr. Meldrum tells me that they frequently inquire of the Whites about their religion, to know if things are right in their views of the Great Spirit. Do they ever manifest any anxiety to have Whites come among them? He says they do, which seems to be principally to teach them how to defend their country and get more property. They think it is from the assistance of Whites that they can become bigger men. In reference to Whites traveling with them, he says they would be perfectly safe, after once entering the Village. They are not treacherous. Their usual resort is at Fort Van Buren, on the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Rosebud. Mr. Meldrum and the three men are sent as delegates, with a medicine pipe, to present to the Whites at this place, also to the Flat Heads, Nez Perces and Snakes to make a peace with them. They want to be on friendly terms with them, to meet and trade with each other. Also to say to the Flat Heads, they will assist them in their wars against the Black Feet, and invite traders to come to their country, giving them permission to travel and trap in their country.

JULY 12TH. This morning a man by the name of Mr. Forsythe has offered to assist me in taking down our horses for the use of one to ride and carry his supplies going down. I have accepted his offer. Captain Thing has arrived from

Fort Hall. This evening I have heard the report of several guns, at or near Mr. Drip's camp, and from their noise, and yelling of persons about, I should think they were mad or intoxicated with liquors. I have also heard in a loud voice the dying words of the Saviour on the Cross repeated, followed by a loud laugh. No tongue can tell the extent that blasphemy is carried at this place. There seems to be no thought of God but to blaspheme his name.

JULY 13TH. This morning the three Crow Chiefs called on me. Seeing my flute in my tent, they asked me to blow it. I did so. They seemed much delighted at hearing me play "Watchman" and "What Is Life" in the Sabbath Songs.

Mr. Harris called at my tent this afternoon and gave me the following names of streams on the East and West sides of the mountains from Independence, Mo., to the Grand Round, Oregon.

First. The Big Blue, fourteen miles from Independence, empties into the Cansus (Kansas); 2nd, Wasse See Saw, forty miles; 3rd, Cansus (Kansas) twenty-five miles; 4th, a small creek near the Agency; 5th, Soteral or Grass Hopper River empties into the Cansus (Kansas); 6th, Soldier River, fifteen miles, six miles from Kaw Village (Cow Valley) empties into the Cansus (Kansas); 7th, Prairie Creek, fifteen miles, empties into the Cansus; 8th, Black Vermilion, eighteen miles, empties into the Cansus; 9th, Big Black Creek, a fork of the Blue, thirty miles; 10th, North Fork of the Blue, fifteen miles; 11th, Big Sandy forty miles. C. 12th, The West fork of the Blue, 136 to the Pawnee trails, twenty-five miles; 13th, across to the Big Platte, thirty miles. On the Big Platte on the South side, 1st, Ash Creek, fifteen miles; 2nd, Plumb Creek, twenty-five miles; 3rd, Little Muddy Creek; 4th, South Fork, forty miles, 360 from Independence to the North Fork on the South Side; Lower Cedar Bluffs, thirty miles; Upper Cedar Bluffs, twenty-five miles; a little Cottonwood Creek; Red Water Creek; the Chimney, seventy-five miles; Scott's Bluffs, twenty-five miles; to Horse Creek, fifteen miles; to Laramie's Fork, forty miles; from Fort William to where we leave the Platte, twelve miles; to Big Sandy Creek, six miles; Horse Shoe Creek, thirty-two from the Fort; the Wagon Town Creek,

thirty miles; to Bitter Cottonwood Creek, twenty-five miles; to Cherry Creek, ten miles; to Found Creek, ten miles; to the Platte, twelve miles; to the Big Box Elder Creek, ten miles; to the Red Branch, fifteen miles; to the Springs, fifteen miles.

(N. B. These names can be found on Page 159 of the Diary, and as nearly correct as they can be made out).

JULY 14TH, FRIDAY. This morning, I rode up to Mr. McLeod's for some few articles I wished of him, which he gave me. I returned and sent a line to Capt. Stewart, requesting him to send on our letters.

This afternoon Ellis came down and told the old man that I said he lied, and should not go to the States with me, which made him quite offended with me.

JULY 15TH, SATURDAY. This morning I have sent for meat by Forsythe and one of my Flat Heads. I have been writing to Rev. C. Eddy, Utica, N. Y.

JULY 16TH, SABBATH. In camp. Tired of waiting for the Company to come and some unwell. A number of Indians have passed through the camp singing the war song, and yelling terribly, at half past six this afternoon, to raise a party to kill five Bannocks that have arrived. The company are expected tomorrow evening.

