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RHYMES

OF

Early Life In Oregon

AND

Historical and Biographical Facts



Exploring the Cascade Mountains in 1873
The Number and Condition of the Native
Race in Oregon Seventy Years Ago

A Tale of the Oregon Coast, 1845

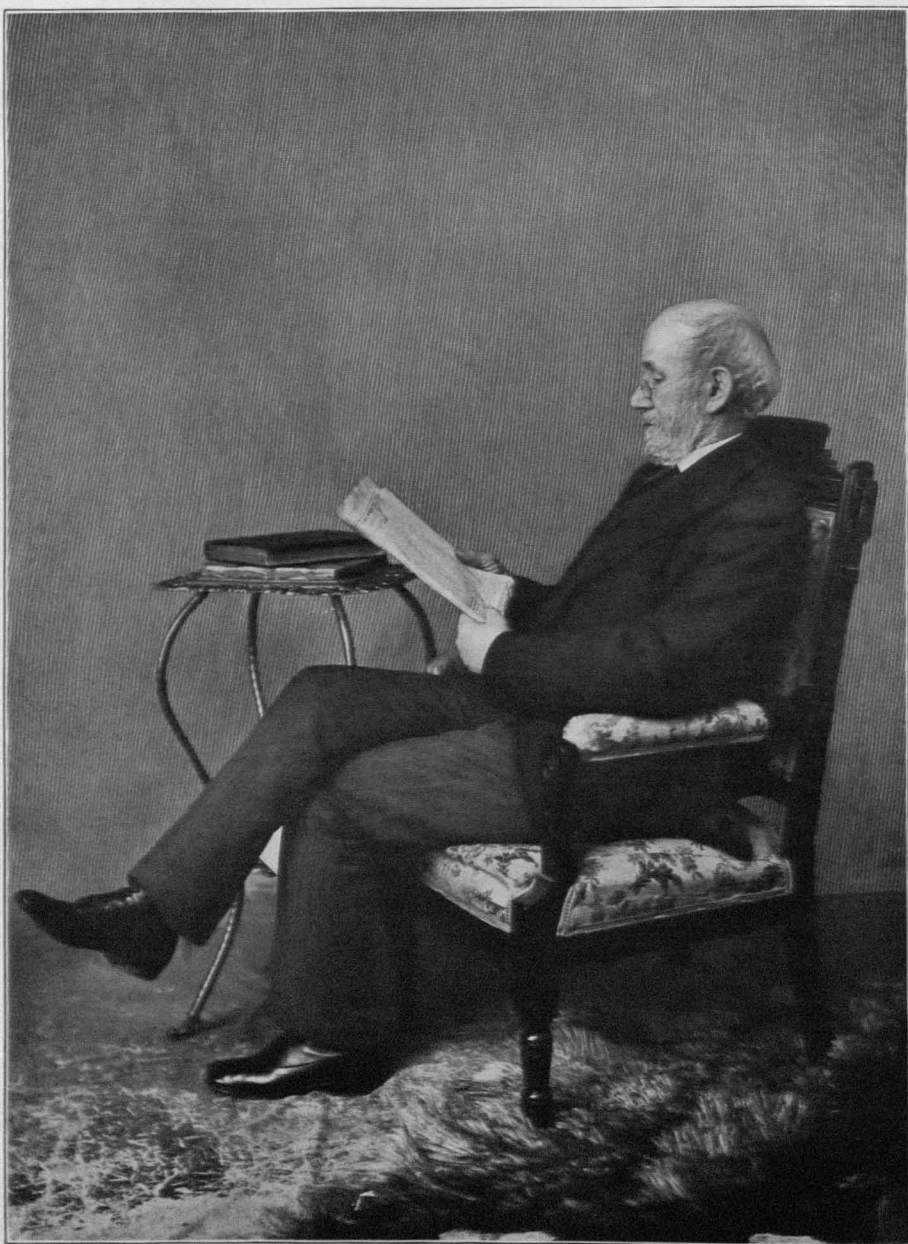
Traditional, Imaginary and Historical



BY

JOHN MINTO

A Pioneer of 1844



John Muir

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STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Sir Walter Scott's Notes.

"On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhills hewed his bed of flint."

The above is from Canto 1, Division XXVII, of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* from an undated copy of Scott's poem published at Philadelphia, by Porter & Coates, without date, with sketch of the poet's life by J. W. Lake.

So much is said of the edition because no late edition the writer has seen contains note 19, evidently by the poet himself which reads as follows :

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the family-seat from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed*. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartford, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Eliot, father to the present Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Eliot has descended to his family.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy feet to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?

My name is Minto and this note, if true, as I believe it, will be interesting to other Mintos besides me, and there are at least six besides, of the name John Minto, as was my great grandfather, whom I saw when his age was given as 85 years; a large hale man, who had ridden about 50 miles to see his younger son at Wylam.

The name is now spelt Minte, Mintie, Minty, Mintey, Mintye, and could be spelt Mynty, or many more different ways. As here given, I have received many letters from Scotsmen, but only one John Minto to whom I claim any kin.

Sir Walter Scott's note contains no hint against the Minto family. The branch-bearing had dwindled to one daughter, who was of one of the most virile families of Scotland. It may have been that if my great-grandfather was even a second to a younger son his going to England was the common result of an immigrating energy born in the north. He raised a family of six sons and a daughter.

THE UNEMPLOYED EXPATRIATED.*

From England to the United States of America in 1840.

Farewell, my Fatherland, my father's birth-place
That cast him out, as though not fit to live;
He sued for leave to toil; you gave him disgrace;
The means of self-support you would not give.
You left him free to starve or leave—he took the last;
With all he had and loved, he sought the West.

Wide was the waste of waters we crossed o'er,
And dire privation suffered many days;
At length the land is seen—we reach the free shore
Where man as man is rated by his ways.

We seek not, here, a chieftain's pride to bleed for,
Care not to wake the echoes for a king;
The common human rights we live or die for,
Speak for, fight for, legislate, or sing.

Not that we will forget the banks of Tyneside;
The primrose, daisies, wild rose, or the broom;
Those scenes when life was young, still in the mind abide,
Those heartfelt earliest songs will still be sung.
For man's advancement here we take our part,
With all we have of nature and of art.

*The father of the writer in 1831 became involved in a mining strike as an elected leader, the purpose being to limit the hours of labor for children to 12 hours per day, for which he was black-listed.
—*John Minto*.

REMINISCENCES OF BOYHOOD.

My observations of forest growth began when I was too small to be trusted alone in a piece of natural forest, yet remaining near my birth-place on the banks of the Tyne River, nine miles west of Newcastle. There were shallow pits and caves in the sides of hills, evidence that shallow coal seams had been opened and worked out, and probably the best trees cut for props, just as was being done in coal regions of which Pottsville and Pittsburg were chief mining centers when I reached the United States in 1840, in my eighteenth year.

Trees were cut up, rather than down, in England at that time: ropes, blocks, and pulleys were used to throw the tree to the best of advantage; it was cut below the surface of the ground and, if a tanbark tree, cut when the sap was up, and peeled. No part was wasted, for even the small twigs were gathered and put in a little charcoal pit, to save the least chip.

Coal was mined and sold at Pittsburg cheaper than wood could be cut in 1840, and small bodies of natural forest still stood near the city, in which the newly arrived English youth could wander at will and see the varied Autumn leaves fall, and hear and feel the spat of hickory-nuts, walnuts, and acorns, as they fell in ripeness to the ground.

In Washington County, the change from wood to coal fuel was beginning, for the same economical reason. In the Spring of 1842, learning that construction of the Great Western Iron Works at Brady's Bend of the Allegany was beginning, I went there, but was too early. Clearing surface, opening the coal seams and ore-beds, and erecting buildings was the work required, and the American of the district could beat the English, Scotch, or Welsh at that work. I saw the wonderful flight of passenger pigeons here; during the five days I was there I saw the passage, in countless numbers, of flocks in hurried flight each day and all day. They must have come from immense bodies of mast-bearing forest which had been destroyed, and had to disappear with its destruction, as grass-hopper plagues cease or migrate with cultivation of the land. There were still some wild deer and turkeys in this valley of the Allegany within fifty miles of Pittsburg, but farms were small, as there were both stone and timber and brushwood in the way

of the plow. The largest trees were often killed where they stood by "girdling"—cutting through the sapwood all around the tree. There was no thought of timber famine, and little attention was given to trees as objects of beauty.

To remove the obstacles of brush and young trees up to six inches in diameter and girdle the remaining trees was worth acre for acre of the land so cleared; the writer refused a contract for clearing fifty acres on those terms, with five years time allowed for performing the work. The offer was made by an honorable man, entirely responsible.

I made a journey into Canada West—now Ontario—to search for kindred arriving in 1818, and clearing land was going on, on the American side, seemingly as fast as men could find means for it; but it was hard times and wages for such work very low. In Canada I found wages low, also, the employer more exacting, and slaughtering of timber by throwing trees into windrows done with skill. To get a successful fire to consume as much as possible of the "fallow," as it was called, was also a matter of skill. Clearing land seemed more active than farming it, though I noted some well-conducted wheat farms, managed to my surprise, by stewards of English farmers sent over for that purpose.

Offers of land for sale were frequently posted at road crossings, telling that "His Grace the Duke of ———, had by letters patent from her Gracious Majesty," etc., become owner of a district named, terms and price named, almost uniformly adding that the value of the black salts and pearl ash yielded by the burning of the timber would go far toward paying for the land.

I found my relatives, who had come to Canada before I was born, some of whom might easily pass for Americans, but also some who carried an undying hatred and prejudice against the people and government of the United States. As to property rights, the owners seemed to me more English than the English at home. A girl begging for a penny by the gang-plank of the steamer landing at Toronto, gave me a sight I had not seen since leaving England; and it was not till I read (in Oregon) Henry Thoreau's remark made in 1832, that "humanity was the cheapest thing in Canada," that I found others had felt something of what made me glad to get back to the American side again, and to mining coal at the salt-works near the Great Western Iron Works, receiving my pay there for salt they used in iron-making.

By this time I had opportunity to observe more closely the timber stand of these broken lands bordering the Alle-

gany and Red Bank rivers. There were yet rafts run out of that latter stream upon high spring freshets. My father had bargained for the purchase of twenty acres of land on the east side of the Red Bank river, and on it I took my first lessons in clearing land, burning brush, sometimes, until midnight on Saturday, after walking home across Brady's Bend from the salt works, seven miles, to spend Sunday. It was a rough, broken, hilly country, as Jacob Riis describes in "The Making of an American," though I can hardly imagine that it remained so twenty-eight years later, when he got there, supposing he had reached the "West." Mining, to him, also proved fearfully dangerous, from the ignorance of himself and his associates, and he wisely found his road to fortune, honor, and fame in the slums of New York. But though four miles of the six from Robinson's Salt-Works south to Redbanks was wild woods in 1842, I passed through orchards where apples and peaches strewed the ground.

I witnessed with my own eyes, also, the wonderful phenomenon of the migration of squirrels from the West to the East side of the Allegany River; saw the little creatures dash into the river as I took seat in a skiff—beat them across, and saw them make shore without swerving from either man's club or dog's teeth. There was no great sign made, they did not move in numbers together nor make a noise. Where the surface of the water was smooth a good eye might see from four to six little heads, but each for itself, apparently unknown to others. Their eyes expressed helpless fear; to see it was unforgettable.

