

HISTORY OF OREGON - Armstrong

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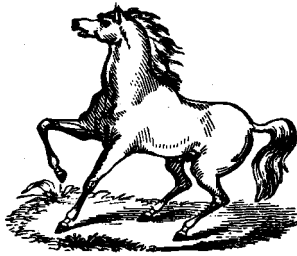
A. N. ARMSTRONG



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OREGON

This is Howes A,318 and Smith 285. It is listed on on page 134 of the Wemyss, *The General Guide to Rare Americana*. The work has for some years been valuable on the antiquarian book market.



Of this edition 500 copies were finished.

This is Copy Number 109.



OREGON

BY
A. N. ARMSTRONG



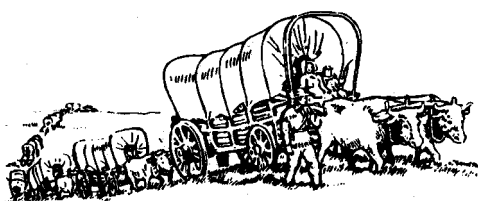
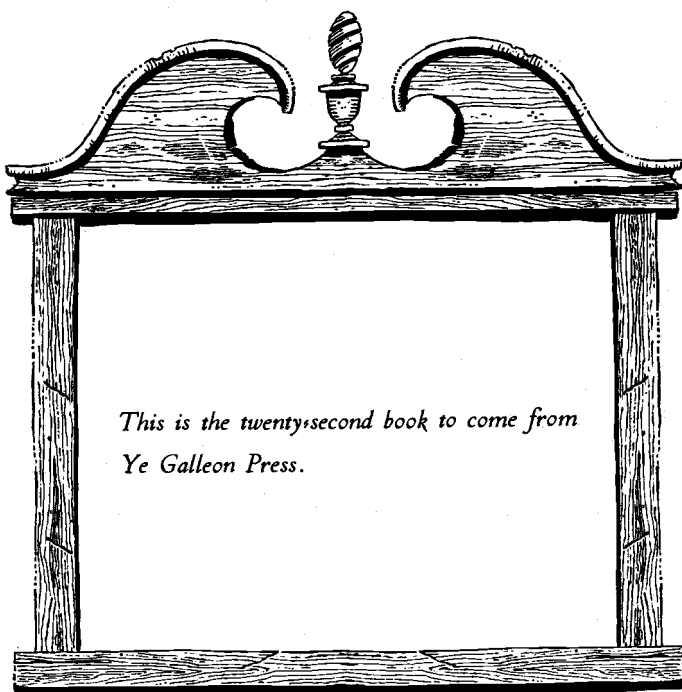
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FAIRFIELD, WASHINGTON

1969


Biographical

Little is known about A. N. Armstrong. We know that he was in Oregon in the 1850's as he was a Major in the Oregon Mounted Volunteers during the Yakima War. He worked for the Oregon Surveyor General and no doubt acquired some knowledge of Oregon history and topography in this capacity. He was said to be a relative of Pleasant Armstrong and seems to have argued a bit with Pleasant's widow, Jane, about settlement of the estate. I have no information that A. N. Armstrong was in the Pacific Northwest after 1856 and it is assumed that he returned to the east, possibly to arrange for the publication of his book.

This information was furnished by Miss Priscilla Knuth of the Oregon Historical Society.

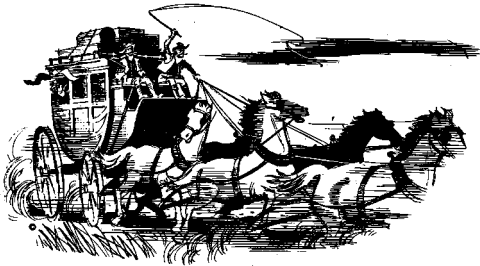


Some Notes

rmstrong's *OREGON* might best be read by those individuals who already have a considerable knowledge of the history of the Pacific Northwest. As history it is not very accurate so the pages need to be read with a measure of forgiveness, this particularly where dates are concerned. The author also displays little compassion for the native peoples as might be expected of an officer in the Oregon Volunteers. Armstrong's nonchalance regarding civil rights of the natives was not untypical of the day nor would such a point of view be at all difficult to find at present, well over a century later. The author did lose his brother, Pleasant Armstrong, killed fighting Indians in Oregon. While it is easy to be critical of the Armstrong text for historical accuracy it is improbable

that the author intended it to be strictly history; it might better be described as a word picture of the Pacific Northwest, Oregon and Washington territories, in the 1850's. It is not written with the commendable attention to detail that we find in James Swan's *The Northwest Coast*, but a much larger geographic area is described. The author presumably also intended the work to entice settlers to the area. The Armstrong manuscript was written in 1856, or slightly less than one decade after settlement of the international boundary with England. At this date most of the old Oregon territory was wilderness.

Glen Adams
Spring, 1969.





working copy of this book was furnished by the Reference Department of the Spokane Public Library. My special thanks go to Miss Mary Johnson, reference librarian, Spokane Public, for her patience and cooperation in the printing of the Armstrong history.



OREGON:

COMPRISING A

BRIEF HISTORY AND FULL DESCRIPTION

OF THE TERRITORIES OF

OREGON AND WASHINGTON,

EMBRACING THE

CITIES, TOWNS, RIVERS, BAYS,
HARBORS, COASTS, MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS,
PRAIRIES AND PLAINS; TOGETHER WITH REMARKS
UPON THE SOCIAL POSITION, PRODUCTIONS, RESOURCES AND
PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY, A DISSERTATION UPON
THE CLIMATE, AND A FULL DESCRIPTION OF
THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE PACIFIC
SLOPE, THEIR MANNERS, ETC.

INTERSPERSED WITH

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

BY A. N. ARMSTRONG,

FOR THREE YEARS A GOVERNMENT SURVEYOR IN OREGON.

CHICAGO

PUBLISHED BY CHAS. SCOTT & CO.

1857.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1857, by

A. N. ARMSTRONG,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Northern District of Illinois.

CHAS. SCOTT & CO.

PRINTERS & BINDERS,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

J. Conahan, Stereotyper.

COPY OF CORRESPONDENCE.

WABASH, IND., June 28, 1856.

DEAR SIR:—As I know that you have, for many years, been engaged in surveying in most of the Western States, and that you have been, for several years just past, connected with the Government Surveys in Oregon Territory, I am satisfied that your long experience in the Western country, and the facilities afforded you, by your occupation, for exploring the country, qualify you, in no ordinary degree, to give us a full description of Oregon Territory. Will you, therefore, at your first leisure, give us some information respecting that country that can be relied upon; and greatly oblige, not only the writer, but many of your old friends,

With esteem, &c.,

MAJ. A. N. ARMSTRONG,
Oquawka, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—In complying with the request embodied in your complimentary note, I must premise any description I may attempt giving you with the remark that few, except those who are at least partially acquainted with the Territory of Oregon, can form a correct idea of the difficulties attending the performance of the task you have assigned me. This far-famed Oregon, and, indeed, all this portion of the Pacific Coast—differs so much from any other part of the United States, that the best geographical description that can be given of it will impart but a feeble idea of the reality, to one who has never beheld it.

Oregon is a beautiful, romantic, and healthful clime. A birds-eye view of the landscape will reveal the features that make up a scene of surpassing loveliness. The level prairie, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass; here and there a round, bare butte—an isolated mountain, destitute of timber—rising up from the level plain to the height of from fifty to two hundred feet, green as a meadow both winter and summer; scat-

tering white oaks, with occasionally a skirt of fir timber stretching far out into the prairie. From North to South, extending as far as the eye can reach, through the center of the Territory, stretches the celebrated range of Cascade Mountains, with occasionally a snow-covered peak lifting its lofty head almost to the skies, and in summer, when the sun shines down in all his glory upon the white mantle that encircles its brow, seeming to wear a glittering crown of majestic grandeur. Delightful groves of fir, spruce, and white cedar that are not surpassed in the world; mountain streams without number, and beautiful springs of pure, running water, rippling over their smooth gravel beds, to cool and quench the thirst of the worn-out emigrant who has toiled for months and run a thousand risks of his life, and now, as he hails the beautiful Land of Promise, eagerly springs forward, dropping on his knees by the cooling brook which kisses the parched lips that approach its silvery wavelets.

Having taken this birds-eye view, add to these elements of beauty a climate that imparts vigor and robust health—a fertility of soil that commends itself to every settler as being all that could be desired—and the boundless facilities for stock-grazing—and you have before you the Territory of Oregon, combining, in a degree seldom met with, the Beautiful with the Practical. This is the Territory of which you ask me to give you a detailed description! The task looms up like the Cascade Range as an obstacle in the path; but, glancing at my crowded note book, that accompanied me in many weary miles o'er mountain and valley, while exploring this region from North to South and from East to West, I yield to the inclination that prompts me to comply with the wishes of my friends, and respectfully refer you and the public to the following pages, wherein I have attempted surmounting the difficulties that were arrayed against me—whether successfully, or otherwise, must not be decided by

THE AUTHOR.

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OREGON.

I.

IN the year 1762, France ceded to Spain the Territory of Louisiana. In that treaty, Spain claimed to be the possessor of the whole North-West Territory, including Oregon. The Spanish Government built a fort and planted a colony in latitude $50^{\circ} 30' N.$, near Nootka Sound, in 1780, the country at that time being inhabited by an immense number of savage Indians. The settlement was abandoned in 1792—the same year in which Capt. GRAY ascended the Columbia river. In 1800, Spain ceded the whole of Louisiana, including Oregon, to France; and in 1803, France ceded the whole to the United States.

During this period, several whaling vessels had passed and visited this coast. In the year 1802, the ship *Boston*, Capt. JOHN SALTER, from Boston, Mass., visited this coast, while upon a whaling expedition, and put into Nootka Sound for a supply of fresh water. While they were upon shore, the captain and crew were attacked by a party of savages, and all killed except two men—one JOHN R. JEWETT, and a man named THOMPSON. They were kept in a state of abject slavery among the

Indians, during the space of two years and a half. JEWETT being a gunsmith, the natives availed themselves of his skill in making knives and fishing instruments. THOMPSON was a sail maker, which made him very useful to the Indians, as they got a large amount of sail cloth from the ship. During the period of their captivity, they suffered untold hardships—being compelled to labor unceasingly, and to live on fish and whale oil—until, finally, they were released from their thralldom by the strategy and skill of the brave and unfaltering JEWETT.

From 1802 until 1804, the Oregon coast was occasionally visited by both American and British vessels engaged in the fur trade, and by parties belonging to both countries who traveled over the country in search of furs and peltries.

In the year 1804, during the administration of THOMAS JEFFERSON, the purchase having been made from France the year previous, the President, with great wisdom and prudence, thought the newly acquired territory should be explored. After considerable search and inquiry for parties adequate to this great undertaking, which required men possessed, in an eminent degree, of perseverance, skill, energy and fortitude, to enable them to venture out among the savages and wild beasts which were said to infest the Rocky mountains,—with the certainty before them of having to spend one or two winters in that far northern climate, then supposed to be immensely cold, he finally made choice of Messrs.

LEWIS and CLARK, as being men qualified for the task. They were both notorious for their great courage and bravery, and were known to be men of untiring and unfaltering perseverance.

Early in the spring of 1804, LEWIS and CLARK'S EXPEDITION set out; passing up the Missouri river, they struck across the Rocky mountains to the head waters of some of the tributaries of the Columbia river, along which they followed until they reached that river, which they descended to the ocean. They spent the winter in the valley, and, to their great astonishment, in this far northern region,—latitude $46^{\circ} 5'$,—there was no ice, but little snow (which soon melted off), and grass as green as a wheat field. They returned in the spring of 1805, with a glowing description of the far off country, but there was very little anxiety expressed by the citizens to venture out for settlement.

The British and Americans each made occasional settlements, consisting mainly of young men, hunters and trappers, there being but few women in the country at that time.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, the great American trader, brought into the country a great many French, for the purpose of hunting and trapping, the defence of his forts, and the protection of his goods from the roguish natives. These French, scattered over the country, intermarried with the natives, and their descendants are, to this day, a great annoyance to the present settlers of Oregon. So the

British and Americans held possession jointly, until the year 1846, when all that part south of 49° north latitude, was ceded to the United States by Great Britain.

About the year 1836, there began to be some disposition manifested, by the citizens of the western States, to visit and settle Oregon. A few traders and some scattering companies began to cross the plains. In 1840, a considerable company came over with packed mules; in 1841 and '42, several other companies of packers came over; ambition became high in 1843, and quite a number of families left the Missouri river with wagons and cattle, and succeeded in getting their wagons to Walla-Walla, where Dr. WHITMAN held a Mission Station, and packed from there into the valley, a distance of about five hundred miles; in the year 1844, the emigration brought their wagons into the settlements; and from that period, immigration poured in rapidly.

II.

THE WILLAMETTE RIVER affords the largest amount of bottom land, the largest valley, and the best farming country, to be found upon any stream in the Territory. The river is about one hundred and eighty miles in length. It rises in the Cascade mountains, and runs a north-west course for the first twenty miles, then bears more

north and takes its many windings, emptying into the Columbia about a hundred miles above its mouth. There are many beautiful towns and villages upon the Willamette.

PORTLAND, situated on the south-west side of the river, fifteen miles above its mouth, is the head of ship navigation, and is the largest and most commercial town in the Territory. From this point, steamboats ply regularly to all the ports on the Columbia, while a daily line of packets is established between Portland and Oregon City. The common tide water at Portland is about six feet.

OREGON CITY, situated on the east bank of the Willamette, immediately below the *Great Falls*, is destined to be one of the greatest manufacturing cities in the Western world. Nature never made so lavish an expenditure in preparing conveniences for man's use, that some enterprising Yankee did not stand ready to appreciate the offer and avail himself of its advantages. The manufacturing facilities of this place will soon be brought to give employment to numerous operatives, and be of great advantage to all parts of Oregon and California; there are now two flouring mills and two saw mills, doing an immense business. The *Great Falls* are a curiosity worthy a moment's attention; the whole bed of the river is covered with a solid rock,—a sort of wall or barricade extending across the stream,—over which the water comes roaring and foaming, making one single leap of twenty-three feet. The fact that you can sit in most of

the doors in Oregon City and be able to have a fair view of the Falls, adds much to the romantic beauty of its locality. The city is situated immediately on the bank of the river, with a high cliff, hanging with perpendicular walls of solid rock, from two hundred to three hundred feet high. There is a narrow strip of level land between the cliff and the river, on which the town stands. The town is about forty chains in length and four chains in breadth, and is one of the oldest towns in the Territory.

The view from the top of the cliff overhanging the town, is a magnificent one indeed. You can see every house in the city; the steamboats plying upon the river both above and below the rapids; the foaming waters as they make their desperate leap and hurry headlong forward in their mad haste to join the more troubled waters of the broad Pacific; the village of LYNN, on the opposite side of the stream; and the country for miles around.

From the brow of this cliff I beheld the *Callapooya* Indians catching salmon, and for the entertainment of my readers I will describe the manner in which they conduct this sport. In the months of May and June, the salmon ascend the Willamette river as far as the Falls; not being satisfied, however, with the waters below, they strive hard to ascend further, and gathering in great schools below the Falls, commence to leap upward against the down-pouring torrent of water; of course their efforts are all in vain, but their perseverance is wonderful, and their leaps are so perpetual that

you can often see fifty large fish, that would weigh thirty pounds each, in the air at one time. You will see the Indian fisherman approach in his skiff with his spear in hand, make a "lunge" at the large fish he has selected, and so soon as his prey is fast on his spear, you will hear his savage yell of exultation, which is answered by all his tribe who are within hearing. The Indian's spear for catching fish is made out of a piece of bone or horn, sharpened to a point, and fastened to a pole or handle twelve or fifteen feet in length. A hole is bored through this barb, and a string about a foot long passed through it; the spear is then fitted to the end of the pole, one end being hollowed for this purpose, and the string is tied loosely to the handle; when the spear has been driven through the fish, the handle is drawn back quickly, while the point remains on the opposite side, and the fish is strung upon the string which connects the spear and pole. The Indians are expert fishermen, seldom missing their mark, and can take great numbers of salmon in a day. They may be seen constantly walking the streets with their fish on their backs, for sale. The salmon is a delicious fish. They have no bone but the spine and ribs, and the flesh, instead of being white, is as red as beef-steak.

Immediately above Oregon City, the bluff, or cliff, juts in, almost a solid wall of rock, close to the water's edge. Through this, a wagon road has been cut, at great expense, for the purpose of hauling goods above the Rapids to a little village called

CANEMAH, where all produce is taken on or put off the small boats that run above the Rapids to the up country. At this place, a melancholy accident happened in the month of April, 1854, by the explosion of the boilers of the steamer *Gazelle*, which resulted in killing twenty-six persons, and wounding eighteen others. Great excitement prevailed. The circumstances are something like these: A certain company owned the whole line of steamers on the Upper Willamette, and this boat had been put on to run in opposition, and had made but three or four trips, before she was blown into a thousand fragments. The boat was still cabled to the shore, but making preparations to start, when the explosion took place. It appeared that the engineer had weighted down the safety valve, and had left the boat, unobserved, and when the boat was blown up, was no where to be found. Some time afterward, however, he was discovered, arrested and tried for murder; but it could not be proven that he did it intentionally—only that he was drunk, or partially intoxicated.

As we ascend the river, fifteen miles above Canemah we find BUTEVILLE, a small village situated on the east bank of the river. The name took its rise from a beautiful round, bare butte, which rises some four hundred feet above the level, being not more than twenty chains in circumference at the base. Three miles further we come to the little village of CHAMPOEG. This is a small village, but a place of trade, it being situ-

ated in the immediate neighborhood of "FRENCH PRAIRIE," which derives its name from the fact that it was principally settled at an early day, by the French who were brought to Oregon by the Fur Company, and established here for the purpose of raising wheat for the supply of the trading posts. They soon intermarried with squaws, and have continued to reside here, and have now large amounts of land in wheat. They now raise large amounts of wheat, which is all shipped from Champoeg. The French are not liked at all by the other citizens of Oregon. They speak their own language, and have no more manners than the Indians—care nothing for schools—and are kept in ignorance by their Romish priesthood. Although they raise large amounts of wheat and stock, they are generally poor and "hard run" for money, as it takes all they can make to pay their priests for pardoning their numerous sins. Quite an excitement is now up, as it appears from the Donation Law passed by Congress, in donating land to the settlers of Oregon, that a Frenchman and his wife, and their offspring, are as much benefited by that law as an American citizen; (the man receiving three hundred and twenty acres, and his Indian wife the same.) They are at present a great annoyance to the country, and but little profit, but as soon as they get patents to their land, a great portion of them will sell out. I will

add, to their credit, however, that they made good soldiers in the Indian war of 1856.

Ten miles from Champoege is the mouth of the *Yamhill river*, which steamboats ascend to DAYTON, which is five miles from the mouth. Three miles above Dayton is LAFAYETTE, the head of steam navigation, and the county seat of Yamhill county—a fine place of business, as the county is well settled with wealthy farmers, who mostly got their stock and start before the discovery of gold in California, and they deal liberally in merchandise. In this county was made the first settlement of good farmers that came from the States, who selected their large land claims, and now have them all improved. It was in this county that the early settlers lived on boiled wheat the whole winter through; and wore their buckskin clothing, and moccasins for shoes—all sewed with “*whangs*,” as there was neither cloth, thread, nor leather in the country; but those of the pioneers who are yet alive, are living at ease and taking their comfort.

Ascending the Willamette, seven miles from the mouth of the Yamhill is FAIRFIELD, a small landing for steamboats, where but little business is done. Twelve miles further up we come to SALEM, the present capital of the Territory. This city is situated on the east side of the Willamette, and is beautifully located, being moderately level and gravelly. The streets are mostly covered with smooth, round gravel—well paved, not by the

labor of man, but by the hand of the Almighty. It is well watered, as there is a beautiful stream called *Mill creek* running through the north side of the town, another creek equally as good on the south side, both with beautiful gravelly beds. It is a place of considerable wealth, and great trade, and when the Legislature is in session the hotels are crowded. It was at this place that the Methodist Mission was established in 1839. It is now called the *Methodist Institute*, and a fine school is now connected with the institution, numbering about two hundred pupils, embracing some of the most promising young men and ladies in the Territory. A splendid new court house has recently been finished. The capitol, which was burned down in the winter of 1855-6, was a splendid building. Its original cost was rising of \$25,000, of which sum Congress donated \$20,000—through the influence of the lamented T. R. THURSTON, to whose memory Oregon will ever owe a debt of gratitude for his never-tiring zeal and perseverance in Congress in advancing the interests of his beloved Territory.

Five miles above Salem, on the west side of the river, in Polk county, at the mouth of *La Creole creek*, is situated the town of CINCINNATI. It is a small village; good steamboat landing. A high, bare butte rises on the north side of the town, about two hundred feet high, and runs due west about fifteen miles; it is a beautiful ridge, covered with a fine coat of grass, with some

scattering white oaks of a scrubby nature. Hanging to the oak branches is a gray moss, from six to twenty inches long. This range of hills divides the valley between the Willamette and the Coast Range of mountains.

Fourteen miles further up, we come to BLOOMINGTON, at the mouth of *Luckiamute river*, a small steamboat landing and Post Office, on the west bank of the Willamette river. Immediately opposite this place is the mouth of the *Santiam river*. Up this stream, seven miles, is a village of the same name, to which steamboats sometimes ascend, in high water, and which is the head of navigation on this stream.

Proceeding up the Willamette, nine miles from Bloomington, we arrive at ALBANY, a considerable town, and smart place of business, situated on the east side of the river, at the mouth of *Callapooya creek*. It is the county seat of Linn county.

Twelve miles further up is MARYSVILLE—or CORVALLIS—the latter being the name given to the place by Act of the Legislature in 1843. The word "*corvallis*" is of Spanish derivation, and signifies "*Centre of the Valley*." It is quite a handsome town, and is located upon the most beautiful site in the Territory, being on a high prairie, immediately on the bank of the river. Extending westward from the town, for some four miles, is a smooth, level prairie, when you reach the foot hills of the Coast Range, a succession of round buttes, gradually rising, showing a beautiful green

coat of grass until you reach the height of twelve hundred feet, when the fir timber sets in. From this place can be seen MARY'S PEAK, towering far above the other mountains. Snow falls on it early in the fall, and lies until late in the spring. The distance from Marysville to the Peak is about fifteen miles, in a south-west course. This town is situated on the west bank of the river, and may be considered the head of steam navigation. It is destined soon to be one of the largest cities in Oregon, as the National Road passes through it to Umpqua, Jacksonville, and Yreka, California. From this point a large amount of goods and produce is carried to the Golden Land—by ox teams in summer, and by pack trains in winter. Immediately above the town is the mouth of *Mary's river*.