JULY 17TH. This morning I rode up to Mr. McLeod's camp to see if any letters had been sent for me. None have come. The Company has not arrived yet.

JULY 18TH, TUESDAY. The Company from St. Louis have arrived. A young man by the name of Mr. Ewing has called upon me. Capt. Stewart and others are with the Company; also a Mr. Miller, etc. They have been since the 27th of June, coming from Fort William, on Laramie's Fork. Mr. Ewing and L. Phillipson called and took dinner with me. Mr. Miller, who is a portrait painter, called at tea or supper. After making every inquiry and search possible, I can find no letters from any of our friends in the hands of any individual, that have come up at this season. Our friends and the Board have

either neglected or forgotten us, or their letters have been mislaid or neglected to be forwarded to us.

JULY 19TH. This morning I learned that the Company would probably remain at this place till the 5th or 10th of August, to get through with their business. I have concluded to proceed as soon as possible. A number have engaged to go with me and a number more wish to go. Capt. Fontenelle called and took dinner with me, Mr. Miller at supper. Capt. Stewart and Mr. Thing have called today. I rode up to Mr. McLeod's camp to let him know my determination. On returning, the Snakes passed the camp in their usual manner of arriving at this Rendezvous. They were all mounted on their best war horses, about two hundred and fifty. They proceeded upon the gallop, singing, yelling, and firing their arms, some naked, some dressed in various ways to suit their fancy. They proceeded up as far as Mr. McLeod's camp and returned in the same manner as they went up, giving the hand to the traders on their return, stopping at the camp of the Delawares to have a smoke on the return. I have commenced a line to Mr. Ermtinger today, and closed those to Dr. Whitman and Brother Spalding.

JULY 20TH. About eleven o'clock last night an alarm was given through the camp that the Snakes and Bannocks were joining together to make an attack upon our camp, every one prepared accordingly, and continued on the alert all night.

Today we have learned that the Snakes had secreted three horses belonging to Mr. Meldrum, and had entered the Crows' camp and taken two more. The Delawares that are here, about twenty-five, immediately said they would join the Crows to defend themselves against the Snakes. During the day the horses have been given up, and a reconciliation effected for the present. We are told today at McLeod's camp that the Bannocks are on their way to this place, most probably to effect a peace with the Whites.

About six P. M. we had a strong gale of Northwest wind, which was followed by a heavy shower of rain, thunder and lightning.

JULY 21ST, FRIDAY. Today Mr. McLane, McLeod and Capt. Thing have called. I have written a line to Brother Spalding and Dr. Whitman for an introduction for Mr. Ewing to them.

JULY 22ND, SATURDAY. Last night one of my horses was stolen from the pen and picket. He is a brown horse, marked on the foreshoulder "H. B.," high withers, and a white spot on the right side under the saddle. This evening a party of trappers have returned, having met a party of about one hundred and twenty Black Feet. They lost one horse, which was killed, being shot with two balls.

JULY 23RD, SABBATH. Today, confusion, anxiety and perplexity has filled my mind. The news of the Black Feet has caused a great panic in camp. This afternoon, Big Eneas has come with four Indians, three Flat Heads, and one that is a Cree, but adopted the Flat Head tribe as his people. Two are the sons of the Grand Visage, or Big Face Chief. They wish to go to the States with me to learn more about the good people there. They wish me to delay going till Tuesday.

JULY 24TH, MONDAY. This morning my horse was found. The old Chief came to me. He told me he was going back to his country to stay there, and that he wished his two sons to go with me to learn about the Whites and their religion. He said he did not want I should make fools of them by making them drunken and bad men when they returned. I told him that he must tell his sons not to drink liquor, only when I did, and gave it to them, and that I would take them with me, and show them the White folks, and how they live. He said some of his people had gone to see the Whites, and did not live to get back to their country. Eneas and I told him the cause was that they drank and ate what they should not. He then told me his sons should do as I said and assist me to take my horses and getting back, etc.

I have sold my case for thirty dollars today, to purchase another at St. Louis.

JULY 25TH, TUESDAY. Last night we had a shower of rain, which continued for some time. We are to leave this

morning after breakfast. At eight we were on our way. Proceeding into the plains a short distance, one of our horses turned his pack and scared the rest, so that in a few minutes our horses were scattered on the prairie. We soon collected and repacked, and continued on till we came on to Little Sandy. At half past seven P. M., coming about sixty miles, making nearly three of our camps of last year, we are camped in the Willow.