When I first got employment at the Western, the "Honest Welshmen," as Mr. Riis calls them, outnumbered all other classes of miners, and, naturally clannish as the Celts of the Scotch Highlands are, were more secretive in keeping others out. Being restless to earn and save, I went to Pittsburgh in the winter of 1842-3, it being generally the busiest season. There I had a bitterly disappointing winter; getting back to Red Bank penniless just as father and two friends had signed a contract to drive a tunnel through a hill in order that the Great Western Company might reach a large body of specially good iron ore. They needed another man to work in eight-hour shifts and invited me to join them, which I did. We had nearly four months of hard but pleasant work at good earnings on the Company's books, when suspension came, and all we could do was to put our claims into an attorney's hands, and, at some sacrifice of plans and property, get to some other mining district. We had cleared

a few acres, raised a little corn and more potatoes, and had tasted corn of our own culture in roasting ear and the more delicious flavor of grated coarn cakes; but we resolved to sacrifice clearing, cabin, and everything—we must, to collect at least four months' provisions and place in a flat-boat and float West and South, to "settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio," perhaps. In a few weeks we had done this, and tied up at Pittsburg to bid farewell to friends, daughters, and sisters. I went to Washington County to summon the last married of these, found she could not come, and found a chance for work. I returned to Pittsburg and reported, to find that father had been dissuaded from risking floating down the river so late in the season. I hurried back to Washington County and took the waiting job—mining coal at one cent per bushel of 84 pounds, which was sold on the platform that farmers could do their own loading, they paying cash, or in produce at cash prices; for instance, fresh beef at two and one-half cents per pound, a barrel of good cider at one dollar, the barrel to be returned when empty. I teased my sister with whom I boarded by eating that delicious beef without salt or other addition, telling her I was training for life in the buffalo country. I hunted rabbits and shot muskrats "to get my hand in," I said.

I crossed and recrossed the merino sheep pastures of Hon. John H. Ewing, ex-M. C., to learn later, in Oregon, his relation to fine wool sheep husbandry, and that at this very date James G. Blaine, his kinsman, made his home with Mr. Ewing while a student at Washington College.

The first money I had to spare was invested in a book of adventures of frontier life, some touching Pittsburg and Brady's Bend. The title page had the following lines:

"Who be you that rashly dare
To trace in woods the forest child:
To hunt the panther in his lair,
The Indian in his native wild?"

They thrilled me; and I read of Braddock, Washington, and Wayne, Boone, Brady, Kenton, Wetzel, Rede, Crockett, and Putnam, little dreaming that I would chase the wild wolf to his den, dig to him and shoot him in it; climb a fir tree, find a lynx in it and shoot him; "hunt the panther to his lair" on a few inches of fresh fallen snow as he passed around a doorless cabin without waking me. I left him, but a few months later the dog of a friend hunting there rushed into the cave after and past the panther, and stood there,

howling with fear. Others closed in, and William Page, the dog's owner, went in with a lighted pine torch in one hand and his "Colt's" in the other, and shot him between the eyes. Acquaintance with animal life greatly lessens the danger of their killing.

In addition to this book on frontier life, I bought and read a small volume of selections from Plutarch's "Lives"—grand reading for a youth.

Having met the seasons supply of coal, I went to Pittsburg and found my father and others idle, by reason of the failure of a freshet to float the coal to market in the November previous; so there was a glut of coal on hand, and of course hard times for both masters and men. Then Pittsburg had become an objective point for English and Welsh miners emigrating, which tended toward a glut of men. I had thirty-three dollars to travel on, with a fair supply of clothing. At a public meeting to consider the situation, I advised those who could, to seek other districts or other occupations, and did so, myself, as I have told years ago.

The foregoing is an outline of my life in the Pennsylvania mines; the story of my journey from Pittsburg to Astoria I need not repeat, and will even be brief in my story of life on the land, as much of that is known in pioneer publications and the history of agricultural development in Oregon.



WE CAMPED WITH BURNS.

Carrying in memory many of the best of Burns' Poems and Songs
I found their recitation a welcome addition to camp life in the open.

We camped with Burns upon the mountain's height;
We read his poems by the pine-knot's light.
The storm roared in the tree tops overhead,
The snow blew in the doorway as we read.

The night was dark, and we had wandered far
Without the guidance of a single star;
And, though our limbs were weak, no breath of care
Could dull the soul in that pure mountain air.

And he who suffered from neglect and wrong,
Who broke the bonds that bind the feet of song,
And made toil glorious his plow behind,
Seemed to draw near upon that winter wind.

He seemed to speak to us from out the storm;
His voice the blast, the wavering shade his form;
And Highland Mary's, Tam O'Shanter's rhymes
Were mingled with the murmurs of the pines.

There are some days in life, so full and free
Of youth's elastic hope and prophecy,
That in all after days, when we look back,
They stand like mountain ranges in the track.

And when Life's sun is setting, long they keep
His splendor lingering on slope and steep;
So seems that day to me, so shines that night
We camped with Burns upon the mountain height.

The author of these lines is unknown to me, but I passed three
separate nights with separate companies amid the mountains of Oregon
in their spirit.—*John Minto.*

THE WINNING OF THE WEST SHORE BY AMERICAN HOME BUILDERS.

Mentally composed on the steps on the east side of the Capitol at Salem, Oregon, June 13, 1895.—*John Minto.*

Composed for the Pioneers' meeting of June 16, 1896, the fiftieth anniversary of the Oregon Boundary Treaty.

"None but the brave started;
None but the strong got through."

—*Miller.*

As fifty years are past and gone
Since Oregon was won,
We meet to sing the jubilee
Of noble work well done.
A game for empire, fairly played:
Lost by adventurous Englishmen
Who thought to win the land by trade,
Won, by the brave American.

A wild, wide land—a rich domain
Of mountain, valley, hill, and plain,
Lay bordering the Pacific main;
This was the prize—to lose or gain.

This birth-right of a dying race
Assumed by Britain's rulers, hers,
Was given to her adventurous sons
To win by trade—collecting furs.
The land was by possession, hers;
She made its wealth her own,
While by discovery all was ours,
By the law of Nations—known.

So thought the hardy pioneers
On the extended, wide frontiers
East of Missouri's strand.
These saw the grasping hand of trade—
Insidious treaty lending aid
To make a claim and thus to wrest—
Ours by discovery made—
The rich, grand "Valley of the West,"
And give its streams, first sailed by Gray,
To British trade—an easy prey.

"No, no," said they, "that shall not be,
Our bounds shall reach the Western sea;
The policy our Monroe names
Shall dominate the Western plains.
We'll keep the land, from sea to sea,
From Europe's colonizing free;
The right to occupy is ours
'Gainst British trade's insidious powers."

So passed the word from hearth to hearth.
Such was the great achievement's birth—
Home-building men to statesmen grew
And westward, ho, they come.
With Bible, Blackstone, ax, and gun
They bring the Freeman's home,
Two thousand miles of gauntlet run
Through roving tribes of savage men,
To plant their Nation's banner on
The far off land of Oregon.

And this they did. Wide plains were crossed,
Rough, rocky mountain gorges passed,
Past danger dread by field and flood
Each day's advancement they made good.
Through dust and thirst, through heat and cold,
They come, with conqueror's bearing bold;
They occupy, allot the lands,
They wrest the rule from trader's hands,
A code of civil laws ordain;
A bloodless victory they gain.

In ten short years the work is done,
And Oregon is lost and won;
Lost by adventurous Englishman,
Won, by the brave American.

Those who are here this day, to see
This grand and joyous jubilee,
May well feel proud of rule so won;
This pride transmit from sire to son.

THE MAIDEN.

(1866)

Crystal waters round her flowing,
 Free she stood in beauty's pride;
 Pine-scent breezes round her blowing
 Fresh from off the mountain side.

Features of the kind called "Grecian,"
 Crowned a bust both full and fair;
 Body and limbs complete Venusian,
 Strength and grace united were.

Could the beauteous form of maiden
 Type the land she stands upon,
 Allanna, with my fancies laden,
 Might stand for that of Oregon.

* * * * *

Such was Allanna, as she stood there
 In the mountain streamlet bed,
 In mimic semblance of an angler,
 Leaf-checked sunshine on her head.

How blest the man whose love shall take her,
 Be he soldier, statesman, mountaineer—
 And as his soul's companion make her,
 His home to bless—his life to cheer.

THE HUNTER'S WIFE'S SOLILOQUY.

(1881)

The time may be supposed to be twenty years later, and a mixed assemblage of hunters, cowboys, and sheep herders are enjoying the first social gathering held west of the Des Chutes river, in Crook county. The residence where this occurs is just on the edge of the pine belt, between the mountains and the desert, on which the hunters have found profitable employment killing deer, as the dried skins sell at from 40 to 45 cents per pound. The buildings and trees for two hundred yards around where this social reunion occurs, are covered with stretched deerskins to dry, and a storm of wind and rain is raging in the tops of the pine trees, which lodge on the branches and the ground below as ice. The only violin has become useless by an

accident, and the first song of the evening is supposed sung by a hunter's wife, as follows:—(Really recited by the author repeatedly).

The measure is that of the English song, "The Woodpecker Tapping the Hollow Beech Tree."

My thoughts are on the desert, so cold, bleak and bare,
Where the man of my heart is out hunting the deer;
He is hunting the wild deer, the wolf, or the bear,
That I and my babes may have plenty of cheer.

Though my head says, "He's hunting, to build up our home,"
My heart still keeps prompting the wish he would come;
And I feel I could face whatso'er might betide,
If I could but meet it with him by my side.

As I lie in our cabin and hear the wind rave
While it's lashing and twisting the tops of the pine,
Tho' my head tells me, "Dangers still flee from the brave,"
My heart cries, "Oh, give back that husband of mine."

Yet, I know he is kind, and would not from his home
Without a good reason contentedly roam;
That when, tired of the chase, he feels needful of rest,
I shall see him, and feel myself clasped to his breast.

Then will I forget all this yearning and fear,
And all sense of the dangers that now seem so near,
And the storm in the treetops may shriek, sigh, or moan
When the voice in my heart says, "My husband's at home."

No longer, exposed on the desert so bare,
He sleeps, 'neath the stars in the keen, frosty air,
But, close to my bosom, as dear as my life,
Makes me feel the deep joys of a true hunter's wife.

Then I'll try to persuade him to leave the wild game,
And turn his attention to rearing the tame;
That the cows in the pasture, the calves, and the sheep,
Will the comforts of home much more certainly keep.

That the fruits of the orchard, the meadow, the field,
Will reward for his labor more certainly yield
Than he e'er can obtain, the wild desert to roam,
While his wife and his babes are so lonely at home.

THE OREGON COW-BOY'S SONG.

(1881)

Come all young men, who ride the range where grows the
fine bunch-grass,
Who fondly think your love to be the sweetest, loveliest lass :
I'll sing you of one I esteem fit theme for poet's strains,
Who of all your beauties takes the pass as Belle of Wasco
Plains.

There may be those as fair as she, but none such have I seen ;
And forms as perfect there may be, but not where I have
been.
With many a graceful, lovely lass I've danced to music's
strains,
But of such Nellie takes the pass—she's Belle of Wasco
Plains.

'Tis not the skin so smoothly fair, 'tis not the cheek so red,
'Tis not the wealth of auburn hair that crowns her stately
head,
'Tis not the eyes of steely blue, beaming with luster rare,
And indicating power to love, to suffer, or to dare.

'Tis not the shapely hands and feet, the perfect bust and
limbs,
Forming a beauty as complete as fills a sculptor's dreams,
Nor yet the grace of movement which from all attention
gains,
But 'tis all of these combined that make her Belle of Wasco
Plains.

And joined to this harmonious whole of color, grace, and
form
Is gentle kindness of soul—that is her chiefest charm.
Goodness and beauty joined in one, Love's deep devotion
claims ;
Such has the subject of my song—she's Belle of Wasco
Plains.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

(1881)

The plains of old Wasco you claim for your belle,
Where no match for her beauty you see;
But in the pine shade dwells a sweet little maid
Who's the belle of Seic-seic-qua for me.*

You may sing of your beauties with rich auburn hair,
Which well matches the steely blue eye,
Of the rosy red cheek; and the skin smoothly fair,
And I will not your praises decry.

But will match against them the brunette soft and warm,
With live-light in the smiling dark eye,
Which makes me to feel, as I bask in its charm,
She's the Belle of Seic-seic-qua for me.

You may sing of your beauties of red, white, and blue,
With their movements so graceful and free;
I will sing of the dark eyes, that speak the love true
Of the Belle of Seic-seic-qua for me.

Her soul is as upright as are the pine trees
Reaching Heavenward from Earth below:
Her heart is as generous as fertile the breeze
Of the Springtime, which from the South blows.

She is soft as the twilight embracing the hill
When the Summer sun sinks o'er the sea:
And as pure as the snow on the mount of Wasco,
She's the Belle of Seic-seic-qua for me.

*The only explanation of the Indian meaning of this term is "wind among the rushes." There are several streams so named by the Wascopams.—*J. Minto.*

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD MAKERS OF THE SANTIAM.