As we ascend the Willamette, twelve miles further, we come to the small village of BURLINGTON, on the east side of the river, a short distance above the mouth of a creek which is very appropriately named *The Muddy*. Thirteen miles above this place, *McKenzie's Fork* enters the Willamette from the east, although there is but little difference in the size of the streams. Fifteen miles above the mouth of the McKenzie, we arrive at the junction of the *Middle Fork* and *Coast Fork* (or *Callapooya Fork*, as it is sometimes called.) Near the Junction is SPENCER'S BUTTE, a beautiful mountain, two thousand feet high, running up in a conical shape, perfectly round at the base, and

ending in a pinnacle at the summit. It was at this place there was such great excitement about the discovery of gold in 1854. A number of hands collected, and took from the bowels of the earth a large amount of what was supposed to be gold. It was in such profusion that an ounce could be obtained from a single panful of earth; and a great "gold fever" prevailed throughout the land. But imagine the mortification that ensued, when a return was made from the mint in California, stating that the substance was not gold! What it is, is not known, to this day. It resembles gold very much, but is a shade redder, and yields, to the hammer, plates equally as thin. It is found in black lava, or cemented clay; the clay, or cement, has to be powdered, then washed, before the metal is obtained. A little city called EUGENE is situated at this place; it is the county seat of Lane county.

The points of the Cascade mountains begin to set in, a short distance above this place. The course that the river comes out of the mountains is S. 70° E. It is about forty-five miles from Eugene City to the head of the main prong of the Willamette river; its uppermost spring is on the side of the Cascade mountains, whence, with many windings, it flows through the most rugged mountains, seeming to have cut and worn its channel, for miles, through almost solid rocks. This river runs through the most valuable portion of Oregon, and divides the great valley tolerably equally,

leaving a little the larger portion on the east side, although the richest portion is thought to be on the west side. All the tributaries afford groves of fir, ash, alder, and balm timber, whilst the hills, or buttes, afford white oak sufficient for firewood and stakes for fences, and the mountains afford the best of rail timber in the known world, of white and red fir. From all the small streams that flow out of the mountains the timber is accessible. I have often seen white fir, eighteen inches in diameter, two hundred feet high, and have known fifteen rail cuts, each ten feet long, to be taken from one tree, there being but little difference in the size of the first and last. The amount of timber that would be on one acre, on the mountain slopes, is astonishing.

On the east side of the river, the prairie sets in about three miles above Oregon City, and extends south to Spencer's Butte, or to the Coast Fork of the Willamette, a distance of ninety-six miles, on a straight line, the distance from the river to the Cascade mountains varying from twenty to seventy miles. On the west side of the river there is but little prairie, until you get to the mouth of the Yamhill river; the prairie there sets in, and soon becomes very wide, as the Yamhill comes in almost at right angles, and all between, for a long distance, is prairie. Southward, between the Willamette and the Calapooya mountains, a distance of ninety miles, the country is all prairie. Between the river and the Coast Range, the width of the prairie

varies from twenty to forty miles, with a number of small valleys running far up into the mountains, which afford some of the best stock farms in the Territory, although occasionally depredations are committed on stock by the beasts of prey from the mountains, such as the large wolves, panthers, cougars (or California lion), and black bears. The wild beasts, however, cannot be said to be "bad" on stock, considering their numbers.

III.

I will now speak of the tributary streams of the Willamette.

The first on the east side is the *Clackamas*. It rises in the Cascade mountains and runs N. 68° W., and takes its many windings, and enters the Willamette two miles below Oregon City. The length of this stream is forty miles; it runs its whole length through Clackamas county. The Emigrant Road is down this river.

Continuing up the same side, we next find the *Mollalle river*; which, rising in the same Range, takes a general course of N. 45° W., and empties into the Willamette about twelve miles above Oregon City. Its length is about sixty miles. French Prairie lies along this stream on the south side.

Pudding river is the next stream; it rises in a level prairie country (French Prairie), and is a

slow, sluggish and muddy stream, running a north-east direction, and entering into Mollalle about forty chains from the mouth of that river. It is about forty miles in length, and has numerous tributaries, among which are *Applegate creek*, *Silver creek*, and *Drift creek*. On Pudding river, fifteen miles up, is a little village called PARKERSVILLE, near which is a lake, about four miles in length and one mile in breadth, called Lake LABISH, which abounds in the finest fresh water fish.

The next stream is *Mill creek*, eighteen miles in length, running a north-west direction and emptying into the Willamette immediately below Salem. Near its mouth is a good grist mill and saw mill.

We next reach the *North Fork of the Santiam river*. It rises in the Cascade Range, first runs north-west for thirty miles, then south-west until its junction with the *South Fork*, when the main river takes a more north-westerly course until its confluence with the Willamette. The whole length of this stream is about fifty-eight miles. The villages of SANTIAM and SYRACUSE are both on this stream, six miles above its junction with the Willamette, the former on the north and the latter on the south side. About four miles south of Syracuse is KNOX'S BUTTE, which rises out of the smooth prairie to the height of four hundred feet, and can be plainly seen for some distance around.

The *South Fork of the Santiam* rises in the Cascade Range, runs twenty miles due west, then

takes a north-west direction until it intersects the North Fork. Its principal tributaries are *Thomas' Fork*, *Crabtree* and *Beaver creeks*.

Calapooya creek rises in the same Range, and runs fifteen miles due west, where it enters the prairie; from this point to the Willamette its general bearing is about N. 45° W. Its entire length is fifty miles. It passes its whole length through Linn county, and affords some fine farming country.

The next, as we ascend, is *The "Muddy,"* a small creek which rises at the foot of the mountains, runs through a level country, with a slow, sluggish current. When the creek is high, it overflows its banks and inundates the whole country. Its length is thirty-eight miles, and it runs through a very desirable portion of Oregon—very rich land—thickly settled; as it was principally settled by the emigration from Illinois in 1851, they only got three hundred and twenty acre claims, which makes the settlements more desirable.

Returning, now, to the mouth of the Willamette, I will give you a brief view of the streams tributary to that river on the west side, all of which take their rise in the Coast Range.

The first is the *Tualatin river*. For the first twenty miles it runs due east, and forms a little lake, called WAPATOO LAKE; then bears north-east, the next twelve miles, to the town of HILLSBOROUGH, where the North and South Forks unite; thence taking as a general course south 60° east, it empties into the Willamette three miles above

Oregon City. The distance from Hillsborough to the mouth is about twenty-eight miles—its entire length, about sixty miles. The North Fork is about twenty-four miles long. Below the junction lie the great TUALATIN PLAINS, one of the most desirable settlements in Oregon.

The *Yamhill river* empties into the Willamette about twenty-eight miles above Oregon City. The first ten miles of its course is due east—then its general direction is S. 60° E., twenty-eight miles, to LAFAYETTE, whence it flows in an easterly course to its mouth. The Yamhill is fifty miles long, and affords more good farming country than any other tributary of the Willamette, being skirted by high, dry, rolling prairie its entire length.

Near the source of this stream is a remarkable curiosity, which deserves at least a passing notice. As the smooth prairie runs out from the long valley toward the mountains, there abruptly rises a round, bare butte, to an elevation of three thousand feet. On one side, where I first endeavored to make the ascent, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could overcome the first two thousand feet; it was then a perpendicular wall to the summit, so that I was obliged to return. But, as it was a part of my duty to explore and notice objects of interest, I determined to make the ascent, if such a thing was possible. I accordingly took an assistant with me, and went to the north side of the butte, where I found it covered with timber; in many places it was

rocky, steep, and broken, with here and there precipitous cliffs, but by dint of perseverance we finally reached the summit, and were well rewarded for our labor. On the top of the mountain, or butte, we found a level spot of about five acres, and the remains of an ancient fortress that had once been entrenched all around, on the brink of the precipice. The rude and ill-shapen walls gave evidence that it had been the work of a savage and ignorant race. Arrow points, and other relics of the ancient race who once used this place as a refuge against the warlike incursions of their neighbors, were abundant. On the summit of this immensely high peak may be found a spring of pure fresh water. In olden time there was an entrance to the fort on the summit, *through one of the precipices*, but when we visited it, this was found to be choked up with stones and rubbish, and we were obliged to climb over. The oldest Indians in the vicinity know nothing of the race who first fortified and occupied this hill. This is the only place I have seen in the Territory, of the kind, which bore such evident marks of the handiwork of an ancient race. In fact, there are fewer marks that would interest the antiquarian in Oregon, than in any other part of the Western country, in which I have traveled.

But to the description of the rivers again. The *North Yamhill* is twenty-six miles long, runs south-east and enters the South Branch three miles above Lafayette. The soil on this stream differs

from that in almost every other portion of Oregon. There is but little level prairie—what there is, is composed of a black sandy loam; the greater part of this region consists of bald hills, or ridges, the soil of which is very rich and productive. The ridges are not abrupt in their ascent, but rise, with gradual slopes, to the elevation of five hundred to eight hundred feet, sometimes level, sometimes rolling, on the summits, and are generally destitute of timber, save an occasional stunted white oak with branches clothed in waving moss, and here and there, at long intervals, a deep *cañon*,—(pronounced *kanyon*)—with fir timber. Among these ridges there are numerous fine, bold, running springs; sometimes on the top of a hill six hundred feet high, sometimes on the side of the ridge, and again at the foot of the hills, sparkling springs of living water may be seen rippling into the light. This region is all taken up—or claimed—and settlements made upon it. The settlers generally select the most eligible building sites for their habitations, and conduct the water thither in ditches dug for that purpose. The whole region is excellent for grazing; and some fine farms have been opened—unsurpassed for wheat, oats and potatoes. Gardens, also, flourish finely. And here, in connection with gardens, permit me to call your attention to two singular—remarkable—facts: *First*—when all vegetation is parched up in the valleys, in the dry season, the gardens on these hills are all green

and in a flourishing condition ; *second*—in the fall, when frost kills everything in the valleys, vegetation on these ridges escapes the frost two months later ; I have seen cucumber vines bearing as late as the 15th of December.

The *La Creole* is the next stream we come to. It is twenty-four miles long, and runs due east. DALLAS, the county seat of Polk county, is situated on this stream. Near the foot of the mountains there are some good mills. The land bordering on this stream is very rich prairie—soil, a black sandy loam. It is thickly settled with good, intelligent farmers, who bid fair to spend their latter days in ease and prosperity, surrounded not only with the comforts but many of the luxuries of life, for there is no part of Oregon where there is so much care and pains taken in the selection and cultivation of choice fruit.

We next arrive at the *Luckiamute*, a very crooked stream, fed by numerous small creeks, draining a large scope of productive country. Its general course is south-east, and its length about twenty-seven miles. In winter it is seldom fordable.

Next is *Mary's river*, a very short stream, considering the amount of water it affords, being not over thirty miles long. It rises near MARY'S BUTTE, runs partly around the Butte on the west side, then takes an easterly course and empties into the Willamette at Corvallis. The *South Fork* of this stream rises in the Coast Range, runs on the

east side of Mary's Butte, and empties into the North Fork, four miles west of Marysville.

I V.

THE COAST RANGE of Mountains is situated between the valley of the Willamette and the sea coast, and is from forty to sixty miles across at the base. I may say they extend from the mouth of the Columbia river to the Bay of San Francisco, which is about six hundred and fifty miles, with scarcely a break or gap in the chain, except at the mouth of the Umpqua river, where there is a small pass or opening through the mountains. A great deal of labor and money has been expended here in the effort to make a road, but as yet it is scarcely passable for pack trains. If there was a good road down that stream, it would be of great advantage to Southern Oregon and Northern California; as there is a good and safe harbor, and easy entrance, the channel being deep for thirty miles up this river.

This mountain range is not a regular, compact mountain, like the Cascade mountains, or the Cumberland mountains, but appears to be a bed of mountains thrown up promiscuously, without any leading continuous range—rather a succession of individual mountains, running in every direction, some north, some south, some east, some west, forming deep cañons, jammed in, in every shape and form,

but always high. They cannot be termed "rocky," like the White mountains, or the Nevadas, although in some places, an entire mountain side can be found, composed either of a bluff precipice, or of loose, small rocks. The soil is everywhere very rich, and is reddish in color—more the hue of madder than anything else I can liken it to. The rock is generally conglomerate; there is sandstone in some localities, some of which indicates that it has undergone the action of fire, while in other places it is in solid cliffs, bearing no marks of volcanic action. On a little stream called the *Wilmina*, I saw a solid sandstone cliff that was from fifty to one hundred feet high, composed of every variety of grit, from the coarsest grindstone to the finest whetstone.

From all appearance, the whole face of the country has once been thrown up by volcanic action; and this is the invariable conclusion arrived at by all who visit this region.

It has been a prevailing opinion that there is no limestone in Oregon. Such has been the supposition of both settlers and travelers in the Territory; but, while the writer was engaged in running a meridian line over one of the most rugged portions of this same Coast Range, he discovered, in the point of a ridge, *a large cliff of limestone rock!* The circumstances of the discovery were these: As I was ascending the mountain's side, I observed, in a hole where a large pine tree had been burned out, something that I thought resem-

bled lime, lying under the side of a rock. I took it up, examined it, and found it to be *pure lime*. I then proceeded to make a careful examination of the point of the ridge, and found it to be a solid bed of limestone rock. It lies about three miles from the cliff of sandstone referred to above. In order to make this discovery available, a road will have to be made for the distance of about six miles, as it is impossible for horses to reach that point until a good road is made. This having been done, however, who can estimate the advantages that this discovery will confer upon the people of the Territory?

From the fact of the existence of this limestone and sandstone, in the condition found, it is evident that this vicinity, at least, has never been subjected to volcanic action at all, or must have been thrown up in a compact body and never heated—else the sandstone would have crumbled into small pieces, and the limestone have been calcined and long since washed away.

I have spoken of the inaccessible character of this place; when I was there, my party carried their provisions on their shoulders—we were living on berries, principally; at noon I killed a grouse, and at night we caught some mountain trout.

Near this place, as I have been informed by the Indians, on the very summit of one of the highest peaks of the Coast Range, lies a large lake of fresh water, about four miles in length, and two

miles in width, which abounds in fish of the finest quality. It has never been visited by the foot of a white man, and although often mentioned by the Indians, has not been visited by any of them for many years, on account of a belief that obtains among them that it is presided over by an Evil Spirit, or some strange and singular animal, and a tradition they have that no party has ever returned from a visit to that fatal lake without the loss of at least one of its number. Scarcity of provisions alone prevented the writer from the effort to explore it, as he had no superstitious dread of the Evil Genius that is reported to preside over its unbroken solitude. The *Wilmina creek* finds its sources in that lake, and runs south for about forty chains, when it pitches headlong down a precipice, making a single leap of about six hundred feet. Another stream also rises in the same lake, and, running a north-west course, makes a similar plunge, before it reaches the *Tillamook Bay*.

On all the low lands, or near the streams, the *vine maple* is very thick; it was with great difficulty that we could force a passage through. In many places there are indications of gold—quartz rock gold blossom.

THE TIMBER on the Coast Range excels any in the Western world—except that on the Cascade Mountains. It is generally fir, red, yellow and white; there is also the southern pine, very good timber; the lofty white cedar; hemlock; spruce; and yew tree—all very desirable timber. Were

it not that well-authenticated statements, respecting the enormous size to which this mountain timber grows, are already before the public, I should almost hesitate about mentioning the fact that I have seen fir trees, that I have measured, as they laid upon the ground, and found to be three feet in diameter and three hundred and thirty-eight feet in length. Such timber stands very thick upon the ground; and in the coves or cañons appears all to be of the same height. I once measured a dead fir tree, bark off, that was forty-three feet in circumference! The white cedar is the best for lumber; being soft, fine-grained, very straight, clear of knots, and easy to work up. The white fir ranks as next best; it splits easily and makes good shingles, or lumber, and is fine for rails. I have seen more beautiful groves of this timber than of any other. The best sized tree for making rails is eighteen inches in diameter. I have seen this sized trees, two hundred and fifty feet high, and trees ten inches in diameter two hundred feet high—standing very thick on the ground. The red and yellow fir are not so good for lumber, being coarser grained; but there are large quantities of these trees sawed into lumber, notwithstanding. They make very good rails, but are rather difficult to split. The yew tree is very firm, close-grained wood, works easy when green, but is very hard when seasoned. Alder grows at the head of all the springs. In our surveying expeditions, whenever we became thirsty, or were

looking out for a camping ground, whether in prairie or timber, the first who espied an alder would cry out, "Here is water;" ask him where, and he would point to the alder, "Don't you see them alders—there's always water where you see *them*, you know." This timber is good for rails; it grows on all water courses, and is sometimes found three feet in diameter. The Balm of Gilead grows here in abundance. It is good rail timber. Ash grows on the banks of most of the streams. Maple of large size grows on the low lands, and on the north sides of the mountains. The common laurel here grows to be a large tree. The common black oak grows on the Umpqua, and in all parts of Southern Oregon, but there is none in the northern part of the Territory. There is a kind of vine maple that is very troublesome, on all the river bottom lands, on creeks, and in cañons; it scarcely ever grows more than ten inches in diameter, generally runs like a vine, sometimes shoulder high, at other times knee high; reaches a long way, then bends over, takes root and a new start. It mats very thick, and sometimes it is almost impossible to get through the dense thickets thus formed, except by cutting your way. In the fastnesses of these almost impenetrable thickets, the wild beasts, which are numerous in the Coast Range find safe retreats. The common undergrowth of these mountains is hazel, dogwood, white beech, service berry, briars and fern. The last grows wherever there is not a very heavy

growth of timber, often reaching the height of six and eight feet, and through which, in some places, you cannot see a deer the length of your gun.

V.

I CAN say, without hesitation, that of all places for Berries, this beats the world. On the bottom lands the *service berry* and *salmon berry* are the most common—the former ripens in July, the latter in June; the salmon berry is of two kinds, one red when ripe, the other yellow. It grows on a brier as thick as a man's arm, eight or ten feet high—and the berry, which somewhat resembles the blackberry otherwise, is as large as a hen's egg. As you ascend the hill, you will next find the *thimble berry*; it grows on a tender bush, three feet high, resembles the raspberry and ripens in July. Next comes the *raspberry*, which grows in great profusion and ripens in September. The *dew berry*, or ground blackberry, is of the size of a blackberry, and grows on a small vine that runs over brush and logs; ripens in September. Next comes the *salal berry*, which resembles the common huckleberry, grows on a bush eighteen inches high, with leaves of a rich, glossy, olive evergreen, and ripens from 1st August to 1st September. The *mountain grape* grows on a bush from one to four feet high, not on a vine, as other

grapes do ; leaves evergreen, glossy in appearance, two inches long by one inch wide, saw-edged ; the grapes resemble the common summer grape of the eastern States ; ripen from the 1st of August to the 1st November ; rather tart, but make an excellent dessert when stewed with sugar—at least, for those who are camping out in the mountains. The *red huckleberry* is the size of a small cherry, of a clear red color ; the taste is tartish, but delicious ; it grows on a bush from three to six feet high, with slender stalk and heavy top, and the bushes are sometimes loaded with fruit to such an extent that the top lies on the ground : when the berry is ripe, in order to gather the fruit you have only to place a pan under the bush and give the latter a shake. The large *gooseberry* grows on very high mountains, and to an enormous size, being as large as a hen's egg, and, though a rough, is a delicious berry. The *wild currant* grows on bushes ten feet high ; it is of a milk-white color, the size of a small cherry, and of a sweetish taste. On the hills, we find numerous other berries, which it would take up too much time to describe. In the valleys, we find the *service berry*, *raspberry* and *blackberry* ; together with a bountiful profusion of the most delicious *strawberries*. This fine fruit may be gathered at all times, from the first of May to the first of December ; they grow very large, and abound in all parts of the Valley. On the sea coast the *strawberry* is mostly of a snowy white-

ness, ripens in July, is very large, and the leaf of the vine differs from the ordinary variety, being larger, and of a glossy green.

VI.

AS I said before, the WILLAMETTE VALLEY is about one hundred and forty miles in length, and from forty to eighty miles wide. The Willamette river and all its tributaries being of pure clear water, adds much to the comfort and convenience of the many settlers.

The Willamette river is navigable for small steamboats as far as Corvallis, a distance of about one hundred miles. Some few boats, however, have ascended as high as Eugene City (Spencer's Butte), which is forty miles above Corvallis. This stream divides the great Willamette Valley.

The Valley lies in latitude 44° to 46° north, and, strange as it may appear, there is scarcely any weather that can be called "winter." But little snow falls, and what does fall soon melts off; the ground seldom freezes at night so hard but what it thaws out by noon; but little ice ever makes its appearance on the rivers. I have spent winters at Milledgeville, Georgia, in latitude 33° , and I am of the opinion that it is not colder here than there.

The face of the country, both hill and valley, is

covered all winter with beautiful green grass. Nothing can be more pleasant, or excite one's perceptions of the beautiful in nature to a greater degree, than to sit and look over the long reaches of green prairie, skirted on every hand with lofty mountains rising like a blue mist along the horizon, with here and there a snow-clad peak lifting its crest above its neighbors as if conscious of its superiority.

The loftiest of the snowy peaks is MOUNT HOOD. It was ascended by Mr. BELDEN, in October, 1854, and found to be nineteen thousand four hundred feet high. They ascended as high as they could travel, first with snow shoes, then with ice hooks and spikes. When they reached a point some 18,000 feet high, respiration became very difficult, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere. At length the blood began to ooze through the pores of the skin like drops of sweat—their eyes began to bleed—then the blood gushed from their ears. Then they commenced their downward march. At the point where they commenced the ascent, they had left their pack mules and two men to guard them. The men went out hunting, and when they returned found that the cougars had killed two of their mules.