JULY 26TH. This morning we started at half past seven. Soon after we started, one of my horses threw his pack and one of the Indians ran back towards camp. We soon got them together, packed the horse and started. Continued on till we reached a branch of Sweet Water at half past nine A. M. We stopped till half past one P. M. and proceeded over on to another branch of Sweet Water a few miles below where we camped last year and left a yearling. As we came to the camp, we struck an Indian trail of some thirty horse. Whether it is Crows or not, we are unable to tell. We have camped in the defile in the bend of the stream. We have come about fifty-five miles.

JULY 27TH. We were on the way at six this morning. When we were ready to start, we found that one stud horse was missing. I sent two Indians after him and continued on about two hours, or eight miles, and stopped to wait till the two could come up. They came on, having found the horse a few miles back about ten A. M. We started about twelve and came round the point of the mountains. We discovered a horse trail of from fifteen to twenty horses. We continued on, till we came to several large bands of Buffalo. Being out of meat, we had one killed, which started the band, it going to the Northeast. Some Indians discovered them on the move and soon discovered us. We saw four or five of them. Quickening our pace, we continued down a defile and crossed a stream several times. Continuing down, we camped at half past six, in the Willows on Sweet Water, coming about fifty-four miles.

JULY 28TH, FRIDAY. This morning we started at five o'clock, continued down Sweet Water and crossed the eighteen-

miles to the hour, both yesterday and today. We have been obliged to leave Barrows. He is too lazy to keep up.

AUGUST 2ND, WEDNESDAY. This morning at five our little party, except Barrows, whom we left behind yesterday with his horse that he has jaded down, were on the way. Proceeding at a quick pace we arrived at this Fort on Laramie's Fork at half past seven A. M. coming about ten miles. We find it in the charge of Mr. Woods.

Finding some of my horses' feet worn, I have got four of them shod. We find a number of Sioux at this Fort. The Chief gave us an invitation to a feast this evening, which he has provided with roots, beaten up and boiled in water and marrow grease, presented us in a dish, made of a nut, and horn spoons. The chief made many apologies for not being able to procure a dog for us, which they consider as a great treat to a White man, and a valuable animal among themselves.

Barrows came in about three o'clock this afternoon. From every report, our way seems to be completely blocked by Indians, and but a few days since, a half breed has been killed by a party of Sioux below the Chimney. My Indians and men are fearful about proceeding. In my own mind these circumstances have cleared our way of Indians, rendering it less dangerous for us.

We design to proceed on the morrow.

AUGUST 3RD, THURSDAY. Last night we had a considerable rain. This morning is cool and cloudy. We think of leaving this afternoon.

AUGUST 4TH. Mr. Wood told me yesterday afternoon before we left that he should charge me nothing for the things and shoeing our horses, etc. We left the Fort at six o'clock P. M., proceeded to the ford, and soon crossed on to the North side of the Platte, and proceeded down till half past eight in the evening. One of our Indians has remained at the Fort.

This morning we let our horses eat that we may proceed in the night. At half past seven we proceeded on about four hours till half past eleven, and stopped till half past three P.

M., and proceeded till eight in the evening. We are camped opposite some bluffs on the South side of the River, on the North side.

AUGUST 5TH, SATURDAY. We had some rain last night. Our horses ramble this morning so that we must be off soon. At half past seven our little company were mounted. We proceeded down the River till near the Chimney, and stopped and turned out our horses and lay till half past five in the afternoon, when we caught up our horses, and continued on till one o'clock at night and stopped at a little pond on the prairie.

AUGUST 6TH, SABBATH. It has dawned. The present moment is calm and peaceful, but soon onward we must move. May we soon reach the place where we can enjoy a Sabbath in the Sanctuary of our God. Yesterday morning, we started at five o'clock. Proceeded till ten A. M. and stopped at a sand bluff opposite the Cedar Bluffs to breakfast at two P. M. We proceeded on till seven P. M., and camped on the bank of the River.

Soon after we stopped it began to rain and blow terribly, and continued nearly all night. This morning we are all wet and cold. No wood for a fire.

AUGUST 7TH, MONDAY. A wet, cold morning. At five o'clock we proceeded. Soon after we had started from our encampment, this morning, one of my Indians discovered a Buffalo, as was supposed. He, with Eneas, our guide, proceeded to determine what it might be. When, on arriving sufficiently near, they discovered it to be an Indian, who by this time had discovered the two in advance of our party, and in a moment our whole party. He immediately began to make signals to his party by turning round his horse and riding in a circle, round and advancing towards our party, who soon reached the place to learn the cause of the signal that had been given by the Indian. On arriving we discovered a number of Indians coming toward us in the direction of the River. We inquired who they were and they told us they were Sioux. They made signs to us to stop and go to their Village. We

mile cut off, or big bend, and stopped at half past ten to noon till three P. M. We continued down the stream within twenty-five miles of the Rock Independence. Arriving in camp at seven P. M. We have come today about forty-seven miles. Last night and yesterday afternoon, we had considerable rain. We all got somewhat wet.