(1879)

List to me, good people all, with patience, if you can,
I'll sing you of a jovial crew that lived by Santiam,
Who started out to clear a route to Eastern Oregon,
And make, to join our people, still one more enduring band.

Across the Cascade Range to go, amid great mountains,
white with snow,
Where tallest firs and cedars grow and coolest, brightest
waters flow.

A jolly band of mountain men
As ever threaded gorge or glen;
I say this truly—well I can;
I knew these boys of Santiam.

In early June the camp was set, and then the work began.
Tho' woods were damp, the weather wet, and every gully
ran,

This did not stay their ardent zeal; they use the lever, ply
the steel

Of saw, of ax, of sledge or wedge, as cut or break their way
they can.

Up through rough canyon broad and deep, past frowning
precipice steep,

With Wasco Plains their goal, their calm determined way
they keep.

A plucky band of mountain men
As ever threaded gorge or glen;
I say this truly—well I can;
I knew these boys of Santiam.

Thus, like a band of brothers joined, they work their east-
ward way,

No servile Asiatic men, driven by grim want for pay,
But self-respecting citizens, who well their public interests
ken,

And know that making good highways is work becoming
kings of men.

And when a day of rest they take, some cull the rare plants
from the brake,

Some plumb the depths of mountain lake, some scale the
heights of Jefferson.

A band of keen, observing men
As ever threaded gorge or glen;
I say this truly—well I can;
I knew these boys of Santiam.

And when, in camp, for food or rest, this party did convene,
The song, the story, and the jest were not their only theme;
From game and range and public lands to the world's wants
their talk expands;

How Europe on our plows depends and to what shores our
trade extends,

Fair woman's beauty, man's good name, the statesman's
wisdom, soldier's fame,
The school, the pulpit, and the pen; pass in review before
them then.

Such were the boys of Santiam,
On mountain top or shady glen.
Include our cooks—our party then,
Were pretty girls and honest men.

Composed in answer to a song of compliment to the author as
leader and time-keeper for the party.

A GRANGER'S LOVE SONG.

(1867)

Composed to fill a lack in the collection of songs used in Salem
Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

Come to the grange with me Love,
Come to the farm with me,
Where the birds are singing
And the flowers are springing,
And life is happy and free.

To thee, Ceres her bounties shall bring, Love,
Pomona and Flora shall give
Of their fruits and their flowers, to crown the hours
Of the life on the farm thou shalt live.
Cho.—Come to the grange with me, etc.

While the bread-grain is in the field, Love,
And the fuel is cut from the grove,
Neither cold nor want shall thy night-dreams haunt;
Only plenty and comfort and love.
Cho.—Come to the grange with me, etc.

We'll build our home by the hill, Love,
Whence the spring to the brooklet flows;
On the gentle slope where the lambkins play
In the scent of the sweet wild rose.
Cho.—Come to the grange with me, etc.

In the labors, joys, and cares of the grange, Love,
In the shelter and shade of the grove,
Life's duties we'll meet in companionship sweet,
And there rest from our labors in love.
Cho.—Come to the grange with me, etc.

THE OREGON FARMER'S SONG.

(1861)

Ye farmer friends of Oregon—respected brethren of the
plow,
Waver not, but labor on; your Country's hopes are all on you.
"You have your homes upon her breast," you have your lib-
erty and laws;
Your own right hands must do the rest; then, forward! in
your Country's cause.

To sheer the sheep, the steer to feed, and for your pleasure
or your gain,
To rear and tame the high-bred steed and bring him subject
to the rein;
To prune the tree, to plow the land, and duly, as the seasons
come,
Scatter the seed with liberal hand, and bring the bounteous
harvest home.

To stand for justice, truth, and right, against oppression,
fraud, and wrong,
And by your power, your legal right, succor the weak against
the strong;
The seeds of knowledge deeply plant, restrain ambition,
pride, and greed;
See that all labor, and none want of Labor's fruits, to help
their need.

These are your duties: and the gain, which you'll receive as
your reward,
Will be your own and your Country's fame, and every honest
man's regard.
Then, friends and brothers, labor on to bring our State up
with the best,
And make our much-loved Oregon the brightest star in all
the West.

The treaty of the joint occupancy gave great advantage to the Hudson's Bay Company, to crush out individual American traders, which it did in the case of Captain N. J. Wyeth.

In 1835 the Hudson's Bay Company had a complete monopoly over the trade and even the livestock of Oregon. In 1845 the American home-builders had complete control of the Provisional Government, and three American trade concerns existed, viz. George Abernethy, F. W. Pettygrove, and the Cushing Company, by Captain John H. Couch, all at Oregon City. Servants of the Hudson's Bay Company also had a store generally credited to that company.

AUSTRALASIA TO COLUMBIA.

On January 13, 1896, Frederick Graham, understood to be connected with the British Colonial Office, sent from London the following short poem as a cablegram to the United States, addressed to the General Manager of the Associated Press, New York, and it was published in the *Oregonian* on the 14th. It is an invitation from Australasia to Columbia to join her in support of their common mother, Great Britain, in asserting a guardship of the sea. Mr. Graham must have been temporarily so frightened as to cause him to forget much, if he ever knew, of the past relations of Britain to the United States.

His short address follows:

"Columbia, thou first-born child
Sprung from the same dear mother-land,
When under rule not just or mild
Compelled for Liberty to stand.

'Twas that stern lesson served to save
The future of our common race;
Thenceforth, she gave to each new babe
The widest freedom on Earth's space.

And you may roam the world around,
From pole to pole and clime to clime:
True liberty is only found
With that dear tongue of thine and mine.

The blood of heroes that we share
Was shed in floods to keep us free;
Let us unite, and who shall dare
To threat the freedom of the sea?

For us, if we must stand alone,
Our utmost strength of men we'll send,
And perish with the Island home
Of Freedom, if we can't defend.

On Earth's best vantage-spots we stand:
No other ports to you are free;
Then clasp with us our Mother's hand
And join our guardship of the sea."

The writer, once a subject of Great Britain, had not forgotten the measure of freedom meted out to poor men as late as 1840, and felt an expatriate's interest in Australasia's proposal. I had felt in my own person the difference between the freedom of England and that of America; I had even seen fine young farmers' sons sent as time slaves to Australasia for seven years for killing a pheasant or a head of ground game, and fourteen years in case it was a second conviction. It was perhaps rather forward in me to attempt to answer for Columbia thus:

COLUMBIA'S ANSWER TO AUSTRALASIA.

No, Australasia, sister good,
 Before thy birth, the fate was mine
 To plead in vain her motherhood,
 For law and justice—rights divine.

In plea for justice, truth, and right;
 I appealed to God and all the world;
 Though weak and poor, defied her might,
 The Banner of the Free unfurled.

Now, wide it waves o'er many lands;
 And many more yet hope to see,
 The power, the courage, leave my strands,
 To check her tyranny on the sea.

The island home I'll not disturb,
 Whence you came bound, whence I came free.
 Such strength as you have should not curb
 The cause of freedom on the sea.*

As in times past, no "Mother" shall
 Invade our ships, impress our men;
 'Gainst "spots of vantage," Right's a wall
 We still uphold, as we did then.

The cry of blood comes from the ground
 Wherever England's flag's unfurled:
 Weak people crushed; her trade thralls bound;
 We stand for Freedom o'er the World.

As Freedom's child, 'tis not for you
 In sentimental drool to deal;
 High law, is, "To thyself be true,"
 Make thine accord with mankind's weal.

Our island home should no more be
 Sole arbitress of nations free.
 The boasting vaunt, "Queen of the Sea,"
 Means not good will to thee or me.**

*The labor of Australian infancy as a settlement was convict largely.

**England was very much the land of the well-to-do until after the French Revolution, and certainly with little friendship for the United States prior to our war with Spain.

Not hers the right to "rule the waves."
Mankind's best interests now demand
Weak nations shall not be her slaves:
Freedom must reign on sea and land.

This incident, of Mr. Graham's suggestion being flashed over the civilized world and published to nearly all people within forty-eight hours of the time it was given to the Associated Press, well illustrates the immense progress of the world's working agencies between 1840 and 1896. It also illustrates what perhaps has always been true, that the true poet is often a true prophet, for it was but one hundred years from the time Robert Burns had written:

"It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Mr. Minto's contribution to the day's proceedings.

PARODY ON "JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

(The Johnny Rebs march home from Appomattox).
Recited at a picnic, May, 1865.

Come ring the bells and fire the guns,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Bring forth your wives and little ones,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hoist up the flag and raise the shout,
The boys and girls must all turn out,
For we all feel gay, since the Johnnies went marching home.

From Appomattox field they went,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
With steeds and side-arms kindly sent;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
No more secession's husk they'll eat,
But milk and honey—flour of wheat;
And we'll all feel gay, since the Johnnies are marching home.

In the Union House the board we'll spread,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For there is plenty—wine and bread;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll kill the calf to crown the feast,
We'll freely kill the fattest beast,
As we all feel gay, since the Johnnies went marching home.

And we'll have no talk of East or West;
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 But honor those who fought the best;
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 We'll have no strife 'twixt Union men,
 But all be for the Union, then,
 And all feel gay, since the Johnnies went marching home.

(slowly)

But we'll not forget the Boys in Blue;
 O no, Ah no.
 Who gave their lives like heroes true:
 Ah no, Oh no, Ah no.
 We'll deck the graves of those who fell,
 No more to hear the Rebel yell,
 But down to future ages tell what caused our Nation's woe.

During the five years preceding the surrender at Appomattox, our neighborhood (called the "Pringle neighborhood") had met on a day appointed and taken dinner together at some pleasant spot, sometimes chosen for the beauty of its surroundings or the long-distance view, like that from Prospect Hill, seven miles southwest of Salem. But three of those meetings were in a beautiful, sheltered spot on Battle Creek, on the Donation Claim of Mrs. Martha A. Minto.

The neighborhood had met there on the 15th of May, 1865, in rejoicing for the return of peace, and there was recited the foregoing parody.

PRACTICAL CONSERVATION.

The writer and wife received for being in Oregon, as American citizen occupiers in Oregon, prior to the settlement of the northern boundary of the Oregon Territory of 1846, six hundred and forty acres of public land, equally divided—three hundred and twenty acres to each in his and her own right. To conserve this for transmission to our heirs we adopted sheep husbandry and fruit-growing as our chief means of support. There was a limited supply of timber of the best age for first buildings and fencing; and for fuel we had a generous supply from very old, large, fire-scared oak trees.

The planting of orchards and the improvement of sheep, each in a way, advanced the writer in the fast study of climates, pomology, botany, and the specialties of breeds of sheep; and values of wool fibre for manufacturies of the different kinds. He thus learned the Spanish Merino, in

race purity and fineness of wool, was a sheep of wild tastes—inured to natural pastures on the mountains of Spain and to its lowlands in the winter months, and neither housed nor fed at either season. He soon made up his mind that the breed was the best suited to the dry ranges of Eastern Oregon, and gave \$512 for the undivided half of ten head of pure blood. This was in 1860, and put the writer among the pioneers of fine-wool sheep breeders of the Pacific Slope. A grazing sheep so conservative of grass as to be next to the Angora goat as an eater of leaves and weeds, this breed has added millions to the wool yield of the semi-arid ranges. At first, flock-owners came to the writer for such breeding stock as he would sell, but importers continued to bring here and the breeders increased and the writer began to take his surplus to the flock-owners of Eastern Oregon and Washington, selling the rams and leasing bunches of ewes. This continued for twenty-five years, giving me nation-wide knowledge of the breeds and conditions of sheep husbandry through such publications as the *American Sheep Breeder*, of Chicago.

The National Forestry plan adopted in 1897, the writer believed (and yet believes) unwarranted by the constitution of the nation and the compacts congress exacted from the people of Oregon as conditions of their admission as a State.

In 1867 the writer began going to the foothills of the Cascade Range for his wife's health, and purchased land in order to have range rights there for the benefit of ewe flocks, which he found great *but too costly by loss from timber wolves and wildcats*. So he purchased an overcut brush-covered body of land called the "Island," in the Willamette River, because overlapping the City of Salem, and began clearing it (by axe and firebrand) of brush and refuse timber. Some very large balm trees he sold, for paper pulp, at 25 cents per thousand board measure, and a little young ash for buggy tongues and neckyokes at good prices but encouraged growth around the meander line as defense against floodwood.