About forty miles north of Mount Hood, is Mount Adams, about twenty-five miles north-west of this peak looms up Mount St. Helens, and north of St. Helens, forty miles, stands Mount Ranier. South of Mount Hood, about fifty miles, is Mount

Jefferson, sixty miles further is a group of snowy peaks called the Three Sisters. All the above named peaks are covered with snow, winter and summer, and can be plainly seen from all parts of the Valley ; and when the rays of the evening sun linger with dazzling brilliancy upon their towering summits, never did any objects make a grander display of the sublimity of the Almighty Power, as exhibited by the works of Nature's handicraft, then do these majestic mountains—these snow-clad guardians of the Valley. Often, when alone, have I sat as the evening shadows closed around me, and gazed upon these grand old mountains whose white crowns receive the last farewell radiance of the departing sunlight—sat, and gazed, until, upon the wings of imagination, I had scaled the mountain range where these everlasting sentinels stand guard, and sped away across the wide reaches of plain and desert, until I held communion with friends and kindred, hundreds and hundreds of miles away. At such times, how calm, how serene, how balmy has appeared the evening air ; truly

“ The night would be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Would fold up their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

But—to the Valley again ! But little rain falls here from the 1st of May to the 1st of November ; during the interval, the grass all dries up—or “ cures,” like hay—and the cattle eat it greedily,

for, as there is neither rain nor dew, it keeps its strength ; vegetation all dries up, and, when a fire breaks out, it occasions great damage, as the settlers depend upon the grass for their stock during the winter. About the first of October there come some light showers of rain, alternating with sunshine—weather warm and pleasant, much resembling the usual April weather in the States. In a few days, that old dry grass resumes its life and verdure—don't wait for a new growth, but turns green ; I have seen old dry weeds turn green and bloom again, under the revivifying influence of these autumnal rains. From October until the next July everything remains as green as a meadow in May. This grass resembles the *red top* or *herd grass*, and is more nutritious than the prairie grass of Illinois and Missouri.

Oregon is a great grazing country. Cattle and horses are allowed to run at large—no care is taken of them, except to brand them while young ; the grass being ample for their sustenance, and salt springs, or pools, to which they have free access, quite numerous. The stock grow fast, all winter, as they keep very fat ; a common two year old cow will weigh six hundred pounds.

So it is—while the citizens of the States are laboring all summer to prepare for the coming winter, the Oregonians are taking their ease in the shade ; while the farmers of the States are freezing their fingers, in “packing out” feed for their “lean kine,” the Oregonians are snugly seated by

a pleasant fire, finding companionship in a newspaper, or dandling their little ones on their knees, while their stock are fattening on the grass that nature has provided for them.

Sheep do well in Oregon. There are but few fine-blooded sheep in the Territory—owing to the great difficulty of getting them there. A drove of sheep is purchased in the States, and started across the Plains—invariably, we find that the finest blooded sheep are the least able to stand the trip, that they “give out,” and are left to feed the wolves, while the coarser qualities, only, reach their destination.

Horses keep fat on the grass, winter and summer. Those who have pastures enclosed, work or ride their horses all day, and then “turn them out to grass” without fear of having them “lose flesh.”

The men of Oregon are generally good riders; and it may not be uninteresting to the reader to look at a picture of an “Oregon horseman,” as he usually appears. He has a wooden saddle, of the Spanish kind, with enormous wooden stirrups—a Spanish-bit bridle—a large Spanish spur with prods an inch and a half long—leather leggings—and often leather or buckskin pants. He seldom rides without his blanket; in warm weather it serves him for a cushion; when it rains, or is cold, he thrusts his head through a hole cut in the center, and is at once enveloped in a seamless cloak. Around his horse’s neck he has a rawhide rope, forty feet long, rolled up and hung upon the horn

of his saddle. He generally rides very hard—"goes in a hurry."

These horses are generally of the Spanish or Indian stock, and are "broke" to the saddle in this way: They are all driven into the enclosure (or *corrall*, as the Mexicans say); the one to be "broke" is selected—the lasso (which the Oregonians all throw with great dexterity) is thrown over his head and fastens around his neck; he is then choked down and blindfolded, and suffered to get up, when a saddle is put on and girted on very tight; the youthful rider (always anxious for the sport) is then soon in the saddle, when a broad leathern strap is drawn over his thighs, and he is strapped down tight to the saddle—and he is ready for the ride. The blindfold is now taken from the horse's eyes, and he immediately commences rearing and plunging in a most desperate manner, leaping into the air, plunging on the ground stiff-kneed, while the youthful rider, who is well pleased with his horse's noble performances, is all the time whipping him with the end of the lasso. The horse plunges about in this manner awhile, and then starts off at full speed—the rider continuing to ply his whip and keeping up "full speed" until the horse is run down, when he quietly returns, and from that time, is no longer so hard to ride.

The young men of Oregon are the most unflinching, undaunted young men in America. They smile at toil and danger—are ever ready for a

jaunt of some kind—and the more hazardous and dangerous the adventure, the more eagerly they embark in it. In hard riding, difficult mountain trips, camp life, exposure to hunger and weather, hunting, and the like, they excel even the wild Indians. In an Indian war one of these men would be worth eight regular soldiers.

The soil of the Willamette Valley is generally rich. The greater part of that portion lying on the east side of that river, is of a greyish color—gets very muddy in winter, and bakes a little too hard in summer. On the west side of the Willamette, the soil is generally of a black sandy loam; on the buttes, or more rolling land, we find spots of a greyish color, and occasionally red clay loam. The appearance of the soil differs very much in different localities—and sometimes even in a forty-acre field you may have five or six different kinds of soil. Growing everywhere on the grey soil, you can find a wild rose brier, three feet high, which bears a handsome flower, but which is a great annoyance to the traveler riding over the prairie.

The land is very productive—and Oregon is the best wheat country in the United States; oats do well; barley, peas, beans, pumpkins, squashes, melons, all grow and flourish well. Maize—the common field corn—does not grow so well here as in the States, though I have seen some very good corn here; but the proximity of the snowy mountains and the strong sea breezes make the nights too cool for corn.

Garden vegetables of all kinds do well. We have the largest of cabbage; beets I have measured that were twenty-six inches in circumference, weighing sixteen pounds; turnips grow very large, and may be raised at any time, winter or summer; potatoes grow well—often remaining in the ground, without being dug, all winter, without freezing. I have seen cabbage stalks running up to seed and blooming all winter long—garden pinks in bloom, the middle of December. Onions, radishes, parsnips, all grow very luxuriantly.

The Oregonians can certainly live bountifully, if they choose. Their gardens supply them with a profusion of the choicest vegetables, and their cows yield them the richest of milk, from which they produce the finest flavored butter I ever tasted.

VII.

WE now come to the description of the UMPQUA RIVER and VALLEY.

It will be recollected that the Willamette river runs north to the Columbia. The Umpqua runs west to the Pacific ocean. Both these rivers head near the same place, in the Cascade Mountains. The valleys of the two streams are divided by a range of mountains called the Callapooya Mountains. This is not a rugged range, but consists, generally, of regular slopes, heavily timbered and

of rich soil, with occasionally a bluff precipice. On the mountains can be obtained the finest quality of cedar, in great abundance; excellent fir timber; and chinquepin, large enough for rails. The undergrowth is principally hazel and fern. Game abounds on the mountains, such as elk, black-tailed deer, (a size larger than the common deer), black and red bears, and a few "grizzlies." The large black wolves are very numerous, and there are a few cougars and panthers.

The main road, leading from the Willamette to California, passes over the Callapooya Mountains. It passes up the Willamette valley to its head, then crosses the mountains and strikes the waters of *Elk creek*, a tributary of the Umpqua.

The Umpqua river rises in the Cascade Mountains; its general course is north 45° west the first seventy-five miles, whence it bears nearly due west to the Pacific. The mouth of this river affords a good entrance for the largest sized ships; and, by ascending some fifteen miles to the mouths of *Smith's river* and *Scholfield's river*—the former on the north side, the latter on the south side—there is a good and secure harbor, sheltered by high, rugged, iron-bound shores. At the mouth of Umpqua river is a town bearing the same name. At the mouth of Smith's river is the town of GARDINER, and just opposite, at the mouth of Scholfield's, is the town of PROVIDENCE. Ten miles higher up the river you arrive at MIDDLETON. All these towns are places of minor importance, as the

country in their vicinity is very mountainous and unfit for cultivation.

In prospecting for gold, some has been discovered; but owing to the hostility and treachery of the Indians, prospecting has not been carried to any great extent.

At SCOTTSBURG you are at the head of navigation; and it is a place of considerable importance. There is a wagon road leading from this point to the valley of the Umpqua. At Scottsburg, there is quite a fall in the river—though not so great as that in the Willamette. There is a perpendicular fall of sixteen feet. Tide water rises eight feet at the Falls. The fish from the ocean ascend to this point, such as large salmon, and “salmon trout,” as the settlers call them; but the best judges call these latter fish mackerel of the finest quality. The writer has eaten them, after they had been salted for six months, and, certainly, if *taste* be any criterion upon which to found an opinion, they are the very *best* of mackerel. The Indians catch them in abundance; and, I think, in a few years they will afford the finest fisheries that can be established on the Oregon coast.

Ascending the river, twelve miles further you arrive at ELKTON, at the mouth of *Elk river*; it is the county seat of Umpqua county. There is but very little tillable land to be found on Umpqua river below this point, as it is a mountainous country, very rugged and rocky. From the mouth of Elk, the valley begins to widen out, on the

river, and the soil is very productive. The river being very crooked, the tillable lands are principally in the bends. The wagon road crosses the river three miles above Elkton at DREW'S FERRY—crosses again a mile and a half above, at DIM-MOCK & COOPER'S FERRY, while the distance around is not less than twelve miles. Four miles above the last mentioned ferry, is KELLOGG'S MILL, which is situated on the rapids in the river, as there is a great fall at that place. There is a fine bank of stone coal near the mill, and gold, in small quantities, has been found there, in low water, on the rock in the bed of the river.

Ten miles from Kellogg's, as you ascend, you will pass through a deep cañon and enter a beautiful valley called the GREEN VALLEY. Here, also, you reach the forks of the Umpqua river, called the *North* and *South Umpqua*. The valleys now spread out wide and beautiful, but differ from the Willamette Valley in the greater number of bare buttes, round knobs, and conical peaks that rise from the level bosoms of the valleys. Occasionally these hills rise to the height of eight hundred feet, covered from base to pinnacle with a luxuriant growth of grass; others again, are covered with grass and scattering black oaks—this being the most northern point at which the black oak is found in Oregon, or on the Pacific coast.

About six miles above the forks is WINCHESTER, the county seat of Douglas county. It is situated on the North Fork of Umpqua river, in the

heart of a fertile and flourishing country—the best grazing country in Oregon, and well adapted for all kinds of farming purposes, as no part of the United States surpasses it for wheat, oats, rye and potatoes. All kinds of garden vegetables, water-melons, musk-melons, pumpkins and squashes grow well, and have a flavor relished, at least, by your humble servant, when returning from a surveying tramp, where he had been living a camp life for a long time.

It is in this county, that Hon. JOSEPH LANE—present Delegate in Congress—makes his home. He lives in comparative ease and splendor for that distant land. He has two hundred and fifty cows, from which there is a yearly increase of two hundred head—and all these provide for themselves, winter and summer, no care, except to brand the calves, being required on the part of the proprietor. When you are told that a two year old cow will sell for forty dollars, you will readily admit that he *ought* to live at his ease.

A stream, called the *Callapooya*, rises in the Cascade Mountains, and runs west, and intersects the Umpqua river four miles below Winchester. It is about thirty miles long, and affords fine tillable soil, which is in a high state of cultivation, there being some as fine farms there as the Territory contains.

From this place to the head of Umpqua, numerous small streams set in, affording clear water that ripples over beds of pearly gravel.

For a distance of twenty-five miles south and east of Winchester, the country is thickly settled. Further up the streams the valleys are smaller, but good farms are located on all of them. Nearly all the settlements south of Winchester were destroyed by the hostile Indians in the winter of 1856—the fine frame houses and barns were laid in ashes, and what few settlers escaped the scalping knife, were left destitute of home or shelter, turned out upon the world without refuge or clothing.

About ninety miles south of Winchester, on the road leading to California, is the Great Cañon spoken of. It is a narrow pass between two large mountains. The road passes up this creek a distance of twelve miles; there has been a vast amount of money expended in making this road, and it is now barely passable for teams; the attempt to make the trip from California to Oregon with wagons was never undertaken until 1854—the travel, and all the produce taken from Oregon to California, overland, previously, had been by means of pack animals.

This cañon has been the scene of numerous murders. The sides of the mountains are heavily timbered, and the undergrowth is thick chaparal, while the adjacent country is inhabited by the most hostile Indians on the Pacific coast. These are the Indians spoken of that have been treacherous and hostile at all times since they were first discovered by white men. They have

been a greater terror, and have committed more murders upon the whites, than all other tribes on the coast combined. They never fail to kill the travelers through this cañon, if they observe them, unless there is a sufficiently large party of whites to protect themselves ; in that case, they are remarkably friendly, knowing that the white man never attacks—only defends after he is attacked, giving the Indian entirely the advantage.

VIII.

WE now continue on the road to California, and, crossing a small mountain, arrive in ROGUE RIVER VALLEY.

Rogue river rises in the Cascade Mountains, and runs almost due west to the Pacific, in the north latitude $42^{\circ} 30'$. Its length is about one hundred and sixty miles. There is no entrance for ships at the mouth ; it has no harbor ; and it is not navigable for steamboats, as it passes through a very mountainous country. There are some good farming locations near the mouth, and some scattering farms for some distance up the river. About thirty miles from the mouth, a stream called *Tooloose river* empties into Rogue river ; but little is known of this river, however, as it heads in the Siskiyou Mountains. Considerable gold has been discovered on this stream ;

and valuable gold diggings have been worked, to some extent, from this place to the mouth of Rogue river. But, owing to the number of hostile Indians prowling continually about this region, it has never been satisfactorily "prospected," from the fact that very few persons were willing to risk their scalps, even in the search for gold. Whenever a rich spot *did* or *does* happen to be "struck," a crowd rushes to that point whose numbers act as a shield for their defence by intimidating the blood-thirsty savages; but, in prospecting, the parties are necessarily small, and are, consequently, much exposed to danger.

As you ascend Rogue river, seventy miles from the mouth, *Grave creek* empties in on the north side; this stream affords some good gold diggings. A short distance below this stream are the "BIG MEADOWS," the retreat, spoken of, of the Indians. Eight miles above Grave creek is *Gallows creek*; ten miles above this, *Jump-off-Joe creek*; on both of which streams there is some good land for farming purposes, while on both gold has been discovered near their mouths. Six miles above Jump-off-Joe, a creek runs in, on the south side of Rogue river, called *Applegate*; it is thirty miles in length, has some good farming country near the mouth, and rich gold mines have been successfully worked on the head waters, at the base of the Siskiyou mountains. Four miles above the mouth of Applegate creek, the Oregon and California road crosses Rogue river, at which place a good ferry is kept.

The valley now spreads out and affords a large scope of fine farming country. It was settled by industrious and intelligent farmers, and was in a high state of cultivation as the proximity of the mines gave a ready market for every article of surplus produce, at high prices. But the Indian war of 1856 laid all this fine country waste, and its once wealthy inhabitants are now in poverty, or their bones bleaching on the hills!

JACKSONVILLE, the county seat of Jackson county, is situated in this valley, on the south side of a rich and fertile section, and in the heart of a rich mining district. It is the most flourishing village in Southern Oregon. It is about one hundred and thirty miles from the Pacific coast, and is supplied with goods and groceries from PORT ORFORD and CRESCENT CITY—the latter being a ship landing within the boundary of California. The goods are transported over very rough mountain trails on pack mules. The road from Oregon to California passes east of Jacksonville, but a branch passing through the town has been constructed and has become the main traveled road. YREKA, the great mining town of California, is about eighty miles south of Jacksonville.

Near Jacksonville is the INDIAN AGENCY, for the Indians in all Southern Oregon.

Near this, and about twenty miles north of Jacksonville, is the well known TABLE ROCK, where the great battle was fought in 1853, between Gen. JOS. LANE and his command and the Rogue river

Indians. It was at this place that LANE received his severe wound in the shoulder ; it was here that Capt. OGDEN was killed ; here Capt. P. M. ARMSTRONG (brother of the writer) was killed—Capt. OLDEN wounded and disabled for life—and many other valuable lives were lost. Those who were slain were all decently buried, but no sooner had the soldiers left the place than the brutal savages returned, dug them from their graves and cut them to pieces, leaving their mangled bodies to be devoured, and their bones gnawed by the wolves.

The following “items” of “mining intelligence” were extracted from publications made in 1856, and will serve to give a pretty good idea of the Rogue river mines :

“JACKSON CREEK.—The miners on Jackson creek and vicinity are doing well, many of them taking out from two to three ounces a day to the hand. Those who have sunk shafts and drifted on the bed rock, as a general thing, find gold in considerable quantities.

“STERLING.—Where water can be had to wash with, at Sterling, the miners are doing very well. Many are drifting and stacking up the dirt until the water comes. As soon as it rains, gold will be washed out in great abundance at Sterling.

“We have seen and conversed with some of the returned party who have been down Rogue river, and in the vicinity of the coast, they report that on Galice creek the miners are doing well, perhaps better than any former period since the mines have been worked on that creek.

“WHISKY CREEK, we understand, is all claimed, also the gulches making into the creek ; but our informant could not say how well they were doing, but from the

extent of the claims, the natural inference would be that it paid well.

"**JOHN MULE CREEK.**—The gold is coarse, and those having experience say that the prospects are good, yet the prospecting party only prospected near the surface and but temporarily.

"**MEADOWS.**—Gold was found and justifies the party in saying that in some places it will pay ten dollars a day to the hand—generally found on the bars in the river, the gold heavy, and of the best quality.

"**BIG BEND OF ROGUE RIVER.**—The prospects good, and coarse gold. The impression of those prospecting is, that good diggings will be found in the vicinity of the Big Bend.

"**ILLINOIS.**—At the mouth of Illinois river but slightly prospected. A few miles up the river the miners are doing well when they can work. Many good claims are lying without being worked on account of the Indians, as there are quite a number of hostile Indians in that neighborhood, of Old John's band, who have not made peace.

"**PISTOL RIVER** could not be prospected on account of the Indians. The appearance of the country and every indication goes to warrant the conclusion that gold is plenty on this river.

"**CHETCO** was but slightly prospected; the prospect was good, the gold coarse; but little doubt of rich diggings at this place. The prospectors were prevented from thoroughly prospecting the country on account of the Indians. It is reported that there are at least one hundred warriors roving over the Coast Range of mountains in the neighborhood of Rogue river."

The **SISKIYOU MOUNTAINS** appear to be nature's geographical boundary line between Oregon and California, as it is a regular chain, or solid mountain, from the Pacific coast east to the Cascade Range. But it is from twelve to twenty-five miles north of the true boundary line, which is estab-

lished on latitude 42° north. There is only one small stream south of these mountains, within the limits of Oregon—*Smith's river*, which has been but little explored, except by a few gold hunters, who report an abundance of gold, and likewise a numerous horde of hostile Indians.

The distance from Salem, the present seat of government, to the southern boundary of Oregon, measured on the meridian line, is two hundred and four miles; but, by the traveled road, it is more than three hundred miles.

In the extreme southern portions of the Territory, the grizzly bear is a great annoyance to the farmers, in killing and carrying off their stock. They seldom attack a man, unless when wounded or have been come upon suddenly and have no chance for retreat, when they willingly engage in a battle for death or victory. The description and habits of this ferocious animal have been so often given to the public, that I will not here repeat the same.

Elk, black tailed deer, and antelope, abound plentifully in this region of country. It is amusing to sit on some high butte, and look over a beautiful valley and see the deer and antelope skipping about over the plain below.

A small species of wolf, called by the natives, *coyote*—(pronounced ki-o-ta)—annoys the antelope very much, in the months of June and July. They will never attack a full grown antelope, but when the fawns begin to travel, they manifest a great

anxiety to get hold of them, and at the same time they stand in mortal dread of the keen eyes and sharp hoofs of the old antelopes ; you will see them skulking and hiding about where the antelopes are feeding, watching every movement of a fawn as it plays about, until finally, tired out, it lies down to rest or sleep, its mother carelessly cropping the grass, some distance off. The coyote improves the opportunity by suddenly leaping from the chaparral and pouncing upon its victim. As soon as the old antelope discovers the situation of her young, she utters a keen whistle, and darts after the coyote, followed by the whole flock. If the wolf has miscalculated the distance, and fails to reach the shelter of a chaparral thicket before being overtaken, he is instantly stamped to death for his impudence. And if, as he is prowling about, the coyote happens to be espied by the antelopes, the latter all gather in a crowd, forming a ring, in the center of which their young are placed, while a portion of the flock will leave the ring and take after the offender ; as soon as he perceives them coming, knowing that his life is in danger, the coyote "breaks" for the chaparral—but if he is overtaken, the foremost antelope springs high in the air and alights on the coyote, which knocks him over, and then the entire flock in pursuit alight on him, successively, in the same manner, so fast that he cannot regain his feet. The antelope's hoof being sharp, every leap cuts, and the coyote is soon trampled to death. The antelope

is smaller than the common deer; their meat is the most delicious of wild game—being much finer grained than the common venison.

The common black bear is abundant in this region, and, being easily killed, affords the miners excellent food.

IX.

I WILL now proceed to give a description of the COASTS and HARBORS of Oregon, commencing at the California line.

The first harbor is the mouth of Smith's river, south of the Siskiyou Mountains, which is twenty miles north of Crescent City, and affords an entrance for small vessels. Near the mouth of this river is PELICAN BAY, in the vicinity of which are good beach diggings.

We next reach the mouth of Rogue river, where there is neither entrance nor harbor. The beach is rocky and precipitous; some farming land is to be found in the vicinity, and beach gold diggings that have paid well, but both miners and settlers were either killed or driven off during the Indian war of 1856. It was at this place that BENJAMIN WRIGHT and Capt. JOHN POLAND were killed, and the great massacre took place of the troops under their command, and of the citizens of the place, by the professedly friendly Indians.

In the summer of 1854, the beach was lined

with the tents and shanties of the gold diggers, from Rogue river to PORT ORFORD, a distance of thirty-five miles; but there is no mining going on now. The gold obtained here is of the purest quality, being in thin flakes like wheat bran.

PORT ORFORD is the next place of note that we arrive at. It is a beautiful bay, with easy entrance; there are some high rocks peering up above the water, but ships of the largest size can with safety run up and anchor within eighty rods of the beach. The harbor is not good, as there is no shelter from the south. The mines of Port Orford do not yield as large a profit to the miner as those of Rogue river. But the abundance of water, and the fact that supplies are shipped here by water, without the expense of land transportation, make it much more convenient and comfortable for the miner. Another serious difficulty in the way of very successful mining is, that the gold dust is not worth more than ten dollars an ounce, owing to the large amount of a mineral called *irid-osmium*—a compound of *iridium* and *osmium*, two minerals found in some of the mines in a pure state—which is mixed with the dust. *Irid-osmium* is usually found in very small grains, round or flattened, about as large as the end of a small type; its specific gravity is greater than that of gold, and its color and lustre is that of bright steel; on account of its weight it cannot be separated from the gold by washing or blowing. When the miner has, apparently, obtained three

ounces of *gold*, he has generally one ounce of *irid-osmium*. It is of but little use in the arts; it is insoluble in any known acid or combination of acids; it is infusible; and it is extremely hard—the smallest piece, laid on a steel hammer and struck with another hammer, will enter the steel before it will yield. There is no other part of the mining district where this compound is so abundant as at the Port Orford mines, although there is some found mixed with the gold of Klamath lake and Shasta.