JULY 29TH, SATURDAY. At five this morning we proceeded down Sweet Water to the Rock Independence and stopped at ten A. M. to breakfast. At half past one P. M. we proceeded; taking a North of East course. We continued on about twenty miles and discovered on a distant hill a horse. We then struck off the trail about six miles and came to several springs and branches of Willows to camp, half past seven in the evening, coming about fifty miles.

JULY 30TH, SABBATH. Not for me, for onward we must hasten to avoid the pursuit of our enemies, and escape the dangers with which we are surrounded. We started this morning at half past four, proceeded down below the Red Buttes to the ford and crossed and stopped to noon at ten A. M. At half past two P. M. we were on the move. Proceeding down the Platte, or North Fork of it, near twenty-five miles, we have camped in a bend of large timber 6 1-2 P. M.

We have come about fifty-two miles today. One of the men has fallen in the rear and has not yet arrived. He seems to be too indolent to keep up his horse, and too little energy to help himself along, which has been his whole course from the Rendezvous. I have had to send back for him twice, to bring him to camp, which is most trying to my patience, knowing him to be a man of no energy whatever. One of our men is now after him at sundown. Thus has closed the last Sabbath in July, but it brings a gleaming hope of soon meeting in the sanctuary of my God to worship Him with His children around His altar. May every trial and perplexity lead my mind to the calm ocean of peace on High.

JULY 31ST, MONDAY. Last night, half an hour after dark, the man was found and brought into camp. Those who remained, hearing the report of a gun on coming to camp, in-

quired if any had been fired by us. Being told "No," they said they had heard one to the North of us on the opposite side of the River. After getting our supper, we thought not safe to remain in our encampment. Accordingly, we loaded our animals and started. Proceeded down the River at a quick pace about two hours and a half. Finding ourselves on the fork of a small stream, we stopped and turned loose our horses and kept a good guard round them till half past four in the morning, when we were on our way. Continuing down the Platte till a little past eight o'clock, we struck off into the Black Hills and proceeded till ten A. M., and stopped to noon on a little stream. At one P. M. we proceeded over on to the stream at the Red Buttes to camp. We sent for meat this afternoon by our Indians. They killed a cow and found she had been wounded yesterday or today. He brought the arrow point to us. As they came to camp, they saw an Indian, not far from us. We are now to proceed to avoid any danger to which we may be exposed. At half past seven, our little party were on the move, taking a Southeast course instead of our right course. We proceeded about two hours and a half and stopped in the Hills on a dry water course, covering between eight and ten miles.

AUGUST 1ST, TUESDAY. At four this morning we were on the march. I cannot but believe that the hand of God is our guard and shield in the forewarnings He has given. The Cow from which the arrow point was taken, was killed, from a band of near two hundred, and it was found to be a recent wound which led the two that killed it to take but little of the meat, and proceeded immediately to camp, which led to the discovery of the Indian who was discovering the best means of taking our animals and lives. We have avoided both through the interposition of Providence. Today we proceeded till nine P. M. and stopped till eleven, and proceeded down out the Platte, and crossed a slough or shoot, and proceeded down till we came to the Lower end. In attempting to cross, four of our horses got mired in the quick sand, and one remained one and a half hour before we could get him out. We arrived at this place four P. M. and camped. We have averaged over four

had been told on passing Fort William, in case we met any Indians, not to admit them or have anything to do with them, as they would appear friendly till we reached their village and then they would rob, if not kill us.