He sold his donation land, then carrying twenty acres of young fir and oak he permitted to start under his ownership. Under his late wife's management of her donation land, in which she took great pleasure, there is at least quadruple the young timber we found on it sixty-three years ago, and three families besides the owners. It is in a way of furnishing homes for fifteen additional families with ten-acre fruit farms each, as 150 acres are planted to prunes, and as yet

all the land mentioned is owned by his family and connections.

As to the "Island" property, it carries more value of timber growth today than when the writer became its twelfth possessor, in 1869. In addition to the timber, the crops now are: Alfalfa (of which the third cutting this season is baled and housed), corn, oats, potatoes, hops, and logan berries. The meat crop is pork instead of mutton, wool and breeding sheep of the best blood for semi-arid lands. The future of this, now used as indicated, is market garden land. Hops the writer places lowest because of uncertain markets, though believing Oregon is a permanent hop-growing State as long as beer is used. The writer submits a comparison of the use of this land when hops are in demand against a mature timber crop reported sold by the Forest Service in 1906 in California under forest rules of piling the brush. The stumpage of mature timber on three quarter sections, or 480 acres, aggregated \$6000, estimated to be the product of one hundred years, and that it would require fifty years to mature another crop. The hop yard mentioned is scant twenty acres. In 1904 the hops from it sold for \$6240, and in the succeeding winter hop sprouts for planting sold for \$800, making the year's cash yield \$7040, very largely distributed in wages and giving industrial encouragement to many children.

THE YOUNG HOMESSEEKER.

The recent publication of a document written by Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1823 to 1845, by Mrs. F. F. Victor, in the June Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, induces the writing of this paper, from a belief that it may shed some light on the event which induced, and, it is believed, justified, the joining of the Hudson's Bay Company's interest, temporarily, to the Provisional Government of Oregon, instituted by the free settlers in the country in 1843.

The particular passages of this paper to which I desire to call attention are those in relation to the Henry Williamson claim case as follows:

"Spring, 1845, an American of the name of Williamson built a hut half a mile from Vancouver on a piece of ground occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. As soon as I was informed of it I ordered it to be pulled down. A few days

after Williamson returned with a surveyor to survey the place, and finding his hut pulled down, and on inquiring, found it was pulled down by my orders, he called on me and asked the reason of my doing so. I told him it was because it was built on premises occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company, who were carrying on business in the country under a license from the British Government, according to a treaty between the British and American Governments, which implies a right to occupy as much ground as they may require for their business. But this was disputed, and he said he would persist and build. One of his companions went so far as to say if he was disturbed he would burn the finest building in Oregon. Not wishing to enter into altercation with this *fellow* (the italics are mine), I told him in the presence of Chief Factor Douglas and several of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, and several Americans and of Dr. White who happened to be present at the time, that if he persisted in building he would place me under the disagreeable necessity of using force to prevent him. He went away saying he would build.*

It seems plain from the brevity of the wording that the document is a hastily made copy of the report intended to be made by Dr. McLoughlin to the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company in London in justification of his putting the company's property interests in his charge, under the protection of what he calls the "Organization," while his allegiance and obedience were due to England and the Hudson's

*Dr. McLoughlin erred in classing Williamson as a "fellow" and companion of Alderman. The latter was present, but his chief object in being there was to appear as an assistant champion of American rights and by so doing draw public opinion in support of his own act in attempting to jump the Doctor McLoughlin Oregon City claim. The Hon. P. H. Burnett, a life-long friend of Dr. McLoughlin, after his arrival in Oregon (1843), and of perhaps the coolest judgment of any American then in Oregon, says on pages 243-244 of *Recollections of an Old Pioneer*: "Williamson was apparently a modest and respectable young man, while Alderman was a most notorious character. He was well known in Oregon for his violent and unprincipled conduct. He was always in trouble with somebody. He came to California in the summer or fall of 1848, and was killed in the latter portion of that year at Sutter's Fort under justifiable circumstances." Dr. White, present at the controversy and disgusted with Alderman's behavior, engaged Williamson to harvest his then growing wheat crop. While assisting in that the writer learned from Williamson the story of the contest, and his reasons for allowing his claim to lie in abeyance. Later he became my silent partner in the M. E. Mission. The reason for the silence was his intention to maintain his right to his claim near Vancouver as his chosen home.

Bay Company, in whose service he was. The latter knew, however, when they detailed him as chief over their interests in the then far Columbia basin that he was not a man to swerve from his conviction of right.

This paper is proof that Dr. McLoughlin was well informed as to the danger which the property he had charge over was in from reckless and lawless men in Oregon, not all—not half—of whom had got here as immigrants from the Missouri border; and he knew that most of the best informed men of the latter class were glad to welcome him and his subordinates into what he calls an "organization," (never a government).

But, I am well persuaded, he did not know how many men with sons of adult age there were, who did not want any government in Oregon. He knew the business interests he represented were (by the action of forming the Provisional Government) being drawn between the upper and nether millstones of two national powers. His business judgment and humanity alike impelled him to turn away from Colonel Vavasour's suggestion of bringing British troops via the Selkirk settlement and slaughtering the Americans then in Oregon. He continued his humane and conciliatory course. Men of ability to lead and to govern, far beyond that shown by the missionaries whom he had welcomed and assisted on their first arrival, came in 1843 and 1844 faster than he anticipated. In the Williamson claim case he was confronted by a man as clean and upright as himself, claiming, as a citizen of the United States, as good a right to take open land for a home as the Hudson's Bay Company had to occupy it in their business as licensed fur traders. As to the implied right, Dr. McLoughlin mentions, Williamson felt (and I believe he was right) that, supported by the organic law, adopted by a body of free residents of Oregon for protection, peace and order, until the United States should extend its jurisdiction and give the land to settlers, as its treatment of the Linn bill had strongly intimated that it would, his implied rights to 640 acres were much stronger than that of the Hudson's Bay Company to thirty-five miles from east to west along the north bank of the Columbia river, reaching back as far as their stock traveled.

On the other hand, if James Douglas, to whom Dr. McLoughlin left all the verbal controversy, was fit for the appointment of justice of the peace in her majesty's province of Upper Canada and adjoining lands, he knew that the act of parliament, passed July 2, 1821, regulating the fur trade in

Lower and Upper Canada and adjoining countries, inhibited the Canadian courts from trying land cases, but provided in section 6 for them to be settled in England.

It is reasonable to suppose that if Douglas knew this, when he offered Williamson assistance if he would settle somewhere else and his assistance was civilly refused, he was simply "bluffing" when he threatened arrest and sending to Hudson's Bay. It is also supposable that, after calm consideration, it was deemed best at that time not to claim thirty-five miles east and west along the north bank of the Columbia River; first, as the leading men of 1843 and 1844 had already shown something close akin to derision at the idea some of the missionaries had of getting grants of townships for their encouragement. Mr. Douglas was not a man to relish being laughed at, which brought him reluctantly to agree with McLoughlin that the safest course left open to them was to appeal for peace and order, and, as they had no reason to hope for protection from the British warships, to join the Oregon organization. This gave them the cover of the organic laws for the Hudson's Bay Company's property, but was more than a double-edged stroke of policy for the Americans—as a British war power, whether coming by land or sea, could not with a good grace slaughter the combined nationalities.

On another side, the revised and improved "compact"* made an opening for the Hudson's Bay Company's engagees to hold land claims, which a number did and became citizens of the United States as did the grand man who wrote this narrative, which terminates so near a plea for his course.

But this did not stay the avalanche of criticism against him in England. It severed bonds between him and the pro-British portion of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers on the Northwest coast, the leader of whom was James Douglas. It was even at Vancouver "the liberals and loyalists," and the harmony of Bachelor's Hall was frequently disturbed over McLoughlins clinging to the Oregon City claim, and it had "bickerings and disputations" over his kindness to the Americans.

These were trifles, however, compared with what followed in wider circles and amongst men of greater influence, some of whom we may easily imagine to have been willing to make the white-headed chief the scapegoat of their own shortcomings. He had written to the British consul at

*This word was used by Mr. Applegate in framing the amendments made to the organic law in 1844, in order to induce Dr. McLoughlin to join in the Provisional Government.

Sandwich Islands and to the directory at London his need of protection, getting no answer from the one and discouragement from the other. He does not tell us in this paper how Admiral Seymour was caused to send the sloop-of-war *Modeste* into the Columbia River—just too late to prevent his joining the organization (Provisional Government). It is interesting to note in this connection that the admiral was three days behind the raising of the American flag at Monterey, Cal., within the succeeding year, also. Our successors may some day learn how this occurred. We know we won and can afford to wear our honors modestly, and remember with gratitude the venerable man who suffered much because we won. The following are the concluding words of another "document," written by him—it may be ten years later than the one commented on.

In regard to the assertions by his enemies that he "had gone unnecessarily outside of his duty to the Hudson's Bay Company" (in furnishing food and seed grain on credit), he says:

"It may be said, and it has been said, that I was too liberal in these advances. It is not so, but it was done judiciously and prudently. To be brief, I founded this settlement (of Oregon) and prevented war between Great Britain and the United States, and for doing this peaceably and quietly I was treated by the British in such a manner that, from self-respect, I resigned my situation in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, by which I sacrificed \$12,000 per annum, and the Oregon land bill shows the treatment I received from the Americans."

The writer never heard of the dimensions of the Hudson's Bay Company's claim on the bank of the Columbia till many years after the Williamson incident, and then from a letter of Dr. W. F. Tolmie to himself.* In one written on the invitation of the president of the Oregon Pioneer Association and published in its transactions of 1884, Dr. Tolmie

*The dimensions of the area claimed as necessary for the Hudson's Bay Company's business is not given in the valuable document generously published by Mrs. F. F. Victor. Neither in the address of McLoughlin and Douglas to settlers, nor in the former's letter to executive committee is the area given. It would seem that surveys or measurements had not up to that time been thought of. Lieutenant Howison's report in 1846 says: "Fort Vancouver is surrounded by eighteen English claims covering nine miles of the river bank and two back." These were taken in the names of officers and clerks of the Hudson's Bay Company in compliance with Oregon law. Mr. Gray in his history regards the address as a declaration of war on the Americans. The event was a victory for Williamson's contention.

quotes A. McKinlay in support of an accord as late as 1844, between the London directory-general, Sir George Simpson and Dr. McLoughlin, in regard to keeping on good terms with the Americans, but not as to his clinging to the Oregon City claim. Dr. Tolmie himself says:

"By the endeavor to develop north of the Columbia, in what they supposed to be the really debatable land, permanent settlement of British agriculturists, the company openly and honorably acted in strict accordance with their treaty rights." Admitting this supposition, I differ from my friend Tolmie in supposing that the company would ever have got all the land their stock would be herded on; or that their right to indefinite bounds is good as Williamson's surveyed claim. Williamson never reasserted his right near Vancouver; went to the mines amongst the foremost from Oregon, and returned with a mule load of silver coin, mostly Mexican, to purchase fat sheep for sale to the gold miners. This was in 1850. He drove back the first fat sheep from Oregon to California, the increase of the first brought from California to Oregon in 1842-43. He remained a citizen of California, and may be living yet. As to Henry Williamson, whose act I construe as the beginning of the end of the Hudson's Bay Company's rule over Oregon, his prudence soon got the better of his heart in the contest, and he let it be known that he left his claim in abeyance rather than be the cause of disturbance then, but expected to reassert his rights later. He was as fine a specimen of young, self-reliant manhood as I have ever known, as honorable as any member of the Hudson's Bay Company, from the president to the poorest servant. Son of a prominent stock breeder of Hamilton County, Ohio, he left La Porte, Indiana, in the Spring of 1844 in company of James Hunt. They were friends and comrades, both members of the Baptist Church.

They started with a two-horse wagon-load of cranberries to Cincinnati, and sold fruit, team and wagon there for money, and with it purchased their outfit to Oregon at Independence, Mo., joining and traveling with Colonel N. Ford's company. It was in their experience to both refuse accommodations from Chief Factor Douglas, of the Hudson's Bay Company. In care for their team and wagon they had separated in descending the river to Vancouver, and Hunt, in an idle wish to see British methods of doing business, went with some family men who wished to get necessary provisions on McLoughlin's generous terms of pay. Mr. Douglas filled their orders and sent them to the store so

rapidly and quietly that Hunt, engaged in looking around him, was startled by Mr. Douglas saying: "Well, young man, what do you want?" Hunt replied: "Really, sir, I had not thought of wanting anything, but our flour is getting low, and with your permission, I'll take 50 pounds of flour." "Do you intend to pay for it now?" said Douglas. "No sir; I am out of money, and if I get it, it must be on the same terms as you have given to others."