The Indians of Port Orford are rather an indifferent looking tribe. They are rather below the ordinary stature; are indolent, lazy, and filthy in appearance; live mostly on fish; are generally affected with weak eyes, many of them being entirely blind, and many others partially so; occasionally covered with sores about the neck, of syphilitic origin. Although yet a large tribe, they can survive but a few generations more, before becoming extinct. Until the Indian war broke out, the more rugged and savage tribe inhabiting the Rogue river country were a great terror to these miserable Indians—taking from them whatever they chose, reducing them to servitude, and making beasts of burden of them whenever it suited them to do so. But during the war they all united, and coöperated as a band of brothers against the “Bostons”—the whites.

The bay of Port Orford is sometimes called *Tichenor's Bay*. It is in north latitude $42^{\circ} 45'$.

Upon entering the harbor, you pass near a precipitous bluff on the right, while on the other hand a large rock rises up out of the sea to the height of one hundred feet, which covers four acres of ground; it is shaped something like an egg, with the point toward the sand beach and reaching within twenty feet of it. Issuing from the side of this rock flows a beautiful little stream of fresh, clear, cold, pure water, eighty feet above tide-water. I am particular in this description of the rock, as we have an instance to relate, here, showing the sagacity of the Oregonian.

In the year 1851, a party of men from Portland, Oregon, selected this spot for a town site, depending on its harbor, and the transportation by pack animals to the interior, as the basis of its success as a point of business. The discovery of gold on the coast stimulated their progress, and added to their prospects. The party consisted of eighteen men, who landed at Port Orford and commenced establishing a town. After remaining a short time, their stock of provisions began to get low, and there being no means of procuring a supply nearer than San Francisco or Portland, nine of the company hoisted sail upon their schooner and returned to Portland to obtain a cargo of provisions.

At that time there was but little known of the country between Port Orford and the Willamette Valley, a distance of some three hundred miles, and no knowledge was possessed by the whites of

any passage over or around the high, rough mountains, the deep cañons and gulches. No one possessed any accurate knowledge of the country except some old Indian traders and venturesome trappers and hunters, and these were seldom very communicative respecting the country, unless questioned particularly in regard to it.

This section of Oregon, at that time, contained about two thousand Indian warriors, in the various tribes, who soon became aware that the whites had settled their country, and they soon determined to murder the little band at Port Orford. The latter became alarmed, and determined to retire from their weak fort on the main land, to the rock before alluded to, where they could better fortify themselves against attack. This they accomplished by throwing some poles across the chasm from the beach to the rock. This rock was a natural fortress—presenting three precipitous sides to the ocean, and being accessible from the land only at one narrow point, and there only by the aid of an artificial bridge. The little party of nine men now carried their little brass cannon—a six pounder—and all their guns, pistols, and ammunition, on to this rock, and fortified their foot-bridge or pass-way. This was, for the distance of fifty yards, not more than five feet in width, and if the foot of any person walking upon it slipped, he would fall fifty feet headlong into the sea. At a point sixty yards from the beach, the whites prepared their fortification, leaving a port hole for their

cannon. They then loaded the piece with slugs, stones, and bits of iron, to the very muzzle, and prepared themselves for either death or victory—determined, however, to fight to the last extremity. They were not long left in suspense. Their precautions were well timed, for on the following day the tribes from the Umpqua, Rogue, and Coquille rivers assembled, mustering a thousand or twelve hundred warriors, armed with bows, arrows and war clubs; they were entirely unacquainted with the use of the death-dealing rifle, or gunpowder. They commenced the attack by pouring up the narrow pass-way as thick as they could crowd, with frightful yells; and the little band began to look upon their fate as being already sealed. The whites had chosen a Tennessean, of Jackson nerve, as their commander, who restrained his men until the Indians had approached within ten paces of the mouth of the cannon. Arrows were flying thick and fast against the barricade, and over their heads, and the savages were rushing on with exulting yells, as if certain of success. At length the commander, in a loud, firm voice gave the word—“*Fire!*”—and the cannon and rifles simultaneously discharged their messengers of death, with deafening roar. The scene that ensued was one of horror that baffles all description! The yells of confident triumph were changed to shrieks of horror and despair—scores dropped in their tracks, dead—others, wounded, went rolling and tumbling over the sides of the

rocky precipice—while hundreds who were unhurt by the discharge, were so frightened that they sprang headlong over the precipice, striking against the craggy rocks in their descent, tumbling from rock to rock, until they struck the roaring and foaming surf, to rise no more. The number of warriors slain at this single discharge was never correctly ascertained, but it was afterward admitted by the Indians that three-fourths of their braves were swept off. The survivors, alarmed beyond measure at the report of the cannon—never having heard the like before, as thunder is unknown in Oregon—fled in consternation to the mountains.

Our little band came off unharmed, but as they had not sufficient powder left for another round, and as they feared a renewal of the attack, when the Indians should have overcome their temporary fright, they concluded to abandon the place. Accordingly, after nightfall, about eleven o'clock, they crawled from their "Rock of Safety," and made their way to the nearest mountain. The mountains being covered with heavy timber and thick undergrowth afforded them secure refuge from their enemies. For nineteen days they wandered over the mountains, bearing a general course toward the Willamette Valley, where they arrived at the end of that time, in safety, subsisting on the way, upon such food as they could procure in the woods.

From that day to this, the scene of their terrible fight has borne the name of the "BATTLE ROCK."

About eighteen miles north of Port Orford, on the coast, is CAPE BLANCO, near north latitude 43° and west longitude $124^{\circ} 31'$ —the most westerly point of the U. S., except *Cape Mendocino*, in California, which is in west longitude $124^{\circ} 33'$. Cape Blanco presents a high, rugged, rocky cliff to the sea, which extends far out into the ocean. As the mariner doubles this cape, the white breakers can be seen dashing wildly along the rocky barrier, and flying fifty feet into the air. The rock appears to be a kind of conglomerate, or lava.

Twelve miles further north we reach the mouth of *Sequatchin river*, a small stream of no importance, as it affords but little farming land. It has been a place of great resort for the Indians, as salmon run up this stream in great numbers; elk abound here; and in no part of Oregon are there so many black tail deer as on this river. There has been no prospecting for gold here, except along the beach, where some has been found; but the whole country abounds in gold-blossom, or quartz rock, and now that the Indians are to be removed, this section will be thoroughly prospected.

Eight miles further up the coast is the mouth of *Coquille river*. Until the fall of 1855, but little was known of this stream; and there are but few

settlers on it yet. No part of Oregon, however, presents greater inducements to the farmer and stock raiser than the Coquille country. Mining has been carried on here to some extent, with success, but the country has not been thoroughly prospected, hitherto, on account of the hostility of the Indians. The harbor of Coquille is good, and the entrance easy for vessels drawing not more than fifteen feet. Tide water runs up the bay for sixty miles, and ships can safely ascend the distance of fifty miles. There are large bodies of beautiful prairie, for farming and grazing purposes, lying along the shores of the bay, but the greater portion of the bay is surrounded by mountains—some covered with tall and beautiful fir and pine timber, with occasional groves of cedar, and others destitute of timber but clothed with grass.

I will, in a few words, give you a description of a ten days' stroll that I took over the valleys and hills of the Coquille. Almost the first object of interest that attracted my attention was a tree, standing close to the river, about twelve miles below the junction of the *North Fork*. On the bark of this tree, I could trace the name of DENNIS WHITE, and date 1834, which had been cut in with a knife. Near by, is the stump of another tree cut down about the same time, from appearances, and about twelve feet of the trunk is gone. It is supposed that some unfortunate man had been ship-wrecked somewhere on the coast, and had

wandered thus far, without being discovered by the Indians, when, finding it impossible to travel further east, he endeavored to make a canoe and return to the coast. The whole party, however, if this supposition be correct, must have perished or been killed, as we have no account of any white man visiting that bay until eight years later, when it was discovered by Capt. P. M. ARMSTRONG, in 1842, while he was on a voyage from the mouth of the Columbia to San Francisco. His vessel was a common sized schooner, and, a violent storm arising from the west, he saw no chance to escape, as the wind was driving his boat at a rapid rate landward, where the waves were beating violently against the iron-bound shore. Discovering a smooth opening in the foaming waves, he set his vessel's prow for that point, intending to beach her, and thus, perhaps, save the lives of his crew ; to this end he crowded on sail, in the hope of being able to run her far up on the sandy beach. The reader can imagine the pleasure and astonishment of "all hands" when they found their vessel riding safely over the waves into a beautiful bay, where they found a secure harbor from the driving storm. They remained there five days, killing a number of elk. They also discovered gold, but, not being experienced miners, and this being previous to the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast, elsewhere, their discovery was passed by without much notice.

Another thing that attracted my attention was

the incalculable number of elk that ranged through this section of country. At that season of the year, (September,) in the morning and evening, they made the hills ring with their braying and whistling. Some of them are very large, weighing from six hundred to eight hundred pounds, after being dressed.

The next thing that came under my observation was the large amount of good land I passed over. The fertile, or tillable land is not confined to the banks of the river, for every tributary that flows into the Coquille affords beautiful prairies, and bare buttes, covered with luxuriant grass. The timber, on the bottom lands, is mostly myrtle, ash, and maple—the soil being a black sandy loam. Some of the surrounding hills are covered with fir, pine, and red and white cedar.

In 1856 this was a wild country—there being not to exceed a dozen white men in the valley, and but two families from its head to its mouth, a distance of over a hundred miles. One difficulty attending this valley is, that the trail for pack animals east, over the Coast Mountains, to the settlements, is very rough—a strong pack mule being able to pack no more than one hundred and fifty pounds. But the harbor will shortly be a place of note, being a short distance only from Kowes Bay, a fact that will greatly facilitate the settlement of the Coquille country.

This is one of the greatest places for wild fruits to be found on the Pacific coast, as there is a

supply of ripe and fresh fruit five months in the year. Among the varieties are the strawberry, white and red; salmon berry; blackberry; salal berry; and two kinds of huckleberry, the summer and winter—the latter a beautiful red, size and appearance of the cranberry, grows on elevated table land, ripens in September and lasts until December. The Indians of Coquille live entirely on berries and fish—drying both for winter use.

KOWES BAY, at the mouth of the river of the same name, in north latitude $43^{\circ} 30'$, comes next, CAPE ARAGO lying immediately on the south of the entrance of the bay. As this bay is generally written "Coose," we will hereafter adopt the same style. The entrance has, until recently, been considered dangerous, until, lately, it is found to afford a good entrance. Below I give a statement made by Mr. CLARK:

"COOSE BAY BAR.

"I feel it due to the citizens of Coose Bay, and more especially to the public, that I make a true and faithful statement of the depth of water at the entrance of this harbor. At the instance of Mr. Northrop, I came here some time ago to examine the entrance, in view of bringing in the bark *Success*, Capt. Davenport, a vessel of 203 tons. During this examination, I crossed and recrossed the bar seventeen times, and examined carefully and thoroughly the whole lay of the bar. Where Capt. Crosby lays the channel on his chart, there is very little water—not enough to carry even a small vessel in safety. But to the northward of the line marked on Crosby's chart for the channel, there is a channel sufficiently wide for beating in or out, and which has not less than fourteen

or fifteen feet of water at ordinary or half tide. I went out to Capt. Davenport in a canoe, and he, not knowing me, and having Crosby's chart, and seeing that I wanted to bring him in to the northward, was afraid to risk me, and sent in a note to Mr. Northrop, by an Indian, for instructions. The Indian not getting back with the instructions, the next day the Captain concluded to risk it. So about noon on the 16th inst., with a strong north-west wind, we came in under close-reefed top-sails, without touching, or without shipping a drop of water.

"The bark has discharged her cargo, and will proceed to loading coal to-morrow. In my opinion, time will prove Coose Bay a good and safe place for shipping. The public will be advised from time to time, as the facts in regard to the bar are developed by experience.

"Respectfully yours,

C. CLARK.

"*Empire City, April 23, 1855.*"

Coose Bay is destined to be a place of considerable importance at no distant day. It is sixty miles in length; its shores affording some good farming land, on the beach, on each side, but the greater portion is timber of the finest quality—fir, cedar and pine. It will be a great lumbering point, as it is nearer to San Francisco than any other, having an inexhaustible supply of timber. There are, by this time, two steam saw mills in operation.

The best coal mines on the Pacific coast are on the beach of Coose Bay, and a number of hands are constantly employed at this place in taking the coal from the mines and loading the ships, there being generally from three to five ships in the harbor taking coal on board. San Francisco in a great measure depends upon Coose Bay for her

supply. The bed, or vein of coal is situated at the water's edge, and a portion of it is so low that there is difficulty in raising the coal on account of the water running in on the colliers.

In addition to the lumbering and coal business, no where else do the beach gold diggings pay better than at Coose Bay. The gold is pure, bright, yellow and scaly, resembling the Feather river gold of California.

The trail over the mountains, east, to the settlements, is very rugged. The amount of farming and grazing country, gold mines, and coal fields, of the Coquille region cannot be estimated, having been explored but little except along the coast. The Coquille and Coose rivers are but a short distance apart—at one point approaching within twelve miles of each other, without any mountain or barriers, except a low bottom intervening, and when the Coquille is very high, it sometimes overflows its banks, and its waters find their way into the Coose.

The mouth of the Umpqua has been previously described. It has a good harbor, and is fifteen miles north of Coose Bay, in north latitude $43^{\circ} 45'$.

We arrive, in latitude $44^{\circ} 15'$, at CAPE PEPETUA, just north of the mouth of *Sciasticum river*, a small stream that forms the southern boundary of the Coast or Yamhill Indian Reservation, and furnishes excellent fisheries for the Indians.

Continuing north, along the coast, to latitude $44^{\circ} 45'$, we arrive at the mouth of the *Alseya river*,

a small stream, with a bay fifteen miles in length, affording entrance for small vessels. A trail leads from this point, east, over the Coast Mountains, to Corvallis. There is some good farming land about the head of the bay, and some claims were made there, but, being in the Reserve, they had to be abandoned.

CAPE FOULWEATHER is eight miles further up the coast.

About latitude 45° is the mouth of *Nekas river*—of little importance except for fishing and hunting; the stream abounds with fine salmon, and the hills with elk, black tail deer, and black bear.

Nine miles further north is the mouth of the *Yaquina*, or *Salmon river*, near the mouth of which there is some farming land. There is, at this place, neither harbor nor entrance. The stream is noted for its fisheries. Its head is east of the Coast Range, and the sources of this stream and the Yamhill river are not more than six hundred yards apart; which affords a gap entirely through these mountains. The salmon ascend this stream to its very head waters in great numbers; and the settlers of the Willamette Valley visited this fishing ground to a considerable extent, in the years 1854 and 1855, but owing to the fact that this portion of the country is included within the boundary of the Coast Reserve, the whites are no longer permitted to fish there—which deprives the settlers in the Valley of all fishing facilities within convenient reach. The salmon run up all

the small streams tributary to this river in such numbers that, in deep places—in the small branches where the water is eighteen inches deep—you can, in half an hour, take out as many large fish as you can pack on a mule.

The mouth of this stream is noted for the number of *sea lions* (or seals) that are found on the rocks and sand beach. Some of my company shot one that the tide afterward drifted on shore and left dead, giving us an opportunity of examining it minutely; it was one of the largest size—it would have weighed, probably, 1200 or 1500 pounds. We gave it to the Indians, who appeared to be very thankful, for they valued it as a great prize; and we were certainly amply repaid by witnessing their actions. The men all gathered in a ring around the carcase, and commenced brandishing their butcher knives—jumping into the air—turning somersets—going through the war dance; suiting all their words to their actions. Occasionally they would make desperate lunges at the dead carcase with their knives, but always took good care to miss it, while their blades would sink to the hilt in the sand. This ceremony lasted for about thirty minutes, when the chief returned his thanks to us for our generosity in bestowing on him and his tribe so rich and bountiful a supply of their choicest food. He then turned to the carcase of the “lion,” and carefully marked it off with his knife in pieces about the size of sides of bacon. As soon as it was all marked off, all went

forward and commenced cutting it up into the sized pieces marked off, and throwing it in piles on the sand, apparently to represent the heads of families or wigwams. The women, who, all this time, had been sitting quietly on the grassy beach, watching the movements of the men, as soon as the monster was carved, marched up in a row, and turned their backs toward the piles of meat; the men began to pick up the meat and lay it into the pack basket that was strapped on each squaw's back—packing them with from sixty to one hundred pounds each. The whole crowd then started for camp, a distance of four miles. The men carried nothing; the squaws are their pack animals.

The flesh of the sea lion is a yellow, oily substance—appears to be a perfect body of oil, without any more solidity than leaf lard from a fat hog. The Indians say it is *close-muk-a-muk*, (good food,) after it lies until it becomes putrid. They let all their fish and flesh become so putrid that the stench is intolerable to a white man before they think it fit to be eaten. They live mostly on fish and fish oil, whale blubber and whale oil. I have seen one of them drink a quart of whale oil at a draught, without ever taking the vessel containing it from his lips. A number of dead whales drift upon the coast hereabouts—whales that have been crippled or disabled by being driven against the rocks, as the surf beats more violently against the shore here than at any other part of the Pacific coast. *These* Indians could never capture a whale alive,

for they are a fat, squabby, sluggish, lubberly, lazy, filthy set of miserable creatures. Their filthy habits and indolent mode of life, undoubtedly contribute to their degradation; they have no energy whatever, unless it be to dance around a dead sea lion, and, although elk and bear abound upon the neighboring hills, they are too trifling and lazy to chase them.

Continuing our journey northward, along the coast, we arrive next at CAPE LOOKOUT, in north latitude $45^{\circ} 20'$. In going along the beach trail to TILLAMOOK, you cross a very high, rugged, mountain side, very dangerous and hazardous to pack trains—especially just opposite the Cape, as, at that point, rocks jut boldly out on the steep mountain side, so that it is with the greatest difficulty that mules can pass at all; an animal losing his foothold here would have a clear fall of three hundred feet.

In north latitude $45^{\circ} 34'$, lies the BAY OF TILLAMOOK. It has a safe entrance and harbor for small vessels, and the bay is navigable a distance of twenty miles. In 1856, there was a settlement here of about thirty-seven families, who have a good pack trail east to the head of Yamhill river, by which route they reach the Willamette Valley. The settlers own a schooner, which does a coasting trade to Portland and San Francisco. Mr. SMITH, of Tillamook, deserves great credit for his perseverance and energy in exploring and opening trails to and from Tillamook; and the citizens are greatly

indebted to him for the many sacrifices he has made in bringing that valuable, but secluded place into notice. There is some beautiful farming land in the valley and around the bay, comprising a boundary of from eight to ten townships of as beautiful farming and grazing country as Oregon affords. There is about one township of tide land, that affords the very best of pasturage. The fisheries of Tillamook are surpassed by but few in Oregon. A county has been laid off, called Tillamook, and at no distant day this will be a place of considerable note. The following letter, contributed to one of the Oregon papers, will be read with interest :

“ Since my return from Tillamook, some weeks ago, I find many anxious inquirers concerning the route to the coast, the settlements, soil and produce.

“ The route from Grand Ronde to Tillamook, is a trail barely practicable. It is the intention to finish the wagon road as soon as convenient which will make the traveling distance from Salem to Tillamook, with wagons, two and a half days ; and as good a road can be made as from Salem to Portland. I think the day is not far distant, when our mails will come through the Tillamook route for all post offices above Dayton, as it is the nearest and most practical route as soon as the road shall be opened : for there are no large streams to be crossed, and there will be no washing away of bridges, or freezing up of rivers, &c. There will be the advantage also of a safe harbor for vessels to come in and go out, at any time, or with any wind, the entrance being good. I learn from Mr. J. P. Morgenson, a ship-builder residing near the bay, that at low tide, he measured seventeen feet water on the bar.

“ The country is not quite as large as I expected, though it lies better, and has certainly the richest soil in

Oregon. I saw better specimens of potatoes, oats and fruit trees, in the month of July, than we had in the Willamette Valley. Other products of the farm were about the same.

“This year, the settlers will raise a surplus. They seem to be on the progressive list. I saw the machinery for a saw-mill belonging to a Mr. Thomas, and a grist-mill to Mr. Trask, both enterprising men, who will in a short time have them in running order.

“They have a school in the neighborhood, and temperance prevails throughout the settlements; and for aught I see, the farmers live as well and have things as convenient as those in this Valley. Fatter cattle and better butter I never saw; the last named bringing three and four cents per lb. more than this Valley butter, in the Portland market. They build their own vessels and do their own shipping.

“What few Indians there are, seem to be desirous that the whites should come in and settle the remaining vacant prairie claims and be neighborly—the whites to farm and the Indians to fish. There is an abundance both of shell and scale fish all the year round; so that potatoes and fish are at par. The Indians have but little trade other than fish and feathers, and seem to be exceedingly harmless.

“A word about fern and rain. Some seem to think that it rains all the time in Tillamook, and that the fern is a great drawback; but they are mistaken. The fern is easily killed by plowing, (of which I was an eye-witness,) and it will not stand tramping.

“You will see from the following statement, that we have had more rainy days in the last three months, than they have had on the other side of the Coast Mountains. The rainy days are for

Salem,	in May,	8 ;	June,	13 ;	July,	5 ;	Total,	26
Tillamook,	“	6 ;	“	12 ;	“	4 ;	“	22

Difference,

4

“They have frequent morning fogs which rise a little after the sun and pass away.

“The fog and the enormous size of the wild crab-apple trees, with other trees, shrubs and plants, make the impression, that the fruit business will be profitable there. Mr. Clark’s orchard bids fair for a large crop next year. The soil, timber, water and climate are excellent, and if I had no home, I know of no place I would sooner go to make a new start than Tillamook. UNCLE TOM.

“August 10, 1856.”