We told them by signs we did not want to stop, but must proceed. We then gave them the tobacco we had, and started to pass them. They, seeing that one of my Indians was unarmed, rode up to him, and caught his whip from his hand. Some of them attempted to catch his riding cord. I immediately rode up to them, and told my Indian, who was a Nez Perce, to go ahead of the animals, and to proceed fast. The Sioux then made signs for me to stop. I did so for a few moments till I was surrounded by them, and some of them caught hold of my horse's bridle, which I immediately drew from their hands, and passed them, keeping in rear of our little party, between the two, which by this time had reached the River, at the place where the party of Sioux had just crossed, which was a meat party, then on their return, and had camped on the opposite side of the Platte. Soon after we entered the River to cross, we were fired upon by those pursuing us. Two of my Flat Heads immediately turned and ran about twenty-five of them back a short distance, and returned the fire to no effect. While returning to join our party soon after they had passed me, a number of balls were fired at me. One wounded my horse in the hip. He partly fell. I dismounted. He recovered. I supposed the wound might be from a spent ball and mounted him again, and had scarcely proceeded ten yards before a volley of balls passed me on all sides, and a second ball, of which I was not aware of at the time, entered the side of my horse. He soon fell in the water. I dismounted and continued with the horse for some minutes, till I perceived he was exhausted, and left him, the Sioux firing at us constantly from different sand bars on to which they would wade. I called for another horse, which Isaac attempted to bring me in the River, but did not reach me in consequence of the balls that were passing thick on all sides. He let the horse go, and I waded to the shore, upon which our party had now made a little halt, and commenced firing at our pursuers. Perceiving that they were fording the River below at the point we had just crossed and above us, we mounted our horses and proceeded about three-

fourths of a mile up the River. By this time the Indians had nearly gained the shore above us.

We immediately left the bank of the River, and ascended the first bluff that seemed to afford any shelter. Finding ourselves closely pursued, and several of our horses wounded, we stopped at a point of bluffs, the upper part of which the Sioux had gained before us, and by this time had surrounded us at a distance, keeping a constant firing at us. We turned loose our horses and prepared for defending, as far as possible, ourselves and horses.

Soon after we reached the last point of retreat, I laid down my arms and proceeded to the top of the bluff in the hopes of effecting a reconciliation or an escape for our party. I had been there but a moment before a number of balls passed me on every side. One ball passed through my hat, slightly wounding me on the back part of my head. I then concluded that blood and murder was the determination of our enemies, and returned to where I had left my gun, and on examining it, found that it had got wet in the River. After snapping several caps, I succeeded in getting it off. While reloading, I received a second wound on the right temple, nearly stunning me for the moment.

The Indians by this time had crawled down the bank and driven off about half our horses, and most of our baggage, which, I was in hopes, would induce them to relinquish their murderous designs, as I believe no one except myself had been wounded on either side.

However, they continued firing till a Frenchman, by the name of Joseph Papair, called out to us in English how many Frenchmen there were with us. Mr. Callaghan, one of our party, told him there were three. He then told us that we must come away or the Indians would kill us. We told him to come around to us. Accordingly he started to come to us. We met him a little above the point of the Bluffs, where my Indians, three Flat Heads, one Nez Perce and our guide, an Iroquois, still remained to await the event of our consultation. We told Papair, as we also did the Indians, or Sioux, when we first met them, who these Indians were and their object. Papair said to us the Sioux were determined to kill them,

and we must not say anything about them, or we would be killed; while we were talking, the Sioux passed us, rushed upon my Indians, and butchered them in a most horrible manner. We were then ordered to go to their village. We mounted some of our horses, and while proceeding down the Bluff to the River, some Indians came up to us and told us to get off. We did so and proceeded down to the foot of the bluff on foot. We then mounted some of our loose horses we found, and were permitted to ride them into their village. We learned that three Sioux were killed in rushing upon my Indians, and some three or four wounded, in the engagement, which from the time the Sioux commenced firing till they had killed our five Natives, was about two hours. A large party of the Sioux conducted us to their village, while a number more remained in rear, pillaging our baggage. As we drew near the Village, we met an old Chief, dressed in his war clothes, bearing in his hand his pipe and on his breast a medal, bearing the miniature and name of the President of the United States. We were ordered to dismount and give him our hand, and then conducted into his lodge. In a few moments the corpse of his son was brought in and the death song commenced.

The corpse was first laid on a robe on the ground, then placed in a sitting position, leaning against a kind of screen. It was first painted red, then dressed with his war dress, and in a short time painted black. In the meantime, the old Chief prepared and presented his pipe to us. Soon after, a dish containing boiled Buffalo meat was set before us, of which the pain caused by my wound and situation I was unable to partake but little of. In a short time after we were told to go to Papair's lodge, where we remained all night. During the engagement, the Indians killed four of our horses and wounded a fifth. After we arrived in the village, during the afternoon, they shot another horse, which died in a short time. We were told by Papair that he was employed by Major Pilcher to remain with the Indians. He also stated that he had been in the employ of the American Fur Company. The Chiefs came during the afternoon and showed us Certificates from their Agent, Major Beene, also presented to us their medals, saying they were friends of the Whites. The scalp dance com-

menced soon after we entered the Village, and continued till late in the night.