Beginning to write, Mr. Douglas remarked: "It is very strange to me to see young Americans so far from their friends without money to pay their way," and held out the order as he finished speaking. Hunt said: "Thank you, sir. I can do without it, and will, rather than take it with that remark." Hunt died a citizen of Douglas County, Oregon.

Williamson, after giving me my first lessons in farming, while my silent partner in ownership of the original M. E. mission site and farm, returned to Indiana to meet in marriage the sister of the late George Belshaw, of Lane County, arriving at the home just as her family returned from her burial. He started on his return to Oregon in 1847, with a young thoroughbred stallion as a present from his father, which was killed by a rattle-snake bite on the way. He came by the Southern route, and was wounded by an arrow on the arm in passing through Rogue river valley.

The Williamson incident was the point of fracture in the British power over the valley of the Oregon. In

A game for empire fairly played,
 Lost by adventurous Englishmen,
 Who thought to win the land by trade;
 Won by the brave American,
 Who occupies, allots the lands,
 And wrests the power from traders' hands,
 A code of civil laws ordains,
 A bloodless victory he gains;
 In ten short years the work is done,
 And Oregon is lost and won.

I consider that the real contest for Oregon was between the date of arrival of Hall J. Kelley, Ewing Young and the freemen who came with them or near their date and 1846. Had not the Provisional Government been instituted prior to the Williamson incident and guided at the time by such men as Applegate, Burnett, Nesmith and their co-workers, it is very questionable if the victory would have been bloodless.

MINTO PASS: ITS HISTORY AND AN INDIAN TRADITION.

(Reprint from No. 3, Vol. IV, September, 1903, of the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society.)

There was a tradition among the Indians of the central portion of the Willamette Valley at the time when the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church attempted christianization from 1834 to 1840, that a trail or thoroughfare through this natural pass had formerly been much used by their people and that its use was abandoned after, and as one of the results of, a bloody battle between the Mollalas (who claimed the western slopes of the Cascades from the Clackamas River south to the Calapooia Mountains), and the Cayuses who were originally of the same tribe, but who had become alienated by family feuds, of which the battle or massacre of their tradition was the end. The superstitious belief of the Indians in the transmigration of the souls of dead warriors into the bodies of beasts of prey, like panthers, bears, and wolves, would of itself go far to cause the Indians to abandon the use of such a trail, but the formation of the gorge by which the river cuts its way through the roughest portion of the range is such as to give great numbers of opportunities for ambuscades—a common resort of Indian warfare. Certain is it that for some cause the Indians of Chemeketa, Chemawa, and Willamette spoke with dread of going up that river. They did, however, have trails on each side of this natural pass,—that to the south being first used by a pioneer settler named Wyley. It became known as the Wyley Trail, and subsequently was adopted as a general route over which the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Military Wagon Road was located. The other to the north comes into the Willamette Valley *via* the Table Rock and down the Abiqua. Both these trails were used exclusively by the Indians of the east side of the range as means of coming into the Willamette Valley with the exception of the Mollalas, who were intermarried with the Warm Springs Indians and the Klamaths when the settlement by the whites began. The free trappers and the retired Canadians, who had settled as farmers and trading parties of the Hudson's Bay Company, continued to use the trail up the

North Santiam Valley until 1844-45, when, in addition to the country reached by it being "trapped out," furs fell in price in the general market so that it temporarily ceased to be used by the engagees of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the summer of 1845 Dr. E. White, then a sub-agent of the United States for the Indians of Oregon, examined, or claimed to have examined, the route as a means of getting immigration into western Oregon more easily than by way of the Columbia River Pass. Either the doctor did not examine closely or was very easily discouraged; at all events no beneficial results followed. At this same time Stephen L. Meek was leading a party of the immigration of that year with the purpose of entering the Willamette Valley by that way. Meek had trapped on the head waters of the John Day River a few seasons previous, and had here met Canadians from the Willamette, who had come over the trail and doubtless thought he could easily find it; and there is little reason to doubt that he would have done so had it not been that by reason of their much wandering in searching the way from the mouth of the Malheur to the waters of the Des Chutes, the people he led were in such desperate straits that he had to flee for his life. There was another reason: a ridge makes out on the east side of the main range, but parallel with it, which completely shuts the pass from being seen in outline from the east.

The failure of Meek to get his party through raised the question in the settlements as to whether there was so easy a means of passing the Cascade range at that point as the Hudson's Bay Company trappers and traders represented, and in the spring of 1846 a public meeting was held at Salem and a committee of six citizens was selected to go and make an examination of the trail. Col. Cornelius Gilliam was the head of the committee of the American portion of the party, and Joseph Gervais, a Canadian trapper, pre-eminent for general intelligence among his class, went along to show the way. The Hon. T. C. Shaw, nephew of Gilliam, was of the party (the youngest). He is at present (1887) county judge of Marion County, and recently went over part of the ground they then passed. From him it is learned that the trail did not then pass through the narrow gorge which has been spoken of, but took over the tops of the most broken and rugged portion of the range. The party proceeded until they came to what they termed the "scaly rock mountain," which Colonel Gilliam pronounced impassable for wagons. The party returned and reported

accordingly, and from that date till late in 1873 that pass way was unused and to a great extent forgotten.

In October, 1873, two hunters in search of good game range penetrated up the north bank of the river through the gorge before mentioned, and found that about twelve miles from the then settlement on King's Prairie that the valley widened out and the mountains seemed lower; narrow belts of bottom land lay between the mountains and the river, and appeared to continue up to near the base of Mount Jefferson, which, in fact, they do. One of these hunters (Henry States) sent for John Minto, being unable, on account of a sprained ankle, to go to the latter, and told him of their findings. This rediscovery or new discovery revived recollections of statements made by Joseph Gervais and others, and Minto took sufficient interest in the subject to go before the board of county commissioners of Marion County and repeat the statements of the hunters, volunteering the suggestion that it was important if such a natural pass existed as was thus indicated the county had an interest in making the fact known. One of the commissioners, Hon. Wm. M. Case, had long lived near neighbor to the famous Hudson's Bay Company's leader, Tom McKay, and had often heard him speak of that as the shortest and best way across the Cascades. A short consultation resulted in the "order" that Mr. Minto take two comrades and proceed up the valley of the North Santiam until he was satisfied whether it made such a natural cut into the range or not. After an absence of twelve days the party returned and Minto reported a deep valley apparently almost dividing the range, and so sheltered that several varieties of wild flowers were found in bloom on the eighteenth of November. Upon this representation a petition for the survey of a road was presented to the board of county commissioners early in 1874, and the viewing out and survey of such a road ordered, Porter Jack, George S. Downing, and John Minto to act as viewers, and T. W. Davenport as surveyor. The survey was made and the viewers' report in favor of an excellent roadway was made to the county commissioners of Marion County, August, 1874. The results were got by following up the north bank of the Santiam River, generally within sight or sound of its waters, from the point where it enters the Willamette Valley to its most eastern springs. Starting from the bank of the Willamette River at Salem, where its course is east of north parallel with the Cascade range, the survey

leads up its Santiam branch eighty-three (83) miles, to the true summit of the Cascades, here found in a narrow cut or pass lying across the summit ridge, the general course of the survey being southeast by east. From the summit thus found it is an estimated distance of only five (5) miles down to the Matoles branch of the Des Chutes River, here running east of north parallel with the range, the same course as that of the Willamette on the west side; but taking down the eastern declivity with an easy grade for a wagon road, the plain of the Des Chutes would be reached in about seven miles and the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountains Road, where it skirts the base of Black Butte, three miles into the Des Chutes plain, in about ten miles. In making this view and survey an old and deeply worn trail was frequently crossed, and such a trail, less deep, was found leading over the pass eastward. The first observed trail gives some support to the Indian tradition of a former native thoroughfare down the valley.

The trail out of the pass is not so much worn, neither is the Strong trail leading off towards the west from a point about seven miles eastward, used by Lieutenant Fremont as he passed the locality in 1843. The trail so noted reaches first the immense springs of Matoles, where a full grown river rises from under the northeast base of Black Butte, into which the salmon ascend in July and August for spawning purposes, at that date and since making a valuable fishery for the Indians, and scarcely less valuable as fisheries were the numerous lakes to the westward, which, taken in connection with abundant game of the entire region, make it a hunter's paradise. At the date of Fremont's march, of which had Meek been informed in 1845, he would have almost certainly succeeded in getting the people he led into the Willamette Valley by that way easier than they reached The Dalles after he abandoned them.

After the viewing out and survey of the wagon road as before related, parties incorporated or filed articles of incorporation for a projected railroad through the pass to Winnemucca. It was a mere speculation on the part of persons who had neither money nor credit of any kind. It had the effect of weakening the public interest in having a common road constructed, so that after the lapse of the legal hold on the pass thus attained, there was little disposition to spend money on the opening of a common road which was liable to be destroyed at any time by a railroad interest. An association was formed, however, and a stock trail

was opened at a cost of \$1,800, in labor. As much more spent at that time would have enabled wagons to pass. For lack of this small sum the trail constructed did not attract the public use except in a small measure for horses. In 1880 Hon. John B. Waldo, while enjoying a summer recreation trip along the summit ridge, came to a point some seven or eight miles south of the point to which the survey had been made and over which a trail had been opened, which he felt confident was lower than it. He spoke of it to Mr. Minto, who, the next spring, had a small sum (\$200) placed at his disposal by Marion County in order to remove obstructions which had fallen into the trail. After removing these obstructions that had fallen in during the previous four years, Mr. Minto had \$111 of the money left which he asked permission of the board of commissioners to use in viewing out and surveying the most southern of the two main branches of the Upper North Santiam. The suggestion was made that this arm of the stream trended so far southward that it would probably be found to reach the summit by a greater meander and consequently afford a more gradual approach to this supposed lower point of the summit, and therefore be more favorable for railroad purposes. The order was made in accordance with the suggestion, and Capt. L. S. Scott, George S. Downing, and John Minto were appointed viewers and T. W. Davenport surveyor. After some loss of time by efforts to locate a line of communication, Minto took one comrade and went eastward through the old pass, taking the altitude of it as he went and finding it, according to an ordinary barometer, such as is used by railroad surveyors, to be five thousand five hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea, and proceeding southward and then westward on the same day found the instrument to read at the point indicated by Judge Waldo, four thousand nine hundred and eleven feet above the sea. From this point a line was struck and surveyed, which by way of the southeast branch of the North Santiam, connects with the original survey by an easy grade for railroad purposes and of which the projectors of the Corvallis and Eastern railroad were immediately informed. An examination of the whole route from Gates to Summit *via* the last view section, was made by Colonel Eccleson, civil engineer, and Summit was reached by a fraction over a two per cent grade. Construction began at the Summit with the least possible delay and rails were hauled by wagon from Albany and laid in order to hold the

pass. From the pass westward more than half of the right of way was cut and much of the grade made ready for the ties between this lowest pass and the junction with the original Marion County survey at what the party making it called Independence Valley, directly south of and as the bird flies about eight miles from the apex of Mount Jefferson. From Idanha, the terminal of railroad track laid, four miles east of Detroit, fully twelve miles of right of way and grade were constructed when work was suspended by the original railroad company. From Mill City eastward to the Summit, the company appropriated fully ninety per cent of the original surveys made at the cost of Marion County. This need not be objected to, but in addition to this these railroad promoters often exercised an assumed right to name points that will be of permanent interest which they did not discover. This seems hardly fair. From my point of view the Hon. John B. Waldo, who first observed the apparent lowness of the pass, and called my attention to it, is more entitled to have his name attached to it than Col. T. E. Hogg, whose name I understand was given to by J. I. Blair, the railroad magnate of New York, who was one of the chief supporters of Colonel Hogg's enterprise.

As a matter of some historical interest I will close this paper by inserting some of the original names given places and things by the first white explorers of the valley.