The following spicy paragraphs we clip from an editorial account of a pleasure trip to Tillamook, written by T. J. DRYER, Esq., of the *Portland Oregonian*:

“TRIP TO TILLAMOOK.—On Monday of last week, we cut loose from the toils and cares of our ‘vocation,’ and took passage on that old favorite steamer *Multnomah*, under command of Capt. Hoyt, for some indefinite place called Tillamook. We reached Astoria early in the evening of the same day. As usual we found that an ‘Oregon mist’ prevailed there, which lasted during the next day. On Wednesday morning old ‘Sol’ ventured to show his head through the *mist*, whereupon we took passage in a *low, lank, piratical* looking craft, under command of Capt. Tom Goodwin, celebrated for being fond of *sport* and *good living*, as his dimensions will testify. After a long pull against wind and tide, we reached Lexington, which is situated some miles (more or less) up the celebrated river called Skipanon. After partaking of a good and substantial dinner, we took horses, and, loaded with Minnie rifles, double-barreled guns, fishing rods, game bags, &c., &c., all arrived at Lattie’s *ranch* near to what is known as Tillamook heads, just before dark. Immediately after dismounting, we strung a fly, walked down to a small river some few rods off, and hauled in a salmon trout which weighed just fifteen lbs. This being a ‘fish story,’ none but those who choose are requested to believe it.

“The next morning at an early hour, some of our party proceeded to the sea beach, (distant half-a-mile,) some with fishing tackle, to the river, (which having no name, we christen ‘Lattie’s river,’) and commenced operations. Clams, mountain trout, &c., came in great abundance by breakfast time. We are no great apologists for gluttony, but the way Messrs. Ladd, Callender, Goodwin and others, stowed away the product of the morning’s work, ought to have alarmed the finny tribe as well as all sorts of shell-fish on the Pacific coast.

“After a short time we started, accompanied by Mr. Lattie for the mountains, in search of elk, bear, or other game. Soon after reaching the highlands of what is called ‘Tillamook heads,’ we discovered abundant signs of elk, bear, &c. The rain somewhat took the *starch* out of our ambition, and cooled our over-heated anxiety to become a ‘Nimrod’ of the first magnitude. Suffice it to say, we returned late in the evening, where we found our companions all eager to bring in the game. Mr. Ladd, in his peregrinations along the coast, discovered a large sea lion which, Jonah-like, had been cast upon dry land; the animal would weigh about 1,200 or 1,500 lbs., and was regarded by the Indians (a small band of whom live in the neighborhood,) as a favorable omen of a full stomach for some time.

“The next day it was reported that a whale had come ashore some eight miles north of the heads. Our whole party immediately saddled up and started to pay their respects to his whaleship. Upon arriving at the place indicated, we found a small whale of the fin-back species which measured forty-five feet in length stranded upon the sand beach, and surrounded by all the Indians in that region—some twenty-five in number. The Indians appeared in high glee, and seemed to enjoy the excitement of cutting off the blubber, while standing in the rolling surf up to their waists; occasionally the surf would roll in and completely cover both Indians and whale for a minute or more, when they would emerge from the foaming surf, shake their locks, and with knife and hatchet pitch into the work of severing large pieces from the carcass. These

Indians seemed to respect the rights of all to whatever portion each could obtain. Men, women and children were all equally anxious to become the owners of a large share of the blubber, which, as fast as it could be severed from the carcass, was dragged upon the beach above high water mark, and deposited in separate piles. We learned afterward that about one hundred and fifty gallons of oil, taken from this small whale, had, within three days afterward, been brought to Astoria, and sold at one dollar per gallon.

“After spending another day in the mountains, we set out for home, *via* Astoria. At Lexington we again took a boat, and under the command of Capt. Tom, who had the reputation of being a skillful sailor, set out for Astoria with a ten-knot breeze. Upon arriving abreast of the town, our commander, for the purpose we suppose of exhibiting his skill, attempted to *gibe* ship with all sails set, that he might convince the daughters of mother Eve, whose admiring glances were peering from the windows, that he could capsize a boat in the most graceful manner imaginable. The result was demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of all, that our friend, Capt. Tom, is as scientific in upsetting as he is in sailing. After indulging in the luxury of a cold bath, we were all picked up by boats from the shore, which was the most satisfactory incident connected with the whole trip. If we were to say that we killed an elk, it might be thought we were telling a marvelous hunting story. Suffice it to say, we brought a portion of one home, which several of our friends have, after testing the flavor of elk steaks and elk roasts, pronounced superior to any animal food.”

We next arrive at the *mouth of the Columbia river*. It is in north latitude $46^{\circ} 15'$, according to the survey of Mr. EVANS, and longitude 124° west. So much has been said of this point, by different writers, that I deem it unnecessary to make my remarks very extended. It is one of the

most dangerous places of entry, for vessels, on the Pacific coast, and scarcely a winter passes that there are not one or more shipwrecks on Columbia bar. Immediately south of the mouth is a level, sandy beach, for a distance of fifteen miles, called the CLATSOP PLAINS, which gives the wind from the ocean an undisturbed force, and in addition to that difficulty, the bars, and bed of the river near the mouth, are a body of drifting sand, causing the channel to change often. When the channel is found by the pilot, it is a circuitous route; and often, when a vessel is coming over the bar, under a full head of wind, the wind will suddenly cease, the vessel become becalmed, and the strong current of the Columbia will cause the vessel to drift seaward, often stranding upon the shoal bars, where the surf soon causes it to go to pieces. No appropriation could be made by Congress of greater value to Oregon than to furnish a good tug boat to assist ships over the bar. I have known ships to lie out in the ocean, outside the bar, for forty days, awaiting a favorable wind to cross. CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT is on the north side of the Columbia; in 1841, the channel passed near the cape, on the north side of the river; it is, at this time, on the south side of the river, five miles south of the former channel.

Next comes *Shoalwater Bay*, the entrance to which is fifteen miles north of the Columbia. The entrance is good—the water deep—but,

owing to the low, sandy and swampy land around, there is but little protection for vessels,—therefore, it is not considered a good harbor. This is a beautiful little bay, about thirty miles in length, from north to south, and from six to eight miles wide. *Whelappa river* enters this bay from the east side. There is some beautiful farming land on this river, and along the east side of the bay. Shoalwater Bay is the great *oyster bay* of the Pacific coast; it affords an abundance of excellent oysters, and supplies San Francisco with this luxury. When the oysters were first discovered, they were embedded together in solid masses, in layers of two and three feet in thickness, and were thought to be of little use, as they were small and misshapen, but during the last five years they have been torn asunder and transplanted, and prove to be an excellent oyster.

We next come to *Gray's Harbor*, in latitude 47° , at the mouth of *Chehalis river*—or, as the stream is commonly called, *Chickalis river*. The entrance is easy—the water being deep and the winds generally fair. The channel is two miles in length. The bay is nine miles long and three miles wide, and the land bordering upon it is generally low. The Chickalis river affords but a small amount of tillable land, for a river as large as it is—being one hundred and thirty miles in length. The *Newaukum* and *Skookum* creeks are its principal tributaries; on the first named stream, near its head waters, there is a

Missionary Station. The Chickalis river heads in the Cascade Mountains, and runs due west.

From this to the *Straits of Juan de Fuca*, there is nothing worthy of notice. This embraces a coast line of ninety miles. These straits are situated in north latitude $48^{\circ} 30'$, and constitute the northern boundary of the United States on the Pacific coast. The Straits of Juan de Fuca form the entrance to the Puget Sound country. They are from eight to twelve miles wide for a distance of eighty miles, when they begin to expand, both north and south, and ramify into scores of inlets, bays, &c., a full description of which would be a useless task to undertake.

By turning south, as you sail, and passing through *Admiralty Inlet*, a distance of ninety miles, you arrive at *Puget Sound*. FORTS NISQUALLY and OLYMPIA are situated on the extreme south end of the Sound.

Puget Sound, Hood's Canal, and all their bays, inlets, and channels, cover a large scope of country. It is an astonishing fact, that in nearly all the inlets, throughout this whole region of country, the channel is deep enough to permit the passage of the largest sized ships—a seventy-four gun ship can sail with safety through all the narrow channels, and anchor, or cable to the beach, so that a walk-board is sufficient to convey passengers from shore to ship.

The greatest fisheries in the United States are here—which will make it a place of great im-

portance, and prove a source of untold wealth. Cranberries grow on some of the low lands, and vast quantities of them are now shipped to Portland and San Francisco.

The quantity and quality of the fish are almost beyond description, or calculation. The salmon are very numerous; there are two varieties of the salmon in these waters—one, the common salmon, esteemed the best—the other, the hook-billed salmon, often caught in eddy water, which have neither the beauty, shape nor delicacy of flavor of the common salmon. This fish is often the only food for the Indians during the winter months; they are caught, dried, and smoked in their tents, and then laid away for winter use. Large quantities are salted and sent to San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands, and other markets in the Pacific. The greatest difficulty attending these fisheries has hitherto been in procuring salt sufficiently free from foreign substances; but this has, of late, been obviated by the introduction of salt recently discovered in Southern California, which is said to be the purest article in the United States, and can be sold much lower, on the Pacific coast, than any other.

Oysters, of the finest quality, have been found at San Juan Island, and near Olympia, in Puget Sound. The "*quabog*," and other varieties of clam are found in great quantities, in most of the bays and inlets of these waters.

About the shores of Vancouver Island a great

variety of fish are caught. Among them are the halibut, cod, salmon, rock fish, and a small fish resembling the sardines of Europe ; the latter are caught in large quantities, and I am satisfied that, if prepared in the same manner, they would not be inferior in delicacy and flavor to the sardine in common use. The Indians catch a great many dog-fish, for the sake of the oil ; also, a small species of shark, resembling the gar of the Atlantic ; and a variety of excellent fish almost unknown in other waters.

The country around Puget Sound—or Olympia, the seat of government of Washington Territory—is suitable both for farming and grazing. As I shall have occasion more particularly to describe this portion of country in a forthcoming volume on the War, I shall pass over any detailed account of it here.

VANCOUVER ISLAND lies north of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and is British territory. The boundary formerly claimed by the United States was on the line of north latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$, but difficulties having arisen between the United States and England with regard to the boundaries, a compromise, by treaty, was effected during JAMES K. POLK'S administration, by continuing west on latitude 49° until it strikes the center of the channel forming Vancouver Island, thence bearing south-east, along the center of said channel, taking the circuitous route of the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific, giving to England a strip of

about ninety-five miles in length and from thirty to forty-five miles in width, of the most fertile land and best fisheries of the Pacific coast.

Vancouver Island is inhabited by numerous bands of troublesome Indians. The island can put ten thousand warriors into the field at any moment, and these Indians will be, for many years, a source of annoyance to the people of Washington Territory.

There are several small rivers running into the bay at different points around the Sound—making it an easy matter for vessels fitting out for sea to procure water. The whole Puget Sound country is surrounded by high mountains—the Coast Range lying between the Sound and the sea coast, and the Cascade and Wind River Mountains on the east and south. There is but one wagon road leading out from the Sound country—the emigrant trail, through the Natches Pass, to old FORT WALLA-WALLA, which is barely passable for wagons, although it has been constructed at great expense and labor. From Portland, Oregon, or Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, there is no wagon road. The only mode of conveyance from Oregon to Puget Sound is down the Columbia, up the coast and through the straits; or down the Columbia from Portland, a distance of thirty miles, to the mouth of the Cowlitz river, taking a skiff or canoe and rowing up this rapid stream a distance of forty miles to the COWLITZ FARMS, and then taking it on foot or on horseback the balance of the journey, sixty miles, to Olympia.

The *Cowlitz* is a beautiful stream, of considerable size, but the rough mountainous country through which it passes, and the many rocks and shoals with which its bosom is studded, make it out of the question to think of rendering it navigable for vessels. It rises in the Cascade Mountains. *Gobars river* is one of its tributaries ; it rises in the Cascade Mountains, at the base of Mt. St. Helens, (a conical, snow-clad peak.) There are two prongs to Gobars river, one heading on the north-east side of Mt. St. Helens, and the other on the south-east—each running around the base of the mount, forming a junction on the west side. Two other streams—the *Kalama* and the *Catapoodle*—rise near the same place, and run a south-west course to the Columbia, emptying into that stream a short distance above the mouth of the Cowlitz.

X.

WE will now speak of the Eastern and Middle Portions of Oregon. Immediately east of the Cascade Mountains lies what is termed the “Middle Section.” That portion of this section through which the Columbia river passes is volcanic and barren, with the exception of some valleys—these, however, are comparatively few and small in proportion to the vast extent of country that lies within these boundaries. In the neighborhood of

the *Dalles*, there is some fine farming and grazing land. Between the Cascades and the Dalles, a distance of forty miles, the river runs nearly a west course, with but little current, and its banks are formed of almost perpendicular rocks, much like the walls of a crater; the passage up is easy; there are now two steamboats and various sail vessels running between the two points.* The rocks appear to be basalt; they are two hundred feet and upward in height, and in some places, where the current has beat upon an overhanging precipice, the wall has given away, and you observe a beautiful layer of granite suitable for building purposes lying in a solid body hundreds of feet under its basaltic covering; at other places you will see, in place of granite, a kind of conglomerate. The sand, along the shores of the Columbia, about the Dalles, is loose, and drifts easily into hills, so that new hills sometimes form in a day that will measure from ten to twenty feet high.

At the Dalles, the river is compressed into a narrow channel, not more than two hundred and seventy-five feet wide, about half a mile long, with high basaltic walls of rock on either side. In the

* The writer can testify that these steamers are commanded by noble and generous hearted men. Capt. McFARLAND, of the *Wasco*, will long be remembered by the Volunteers for his many noble and generous acts for their comfort, when they were returning, fatigued, hungry and worn down with hardships, from a long winter campaign. The same remarks are due to Captain BRADFORD, of the *Mary*.

distance of two miles, the river descends some forty feet. When a freshet occurs, there is a rise here of sixty feet. The Dalles Fort is situated just below these straits, on the site of the old Methodist Mission. This Mission was established at an early day, and bid fair to be useful, as the natives appeared anxious to be instructed; but it was abandoned by the Methodists at the death of WHITMAN, and a Roman Catholic Mission was started just below, and is at this time under the charge of a Jesuit priest. A contention has arisen as to who are the proper owners of the soil. The law having donated one section to a Mission, the Methodists claim that the title is still vested in them—they left their claim during hostilities, which they do not consider a forfeiture of their rights. As it is already a place of note, and is to be the depot for the whole of Upper Oregon and Washington Territories, it is matter of some importance.

The country for a distance of twelve miles, on the north of the river, is level; a portion of it is sandy, but as you approach the high, bare buttes, the soil has a richer appearance. Twelve miles back, there rises a high, bare mountain, to an elevation of two thousand feet, covered with excellent grass and clover. Passing over this mountain you come to the *Clicketat Valley*, from ten to thirty miles wide and forty miles in length, of excellent farming country. North of this valley are beautiful sloping ridges, covered with excellent yellow pine timber; and the Clicketat affords good

water power, and fine mill privileges. There is a quantity of auriferous quartz to be seen here, and gold has been found near the Dalles.

At the Dalles, the high, perpendicular banks again set in, and continue for thirty or forty miles up the river; they then become low, and are composed of sand and lava (or ashes) and are destitute of vegetation, with the exception of some sage brush.

No stream of any importance enters the Columbia on the north side from the Cascades to the Walla-Walla, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles, except two small rivers that empty below the Dalles—the *White Salmon* and the *Clicketat*.

The *Des Chutes* enters the Columbia from the south, twenty miles above the Dalles. The hills bordering this river afford good pasturage of grass and clover—the latter resembling the best red clover of the States, and equally as much sought after by cattle and horses. There is some good farming land on this river and its tributaries; but it is more valuable for the great facilities it offers for grazing purposes.

John Day's river enters the Columbia thirty miles above the Dalles; it affords some good grazing country, but very little farming land.

The *Umatilla*, *Walla-Walla*, and *Mill creek* may all be mentioned together, as being similar in appearance, and as affording some excellent farming land, and high, dry, healthy locations. Very

little rain falls here during the winter, but there is sufficient during the spring and autumn for all farming purposes, with occasional light showers during the summer. Pasturage, in this part of Oregon, is most luxuriant. The Indians inhabiting this section are generally wealthy—their wealth consisting in horses and cattle. Thousands of horses have roamed over these prairies for years, and there is no appearance of the pasturage diminishing in the least. I have, in a former place, mentioned the fact that the dry grass of Oregon contains a great amount of nutriment; but occasionally fire runs over the plains, and when such an event occurs, the horses and herds have, of necessity, to be moved to some other locality, or they would all perish.

I consider this the most desirable portion of Oregon. To ascend the Columbia this far, however, it is necessary to make two short land transportations. From the mouth of the Walla-Walla, we ascend the main branch of the Columbia (*Clark's Fork*,) through the Territory of Washington. In speaking of the Coast and the Puget Sound country, as well as, indeed, all the left bank of Columbia river, below this point, I have made use of the general term—"Oregon"—even when describing Washington Territory, and shall therefore continue to speak of the two territories in common, as comprising what is generally understood to be the "Oregon country."

The *Yakima river* rises in the Cascade Moun-

tains, runs an easterly course for the distance of one hundred and fifty miles, and empties into the Columbia, on the west side, forty miles above Walla-Walla. Near its mouth the country is mountainous, with volcanic appearance; but as you ascend the river, the valleys become more level, and the land richer—affording some good farming country. Timber is scarce until you reach the head waters. Near the Columbia, the hills are covered with basaltic rock; and the low lands with alkali water.

The banks of the Columbia, between the Walla-Walla and Okanegan, continue high; and the river contains three principal rapids—*Priest Rapids*, *Buckland's Rapids* and *Ross' Rapids*, but they are not such as to obstruct the navigation of the river for barges or keel-boats. The river has many bends, as it passes through the mountain country.

The next point of note we reach, is FORT COLVILLE, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles from Walla-Walla. The intervening country, throughout the entire route of the trail at present traveled, and as far as known, is a barren waste, destitute of timber; and travelers are obliged to select locations in order to secure a sufficiency of grass for their animals. Thirty miles below Fort Colville, there is a low, flat country, abounding in lakes, around the margins of which there is some good farming land. Located here is a small settlement of French, who raise wheat and potatoes enough for their own consumption, and a

surplus which they dispose of to miners and travelers. They own a small mill where they manufacture unbolted flour. These French are mostly married to Indian women; had this not been the case, they would hardly have been permitted to reside in the country so long.

In the spring of 1855, gold was discovered, to a considerable extent, on *Pen d' Oreille river*, near Fort Colville; and these mines will, undoubtedly, prove valuable. Owing to the hostility of the Indians, however, the mines have not yet been worked to any great extent.

Fort Colville is near the boundary line between the United States and the territory presided over by her Britannic Majesty. The country adjoining this section, in the British Possessions, is remarkable and interesting. It is an elevated region—lying some three thousand feet above the level of the sea; and in traveling over it you see a succession of lakes—some of them thirty miles in length, a great portion of the country a barren region, with only here and there a beautiful grove of fir, pine, or cedar timber. *Fraser's river* is a very singular stream, and of considerable size; it enters the bay on the north side of Vancouver Island, about north latitude 50° , near the *Gulf of Georgia*. But as this stream, and the country through which it flows, do not belong to the United States, we will omit any further remarks.

We will now look at the *South Fork of Columbia*, more commonly known as *Lewis' Fork*, and

still more familiarly, above the mouth of *Salmon river*, as *Snake river*. It rises east of FORT HALL, near the THREE TITONS.

Fort Hall is situated on this stream. Northward of Fort Hall, and west of the Three Titons, are other three buttes, known to geographers as the "THREE BUTTES," but often confounded with the former group. North of these mountains, there is a river of considerable size, which runs west a distance of one hundred miles, and forms a lake near the Buttes, which is surrounded by a high, hilly country, and which has no visible outlet.

But few buffalo are found west of this point—the surroundings of Fort Hall—although they have been traced in scattering numbers as far west as FORT BOISE.

We shall pass over the country intervening between Fort Hall and Fort Boise with the remark that it is generally a poor, barren, sterile, burnt-up region, showing nothing but cinders, burnt clay, and strata of lava.

The *Panack* Indians inhabit the country south of Fort Boise, and the *Shoshones*, or *Snakes*, the north side of the river. The former are sociable and friendly—the latter treacherous and barbarous; the Snakes are the Indians that have committed the many depredations upon the emigrants in the vicinity of Fort Boise.

From Fort Boise, the river runs almost a due north course for the distance of one hundred and

twenty miles, with the emigrant trail running a short distance from the stream, almost parallel with it. About sixty miles north-west of Fort Boise is *Burnt river*, where gold has been discovered. The ground, in many places, is entirely covered with quartz, showing plainly that rich gold mines exist in this region, which will be discovered as soon as the whites are permitted to prospect in the country.

The celebrated "GRAND ROND" is a beautiful valley, situated on the *Grand Rond river*. It is some sixty miles in diameter, surrounded with mountains varying in height from one hundred to one thousand feet, and covered with luxuriant grass, which extends far up upon most of the foot hills and mountains. This point is some one hundred and sixty miles from Fort Boise, and may well be termed a "desirable country." There are many points and coves which afford excellent timber, and no section of country is better supplied with excellent water. The grazing for stock is excellent. The bunch grass, or wild wheat, is quite abundant, and affords nutritious pasturage; it grows in large bunches, three feet high, much resembles the cultivated wheat, and the head, or ear, is filled with a light, chaffy grain, but little better than common chess, or cheat. There is also an abundance of clover—red and white—equally as fine as the cultivated clover of the States, and having the same appearance and odor—which is much sought after by stock. In this valley there

is also found a small herb, a species of lucrean, which has a yellow blossom, and a rough leaf, resembling the common plantain.

There are several smaller valleys, on other streams, that will, at some period, afford good settlements.

We now cross the SMOKY MOUNTAIN, and arrive in the Walla-Walla Valley. Here also we find the Umatilla and many other valleys, making this a very desirable portion of Oregon.

I could go on to a considerable extent, with description of many curious works of nature in the Middle and Eastern portions of Oregon, but they have been so often described by others that I consider it useless for me to undertake the task.

Before leaving the description of the country, and entering upon that of the Indian tribes inhabiting it, it will not be trespassing, perhaps, upon the patience of the reader, to venture a few remarks and speculations upon the climate of Oregon.

XI.

THE mildness of the climate on the Pacific appears to be a mystery as yet unexplained. I have been much on the beach—along the coast—and over the mountains, and have paid particular attention to the course of the winds, so much, indeed, as to keep a daily record of the weather and course

of the winds during the whole of the year 1855. My observations have led me to form a theory upon which I account for the mild and uniform climate that prevails there.