AUGUST 8TH, TUESDAY. This morning we were told by Papair that the Indians would not give us all our horses and things. He also told us we had better leave the Village, saying that the Indians might hurt us if we stayed any longer with them. He said he had told the Indians to bring our things and horses, which we found to be nine of the poorest, and some few articles of clothing of no service to an Indian—retaining and having killed fourteen of our best animals, all of our provisions, stripping our saddles of girths, stirrup and croopers, keeping those of the most value, and giving us theirs in exchange—giving us between three and five day's provisions, having taken from us thirty-eight pounds of flour, fifteen pounds of loaf sugar, three pounds of coffee, all our meat, and one bushel of roots, or Indian potatoes, two kettles, one copper, one tin; three large tin pans, three small; two knives, six forks; two plates, tin; destroying three saddle bags, my trunk, leather, taking nearly every article in it, giving me only part of the papers and letters I had in charge. Taking one costume complete, a dress coat, pantaloons and vest, an outer cap, cotton wrapper and shirts; one Buffalo Robe; two otter skins; six elk; six deer and a number of small articles; all our ammunition, etc., etc. On leaving the Village, we were escorted about half a mile by three soldiers, two of them discharged their guns as soon as we had proceeded about three hundred yards from them, for what purpose we know not. They told us to cross the River, which we did, and continued down on the south side of the North fork of the Platte. We proceeded down the River about twenty-five miles and camped. Here we found we were without covering or shelter, the Indians having taken our blankets and oilcloth, and nearly all our apishermoes.

AUGUST 9TH, WEDNESDAY. This morning we proceeded down till we came to the lower Cedar Bluffs and stopped to noon. Leaving our noon camp we proceeded for about two hours, when we were obliged to stop and run before a terrible rain and hail storm, which continued for near an hour. When it abated, we turned our horses and made for the River to find

shelter and wood for a fire. We reached the River about sun down, in about an hour, we succeeded in getting a small fire, by which we dried ourselves but poorly for the night.

AUGUST 10TH, THURSDAY. At six this morning we proceeded down the North fork about fourteen miles, and crossed over on to and crossed the South fork and stopped to noon. We proceeded down the River about three hours in the afternoon and camped.

AUGUST 11TH, FRIDAY. During the past night and till about ten o'clock today we have had constant rain. About ten A. M. we proceeded down a little below the forks and camped, one of our horses giving out this afternoon.

AUGUST 12TH, SATURDAY. We made an attempt to approach a band of Buffalo this morning, thinking we would remain at this place and make meat sufficient to carry us to Independence. Not succeeding, we thought best to proceed. About eleven A. M. we proceeded down about twenty-five miles and camped.

AUGUST 13TH, SABBATH. Our supplies becoming scarce, and no prospect of finding any more buffalo, we continued down the River, stopping a short time to noon, about thirty miles, and camped.

AUGUST 14TH, MONDAY. At sunrise continued our route down the River. Eleven A. M. stopped to noon. Proceeding down the River till after dark, we came to a shoot on the River. Our horses rushed down the bank to drink and were too weak to get up. In consequence of which, we were detained near an hour in getting them out. We proceeded a short distance and camped.

AUGUST 15TH, TUESDAY. We continued down the River about thirty miles today and camped on the main Platte.

AUGUST 16TH, WEDNESDAY. This morning we were obliged to kill one of our horses and take some of the meat

to prevent the effects of hunger and save ourselves from perishing of starvation.

Proceeding down the River a short distance, we left the main Platte and struck into the Prairie.

The two men that are with me telling me we must leave the waters of the Platte at this place, we proceeded a Southeast course about ten miles, and not finding a trail, as we expected, we thought best to retrace our steps for the Platte, coming on to a little stream of water. We stopped to rest our animals, most of them being on the point of giving out. While we were laying by, we had a gale of wind, preceded by thunder and lightning, but no rain. About four o'clock, we attempted to reach the River, but found we were obliged to stop on the Prairie, in consequence of the wind and rain, which commenced about six P. M.

AUGUST 17TH, THURSDAY. This morning we were obliged to remain in our camp till late, in consequence of two of our horses not being found with the others. At nine A. M. they were found and we started for the River, reached it just in time to find one of our company who started after the horses and had got lost from us, and was then making his way down the river a considerable distance below us. We camped on reaching the River to rest our horses.

AUGUST 18TH. Today we have remained in camp, and burn their hoofs with a horseshoe that we had taken off from one of them for that purpose, their feet becoming tender and worn out from the journey.