The stream named Breitenbush was named by Henry States, Frank Cooper, and John Minto on the first legal examination for the pass for John Breitenbush, a hunter who had cut his way to it ahead of them. Detroit was named by the man from Michigan who first opened a house for entertainment there. Boulder Creek was named by T. W. Davenport on his survey notes in 1874. It makes in from the north at Idanha which was a Muskrat Camp of first surveying party, but renamed by the proprietor of the first summer resort house. Minto Mountain was named by some one unknown to the writer, after he had led to the opening of a trail to Black Butte, in Crook County, in 1879. It was the grass covered mountains seen by Minto from the top of a fir tree into which he pulled himself to get a view of their surroundings when first seeking the pass in November, 1873, and which grass land his associate, Frank Cooper, asserted was in Eastern Oregon, to his, Cooper's, personal knowledge, though he would not risk climbing the tree to see it, being a very heavy man. This mountain will for all time be an attractive object to

summer recreationists and the most easily reached from the center of the Willamette Valley when the railroad is extended twelve miles farther east. The first stream making in from the northeast of Boulder Creek was called, by the surveying party of 1874, the White, a first fork from Jefferson. In August the snow melts from the southwest slopes of Jefferson and runs through volcanic ash as fine as bolted flour and it enters the main Santiam like thickened milk, coloring it down to Mehama sometimes. Custom has adopted the name "Whitewater." In 1879 I gave the name Pamela Creek to the next stream which flows off the south face of Mount Jefferson and the same name now attaches to the lake at its south base. The name was given for Pamela Ann Berry, because of her cheerfulness as one of the girl cooks of the working party, of which her father and sister were valued members. Independence Valley was so named by the road viewing party in 1874. Our party rested there on the fourth of July. The first waterfall on the east branch was named Gatch's Falls for Prof. T. M. Gatch, by election of the party, the young members all having been his students. Marion Lake and Orla Falls at the head of it were named at the same time. The latter by the younger members of the company who had danced with Miss Orla Davenport, the oldest daughter of our surveyor. The most of the water of Marion Lake seems to come over these falls from the northern declivities, from a rocky peak of many pinnacles, locally called "Three-fingered Jack," but to which the name of Mount Marion was given in the report of this survey. This peak rises from the summit ridge south of Mount Jefferson and north of Mount Washington about equal distance of seven miles from each and about fifteen miles from the most northern of the Three Sisters. There are inviting situations for delightful summer residences on or near the ridge, both north and south of Mount Marion, which will in the near future probably become sites of permanent homes. The climate, as indicated by plant life, is that of the Highlands of Scotland, as here the American congener of both purple and white heather found on and near the summit ridge.

The writer, who was an active member of these first exploring, surveying and road constructing parties, closes this with the statement that the rugged labor sometimes involved was the very best kind of summer recreation, where nature in all her varying phases was enjoyed and the sights of the day made themes of camp fire talks, inter-

mingled with subjects connected with social, educational, business and public interests. There was little difference in this respect between the camp fires of a party of professional men seeking rest and that of road makers constructing lines of development.



NUMBER AND CONDITION OF THE NATIVE RACE IN OREGON WHEN FIRST SEEN BY WHITE MEN

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The first estimates we have of the number of the native race in the valley of the Columbia were by Lewis and Clark, who gained their information while exploring the river from its sources in the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Based upon information derived from the natives, their estimate was forty thousand. This was in 1805-6.

Forty years later, Rev. C. G. Nicolay, of King's College, Oxford, and member of the Royal Geographical Society of London, writing in support of England's right to the country created by the assumed moral benefits to the natives effected by the trade influences of the Hudson's Bay Company—and, doubtless, with all the information that company could furnish—estimated the number at thirty thousand, including all the country from the California line north to 54 degrees 40 minutes. Noting that the second estimate is for the wider bounds, and yet twenty-five per cent less, the numbers seem strongly to indicate that the native race was rapidly decreasing between the dates mentioned.

In looking for the causes of this decrease of population of the native race, we find at the outset diseases common to, but not very destructive to civilized life, are, nevertheless, terrible in their effects on people living so near the plane of mere animal life as were the natives of Oregon—especially those of them in the largest valleys, and near the sea,—when first seen by white men. The first American explorers received information from the Clatsop tribe of Indians during their stay near them in the winter of 1805-6, that some time previous to that a malady had been brought to them from the sea, which caused the death of many of their people. As they reached the Lower Willamette Valley, on their return eastward, they found living evidence that the malady had been smallpox, and the remains of capacious houses within the district—now covered, or being rapidly covered, by the white race,—which indicated that the disease had swept out of existence, or caused

to flee the locality, large numbers of natives. A woman was seen by Captain Clark in the company of an old man, presumably her father, sole occupants of a building two hundred and twenty-five feet long and thirty feet wide, under one roof, and divided by narrow alleys or partitions into rooms thirty feet square. Other buildings, empty or in ruins, were found near this. This woman was badly marked with smallpox; and from her apparent age, and information the old man endeavored to convey, this disease had killed many people and frightened others away about thirty years previously.

Information received from natives by signs cannot be deemed reliable; but no writing can be plainer than the human face marked by smallpox. We have, then, from the journal of Lewis and Clark, traditional information from the Clatsop natives, and in the appearance of this woman—presumably of the Multnomah tribe—evidence of the presence of smallpox one hundred miles in the interior; and fifty years later we have from the Yakima chieftian, Kamiakin, at the Walla Walla council held by Governor I. I. Stevens, intimations that the suffering of his people from smallpox in former times was one reason for his objection to whites settling in his country.

Whatever truth there may be in these earlier traditions of the natives, the rapid decrease of the tribes on the Lower Columbia and in the Willamette Valley, between 1805 and 1845, and the decaying condition of those found here at the latter date, are facts which cannot be called in question. Those writers who are predisposed to blame the white man for all the results of the commercial and social contact between the races will see only the fearful and repulsive effects upon the ignorant native—supposed to be innocent—of drunkenness and debauchery, which the white man's avaricious trade and licentiousness ministered to. While, beyond question, these were destructive agencies, they, in my judgment, never were but a small moiety of the cause of the general decay of the race west of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges, from Alaska to Lower California. As to the licentious intercourse between the sexes, the natives were ready and sought opportunity to participate in the destructive commerce. And their customs, which were their only laws, left womanhood—especially widowhood—an outcast, where she was not held as a slave. It was a fact well known to pioneers yet living that a woman of bright, kindly disposition, of natural intelligence, which

made her a natural leader of her sex, who was in 1840 the honored wife of the chief of one of the strongest coast tribes, and as such styled a queen by some writers, was in 1845 a leader and guide of native prostitutes, who watched and followed ships entering the Columbia from the time they crossed the bar in until they crossed out. And between opportunities of this kind, she went from camp to camp of white settlers on the Lower Columbia, thus seeking trade without the least sign of shame. The customs and usages of the race, for which the leading men were responsible, debar us of any just right to hold native womanhood responsible for a social system which deemed a female child the best trading property—valued high or low according to the status of the male portion of her family. The husband bought his wife, and might, where she did not suit, send her back to her people and claim a return of the property given for her, ostensibly as presents.* This, if her family had any pride or courage, would probably lead to trouble.

*This custom of purchasing wives seems to have extended through many of the interior tribes, and amongst some the privilege seems not to have been confined to the men. It is related of a large war party of Sioux who, near Independence Rock, in 1842, found Messrs. Hastings and Lovejoy, and good humoredly gave them up to their fellow travelers, taking a small present of tobacco as ransom; that, seeing a grown daughter of one of the few white families of the Oregon immigrants, they came repeatedly in increased numbers to look at her, until her father was annoyed and indignant at their visits, and wrathful and threatening when he learned that the brawny braves desired to purchase the girl to give her as a present to their war chief. These grown up children of nature went off like gentlemen when informed by one who knew their customs that it was not a custom of white fathers, or the white people, to sell their daughters. [Matthieu's Reminiscences, Vol. I, No. 1, Quarterly of the Ore. Hist. Soc.] In 1844, while Gilliam's train lay over one day at Fort Laramie, for trade purposes, in close neighborhood to the tepees of a considerable camp of Sioux, three female members of the tribe visited the camp of R. W. Morrison, captain of one of the companies into which the train of eighty-four wagons was divided. The captain had two assistants, and the Sioux women seemed to conclude that Mrs. Morrison was blessed with three husbands. Their proposition, made by signs by the two elder women, was that the third, apparently a widow, though young, was willing to give six horses for one of the younger men. It took Mrs. Morrison and the choice of the young widow some time to convince her two friends that they had made a mistake, and they departed with all outward signs of sadness over the failure of their mission. These proposals to secure connubial happiness by purchase were made, one four and the other two years, before Francis Parkman, Jr., arrived at Laramie to join a Sioux camp in order to get material for his Oregon and California Trail.

A native husband could dispose of an unsatisfactory wife. He could kill her by personal ill-usage,^o or keep her to labor for means to purchase and support another wife, or as many more as his means and desires induced him to buy.[§]

The general relations between the husband and wife among the native races in Western Oregon were that the husband should kill the game or catch the fish, as the subsistence was from game or fish. The dressing of skins for clothing, the weaving of rush mats for camp covers or for beds, the preparation of cedar bark for clothing, nets and ropes, and the digging of roots, gathering of berries, etc., were all left to the wife and the slaves at her command, if there were any. The husband and wife seemed to have separate property rights as to themselves, and on the death of either the most valuable of it, and often all of it, was sacrificed to the manes of the dead. Sometimes living slaves were bound and placed near the dead body of a person of importance in the tribe.*

Under this custom, when a leading man like Chenamus, chief of the Chinooks, died, the body was carefully swathed in cedar bark wrappings; his war canoe or barge of state was used as his coffin, and his second best canoe, if he

^oLate in 1844, Katata, Chief of the Clatsop Tribe, murdered his youngest wife, then but recently espoused from a leading family of the Chinooks. The latter made war upon him for the act. J. L. Parrish, in charge of the Methodist mission at the time, refused Katata his hand after learning of his deed. The brutal chief made an effort to be revenged for what he deemed an insult, but failed in his attempt.

[§]The kind of chivalry the system bred was illustrated by Chief Chenowith, supposed instigator of the Cascades massacre in 1855, who was tried and condemned for fighting with the Klickitats and Yakimas. "He offered ten horses, two squaws, and a little something to every tyee, of (for) his life, boasting that he was not afraid of death, but was afraid of the grave in the ground."—[L. W. Coe in *Native Son Magazine* for February, 1900. Mr. Coe acted as interpreter at the execution].

*In 1844 the Chief of the Wascopams died at The Dalles, and was succeeded by his brother, who was somewhat under the influence of Rev. Alvan Waller, of the Methodist Episcopal mission there. A young slave boy was bound and secured in the dead house with the body of the dead chief, in accordance with the customs of the tribe. Mr. Waller continued pleading for the release of the boy for three days, and got the new chief's consent to take the boy out of his horrible situation on condition that it be done secretly and the boy taken away, so that the people of the tribe would never see him. He was taken to Mr. J. L. Parrish, at Clatsop mission, and remained a member of his family till, in 1849, he went to the California gold mines.

had two, was inverted and placed over the body as a defense against the weather or wild beasts; a small hole was made in the lower canoe and it was placed in a slanting position to facilitate complete drainage. No money reward would induce an Indian of the Lower Columbia to enter and labor in a canoe that had been thus used for the dead. Thus the best and generally all the property worth notice was rendered useless to the living. The wife in such a case might be owner of slaves in her own right, or of a *business canoe*, and in some cases of a small canoe used on the Lower Columbia root gathering, or by the husband or sons in hunting water fowl. Such a wife becoming a widow—supposing her dead husband a chief, succeeded by a son by another of his wives, or by a brother, unfriendly and jealous of her influence,—would not be a totally helpless outcast. She would have the means of gathering her own subsistence. This, however, was above the common lot of native widows. The same custom of destroying the property of the dead prevailed amongst natives of the Willamette Valley when the American home builders first came; and it was a common sight to come upon a recently made grave and scare the buzzards or coyotes from feasting on carcasses of horses slain to the departed, the grave itself being indicated by the cooking utensils and tawdry personal adornments of the deceased. Under this custom there was no property left for distribution by the average native. A chief, living with thrifty care for his family, might leave slaves to be divided among his sons or daughters, as soem few did, but often when the heirs were sons or daughters of different mothers bitter family feuds were a natural result, and the law of might decided. There was no marriage record, no law to distribute fairly what might justly belong to the widow and the fatherless, no individual ownership of land, no definite boundaries to districts claimed by tribes. Thus the whole polity of the native race here limited the exertions of the people to seeking a present subsistence, or, at the most, enough to tide them over from one season to another. Diversity of seasons has a much more intimate relation to the food supply of the wild life than to a people who have arrived at the agricultural stage of evolution. Many wild animals and feathered game have sufficient of the instinct of the passenger pigeon and squirrel of the Atlantic seaboard to induce them to migrate from districts in which their food fails as a result of untoward seasons and go to

others where there is plenty.* The native tribes west of the Cascade Range could not do that, and therefore must have often been reduced in numbers by bad seasons, before they were known to the white race.