The course of the Cascade and Rocky Mountains is south-west and north-east. The Cascade range of Mountains intersects the coast near *Prince William Sound*, in Lat. 60° ; thence it takes a south-west course, and again intersects the coast at San Diego, in Lat. 33° —the Rocky Mountains lying still further east, and bearing the same general direction. Both these mountain ranges reach an enormous elevation, varying from 10,000 to 18,000 feet in height.

California, Oregon and Washington lie entirely west of the Rocky Mountains proper, and a large portion of this extensive territory lies west, also, of the Cascade Range, and the Sierra Nevadas, which, in fact, are a continuation of the former. From Prince William Sound, southwardly, as far as the mouth of Rogue river, the coast assumes a concave shape; an air line connecting the two points would traverse twenty degrees of longitude.

The Polar Sea, with its immense ice fields and icebergs, lies north-east of the point where the "Cascades" strike the coast, in Lat. 60° , and the winds, as they rush southwardly, strike on the eastern slopes of the mountains, which act as a shield, or protection, to the coasts, and the country lying west of the Cascade Range, from the northern blasts. On the other hand, the south winds strike

upon the western slope of the mountains, which act as a conductor to lead the wind northward, causing it to sweep along the coast and through the valleys, in a pleasant breeze, uniform and generally warm, both summer and winter—not subject to those sudden changes so common east of the mountains, in the same latitude, as what little cold wind passes over the tops of the mountains passes so high that a gentle, even current of air is experienced in the valley. In ascending the mountains in the winter, the snow increases in proportion to the elevation.

A Table showing the Course of the Winds and the Condition of the Weather for 1855.

MONTHS.	Rain.	Showery.	Snow.	Clear.	Calm.	Wind S.	Wind N.	Wind S.E.	Wind N.E.	Wind E.	Wind W.	Wind S.W.	Wind N.W.
January	10	5	2	14	5	24	2
February	5	5	..	18	14	5	7	2
March	3	4	2	22	15	9	2	2	2
April	4	5	..	21	6	11	9	4	..
May	6	1	..	24	7	..	24	..
June	1	29	..	1	29
July	31	31
August	31	31
September	4	26	..	4	26
October	4	5	..	22	..	9	22
November ...	2	4	..	24	..	4	2	24
December	6	3	..	22	..	9	22

From the foregoing observations it will be seen that, when the weather is clear, the course of the wind is from the west, or sea coast. The sea

breeze regularly rises between the hours of 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock, each day, making the latter part of the day very pleasant, whilst the warmest portion of the twenty-four hours, during the summer, is about 10 o'clock, A. M.

These observations were taken between the Cascade Mountains and the coast. Middle Oregon, or that portion of country lying between the "Cascades" and the Rocky Mountains, has a very different climate—the air being generally clear, pure, and rare, but little rain falling during the winter, but more snow. The winters are several degrees colder, owing, undoubtedly, to the altitude of this region, which is much more elevated than the Willamette Valley.

I may here remark, *en passant*, that no medicine in the world can compare with the pure air of Middle Oregon in effecting a cure of that terrible disease, pulmonary consumption.

In closing these remarks respecting the climate of the Pacific slope, I will mention a somewhat remarkable meteorological fact, which is not generally known, outside of Oregon, from the fact that no writer with whose letters I am acquainted, has mentioned it. It is this: No thunder is ever heard west of the Rocky Mountains.

XII.

A MINUTE description of all the various Tribes of Indians that inhabit the vast extent of country west of the Rocky Mountains, would be an arduous task, as they are very numerous—some very small, and others numbering thousands, while nearly all differ from each other in many of their customs, and between scarcely any two is the same language common. It appears almost unaccountable why tribes adjoining each other should retain their separate idioms, and yet such is the fact; it is only to be accounted for by another fact fully as strange—that tribes which are not separated fifty miles have little or no intercourse with each other.

THE COAST TRIBES all live principally, as I have before stated, on fish and fish oil. They are a lazy, stupid race of people—particularly those south of the Columbia, but are quite expert in their mode of fishing. They use a great many oysters, clams, and muscles; and, for their sustenance in winter, dry a great many fish, acorns, berries, and various roots.

As the salmon ascend all the streams in the months of May and June, for the purpose of spawning, these are considered the best fishing months, and at such times the Indians all collect upon the streams. The first salmon that run up and are caught are never sold to the whites, and

no price nor persuasion would induce these Indians to give or sell a salmon to a white man, for a period varying from ten to twenty days among different tribes, from the time of catching the first fish—owing to a superstitious notion that pervades them all, that the Great Spirit sends the salmon annually for the special use of the red man, and for his sustenance, and that they are not designed for the whites, who are to cultivate the earth for a support. If, then, they argue, they were to sell the fish upon their first appearance in the streams, it would be treating the goodness of the Great Spirit with contempt, in being wasteful, and making light of the offering.

They seldom eat a salmon until several are caught, when the band in the vicinity are notified to assemble at the wigwam of the chief, where they all go through a ceremony called by them "Thanksgiving,"—by the whites, "a Dance." Previous to the arrival of the band at the tent, a quantity of salmon is prepared into a kind of soup which is set out in a large earthen pot, in which is placed a wooden ladle. The tribe then gather in a ring, around the pot; two elderly squaws, at the head of the ring, commence walking around the pot, chanting a song, while all the members of the tribe present join in the procession. The medicine man, or conjurer, then walks up to the pot, takes out a spoonful of the soup, takes a sip, and lays the spoon back; the foremost squaw then follows his example, and is, in turn, imitated

by the whole procession—each individual taking a sip and continuing the march, without breaking the ring. The whole performance much resembles the “green corn dance” of the Cherokees, as practiced by them many years ago. This ceremony is kept up during the night,—the performances consisting in the beating of a kind of drum, clapping of hands, singing of songs, the men throwing their bodies into various singular shapes, making use of extravagant gestures and contortions, and occasionally uttering loud and frightful yells. This ceremony was designed for worship, but since the whites have become numerous among these Indians, the latter have introduced the music of the violin, with, occasionally, a few bottles of liquor, and their solemn religious festival, the “Salmon Feast,” has degenerated into a scene of vulgar revelry, and is called the “Salmon Dance.” The tribes that are most particular in their observance of this ceremony are the TILLAMOOKS (or KILLAMOOKS) and the CHINOOKS.

Often, when contemplating the tenacity with which these Indians cling to their ancient customs, their conservatism would forcibly remind me of the tribes of Israel.

THE TILLAMOOKS inhabit a portion of country south of the Columbia, including the Clatsop Plains, extending as far down the coast as Cape Lookout, and east to the center of the Coast

Range. They are generally low in point of stature, and heavy set, with broad faces, and a tendency to corpulency ; have but little action, no energy to engage in the chase ; are poor hunters ; have but little disposition to rove ; and live principally on fish and drifted whales, although they gather a few berries and acorns, and dig some roots. They catch a large number of wild geese and ducks ; eat the flesh and sell the feathers, now, to the whites. They catch these fowls by stratagem. They take an earthen pot, or a basket made for the purpose, and with the soft resin of the fir tree besmear it all over ; they then cover it with feathers, giving it as near the appearance of a goose as they can. An Indian puts this vessel upon his head, wades into the bay where the ducks and geese frequent, squats low in the water, and awaits the assemblage of the fowls. He then moves slowly along, with the pot upon his head, carefully peeping out under the pot to observe the movement of the fowls, and taking care to make no hasty movement that would cause suspicion. In this manner he stealthily approaches the flock ; then, carefully reaching his hand out, under water, he gets the duck or goose by the foot, and, jerking it suddenly under the water, gives it no opportunity to struggle, or give the least alarm. The bird is held under until it is dead, when he lets go of it and it floats upon the surface, and the Indian continues drawing them under, one after another, until he gets his load, when he sets

out for his wigwam. During the dusk of the evening is the best time for this manœuvre.

THE CHINOOKS.—The country of the CHINOOKS extends from the mouth of the Columbia to the Dalles, a distance of one hundred and ninety miles. They are short, and square-framed, with broad faces, flat noses, and eyes turned obliquely upward at the outer corners, like those of the Chinese, while the resemblance is accidentally heightened by a conical cap which they wear, similar to the Chinese cap; it is generally made from the bark of the root of the hemlock, which they plait or weave very skillfully, so closely that it will hold water, immediately after being made without being besmeared with resin. Probably this cap was adopted to protect the head from the heavy and frequent rains occurring on that coast during the winter. The CHINOOKS are not as ingenious a people as the natives further north; but have much more ingenuity than those living further south, which is manifested in the construction of canoes, and other water crafts; in that particular, they are very skillful, and make very neat boats, often carving the representation of any animal they wish on the bow, which always turns up very high, and which they sometimes ornament with a carving representing some individual—and do it so completely, too, that you can almost point out the person it was designed to represent. Like their neighbors of the northern

coast, they derive their subsistence principally from the sea and river, and are averse to wandering upon land ; but they are good navigators in their own crafts, which are small, but, owing to their lightness and the manner in which they are built, will outride very rough seas. They seldom make any hunting excursions, although their country abounded with elk and deer, on the banks of the rivers, before the settlement of the whites.

This was the most densely populated part of Oregon, in the year 1804, when LEWIS and CLARK visited that part of the coast, and so continued until the year 1833, when the *ague and fever* broke out and carried off four-fifths of the population in a single summer. This disease was unknown, previously, west of the Rocky Mountains. But, during that fatal summer, whole villages were swept away, leaving not a single inhabitant. The living could not bury the dead, and the traders of the Hudson Bay Company were compelled to undertake the task, in order to prevent another pestilence from completing the desolation of the country. The region below the Cascade Falls suffered most severely from this dreadful calamity—as far as tide water ascended ; above that the disease was less fatal. A circumstance worthy of notice, in this connection, is the fact that the traders—French, American, and English—were not afflicted with the disease. The population which, before this pestilence, was estimated at ten thousand, does not now exceed five hundred.

This tribe and the TILLAMOOKS have the beastly habit—or, rather, let us call it, the brutal custom—of compressing the heads of their children, making the forehead retreat, and causing that portion of the head where phrenologists locate the reasoning and moral faculties, to present the appearance of an inclined plane. To accomplish this, when the infant is ten days old it is strapped tightly with its back against a board; a hole is cut in the top of the board and another board is then prepared with a hole near the end—the two are then tied together at the back or over the back part of the child's head, and the last board strapped down to the child's body, being made to press hard on the forehead, but giving the head room to expand upward and behind. With this pressure long continued—and it is seldom removed until the child is old enough to walk—the skull finally acquires the shape which permits a straight line from the nose to strike the crown of the head. You may often see these boards, with babies attached, leaning up against a tree or bush, outside the tent during the day. These Indians appear to be very fond of their children; and if one dies, they make great lamentation.

These people seldom bury in the ground. I witnessed one burying ground, on an island in the Columbia river, a short distance below the Cascades. This island is mostly a solid rock, with sand banks surrounding it. Scaffolds are raised about six feet high, and the corpses, having been

robed in deer or elk skins, or cased in mats made of rushes, are placed upon them. Some of the tribe assemble at the burial ground, yearly, and when the body decays and the bones drop asunder, the skull is taken up and carefully placed in a circular ring around a pole with a cross on it, the face turned inward, in the direction of the pole. Perhaps, if I should set the number of skulls I saw on this island at one thousand, it would not be exaggeration—although the stench was so intolerable that my stay amongst them was short.

THE CLICKETATS inhabit that portion of country on the north side of the Columbia, east of the Cascade Mountains, around Mounts Ranier and St. Helens. They have but a small territory, and live mostly by hunting and salmon fishing—as the salmon ascend their rivers in May and June, and their country being mountainous, affords them abundance of deer and black bear. They are excellent hunters, and fond of the chase. In stature they resemble the CHINOOKS—they are rather small men, mostly weighing not more than 140 lbs., slender, lean, active, bold and venturesome. They own horses and are very expert riders. In dress and appearance they are more neat than their neighboring tribes; when they use buckskin for clothing, it is dressed, and made up in unusually neat style. In time of war they are very daring, as was proven in 1855–6, as they were mostly enemies to the “Bostons,” during that war, and joined their neighbors, the YAKIMAS.

THE YAKIMAS inhabit the region of country lying east of the CLICKETATS and north of the Columbia, from the Dalles to the Cascade Mountains; in the direction of Puget Sound for a distance of 150 miles, and up the Columbia river a distance of 300 miles. They are large, likely, fine looking Indians—tall, square built, with bony features and high cheek bones. The tribe is a large one, and can muster 1,200 warriors. They own large droves of both horses and cattle; are excellent riders; live partly by fishing and hunting, and are expert in both these pursuits. They have, generally, a bountiful supply of dried salmon *cached* away for winter use, and, in case of scarcity, they can go to their *caches* (caves or holes in the ground, where they bury or secrete what they wish to store or cannot conveniently carry,) where they generally have three or four years' provision ahead. They also store away many dried berries of various kinds, such as service berry, huckleberry, blackberry, raspberry, and also many kinds of roots. They are very superstitious, and have many singular customs among them. They have never suffered white men to rove over their country, with the exception of Jesuit priests; of these they have a number among them, and many Roman Catholic Missions. The Indians are, in a great measure, controlled by their Romish priests, who are men of polished manners and good education; when among the Indians they assume a lordly, pompous air, but when in company with

whites they are easy and affable. The YAKIMAS, though a roving tribe, raise some potatoes and beans. This is the tribe that committed the first depredations that commenced the war in 1855-6.

The women, amongst this tribe—and nearly all the tribes of the interior of Oregon—are looked upon as but little better than slaves, in fact are treated as such. Any Indian may have as many wives as he is able to buy; one man will, at times, have any number, from one to twenty—sometimes giving a blanket, and at others a horse, in exchange for a woman. If he buys the daughter of a chief, he has sometimes to pay twenty horses for her, but the usual price for a *nice young squaw* is five horses. When a man buys a squaw she is considered his wife; sometimes he never speaks to her until the purchase is made, when, should she refuse or hesitate about going, he takes a hazel sprout, or the end of his lasso rope, and whips her until she is ready to follow him. The women at times lament very much at having to go with a man whom they do not like. If, after being kept a few weeks, they continue stupid, and he does not like them, the husband offers them for sale—perhaps at the same price—often at a sacrifice. If he cannot succeed in selling, and the woman continues with the same downcast, discontented look, and don't willingly obey his orders, he begins to apply the lash freely, often causing the blood to trickle down over her heels. He continues this barbarous treatment for

a year ; perhaps, in the meantime, offering to sell her at any price but finding no purchasers. The persecuted woman sometimes runs off, and endeavors to reach some neighboring tribe, but the merciless husband invariably pursues, and if she is overtaken he brings her back and complains to the chief, who gives him permission to do with her what he pleases—adding “You must not spill the blood of one of your own tribe.” He then proceeds to his wigwam and tells his other wives to go out and dig a grave ; they immediately obey him, and dig a hole about six feet deep and eighteen inches in diameter. He then takes his *cultes* (or bad wife) and puts her, feet downward, into the hole, she screaming loudly all the while ; he pays no regard to her cries, but presses her down into the pit, and, by the assistance of his other wives, commences cramming the dirt in around her. They continue their work, until the cries of the unfortunate wife are stifled by the dirt that is thrown upon her head ; the hole is then filled up, and a round hill is all that remains to mark her living tomb. The murderous husband, with his dutiful wives, all return quietly to camp.

The WALLA-WALLAS inhabit the portion of country on the south side of the Columbia, extending from twenty miles below old Fort Walla-Walla to a point some distance above the mouth of Lewis or Snake river. They number about 3,000 souls, and are a hardy looking race of people,

tall, square-built, showing great muscular strength. They are active, good warriors, brave and daring, but very treacherous, and are closely allied to the YAKIMAS, with whom they took a very active part in the recent war against the whites. They speak a very harsh, disagreeable language, giving the sound far down in the throat.

It was among these Indians that Dr. WHITMAN'S MISSION was established and appeared for several years, to prosper. But, in the year 1847, the DOCTOR and his whole family, with all his assistants, were murdered, and the Mission burned. The Indians learned much useful information from the DOCTOR, and some had advanced so far as to speak the English language well, and to read and write ; but, as soon as the Mission was destroyed, and these educated young men began to mingle again with their savage brethren, they became notorious rascals. Often visiting the Valley, among the whites, their knowledge of our language giving them character, they soon commenced the business of stealing horses in the Valley, writing false certificates of character, and the like, their information giving a shrewdness to accomplish dishonest acts, which are characteristic of the whole nation. Every one of these once promising young men were caught and hung. Every attempt to Christianize or civilize this people has proved ineffectual, and repeated failures have proven to every person acquainted with the facts, how utterly futile must be all such efforts, so long as

the Indians are permitted to rove and mingle with other and savage tribes.

The principal food of this tribe is the salmon, which they take in large numbers in the months of June, July, August and September. At this season of the year, the Indians collect about the falls on the river. The fish ascend early in the season to the head of the Columbia, and all its tributaries (unless it is some river where a perpendicular fall prevents,) and in August and September they come drifting down the river in a weak and exhausted condition, and many of them dead. It is at this season that the Indians prepare their winter food by drying the salmon and stowing them away. Some of their hunters make long excursions to the buffalo country.

There are several other small tribes living down the river, and south of the Walla-Wallas, viz.: the JOHN DAYS, the TYHS, the DESCHUTES, and the DALLES. All speak different languages, but their manners and appearance are much the same. They are remnants of other tribes, but their number is small, there not being more than four thousand souls in the four bands.

THE NEZ-PERCES, or SAPTANS, inhabit the country from the Paloose to the Wallacacos, about one hundred miles, together with all its tributaries, extending, on the east, to the Rocky Mountains. They are supposed to number 6,000 souls. In appearance they resemble the Indians east of

the Rocky Mountains—they dress better, and are much neater in personal appearance than their neighbors. They have many horses, and are good hunters, and make excursions to the Rocky Mountains yearly in pursuit of buffalo. In stature they are large and likely—the largest framed tribe that inhabit the Western country. They are the most honest Indians of that region, and have been the constant friends of the white men. Some of their young men joined, in the recent war, against the whites, but it was contrary to the orders of their chiefs. This is the most wealthy of all the mountain tribes, some of the chiefs owning as many as 4,000 horses, and common Indians owning 1,000 head. They also own a large number of cattle.

THE WAILLATPUS inhabit the region south of Walla-Walla river. Their most prominent location is on the head waters of this stream, where they live in close connection with a band of the NEZ-PERCE. They all speak the Nez-Perce language, although they have a language of their own that is spoken by the old ones. This is a small tribe, numbering not more than 600 or 800 souls. Although their number is small, they are looked upon by other tribes with respect. They are very wealthy, good warriors, and excellent riders. Their country being well suited for grazing purposes, and affording abundance of excellent pasturage, they own large droves of horses. The chief of this band owns 5,000 head. They are noble looking Indians.

From this band I desired to get a boy, ten or twelve years old, to accompany me home. Through the assistance of Mr. NOBLE and Mr. THOMPSON, I saw a fine looking youth of ten years of age, whose parents were both dead. He had been adopted by the chief, and to him I went and made known my desire. He would not reply to my request immediately, but told me he would give me an answer the next day. He came, according to promise, bringing with him an interpreter, when the following conversation took place between us:

“I cannot let the boy go. I have a son four years old, whom you may have, and my sister has a son five years old—you may have both.”

“They are too young,” I replied, “I want the other one.”

“He must not go!”

I asked him his objection—“you give me your son, why refuse me your adopted son?”

He cast his eyes to the ground for a moment, and then, slowly raising his head, he looked me full in the face and replied: “I am the chief of this tribe. I want my son to be chief, after me. If you take my adopted son home with you, he will then be like white man—he will read and write—he will be smart man; he then come back here—*he be chief, my son only be Indian!*” Saying this, with a sorrowful look he turned and walked away.

There was a tribe called the **MOLALLE** Indians, that dwelt in the broken and mountainous region about Mount Hood ; but since the year 1840, they have become extinct, as a separate nation, and have attached themselves to other tribes.

THE BLACK FEET Indians occupy an extensive territory in and near the Rocky Mountains, between the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia. They are the confederacy of four tribes—the **PAGANS**, the **FALLS**, the **SUSSEZ**, and the **BLACK FEET**. All these speak the regular Black Foot language except the **Sussez**, who speak the language of the **Chippewas**.

These tribes are the best hunters of the Rocky Mountains, their occupation being confined principally to buffalo hunting. Their name is a terror to other tribes, as they are brave, daring and warlike. Their number, from the best evidence now in our possession, is about 15,000.

THE KLAMATH Indians live on the head waters of Klamath river—designated by the name of “Klamath Lake country.” Rogue river and Deschutes river head near the same place. This is the Southern boundary of Oregon and the Northern part of California. This tribe is very warlike, frequently attacking emigrant trains on their way to California. Their object appears to be plunder, and to capture women. In this particular, no tribe is so much to be dreaded as

the KLAMATHS. It is a fact, that they have some white women prisoners among them at this time, and but little effort has been made by the whites to regain them, their immediate relatives having been killed at the time of their capture. These Indians will be more particularly described in my History of the War. Until within the last three years, they were engaged in constant hostilities with their neighbors, the SHASTAS and ROGUE RIVER INDIANS—their principal object being to steal the squaws whom they sold into slavery to the NEZ-PERCES and WAILLATPUS.

THE PANACKS inhabit the country south-east of Klamath lake. They are a wandering tribe, living on game and berries; bold, and good warriors; often attacking emigrants and traders. They are not a large tribe, however, and are supposed to number not more than six hundred or eight hundred persons.

THE SHASTAS formerly inhabited the region of country about SHASTA PEAK, and on Shasta river, and where Yreka, Cal., now stands. The remnant of the tribe that is left now mostly dwell in the Siskiyou Mountains and vicinity. They have been, to the gold-hunters, a very troublesome tribe. There were no horses introduced among them until about the year 1840; at that time they always conducted the chase on foot, and so fleet were they that they would frequently run down

and capture a fat buck. When the settlers of the Willamette Valley first visited the gold regions of California, these Indians were noted for their feats of activity, as it took the best of Oregon horses to overtake an Indian in running the distance of two miles, the latter having a little the start on foot.

There were several small tribes lying north of these, in Oregon, that have been very troublesome to the settlers ; but, since the war of 1855-6, they have all been removed to the Coast Reservation.

THE KILLEWATSIS are about the mouth of the Umpqua ; higher up on the same river are the ISOLEL and the KOUSE Indians ; and on the lower part of Rogue river are the TATATNAS—now called the “ ROGUE RIVER ” or “ RASCAL ” Indians, from the fact that they are the worst of rascals, and their continual hostility to the whites from the period of their first discovery. These Indians will be spoken of in my History of the War ; and it was this tribe that killed Capt. P. M. ARMSTRONG, in 1853.