AUGUST 19TH. This morning we found that two of our horses were missing from the picket. After searching for them till about eleven o'clock, we thought best to proceed down the River and camped on a branch about thirty miles below our encampment on the Platte on the 17th inst.

AUGUST 20TH. At five this morning we started. Continuing down the River about four hours and coming to a piece of Indian corn, we stopped and made our dinner of some beans, which we found among the corn and green pumpkins,

which we found to relish quite well. We proceeded a short distance farther and came to the village, in which we found no living human being. We continued a few miles below the village and camped for the night, thinking the Village we had passed might be the Old Oto Village.

AUGUST 21ST. Today after proceeding down the River till we came in sight of the Mouth of the Loup Fork we concluded we had passed the Oto Village, and turned short to the River and stopped a short time to noon, and proceeded down till dark and camped on a sand bar in the Platte.

AUGUST 22ND. This morning we crossed the Platte and found ourselves in the forks of two Rivers. We concluded it was best to proceed up the one till we found either a trail or a house.

While proceeding up in the bottoms, I requested Grimm to go to the River on our right to see if there was a trail; in case there was, he was to fire his rifle, or give us some signal. He proceeded to the River, and we continued on up till we struck a trail, leading us across the stream, which we found to be the Loup Fork. We crossed and stopped to rest our horses. Callaghan tells me that Grimm said he was going to recross the Platte and go down on the South side to the mouth, to find provisions as soon as possible.

We proceeded on to near the Mussle Shell Creek and camped in the Prairie—Lawrence's horse giving out.

AUGUST 23RD. We continued on all day and camped on the main River.

AUGUST 24TH. Today we succeeded in getting across the Elkhorn by swimming our horses, having struck it too low down for the usual crossing place.

AUGUST 25TH. This morning we started. Taking a Southeast course, we struck a divide, and continued down till we came into the forks of a small stream, on either side of which we found deep ravines, so that we could not cross our horses, and were obliged to return to the Elkhorn and camp

for the night. Here we began to feel the want of provisions and the pangs of hunger, to relieve which we thought best to kill a horse, of which we made our meal for the night.

AUGUST 26TH. Today we started, taking a due East course. We struck a trail and continued on it till night, having crossed several streams, which we succeeded in getting our horses across with considerable difficulty.

AUGUST 27TH. This morning at sunrise we started, hoping soon to find some place where we could get relief from our present situation and wants. We continued on till about nine o'clock, and came out at Council Bluffs. Our feeling on again seeing a human being can better be imagined than described. May God help us to ever remember His Goodness to us in the trials we have just passed and help us to improve from past experience in future usefulness, patience and perseverance, for the promotion of His cause among the Heathen and savage tribes of our land.

On arriving at the Bluffs, we found Mr. Mitchell, trader among the Black Feet, at the post. I made several inquiries respecting the prospect of members of the Board traveling with the Black Feet. He seemed to favor the proposition, and said he would forward a letter, giving a bill of prices for supplies to the care of the Company at St. Louis. He also said he would endeavor to procure the remainder of my letters from the Sioux and forward them to me as soon as possible.

AUGUST 28TH, MONDAY. About ten this morning, being furnished with horses by Mr. Papaw, we continued down till we reached Belview (Bellevue), where we found our boat. We also met Brothers Dunbar, Allis, and Doctor James, agent to the Potowatomies (Potowatomies), with their wives. We remained at Belview till Thursday, 31st, when we left and proceeded down the Missouri River in our canoe till we reached Fort Leavenworth.

SEPTEMBER 7TH. We reached the Fort. I called on Mrs. Morgan, Major being absent. I also called on Capt. Sumner, who is the Commanding Officer.

SEPT. 8TH. We proceeded down the River till we met the Steamboat, Booneville, and got on board, and returned with her to St. Louis, where we arrived on the 13th of September, 1837. I remained at St. Louis till the 18th to arrange my affairs, respecting the Sioux, and proceeded to Cincinnati. Arriving the 22nd, left the 25th, and reached Utica on Saturday, Oct. 15th, being eight days in going to St. Thomas and returning to Buffalo to deliver the little son of Mr. Ermatinger.

I left Buffalo the 13th, arrived in Utica the 15th, being one year and seven months absent, having experienced the goodness of God in unnumbered ways in the special preservation of life and health, while performing a journey of little more than ten thousand miles.

It may be said of the several tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, that they are generally mild in their disposition, kind in their treatment of strangers and each other, and scrupulously honest in all their dealings. Lying is scarcely known among some of the tribes.