The condition of the natives as to surplus food and the scarcity of large game in the Columbia Valley, as found by Lewis and Clark, shows that the normal season left the then population little they could spare. The party may be said to have run a gauntlet against starvation in their journey from the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Columbia. They saw few deer, and no antelope or elk. Salmon and dogs were their chief purchases from the Indians, and they ate of the latter till some of the men got to prefer dog flesh to venison. The salmon grew rancid and mouldy under the influence of the warm wet winter, and made the men sick. Their hunters, in what was forty years later the best elk range in Oregon, often failed to meet their daily wants, and sometimes killed their game so far from camp that it spoiled in the woods. So that when they learned that a whale had been thrown on the beach, at the mouth of the Nehalem, they went thirty miles, and with difficulty succeeded in the purchase of three hundred pounds of whale blubber.

They stayed at their winter camp until the latter part of March, 1806. The game had left their vicinity; they exhausted the surplus of the Indians near them, so they started on their return journey in order to reach the Chappannish "Nation," with whom they had left their horses, before the natives would leave for their spring hunt for buffalo east of the Rockies.

Under date of March 31, their journal reads: "Several parties were met descending the river in quest of food. They told us that they lived at the great rapids (the Cascades), but the scarcity of provisions had induced them to come down in hopes of finding subsistence in the more fertile valley. All living at the rapids, as well as nations above, were in much distress for want of food, having con-

*The writer has observed this instinct manifested one season by wild ducks. The oak trees in the vicinity of his residence south of Salem, of which there were considerable areas, bore a heavy crop of acorns. The wild ducks by some means found it out, and must have by some means informed each other, as the flocks of them passing over my farm from a large beaver dam pond, where they rested at night, to their feeding grounds daily rapidly increased from day to day, and as rapidly decreased when the supply of acorns was consumed.

sumed their winter's store of dried fish, and not expecting the return of the salmon before the next full moon—which would be on the second of May. This information was not a little embarrassing. From the falls (The Dalles) to the Chopannish Nation, the plains afforded neither deer, elk, nor antelope, for our subsistence. The horses were very poor at this season, and the dogs must be in the same condition, if their food, the dried fish, had failed." These considerations compelled the party to go into camp, and send out their hunters on both sides of the Columbia, from its north bank, opposite the quick sand (Sandy) river. Their purpose being to obtain meat enough to last them to where they had left their horses, and this they did, with the addition of some dogs and wapatos they were able to secure from the natives by hard bargaining. The eight days they thus delayed they used to good purpose. Captain Clark, acting on information by an Indian of the existence of a large river making in from the south, which they had passed and repassed without having seen it, because of a diamond shaped island lying across its mouth, hired an Indian guide, and returning down the south shore, penetrated the Multnomah (Lower Willamette), to near the present location of Linnton, and saw evidences in ruined buildings of a much denser population than then existed there, and in the two hundred and twenty-five foot building already mentioned, saw the woman marked by smallpox. Here, also, were met Clackamas and other Indians from the falls of the Willamette.

Elk, deer, and black bear were the large game their hunters killed. Some of the deer were extremely poor. They do not mention having seen flesh of any kind in the hands or camps of natives, much less a successful native hunter of such game.* Neither do they mention seeing a horse west of the Cascade Range. The receiving of one sturgeon from a native is mentioned, and some dried anchovies (smelt). But the chief wealth of this richest part of the district—the most inviting to settlers in their estimation of any they had seen west of the Rocky Mountains, is the wapato—"the product of the numerous ponds in the interior of Wapato" (Sauvie's) Island. This was almost the sole staple article of commerce on the Columbia.

This bulb, the root of the arrowhead lily (*sagittaria vari-*

*The writer has had his home fifty-five years in the Willamette Valley, and has never seen or known of a native to kill a deer. He has known one spend a day hunting to kill five wood rats.

abilis) is described by Lewis and Clark as "never out of season," and as being "gathered chiefly by the women, who employ for the purpose canoes from ten to fifteen feet long, about two feet wide, nine inches deep, and tapering from the middle. They are sufficient to contain a single person and several bushels of roots, yet so very light that a woman can carry them with ease. She takes it into a pond where the water is sometimes as high as the breast, and by means of her toes separates this bulb from the root, which, on being freed from the mud, immediately rises to the surface of the water and is thrown into the canoe. In this manner these patient females will remain in the water for several hours, even in the dead of winter."^o

This first party of the white race, thirty-six in number, were thus detained eight days gathering a sufficiency of food to make it prudent to risk a journey of ten days through the heart of the great and fertile Columbia Valley, then so devoid of large game as to make it reasonable to assume that at some period not very remote from the time of their visit the population had slaughtered the elk, deer, and antelope, and driven the buffalo to the east side of the Rockies. The practice of large parties of the strongest tribes passing that backbone of the continent every summer to hunt this noblest of North American game is good presumptive evidence that it had at no remote period ranged in the valley of the Columbia. In 1806, then, we have the fact of a population, roughly estimated at forty thousand, eeking out a hand-to-mouth living, from salmon chiefly, with the additions of wokus kouse (wapato and camas),—the latter much the more generally distributed from the Pacific Ocean to the summit flats of the Rocky Mountains—by going across those mountains annually for game. They had, of course, to go in parties sufficiently strong for defense against the hated, dreaded and destructive Blackfeet. The taking of such journeys proves their necessity. The tribes unable through weakness or situation to make such expeditions, as were all those of Western and Southwestern Oregon, had to gather their precarious living from the plants mentioned, grass seeds, the small native fruits, of crab apple, haw, huckleberries, cranberries, etc. Looking over

^oThis extract illustrates the condition of womanhood. Lewis and Clark write of the production of wapato in this locality as though it grew nowhere else; but it grew—yet grows—on the margins of ponds and bayous of most of the streams flowing into the Columbia west of the Cascades.

a recent report of the Division of Botany, United States Department of Agriculture—a contribution from the United States Herbarium, Vol. V, No. 2, by Frederick V. Coville—I find one hundred plants described as used by the Klamath Indians, forty-six of which—as seeds, fruits or roots—were used as food by that tribe. No effort has yet been made to enumerate all the kinds of flesh, fish, and insect life used by the native race for sustenance. Lewis and Clark found evidence that the coast native sometimes resorted to searching the beach for fish cast up by the tide. The tribes on the south bank of the Snake River, and southward, used to fire the high, arid plains, where possible, and collect the crickets and grasshoppers thus killed. As late as 1844 these insects were dried and made into a kind of pemmican by pestle and mortar. The Rogue River natives used the grasshopper meal as a delectable food as late as 1848, and as late as 1878 the writer saw the chief medicine man of the Calipooias collecting in a large mining pan the tent caterpillars from the ash trees within four miles of Salem. He asserted most emphatically that they were “close muckamuck” (good food).

For years before and after the last mentioned date the writer knew Joseph Hudson (Pa-pe-a, his native name), the lineal chief of the Calipooias, who signed the treaty of cession of the east side of the Willamette Valley to the United States. He was the only native of Western Oregon the writer ever talked with who seemed to comprehend, or care for, the consequences to the natives of the appropriation of ownership of the soil by the white race. He had judgment to perceive that the latter had agencies of power and of progress with which his people could not have coped, even at their best estate—which family tradition had handed down to him. This pointed to a time when his people had numbered eight thousand, as he estimated, at which time and later, to the time of his grandfather, Chief San-de-am, *his people used the circle hunt*, driving the deer to a center agreed upon, by young men as runners, the point to drive to being selected as good cover to enable the bowmen to get close to the quarry. From him the information was gained as a family tradition that about 1818 eight men, carrying packs on their backs and coming from the north, reached his grandfather's village, near where the town of Jefferson now is. They were set across, and, going southward, they conveyed to other natives that they had crossed San-de-am's river. The whites shortened

the name to Santiam, as they did Yam-il to Yamhill. These eight men returned after several months and brought the first horses the Calipooias ever saw. They sold a mare and colt for forty-five beaver skins. Joe, as he was familiarly called, a man of truth and honor, could not but mourn the fate of his people. Being in a small way his banker for small loans (he working for me) I know he was kept poor by the general worthlessness of his tribe, as it was one of the functions of a Calipooia chief to help the weak and good-for-nothing members of his tribe. This man honestly performed any rough and common contract labor (he would never work for day wages), carrying his burden of sorrow for his people's condition to where the wicked and low can no longer trouble. The writer received from him many hints and plain statements as to the mental capacity or mode of reasoning of the native race. Custom led them to appeal to him in troubles resulting from drunken rows. A young dandy of the tribe, getting into the power of the law for knifing a woman in a camp fray, would appeal to Joe, as chief, for financial help, with no more sense of shame than an Irish landlord who had wasted his property in riotous living would have in spunging off his former tenants to a green old age. There are many people of the white race who cannot help being participants in the results of the change of racial dominion which has taken place on the North Pacific Slope within the past century. They feel they are participants in a gigantic act of robbery. A lady whose writings on any subject it is a delight to read, in the June number of the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, shows the origin of land titles so far as the English race of men have made them. It would be an instructive addition to her able paper if some one, well read on the effects of guarded land titles in sufficient area to support family life on each allotment, would describe their influences upon a community so blessed.

Already enough has been said to indicate that prior to the visit of Lewis and Clark, the native race was in a condition of decline; that in a normal or average season a body of forty men, or less, found it difficult to avoid starvation while moving from place to place in a country estimated to contain forty thousand.

It may be admitted, because it is true though shameful, that the licentiousness of trade had sown the seeds accelerating the decay of the native race in Western Oregon, from the Columbia River to the Umpqua, and from its mouth to

Fort Hall. Within these bounds, but especially near the chief lines of commerce, the missionary even had as much need of a medical book as he had of his bible, as far as the people he had come to guide in the way of life was concerned.

Abundant reason had Dr. John McLoughlin (that living copy of the great heart of Bunyan's matchless fancy) for giving welcome to the American missionaries. He knew the value of a clean mind or soul in keeping a clean and healthy body; though with a wise physician's care he kept the hospital at Vancouver open to any white sick, whom the resident doctor the Hudson's Bay Company maintained there recommended to it.

Doctor McLoughlin instituted the first hospital in Oregon for white people here prior to the overland immigration of family life from the Missouri border in 1843. The native race then were being removed rapidly by a disease they themselves called the "cold sick," which had raged among them from 1832. Some of the symptoms indicated a malarial cause, but quinine and other ague remedies had no effect upon the Indian sick. Like the plague now raging in India, it was confined, seemingly, entirely to the natives; also, almost entirely to the fishing villages on the large rivers. I have long had a theory which I confess being unable to give an intelligent reason for, that that plague had its origin in eating filth. The natives themselves found that to thrust their arrow points through the putrid liver of a deer or elk would enable them to kill their enemies by a slight wound by blood poison. Is it not, then, possible that eating putrid flesh, or fish—the garbage cast up by the tide,—the spent salmon from the river shore, or those wallowing in death throes on its surface, could not be done with impunity?

In times of famine the natives, on the sea coast and on the rivers, did eat such food; as the inland tribes, like the Klamaths, sometimes sustained life by eating black moss, and the bark of certain trees. These latter foods, however, were not putrid.

To support the theory that this cold sick plague, which began on the Lower Columbia in 1832, and which kept the wail for the dead sounding along its banks till 1844, may have originated in poisoned food, we have the statement of Lewis and Clark's journal that salmon pemmican which they purchased in quantity at The Dalles moulded, and made the men sick, in the damp and warm winter

camp, near the sea. But, whatever the cause, the effect was to depopulate, or cause the abandonment of once populous villages.