THE CALAPOOYAS formerly inhabited the Willamette Valley, above the Falls. Their possessions once embraced the whole Valley, but as this once powerful tribe is now almost extinct, we shall not make any extended remarks concerning them. They differ much from other tribes of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific coast, in several respects.

Since the first acquaintance of the whites with them, they have been characterized by a mild, kind and gentle disposition, and a greater degree of intelligence than their neighbors, while their manners and customs are also very different. Their appearance shows them to be a distinct nation from all the other tribes of that country. Their national voice is mild, calm, smooth, gentle, sympathizing, while all the other tribes are characterized by a disagreeable, coarse, harsh, guttural voice. The CALLAPOOYAS seem to have been appropriately located in the Valley, to separate the wandering and warlike tribes east of the Cascade Mountains, from the debased, filthy and quarrelsome Indians of the coast. They are more quiet than the former and more cleanly than the latter. There are now, perhaps, not more than five hundred members of this tribe, and they still rove over the Valley, among the whites, living in tents. The Indians east of the mountains often make a descent upon them, and are thinning out their ranks from year to year, and a disease extant among them is rapidly taking them off; so that in five years, or less time, they will all be gone.

THE MODE OF LIFE of all the Indians on the Upper Columbia and the interior of Oregon is, to some extent, similar. They have no fixed habitation, but wander from place to place, as necessity or inclination moves them, living in tents. Yet,

in reality, we do not know that we should term them a "wandering people," although they change their place of residence nearly every month—for the same month of every year finds them occupying the same place they occupied the previous year. The reason is obvious. No part of the United States abounds so greatly in esculent roots and berries, as Oregon. There are more than a dozen different kinds of roots that afford nourishment to the human family, some of them very palatable, and mostly attainable by little labor. At certain seasons the natives derive almost their entire subsistence from these roots, and as the different varieties grow in different localities, and arrive at maturity at intervals apart, the Indians are forced to change their position from one root ground to another.

In the fishing season, when the Indians all flock to the banks of the rivers, you can see tents of Indians in every valley of the Columbia where there is grass sufficient to graze their stock. The salmon ascend in the spring and descend in the fall. This causes two removals, for, although the fall salmon are poor, they are taken in large quantities, dried, and stored away for winter use.

They also gather a great quantity of acorns from the white oak, and store them away for the purpose of making bread when dried. They gather a large amount, also, of *couse*, or bread root, which much resembles the Irish potato, and, when dried and powdered, is very white and

mealy. They also collect a great many large black crickets, and grasshoppers by bushels; these they put into a mortar with acorns or bread root, and pound into a mass, which is then kneaded, placed on a board, and baked for bread—the legs of the grasshoppers and crickets making a very rough crust. I have often seen them encircle the grasshoppers in a ring of fire, by igniting the grass; their wings are scorched by the blaze, and they fall to the ground, when the Indians gather around, collect them and eat them. You can see the insects kick as they go into the Indian's mouth, and hear them crack like chestnuts between his jaws.

These Indians are in some respects like brutes; they will grow fat and corpulent in time of plenty, and lean when provisions are scarce. They can subsist, however, on very little food. The men usually make a long excursion to the Rocky Mountains, on a buffalo hunt, during the latter part of the summer, leaving the women, in their absence, to gather roots and berries, and prepare them for winter use. Their clothing was principally manufactured of buffalo robes and dressed deer skins, until, within the last few years, they have purchased some dry goods from the traders. They make up coats, leggings, and moccasins, of the deer and elk skins, very neatly, ornamenting them handsomely with beads, of which they are very fond; I have seen from five to ten pounds swung round an Indian's neck at one time.

Each tribe has two principal chiefs—one to conduct their national affairs, and decide all matters of personal difference between members of the tribe, but who has nothing to say with regard to war matters—these being left to the war chief, who conducts all their war parties and superintends all their trainings for war. They are continually training for war, in various modes, and are very expert in all their manœuvres. The different tribes are generally at war with each other. They would be the most happy people on earth, were they not constantly in dread. When they are encamped in a valley, you will always see some of the tribe standing or sitting on some high hill, looking carefully in every direction, fearful lest some party belonging to another tribe pounce upon them and carry off their property or their squaws. They never sleep at night without a close guard out, around their encampment; all which shows, plainly enough, that their life is full of fear and anxiety—you can trace in their countenances an uneasiness and a lack of confidence as to their safety.

In each tribe, also, there is a conjurer or medicine man. He uses but few roots or medicines; but, when he has a patient, he makes a great noise—hallooing, clapping his hands, beating his own breast and that of his patient. This, he says, is for the purpose of driving away the evil spirit. When his patient is very sick, he never ceases his wailings the night long; and if it be a

chief, or any conspicuous person that is sick, and he dies, the surviving chief then appoints some of the friends of the deceased to put the doctor to death—a fate that the latter submits to without a murmur. The weapon used on such occasions is generally a butcher knife.

On one occasion, when I was encamped with my surveying party, on the Umpqua river, a band of Indians were encamped on the opposite side of the river. There was a sick person among them, and the doctor was making a great noise, which he kept up until late at night. My hands commenced hallooing, and mocking the doctor, and there was a brief pause. Next morning the Indians came to my camp, very much dissatisfied, saying that my boys had killed the sick Indian—their hallooing at the doctor and making fun of him had rendered him unable to keep off the evil spirit, and his mind was drawn off toward the boys who were making sport of him; so the patient died. I called up the hands, in their presence, and told them to give an account of themselves, at the same time appearing to be very much dissatisfied with their conduct. The boys justified themselves by assuring the Indians that they did not know there was any person sick—they thought it was a dance, and they felt anxious to join them, but could not cross the river. I gave them some bread, and they returned to camp, informing me that they would not kill the doctor, as it was not through any fault of his that the patient died, but giving me to understand

that they would prefer taking the lives of my boys, which they no doubt would have done had an opportunity offered.

Sometimes, thus, a trifling occurrence throws a traveler in their midst into great danger, especially if any fear be manifested.

When an Indian dies, his friends gather around, and the women set up a great lamentation, crying and hallooing, beating their breasts, arms, and faces, pulling great handfuls of hair from their heads, and appearing to be in the greatest distress and agony. While witnessing a scene of this character, on one occasion, I ascertained, upon inquiry, that these women had been employed by the friends of the deceased, to mourn for their departed friend, for which service they expected to receive remuneration in the way of presents. In some instances, the friends promise the mourners to perform the same offices for them when any of their friends may die. It is not uncommon to send to another village to procure professional mourners who have become renowned for acts of cruelty perpetrated upon their own bodies on such occasions. The *men* never cry, no matter how near and dear a relative may die—it is considered “not brave”—it is the act of a squaw. The men seldom weep, except when enraged to the pitch of committing murder, and they are certain the deed they are going to commit will result in their own death, or when they are appointed by the chief to kill one of their own tribe. You will sometimes

see the executioner and the victim walking arm in arm together, talking and crying, appearing to be great friends in deep distress, while the former has his knife concealed about him, and, suddenly, draws it, and, at a single stroke, lays his victim lifeless on the earth.

The various tribes of California are low, degraded, dirty, filthy Indians, with little energy, living principally upon roots and carrion, no dead animal being too filthy for them to eat. They are generally called "Diggers," from their principal mode of sustaining life, digging for roots. They are far inferior, in every respect, to the Indians residing further north. But, as this History is only designed to treat on Oregon and Washington Territories, we will not dwell on the Indians of California.

The Indians living in the extreme northern portion of our possessions, on the Pacific, and in the British Territory, between latitude 49° and 60° , through the interior of the country, are a warlike, athletic race, and they were once wealthy, from the large amount of furs they sold annually at the trading posts, no part of the Pacific region abounding with beaver so plentifully as did the head waters of the Columbia and Frazier rivers and their tributaries. Near the sources of these rivers there are many streams forming long lakes, making it a great place of resort for beaver.

FORT COLVILLE, FORT OKANAGAN, and FORT SPOKAN, as well as a number of other forts, or trading posts, were established by the Hudson Bay Company and American traders, for the purpose of affording safe and convenient places for bartering for the Indian's furs and peltries—the articles of barter being, for the most part, red blankets, red calicoes, large quantities of beads of various sizes and colors, and tobacco. All Indians are very fond of tobacco, often refusing to sell their furs unless the trader can furnish them some tobacco—they must have a smoke before they can commence a trade. The traders usually have a supply of this luxurious weed always on hand.

There exists, and ever has existed a great jealousy and rivalry among the traders of this wild region. Having cut themselves loose from society, for the purpose of gain, they desire to make speedy fortunes, and leave no exertion untried to gain their ends by circumventing others. Between the American Fur Company's employees and the Hudson Bay traders, an ambition has ever existed to see which could succeed in driving the best bargains with the different tribes of Indians—as the whole nation go in a body to some designated point, once a year, for the purpose of trading, and the lucky trader who succeeds in securing their custom makes his fortune.

I will give one instance of this ambition between the trading parties.

A TALE OF THE OREGON FUR TRADE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Some years ago, when the American fur company and the Hudson Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition to each other, in the wild and rocky territory of Oregon, several little forts were erected in the interior, whence the commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these to which our tale refers, was planted in a green and secluded valley, where pasture for cattle and comfort for man, were as much as possible combined with security and safety.

In this spot, known as Spokane Fort, dwelt James M'Pherson, the owner and governor of the wild locality. M'Pherson was a Scotchman, who in early days had left his native country a poor lad, and now, by the exercise of that perseverance characteristic of his countrymen, had obtained the position of a well-to-do merchant.

It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a young Louisianian, obtained an appointment under the owner, and traveled the whole distance from New Orleans, had conveyed a cargo of merchandise for the use of the company. In addition to this, he had taken up, to rejoin her father, Miss M'Pherson and an attendant. So peculiar and so long a journey had thrown the young people much together, and without any reflection with regard to their difference of position, a mutual affection had arisen between them. At length, however, they arrived at their journey's end. Ray became a clerk, and Miss M'Pherson presided over the establishment, as the daughter of the owner was in duty bound to do. Whatever might have been the lady's feelings, the poor clerk sought not to learn them. He felt the difference of station, and, shrinking from any manifestation of his aspiring hopes, attended to his business honestly and diligently, but without showing the slightest enthusiasm for the avocation. Under these circumstances he was considered useful in his way, but failed to excite that notice that might have led to his advancement. Reserved and taciturn, even his mistress thought herself deceived in him. With the excitement of their happy journey, all his energies seemed to have departed. The truth was, that Ray, who was not of a sanguine disposition, saw no means of arriving to a level with his master, and allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit.

About three months after his arrival, the time approached when the annual interview with the various Indians took place,—a meeting of much importance, as then the whole fortunes of the year were decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to camp, with their beaver and other skins, where the rival traders at once repaired, and whoever offered the best price obtained a ready and profitable market. About two days before

the time appointed, the heads of the fort were seated at their evening meal. Plenty and variety made up for delicacies and seasonings. Buffalo, deer-meat, trout, salmon, wild-fowl, all abounded on the board, round which sat M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks. The whole party were engaged discussing the good things before them, when a bustle was heard without, and after the pause of a moment, a half-breed hunter appeared on the threshold.

"What news, Nick?" said M'Pherson, who recognized in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

"Bad," said Nick, advancing. "Master Sublette got ahead of Spokan. The Indians are all at camp already, with plenty beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco, so he send away to Brown for some; then smoke, and buy all the beaver."

"Why, that is good news," said M'Pherson, laughing; "if Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty, and not an Indian will sell a skin until he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So up, my men," he continued, addressing his clerks; "you must away and out-general Sublette, by taking to Johnson a good supply of the weed."

"All very fine," said Nick, with a knowing jerk of the head, "but Sublette him know a trick worth two of that. A hundred Blackfeet are out lying in the woods, and not a soul will reach the market until they are gone."

"The Blackfeet!" cried M'Pherson; "then we are defeated surely. What is to be done?"

"How many bales will suffice?" said Ray, quietly.

"If Johnson, our agent, had but one," replied the trader, despondingly, "all would be right. It is impossible, however; and this year is lost to me."

"By no means," said the clerk, rising, with all his native energy and fire beaming in his eye; "Johnson shall have the bale, or my scalp shall hang in a Blackfoot lodge before morning."

"Edward!" exclaimed the daughter, with an alarmed glance, which opened the father's eyes to what had hitherto been a profound secret.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Ray?" said M'Pherson gravely, and even sternly.

"I am, sir; give me Wild Polly, (a favorite mare,) and trust to me for the accomplishment of your wishes."

"You will go alone, then?"

"I will."

M'Pherson ordered the mare he valued so much to be saddled, and in half an hour, Edward Ray, with two bales of tobacco behind him, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokan, amidst the plaudits of the whole party, whose astonishment regarded less the perilousness of the adventure, than the charac-

ter of the man who undertook it. Miss M'Pherson, conscious of the interest she had betrayed in her father's clerk, hastily retired to her chamber; while the father, after carefully fastening the gates, and posting proper sentinels, lit his pipe and seated himself, absorbed in reflection, by the huge fire-place in the principal apartment. Great smokers are your Indian traders, who in more things than one resemble the men with whom they have to deal.

Meanwhile, Edward Ray, after leaving the fort, rode down the valley, reflecting on the wisest course to pursue. It was some time ere the young man paused, and then a sudden hesitation on the part of his mare brought him back to consciousness. Raising his eyes, he found himself close upon a wood, between which and a somewhat broad river he had now to pass. A single glance told him that Indians were near, as a light smoke arose amid the trees; whether they had yet discovered him was a matter of uncertainty. Ray therefore determined to make a bold dash; and, trusting to his beast, rode at a hard gallop along the skirt of the forest. The moment he neared the trees, his hand upon his rifle, he listened with the most anxious attention. Not a sound, save the clatter of his unshod mare, was heard, until he had half-cleared the dangerous cover. Then came the sound of pursuit, and then the Blackfeet war-whoop, with the crack of rifles. His enemies were in full chase. Now it was that the gallant steed put forth her energy, and now it was that Ray's spirit rose and he felt himself a man, with all a man's energy, and also with all a man's love of life. Looking back, he saw the wild Indian warriors coming fast toward him, but still not gaining ground; and he felt sure did he loosen his precious merchandise, and give it up to the pursuers, that he could with ease outstrip them. But he was resolved to serve his master's interests, and he urged his laden steed to her utmost. An hour passed in this manner. The howling, whooping Indians, half a hundred in number, galloped madly after him, their long black hair streaming to the wind.

Before him lay a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet, dry, parched and crackling. Through this lay the path of the fugitive. Ray looked forward to the welcome shelter, determined to make a stand; and there, at the very entrance, stood, mounted on a tall horse, an opposing foe. Clutching his pistol, the clerk clenched his teeth, and rode madly against this new opponent, who, just in time to save himself, cried, "All right, saucy Nick!" There was no time for greeting, and away they scampered through the cane-brake, not before, however, the half-breed had cast a brand amid the reeds.

"Away!" cried Nick, urging his steed to the utmost, "the fire spirit is awake; he rides in yonder cloud! Away, or our bones will be mingled with those of the red men upon this plain."

"But Nick," said Ray, as side by side they dashed across the prairie, "how met we? I left you at the fort."

"No, Nick start half an hour before. Wouldn't let brave warrior go by himself. Found him chased by Indians—Blackfeet; but Indian no take Master Ray. Nick know trick worth two of that. But hush!" he added, as he gained the entrance of a valley, "the hoofs of our horses have walked the great fire spirit; but we are not yet free. Blackfeet in valley."

At this intimation of their being again about to meet a party of their enemies, Ray prepared his arms once more, and then, patting the neck of his gallant steed, urged her at a rattling pace through the valley. A flash and the crack of guns fired in haste, showed that Nick was not mistaken; but giving a volley in reply, and without pausing to discover its effect, the pair galloped onward, and once more emerged on the plain. Nick now led the way, and diverging from the ordinary route, entered a stream, the course of which they followed slowly for some time. At length, satisfied that he had baffled pursuit, the half-breed once more entered upon the usual track, and before daylight, reached the great camp, where the Indians had pitched their tents with a view to traffic with the rival white men.

To the right were the wagons of Sublette; to the left, those of Johnson, M'Pherson's agent. They found the latter in very bad spirits, as his rival was expected to receive the necessary supply of tobacco in the course of the afternoon, when all chance for Spokane would have been over. As, however, Ray detailed the object of his journey, and the success which had attended it, the agent's eye glistened, and at length he exclaimed with a chuckle, "Bravo, Mr. Ray; I should like to be in your shoes; for if you haven't made old Mac's fortune, my name is not Johnson. Such prime beavers you never saw. By the immortal head of General Jackson, but you are a lucky dog!" Ray expressed his satisfaction at having been of such great service, and after a hearty meal, the traders began their day's work. First the chiefs were summoned and regaled, to the consternation of Sublette, with a liberal and plentiful smoke. Seated around the agent's tent, the Spokane, Kamloops, Chaudievers, Sinapoil, and other Indians, enjoyed with unmixed satisfaction, what to them is a most precious luxury. The agent was most liberal of the weed; not a single Indian was forgotten; and when the barter commenced, the gratified aborigines testified their delight by disposing of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such, indeed, was the activity of the Spokane agent, and of his assistant Ray, that when Sublette received at length his supply of tobacco, not a beaver nor even a skunk skin remained for which he could trade. Well aware that the Blackfeet, when once discovered, would draw off, Ray, after a brief hour of repose, borrowed a fresh horse, and hurried back toward the fort.

His journey was tedious in the extreme, for the smouldering grass rendered it as unsafe as it was disagreeable. At length, however, the young clerk, to whom had returned much of his former despondent feeling, came once more in sight of Spokane,

where he was received with open arms, as was Nick who accompanied him.

M'Pherson, eager to learn the result of the young man's journey, drew him to his counting-house, and motioning him to a seat, installed himself at his ledger, pen in hand. Ray began his story, and to the evident surprise of the merchant, related the dangers which had befallen him, and the manner in which he had escaped. At length he came to that part of his story, which referred to the extraordinary quantity and excellence of the beavers which had been obtained by means of his bold undertaking.

"Know, lad," said old M'Pherson, quite delighted, "that you have brought me the best year's trade that I have had yet. Besides, man, I count it no small thing to have beat Captain Sublette, the most cunning trader on the frontier."

"I am very much gratified," said Ray, "that I have been in any way instrumental in serving you."

"Ah, that is all very well," interrupted M'Pherson, pushing his spectacles from their proper position to one above his eyes, "but just tell me frankly, Mr. Ray, why you, who are generally so slow and cold, should all of a sudden take so much trouble to do me a service?"

"It was the first time," replied Ray, "that I ever had an opportunity of doing what others would not do."

"Oh," said the trader, still more enlightened, "and do you not expect any share in the great advantage of last night's adventure?"

"That I leave to you, sir."

"Now, Mr. Ray," said the trader with a smile, "I wish you would be thoroughly frank with me. I can see plainly enough that you have had some reason for your constant lack of energy, and some equally good reason for suddenly, when you could really serve me, risking your life to do so. I say again, speak out. Have you any conduct of mine of which to complain? Is your salary too small? Your chances of promotion—do they seem too remote? You have doubled my fortune; let me do you some service in return."

"My ambition, sir, has been to share your good fortune; and did my hopes extend as far as my wishes, I might say I have hoped one day to possess all you now hold." This was said with a lurking smile that still more puzzled M'Pherson.

"What! would you be a partner, young man? The idea is a bold one; but I see no insuperable bar to it."

"Sir," said Ray, hurriedly, "I am content to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter without whom wealth would be contemptible, and poverty insufferable."

"Where!" cried the astonished merchant, "sits the wind in that quarter? And pray, sir, does my daughter know of this?"

"She does. You will recollect our long journey, when we were inseparable companions?"

"Oh, I recollect all; and pray does my daughter encourage you?"

"She will speak for herself, dear father," exclaimed the young girl, who entering, had caught the import of their conversation. "I did encourage him because I thought he deserved to be your son. Of late Mr. Ray had almost induced me to regret my resolution; but his recent devotion in your service convinced me that he was still the Edward Ray I had traveled with from New Orleans."

"And so," said the old man, pettishly, "you have arranged it all, it seems, and I am to have no voice or will?"

"We have arranged nothing, dear father, and leave it all to you."

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary M'Pherson had no difficulty in talking over the kind-hearted trader. In a few weeks after, Ray was not only son-in-law but partner at Spokane; and I believe that none of the parties have had yet any cause to regret the "midnight ride" over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

THE PISCHOUS inhabit a small portion of country on the west or north side of the Columbia, between Fort Okanagan and Priest Rapids. This region of country is destitute, almost, of both roots and game, and the natives who wander over its barren wastes are looked upon, by other tribes, as a poor, beggarly race, and are considered great thieves. They procure but little game, and, as they have to depend upon the skins of animals for clothing, many of them are unable to procure clothing, and therefore go entirely naked. They are very shy and timid. Often, when a white man approaches a tent, the inmates will run and hide in the nearest chaparral, leaving the white man in possession of their wigwam, and will remain there until satisfied that the intruder has no evil intention, when, first one and then another, they will slowly return, until they all come back.

THE SKITSUISH, or CŒUR D'ALENE Indians live around CŒUR D'ALENE LAKE, and are less wandering in their habits than their neighboring tribes. As no salmon ascend the Spokane river above the Rapids, the SKITSUISH subsist mostly on roots, small fish and small game, as they seldom visit the Rocky Mountains in pursuit of buffalo. They raise, at the present time, considerable quantities of potatoes and peas, and some of them raise wheat, which they boil and prepare as hominy, also some squashes. I think corn would do well there. Some of them have small houses, or pole tents, and appear to be permanently located. In personal habits they are more cleanly and neat, notwithstanding their poverty, than some of their neighbors. I think that they could be civilized to some extent by missionaries. Being in a remote part of the country—no large water courses passing within their boundary—they have had but little intercourse with the vulgar trappers and traders, and their character has been less affected by the whites—for it is a fact that the wild savages are rendered worse by contact with the whites who intermarry with and settle among them. This tribe will number only about 800 souls.

As it has long been a matter of interesting inquiry, in what manner the different tribes received their several appellations, I will here give one instance.

Amongst the first traders that visited this tribe,

was a Canadian of a close, penurious, niggardly disposition. The natives were not long in discovering this, and made, in their own language, a derisive remark respecting him, to the effect that "the white man had the heart of an awl"—meaning that he had a contracted, illiberal disposition—the term "awl" being used by them as we sometimes use the word "pin," to denote a very trifling object. The interpreter rendered the sentence, "Cœur d'Alene," greatly to the amusement of the trader's companions; and from that day to this, the tribe has been known as the Cœur d'Alene Indians.