The Spokanes are a band of about one hundred, or one hundred and fifty families, situated on the Spokane River, about one hundred and thirty-eight miles from Walla Walla. They are located at the place called the Old Fort, which was first established by Astor—a part of the band are partially stationed on the head waters of the River, bearing the name of the Tribe. Those in the vicinity of the Old Fort, which is now gone to decay, have for the last years cultivated nearly enough for their subsistence; with a little assistance from a Teacher they can easily be taught civilization in all its parts.

Their country is generally well timbered, interspersed with beautiful plains. Their manners are mild and hospitable, manifesting a strong religious feeling, devout in all their forms of worship, and strict in attending all their meetings of a Religious character. They have a native school, taught by one of their own young men, who has received a limited education at Red River, by the name of Garry.

They have also a house, devoted for Religious meetings, sufficiently large to contain all the persons in the Village. Their worship is similar to that of the Nez Percés. Garry has a Bible, from which he attempts to teach the Natives. Having received his knowledge away from his Tribe, he has in several instances imposed on their credulity by his superior knowledge.

The Pend d'Oreilles are a band of about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred families, situated north of the Flat Head, or Clark River; their language is the same as the Spokanes and Flat Heads. They usually remain in their country during the Spring and Summer; in the Fall and Winter they proceed

up the Flat Head River, join the main camp of the Flat Heads, and go to the Buffalo during the winter. In the Spring they return to their country, and fish and dig roots, upon which they subsist till they leave for their winter hunt with the Flat Heads. They are a peaceable and well disposed band; brave when put to the test in self defense; manifesting a deep interest in religious instruction, honest in all their dealings, generous and hospitable to strangers. Whenever a White man is traveling with them, they uniformly share their last provisions with him. If he is in want, they will divide their last morsel to relieve him. Their character and feelings all tend to favor and promote civilization. They manifest a readiness to settle on their lands and cultivate for a living.

The Flat Heads number about one hundred and fifty or two hundred families. They usually wander on Clark's River and its several branches. In their hunting excursions, they pass over from the head waters of Clark's River on to the heads of the Missouri. In their wanderings they pass on to some of the branches of the Lewis River in the mountains in their spring hunts. In the Fall they pass to the North and cross over to the Eastern waters, and return and Winter on the River bearing their name.

Their disposition is mild and cheerful; in their dealings perfectly honest; in their wars, brave; in their treatment of the Whites, frank and generous. They, too, will share their last morsel with the White man, and sacrifice their own life to preserve his. Two instances have occurred to convince me of this fact—the first is in the case of admitting the Black Feet into our camp on the 10th of June (on page 141 of the Diary). Every Flat Head was ready, the moment any violence should be offered their trader, to defend him to the last.

In my own case I could not prevail on them to leave me till they were butchered before my eyes, although at the commencement of the attack there was no prospect of their escaping death from the Sioux. (Diary, see page 168).

They usually observe the Sabbath day as a day of religious worship, seldom traveling on that day, except from imperious necessity. They usually, on the Saturday afternoon, erect a pole around which they assemble on the Sabbath, and perform

their religious ceremonies, which consists of singing, exhortation and a prayer. They then disperse and occupy the remainder of the day in various sports and amusements, which consists in playing roolet, hand and horse racing, seldom performing any manual labor. They manifest a readiness to receive instruction on all points relative to civilization and religion.

This Tribe selected a place in their country, in which they wished to have a Religious teacher build a house and settle with them. (Page 118).

The disposition of the Flat Head varies from that of the Nez Perce. While the Nez Perce is about your tent and dwelling urging himself forward, the Flat Head stands at a distance and looks on till he is satisfied you are not disposed to receive his company, when he retires, not venturing into your dwelling without an invitation. When he enters he expects you will point him to a seat. If you manifest a disposition to get rid of him, he retires, and will not venture to call on you again, till invited, though they seem to manifest no displeasure at your not wishing their company. In case you should tell one of them to leave your dwelling, you will not have an occasion to repeat the request. On the contrary, a Nez Perce may be told ten times to leave your dwelling, and as often he will return, after being absent a short time, reclining on the most convenient place that offers.

In conversation, they usually speak in a low tone of voice. Their language possesses much of the guttural sound, having but few words to express their ideas. Many of their words convey an entirely different meaning from a slight difference in the termination of the sound.

Perfect harmony and peace seems to prevail in all their domestic affairs; quarreling is scarcely known among them. In case they have any question of importance, or that involves any material interest, they uniformly make it known to any White man that may be among them, and get his opinion in reference to it, and generally do as he thinks or tells them is right.