THE SELISH, or FLAT HEADS, inhabit the country around the head waters of the Columbia, Spokane and Okanagan rivers, and are supposed to number about 5,000 souls. They can hardly be said to have any regular form of government; they often fall out, and have some hard fighting among themselves, but they always look upon each other as belonging to the same nation, and if a difficulty occurs between any portion of them and another tribe, their home grudges are forgotten, and they invariably espouse the cause of their own countrymen and join in battle against the common enemy. Intermarriages between the different bands of this tribe are quite common, and the husband generally joins the band to which the wife belongs. This, perhaps, proceeds from the circumstance that the women do most that is

required for the support of the family—digging all the roots and gathering all the berries—and being more familiar with the root and berry grounds pertaining to her own band, she is better able there to provide for the sustenance of the family. Although these women have to do much hard labor, they are not treated harshly or barbarously by their husbands, but are much looked up to by them, and they assume much authority. The stores of food which they provide are considered their own, and the husband seldom touches the hoard without permission from the wife—but she is generally very liberal in dividing with him. They appear to have strong domestic feelings, and are generally very affectionate toward their children. It is a peculiar characteristic of these Indians, that they take particular care of the aged and infirm, who usually fare the best of all. There is, however, one custom prevalent among them that they acknowledge to be an evil, but to which they adhere merely because it was an ancient custom with their fathers:—when a man dies, leaving young children who are not able to defend themselves, his relations come forward and seize upon his most valuable property—particularly horses and cattle—without any regard to the rights of the children.

In every band there is a temporary chief, not taking the authority of other chiefs, but deriving his power from his wealth, intelligence, or valor. Having, through whatever means, ac-

quired a superiority over the rest, he is termed a chief. His authority is derived more from personal influence than from law, and is exercised more by persuasion and reasoning than by command. A man of shrewdness and determination can exercise much power.

Their most severe mode of punishment for criminals is banishment for a certain period—so many “moons,” or so many “falling of the leaves,” the falling of the leaves denoting a year.

Their only religious ceremonies are mummeries performed by their medicine men for the purpose of averting any evil by which they may be threatened, or of obtaining some desired object, such as an abundant supply of food, or success in war. They appear to have but little idea of a Supreme Being. One of their ceremonies deserves especial mention. They regard the spirit of a man as distinct from the living principle, and hold that the spirit may be separated for a while from the body without causing death and without the individual being conscious of the loss. It is necessary, however, in order to prevent fatal consequences, that the lost spirit be found and restored as soon as possible. The medicine man, or conjurer, learns by a dream, or by something whispering in his ear, the name of the person who has lost his spirit. He then informs the person, who is much distressed at the announcement, often falling down apparently lifeless, for a time, and who eagerly employs the conjurer to recover his wandering

soul, which the latter willingly undertakes for a consideration—taking good care to charge in proportion to the means of the distressed person. During the day, the unhappy Indian wanders from tent to tent, singing and dancing; toward morning he enters a separate lodge that is so enclosed as to be rendered perfectly dark. A small hole is then made in the roof of the tent, through which the conjurer brings the departed spirit in the shape of small bits of bone, which fall on a piece of cloth or hide. The conjurer then enters the tent, strikes a light, and proceeds to select out the spirit that belongs to the person. If he should select the spirit of some other person—one that is really dead—his patient would instantly die. Having selected out the proper spirit, through his peculiar good judgment, from the many that lie before him in the shape of splinters of bone, he places it on the owner's head, and pats it with many gestures and invocations, until the spirit descends into the heart and resumes its proper place. When it is restored, the whole party unite in making a public feast, at which they all fare bountifully; the remainder falling to the share of the conjurer.

The greater portion of this tribe is in the British Possessions.

The Indians of Puget Sound and Vancouver Island are divided into many small tribes, too tedious to enumerate. There are also some large

and powerful tribes on Vancouver Island and further north on the coast in the British Possessions—such as the NOOTKA Indians, which inhabit the country around Nootka Sound, a powerful tribe whose numbers are not known. The AITZARTS, SHOOMADS, NEWITLIES, SAVINARDS, AHO-WARTZ, MOWACHES, SUTSETS, NEUCHALITS, MICHALITS, and CAYOQUITS, are among these tribes, but most of them are considered portions of the great NOOTKA tribe, as they have always been allies. The principal village of the NOOTKAS is situated in about north latitude $49^{\circ} 35'$, near FRIENDLY COVE. They have huts, mostly made of brush and mud, or poles and mud.

THE KLAIZARTS are a powerful tribe, and can muster some two thousand warriors.

THE CARRIERS inhabit the country styled by the English, New Caledonia. This region is well watered by streams which empty into Frazier river. The natives are prone to sensuality, and chastity among the women is unknown; and, at the same time, they seem to be devoid of all natural affection for their offspring. Their religious ideas are very strange. It is not known that they have any distinct idea of a God, or the existence of the soul. They have priests, or doctors, whose arts consist in certain mummeries intended for incantations. When a corpse is burned—their usual mode of disposing of the

dead—the priest, with many gesticulations and contortions, pretends to receive, in his closed hands, *something*, perhaps the life of the deceased person, which he communicates to some living person by throwing his hands toward him and at the same time blowing upon him. This person assumes the rank of the deceased, and his name in addition to his own; and the priest is always sure to ascertain to whom this succession properly belongs. If the deceased be a man, and his wife survives him, she is compelled to lie upon the corpse while the funeral pile is kindled, and is not released from her painful position until the heat becomes beyond endurance. When the corpse is consumed, she collects the ashes and deposits them in a little tightly-woven basket, which she always carries with her wherever she goes. She becomes the slave of her deceased husband's friends or relations, who compel her to do all the hard labor that has to be performed about their camp, and treat her with the greatest indignity. This lasts for two or three years; at the end of this time a feast is made by all the kindred, and a post, or stump, is prepared, ten or fifteen feet high, on the top of which is placed the basket containing the ashes of the deceased husband, where it is allowed to remain until the post decays and tumbles to the ground. After this ceremony is over, the widow is released from her servitude and allowed to marry again.

Some of the tribes living on the Northern coast,

between QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S SOUND (in latitude 50°) and latitude 60°, differ very much from the other tribes. They have fair complexions, sometimes with ruddy cheeks, and thick, heavy beards, which appear on youths while quite young—many of them having heavy beards at eighteen years of age. They are the only full-blooded Indians I have ever seen having heavy beards. In other respects, the physiognomy is Indian—the broad face, high cheek bones, the opening of the eye long and narrow, and the forehead usually very low.

From the accounts given of them by traders, they are an ingenious people. There are large copper mines in the mountains bordering on this coast, where copper can be procured in almost a pure state. These Indians make, of the copper, many singular ornaments, ingeniously carved, as well as gun chargers and pipes. The pipe is used much among them, for when they cannot get tobacco they smoke the dried leaves of the *uva ursula*, which afford a very pleasant smoke, especially when mixed with tobacco. This plant can be gathered on the Cascade Mountains, where it abounds; and this is the only part of the United States where I have seen it growing. Near the copper mines is found a beautiful species of very fine, hard slate, of which they make plates, cups, pipes, and many little images, and various ornaments, wrought with an elegance and taste that cannot be surpassed by any civilized nation. Their clothing, (which is generally made

of hides dressed with the hair or fur on,) houses, and canoes, all show a like ingenuity, and adaptation to their climate and mode of life.

At the same time, they are, as all other Indians, dirty and filthy in their habits, and of a treacherous disposition. Often, when they have obtained the confidence of an adjoining tribe, and have mingled freely among them, they will stealthily enter their wigwams during the night, and rob and murder the inhabitants.

But little is known of the Indians that inhabit the extreme north—as far up as the Russian Possessions. The most reliable and explicit account that has fallen under my observation is that given by Lieut. BROOKE, a synopsis of which will be found below :

CRUISE OF THE VINCENNES.

“ The following is a brief account of the recent Arctic cruise of the Vincennes, up to the time of her return to Senivane Harbor, in Behring's Straits, where the anxiety of Commodore Rodgers for the safety of Lieutenant Brooke's command was relieved by finding the party in the enjoyment of health and security. It is due to the Russian government officers at Petropoloski to mention, that upon their learning the nature of the proposed expedition of the Vincennes, and the intention of Commodore Rodgers to visit Senivane, he was courteously tendered the services of an interpreter of the Tchucchis dialect, a favor which is acknowledged in warm terms by the officers of Lieut. Brooke's party. In this connection, we may add, that the conduct of the Russian authorities at Petropoloski toward Americans visiting and residing in that

place, is uniformly courteous and obliging, as is evidenced by Mr. Duval, who returned to this city in the surveying schooner J. Fennimore Cooper, after a ten months' residence at Petropoloski. The interpreter who accompanied the Senivane party is a Siberian. He returned in the Vincennes, and has been placed in charge of the Russian Consul residing at this place, to be sent home by the first opportunity. His services were exceedingly valuable to the expedition, as he is in some degree acquainted with the various dialects of the Indian tribes inhabiting the eastern coast of Asia, and through him much information was gained that otherwise would have been lost.

"In the foregoing portion of this sketch, some allusion was made to the peculiar characteristics of the Tchucchis Indians, particularly in regard to habits of industry, their total ignorance of all things beyond the present state of earthly existence, and, most remarkable, their natural love of virtue as applied to the female sex. This latter reality seems hardly consistent with the general character of savage life, but it is nevertheless true of them, as the party from the Vincennes had many opportunities and sufficient means of knowing.

"They depend almost entirely upon the hard-earned fruits of the chase for subsistence, seemingly having but little taste or desire for the luxuries that might be obtained from the Russians in exchange for valuable furs. At rare intervals, the fortunate captor of a blue otter exchanges his prize for knives and tobacco, but further than this they appear to have no desire to trade with the Russians. Their principal article of diet is whale's flesh, which they preserve for months by simply burying it in the frozen earth. They live in communities usually consisting of four men and their families. Having no means of warming their habitations, they sleep in hammocks of sufficient capacity to accommodate a whole family. The hammocks are composed of skins, and so constructed as to form very comfortable quarters in the coldest weather. Their government consists of two chieftains—a military and a civil chief. During a season when the weather will

not permit of the chase, the war chief, who is also chief of the hunt, assembles his warriors for exercise, and sitting on the ground, he directs their movements, which, according to the description given by our informant, resembles, in every particular, the out-door performances of the San Francisco Turin-Verien Society. This exercise is deemed necessary to health, and it also serves to keep men in condition for the chase.

“ Our informant relates some remarkable instances of pedestrian performances by the natives. On one occasion, a party after a day of hard exercises, accomplished the distance of one and a half miles in eight minutes over rough ground; for this feat they were presented with a plug of tobacco to be divided among the party, and they were entirely satisfied with the compensation. The dress of the men is made to fit quite close, and from some sketches in water colors, executed by Mr. Kern, they appear to display a very commendable degree of taste in the fashion of their apparel. The war dress is composed of whalebone and layers of well-dressed skins, securely fastened with the sinews of small animals, forming a coat of mail quite impenetrable to an arrow, their only weapon of warfare, and in fact the sole implement of offence or defence, employed in battle or in hunting by the tribes of this region. Although they have a regularly dedicated cemetery for the dead, they do not inter the bodies, but instead, the remains are laid upon the surface and covered with rocks to prevent their being disturbed by wild beasts. It may be hardly necessary to state that vegetation in this region is exceedingly sparse. Mr. Wright, the botanist, discovered some dwarf species of the willow, growing at an average height of one and a half inches. A considerable quantity of these “ trees ” were gathered and eaten as salad. Some other species of timber were found, none of which exceeded, when full grown, the height of two or three inches. The scarcity of fuel is, perhaps, the only reason why the natives eat their food raw; they seem to prefer cooked food, and will expend much time and exertion in the procurement of a few dry shrubs with which to build a fire.

“ Their favorite dish is a stew of green herbs and whale’s flesh, but as previously stated, their principal diet consists of raw whale’s flesh which they eat with the same apparent relish, when newly killed, or after it has been buried for several months.

“ Lieutenant Brooke endeavored by many devices to awaken in the mind of the old Chief some ideas regarding the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator of the universe, and finally succeeded, although not without having to overcome many serious obstacles in presenting a theory to the perception of one so utterly destitute of knowledge beyond that acquired by the exercise of mere animal sense. The Indian evidently became interested in the conversation of Lieut. Brooke, and one day when they had been sitting a long time in argument upon this subject, the savage exclaimed in a tone of voice which sufficiently indicated the birth of a new, though scarcely defined, thought—“ Good ! Man cannot make whales.” Lieut. Brooke carefully followed up his method of instruction by simple illustration, and before he left Senivane he had the satisfaction of knowing that his labors on the brain of the old Chief had not been thrown away.

“ During the whole period of their stay among the natives of Senivane, the Vincennes party had no evidence of any intention on the part of the natives of the place to molest them. On one occasion a party of whale hunters, belonging to a tribe living near East Cape, visited Senivane harbor, and some of the party were permitted to enter Lieut. Brooke’s camp. After they had remained a sufficient length of time for a thorough investigation of the apartment, they were ordered to retire, and all but one, a surly looking fellow, cheerfully complied with the order. The others remained outside, looking on with great interest, apparently watching to take sides with the refractory Indian in the case of intimidation on the part of white men. The moment was one of intense interest to the latter, surrounded by savages, and entirely unprepared to offer effectual resistance in case of an attack. The scene was one of short duration, however ; the Senivane Indians got silently together on the outside of the camp, but their

interference in behalf of the whites could not be counted upon ; and determining to proceed in a manner which, if successful, would leave a lasting impression, Lieut. Brooke and Mr. Kern deliberately shouldered their rifles, and with measured strides marched up to the Indian on each side, and seizing him firmly by the shoulders, forced him along quietly and with military dignity and precision to beyond the limits of the camp. The Indians were then informed that the first man who dared to cross the line defining the limits of the camp, would be instantly shot dead. After this occurrence there was no more trouble, the Indians never offering to come within the prescribed limits without first getting permission. To men of less nerve and experience than the party under Lieut. Brooke, the exercise of the moral as well as physical courage necessary to overcome a band of savages, treacherous by nature, under such circumstances, would be a doubtful undertaking. The former experience of Mr. Kern eminently suited him for residence among the Indians at Senivane. It will be remembered that Mr. Kern was one of Colonel Fremont's party in the overland expedition to California in 1845. The famous "Kern River" is named after him.

"The safety of the party left at Senivane was perhaps in some degree owing to the fact that Commodore Rodgers threatened to destroy the place, if upon his return he should find any cause of complaint against the natives. This undoubtedly had the effect to keep them in subjection at first ; but our informant believes that after the many exhibitions of mutual good feeling between the whites and the natives, an American or any considerate white man might pass a whole life among the Indians at Senivane without danger of molestation. One of the marines attached to Lieut. Brooke's party, was very desirous of being left among the Indians. He stated his desire to open a school at Senivane, and instruct the natives in such branches of education as could be made applicable to their understanding. Commodore Rodgers considered himself unauthorized to grant the request of the marine, although he would have been glad to embrace such an opportunity to benefit a race of people whose native intelligence and

virtue seem to demand some immediate exertion in behalf of their enlightenment. No greater opportunity, nor more favorable, has ever offered for missionary labor ; and it is to be hoped that the subject will excite such interest as shall lead to the redemption of this race from the gloom of ignorance. In form, features, and moral sentiments, if that term may be used in speaking of a people so benighted, they are greatly superior to many of the human races that have received enlightenment from missionary teaching, and certainly their claims are equal with the rest of mankind."

In addition to the various tribes spoken of, many more could be mentioned—all speaking different languages. It was found by the Hudson Bay Company, and all the early traders, to be very difficult to trade successfully with them, as there was so little uniformity of language among them. Among such a vast number of Indians and tongues, it was found that interpreters were not to be procured. It was important that something be done, then, to make a common language, or JARGON, that would be intelligible to all and easily learned. Accordingly a shrewd Scotchman undertook the task, and soon prepared a jargon, that has proved to be inimitable in its way. A number of Canadian French were then employed by the Company to learn this language ; these were then sent to the various tribes, and succeeded in imparting a knowledge of the language to some of the members of each tribe they visited. At the present time, it is spoken, more or less, by all the tribes and by all the whites in that region. The Scotchman was chosen to prepare the lan-

guage on account of the shrewdness and perseverance of his race, and the Canadian French to carry it to the Indians, from the facility with which they habituate themselves to the mode of life they were of necessity compelled to adopt in the performance of their mission.

A few remarks concerning this language will, perhaps, not be ill-timed ; and they will serve to show the ingenuity and shrewdness of the Scotchman who prepared it. He availed himself of his knowledge of human nature—that men, no matter of what race, prompted, perhaps, by innate depravity, will more readily learn, and retain in memory, any thing that is tainted with vulgarity or tinged with the appearance of wit or eccentricity—to prepare this JARGON ; and we find it, therefore, a compound of blackguard English, low French, humorous Spanish, (words selected without reference to their original meaning,) grafted on the NOOTKA language as the main root or stock—that being the language spoken in common among the greatest number of Indians—with an occasional working in of words selected at random from various other Indian languages. Thinking that the reader might be interested in knowing how this JARGON sounds, I have selected a few words, with their respective significations, which may serve as a fair specimen of the language :

Ten-nes,
High-ess,
Cock-sit,
Pat-lack,

Little.	Til-la-cum,
Large.	Clook-e-man,
Broke.	Rat-lak-tik,
Give.	Clooch-e-mup,

Man.
Woman.
Brother.
Sister.

Que-tan,	Horse.	Waw-waw,	Talk.
Moos-moos,	Cow, or Elk.	Wake,	No.
Tip-sy,	Grass.	Wake-six,	No friend.
Mo-wich,	Deer.	Ikah,	Myself.
Eck-foot,	Bear.	Nico,	Yourself.
Pow,	Shoat.	Na-nock,	Look about.
Cul-la-cul-la,	Duck, or Goose.	Close,	Good.
High-ess cul-la-cul-la,	Crane.	Cul-tis,	Bad.
Lo-har,	Salmon.	Cum-tux,	Understand.
Mim-a-loos,	Dead.	Wake cum-tux, {	Don't under-stand.
Muc-a-muc,	To eat.		
Clat-ta-wa,	Go away.	Tum-tum,	Heart.
Cha-co,	Come, or come back.	La-mah,	Arm.
Il-la-he,	Land.	Scu-cum,	Strong.
Chuck,	Water.	La-mah scu-cum,	Armstrong.
Salt Chuck,	Sea, or Ocean.	Cap-swal-low,	Steal.
Ek-ice-man,	Money.	Com-min-na-whit,	You lie.
Si-wash,	Indian.	Quash,	Afraid, cowardly.

The writer, it will be perceived, does not receive a very euphonious appellation in this tongue.

The following table of words most in use in the Nootka language will show what relation the two languages bear to each other :

Check-up,	Man.	Sie-yah,	Sky.
Klootz-mah,	Woman.	Toop-elth,	Sea.
Noowexa,	Father.	Cha-hak,	Fresh water.
Hooma-hexa,	Mother.	Meetla,	Rain.
Tanassis,	Child.	Queece,	Snow.
Katlahitic,	Brother.	Noot-chee,	Mountain or hill.
Kloot-chem-up,	Sister.	Klat-tur-miss,	Earth.
Tanassis-check-up,	Son.	Een-nuk-see,	Fire or fuel.
Tanassis-klootz-mah,	Daughter.	Mook-see,	Rock.
Tau-hat-se-tee,	Head.	Muk-ka-tee,	House.
Kassee,	Eyes.	Wik,	No.
Kap-se-up,	Hair.	He-ho,	Yes.
Naetsa,	Nose.	Kak-koelth,	Slave.
Parpee,	Ears.	Mah-hack,	Whale.
Chee-chee,	Teeth.	Klack-e-mis,	Oil.
Choop,	Tongue.	Quart-lak,	Sea-otter.
Kook-a-nik-sa,	Hands.	Coo-coo-ho-sa,	Seal.
Klish-klin,	Feet.	Moo-watch,	Bear.
Oophelth,	Sun or Moon.	So-har,	Salmon.
Tar-toose,	Stars.	Toosch-qua,	Cod.

Pow-ee,	Halibut.	Cha-alt-see-klatur-wah.	{ Go off, or
Kloos-a-mit,	Herring.		{ go away.
Chap-atz,	Canoe.	Kah-ah-pah-chilt,	{ Give me
Oo-wha-pa,	Paddle.		{ something.
Chee-me-na,	A fish-hook.	Oo-nah,	How many.
Chee-men,	Fish-hooks.	I-yah-ish,	Much.
Sick-a-minny,	Iron.	Kom-me-tak,	I understand.
Toop-helth,	Cloth.	I-yee-ma-hak,	{ I do not under-
Cham-mass,	Fruit.		stand.
Cham-mass-ish,	{ Sweet or pleasant to the taste.	Em-me-chap,	To play.
Moot-sus,	Powder.	Kle-whar,	To laugh.
Chee-pokes,	Copper.	Mac-kam-mah-sish,	{ Do you want to buy.
Hah-welks,	Hungry.	Kah-ah-coh,	Bring it.
Nee-sim-mer-hise,	Enough.	Sah-wauk,	One.
Chit-ta-yek,	Knife or Dagger.	Att-la,	Two.
Klick-er-yek,	Rings.	Kat-sa,	Three.
Quish-ar,	Smoke.	Mooh,	Four.
Mar-met-ta,	Goose or Duck.	Soo-chah,	Five.
Pook-shit-tle,	To blow.	Noo-poo,	Six.
Een-a-qui-shit-tle,	{ To kindle a fire.	At-tle-poo,	Seven.
Ar-teese,	To bathe.	At-lah-quelth,	Eight.
Ma-mook-su-mah,	To go to fish.	Saw-wauk-quelth,	Nine.
Ar-smootish-}		Hy-o,	Ten.
check-up, }	A warrior.	Sak-aitz,	Twenty.
Ma-kook,	To sell.	Soo-jewk,	One hundred.
		Hy-e-oak,	One thousand.

ADVERTISEMENT.

At this point I must take leave of the reader. Following this volume, I shall soon issue a HISTORY OF THE INDIAN WAR IN OREGON, in the course of which I shall touch upon matters that, in some degree, pertain to the topics treated of in the present work, but which I have deemed more appropriate to be mentioned in connection with the War. Having been an active participant in that War, much concerning which I shall write fell under my personal observation; and for the rest I shall draw upon the most authentic and reliable sources.