In 1805, the central seat of the Multnomahs, near the east end of Wapato (Sauvie's) Island, had a population of "eight hundred souls" noted, "as the remains of a large nation," surrounded by kindred near-by tribes, aggregating two thousand two hundred and sixty souls. In 1845 the site was without human habitation. "The dead were there," in large numbers, swathed in cedar bark, and laid tier above tier on constructions of cedar slabs about four inches thick, and often four feet wide,—causing the observer to wonder how the native, with such agencies as he possessed, could fell and split such timber. At this time so many as two hundred natives, could not be seen on the bank, at Coffin Rock, and the main shore, between that Cathlamette and Clatsop Point, without special effort at counting the few living in the scattered villages, often separated by several sites once inhabited by large numbers apparently. This was particularly noticed on the south bank, at Coffin Rock, and the main shore, between that and Rainier. "The dead were there," in abundance, but no life but the eagle, the fish hawk, the black loon, and the glistening head of the salmon-devouring seal, then very numerous. There was a village of the Cowlitz tribe on the south bank, below where Rainier now stands. The people looked poor, ill fed, and worse clothed. The chief had come to us in the stream to invite us to camp near, exhibiting a single fresh hen's egg as inducement. We did so, and visiting their camp had the first sight of life in a native fishing village. Some of the children were nearly naked. Though it was midwinter, the adult females, with one exception, were dressed in the native petticoat, or kilt, as second garment, the other being a chemise of what had been white cotton; one was engaged in the manufacture of cedar bark strings used in the formation of the kind of kilt she wore. The exception in the camp was a young woman of extraordinary personal beauty, a daughter of the chief family of the Cathlametts. She had recently been purchased, or espoused, by the heir-apparent of the Cowlitz chief. She seemed to be indifferent to the life around her, and shortly after was, presumably, the cause of tribal war. She was permitted a few weeks later to pay a visit to her own tribe, accompanied by an old woman of her husband's. They both joined a party of the women of her tribe in a

wapato gathering expedition. The old woman did not return,—her body was found next day near the wapato beds, horribly mutilated by a knife murder. The natural fruit of the Chinooks' polity of marriage. A short tribal war resulted.

In order to show the measure of manhood this system produced in a different phase from that of Chiefs Kalata's and Chenowith's, I will relate from memory a short visit at the lodge of the Cathelamett chief:

As one of a party of the employees of Hunt's mill, making our way from Astoria to the mill, we were approaching Cathelamett Point, the village of the tribe, on the south shore. We were hailed from the shore and found ourselves near the women and girls of the tribe, having a good time gathering the newly risen stems of the common fern and preparing it for food in earth ovens over heated rocks. They voluntarily told us they had no prepared food, but pressed us to go on to their village, and "Lemiyey" (old mother) (pronounced in a tone that conveyed love and respect) would gladly entertain us. They made no mistake in this. The old lady seemed proud of the opportunity to act as hostess, and without ostentation put her help to work and gave us a bountiful meal of fresh salmon and wapatos, and afterward put on what had evidently been often used as a robe of state, and passed back and forward in illustration of scenes she had been part of. Her son, apparently utterly oblivious to the spirit of his mother's eye and movement, continued repeating the offers to sell to us his tribal claim to the lands lying between Tongue Point and Cathelamett, that he had begun on our arrival. He was but a youth, not so tall as his stately old mother appeared in her robe (of what I afterwards concluded was badger skins, but may have been mistaken), and he seemed mentally incapable of appreciating the influences then forming around him and his people, which appropriated their lands, while not one of them had the spirit to assert a right or raise the question of justice against the action of the white race. This was, with perhaps one exception, the cleanest, most self-respecting body of natives left on the Lower Columbia in 1845, where Lewis and Clark had, only forty years before, enumerated, by information from the natives, thirteen thousand eight hundred and thirty below the Cascades and between that and the ocean. I do not believe that thirteen hundred could be found within the same limits at the latter date. There was not in all that distance, to my

knowledge, a single man of the race who had the intelligence and public spirit combined to appear before the authorized agents of the United States ten years later and plead for the rights of their people in the treaties made south of the Columbia. It is questionable whether there was one in all the country north of Rogue River who would have done so of his own motion, had not the humane General Palmer and J. L. Parrish, as agents, advised the Indians to act. It is not to be understood from this that all good and all beauty had departed from the native life. When J. L. Parrish was in charge of Methodist mission property, in 1845, a white man from Oregon City appeared temporarily at Solomon S. Smith's to solicit the hand of a young woman named Oneiclam in marriage. The young woman civilly and modestly declined the honor, saying such a marriage could not secure the respect of either the man's people or the woman's and would fail in conferring happiness. She was clean enough and good enough to secure the personal friendship and advice of Mrs. J. L. Parrish, which proved her a rare exception to her class. Such marriages soon ceased after the American homebuilder assumed dominion over Oregon, the white mother thus arriving being strongly against inter-racial contracts. Doubtless the hopelessness of the struggle against race prejudice has borne heavily on the heart of many a man and woman on both sides of the race question, but the fight is over now and many a heart broken in the struggle (as I think was that of my friend Joseph Hudson, last Chief of the Calipooias) is at rest. The responsibility for the red race is now the white man's burden. He carries it well, while already the light of a brighter day than the red man of fifty years ago could forecast is piercing the prejudices and hates of that time. The white man brought the surveying compass, the book in which to record titles to land, another for the record of marriages, still another to record the rights of property to the results of wedlock. Schools are open to the native race and every generous mind wishes it well. But, while our sympathies may go out toward the ignorant or incompetent race in a conflict of power, we should not fail to note the services to all races rendered by the victor.

A glance at the changed conditions of life within the bounds of old Oregon: Instead of forty thousand persons ill-fed, ill-clad, living from hand to mouth, often bordering on famine, unable to support forty interesting visitors passing through their country, we have now, perhaps, fully

one million, and the surplus of foodstuffs and clothing material they send out to the markets of the world, would feed well four millions. And, it is not extravagant to say that the territory to which the Oregon trail was made fifty-eight years ago will some day be made to support forty millions in comfort.

This paper, it will be observed, has dealt entirely with the native race in Northwestern Oregon, because this was the field of the race contest. The point to which the guiding minds of the white race looked as most desirable. Jefferson said, and Benton repeated: "Plant thirty thousand rifles at the mouth of the Columbia." The first exploring party sent out by the former selected as the most interesting region in which to make excursions, the district now containing the first and second chosen commercial centers—Vancouver and Portland.

The native race amid whom these were planted were described in their average manhood as mean, cowardly and thievish. Forty years later, to this description might be added ignorant, superstitious, and utterly without public spirit. The tribes east and south from this district were, excepting those located at the great fishing centers on the Columbia, less thievish, and much more bold and spirited in self-defense.

To the recent and valuable historical description of those tribes, including the natives in what is now Western Washington, I am indebted to the life of Isaac Ingalls Stevens, by his son, Hazard Stevens, for the number of natives west, as well as east of the Cascades treated with by Governor Stevens in 1855, just before the natural leaders of the native race made their only united effort to stem the tide of inflow of the white race.

Total number found west of the Cascades.....	9,712
Total number with whom treaties were made.....	8,597
Total number east of the Cascade Mountains	12,000
Total number treated with.....	8,900
Total number found in Washington Territory.....	21,000
Total number treated with	17,497

For Governor Stevens' success in getting the eastern section of the native race into treaty relations he was indebted solely to the steadiness and good faith of the Nez Perces, the tribe which was always conspicuous for its care of its womanhood.

A TALE OF THE OREGON COAST

(Reprint from Oregon Teachers Monthly.)

Having had the privilege of reading the manuscript of Hon. John Minto's account of the Indian Cullaby, I take great pleasure in presenting it along with the Indian stories that I have obtained. I am glad to assure the readers of the Oregon Teachers Monthly that this is a perfectly accurate reproduction of the story as told to Mr. Minto more than fifty years ago. There may be some variations due to mental differences in the Indian youth and the white man, but I think there are no material lapses of memory on the part of Mr. Minto. Neither are there any material embellishments; though in making a continuous story Mr. Minto's inferences as to points left unnoticed by the Indian appear now and then. The narrative as told by this eminent pioneer, however, is remarkably faithful, as I have it both from his conversation and his narrative. Simple acquaintance with Mr. Minto is sufficient guarantee of his fidelity to what he understands as fact. As to the accuracy of his memory I found on visiting the old home of Cullaby with him, on the lake, that though he had seen it but once, and that in 1845, and the place is now much changed by clearing of the forest, that he had retained a perfectly unimpaired recollection of the situation—it being impossible for me to make him mistake any other location, though I tried it—for the site of Cullaby's little farm, which is well marked.

—H. S. Lyman.

CHAPTER I.

Some Bits of History.

I first heard the name of Cullaby and his claim to being part white from Ninian E. Everman, an immigrant to Oregon in 1843; it was when he and I were assisting the late Capt. R. W. Morrison to move his family and household goods from Linnton to Clatsop Plains in January, 1845, that he told me the story. Mr. Everman told me that Cullaby was proud of the fact that he was part white and that he liked very much to have his claim to this distinction recognized by being addressed as "Mr. Cullaby." I confess that I was amused to hear this statement.

After getting the Morrison family housed in the east end of the building occupied by Solomon S. Smith, the pioneer house-builder, whose farm and cattle Mr. Morrison had leased for one year, Mr. Everman and myself returned up the Columbia to Hunt's mill where we labored at cutting

logs and rolling them into the mill yard. In March I went to The Dalles and, with the assistance of others, brought Mr. Morrison's livestock down through the gorge of the Columbia to the Washougal bottoms where they were left in care of G. W. Bush,* who had had the care of them at The Dalles during the winter. I returned to Clatsop in early May, 1845, and reported the stock in good condition, thus finishing a verbal bargain made in about three minutes to Mr. Morrison in Missouri in late March, 1844, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties thereto.

I was invited to remain a few days to rest before returning to my work at the sawmill. The Smith house had been built, I believe, with regard to its defense. It was about sixty feet long and had three divisions, which were occupied by the Smith family and the slaves of Mrs. Smith—she was a daughter of the Clatsop chief, Coboway, who was claimed by her son, the late Silas B. Smith, to be the chief Comowool of the Lewis and Clark Journal. There was but one doorway into Mr. Smith's house and that was in the north side of the middle room. There were no windows or other openings to the outside from this room. This was Mrs. Smith's receiving room.

The morning after my arrival I was standing in the doorway of the house, and saw a girl come from a camp which was occupied by a very old woman, probably a pensioner of Mrs. Smith's bounty. The girl seemed to be about eighteen years of age; her complexion was lighter than common and her face should have been beautiful when in health, but had now only that purity of expression often seen in consumptives near to death. She was evidently very sick and probably very tired. As she came slowly towards the doorway, I noticed her hair, which was of a decidedly redish color, and I wondered if it might be the result of ill health. Just then J. L. Parrish, who was in charge of the near-by Methodist Episcopal mission, made his appearance and passed the girl with a kindly, "Good morning, Margaret."

Turning to me he said: "Margaret is a good girl; she is one of Cullaby's people."

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, coming from his end of the house, "and she brings news that Cullaby killed a large elk last

*Mr. Bush was a Mulato who had got his start in life as a trapper in the Rocky Mountains. He helped several white families to get to Oregon in 1844.

night; we might get some of the meat if any one would go for it."

I had stepped to one side as the two men met, but Mr. Smith, looking at me, continued, "I will furnish a horse and be answerable to Cullaby for the meat if any one will go for it."

Regarding his look and words as a challenge and an invitation combined, I replied: "I will go if no one else desires to do so."

One of the female slaves was at once ordered to go for the horses, and they were soon corralled and a fine young mare saddled for me. After receiving directions for reaching Cullaby's and a warning to keep a firm hold of the coil or stake rope, I mounted and rode away at a gallop. I rode along for some distance and had become less watchful, when suddenly, without breaking her pace, the mare put her head down and sent me flying down the side of the ridge on which the path we were traveling on ran. As I fell the rope was payed out, and I landed on my back with my head towards the mare, still having a firm grip on the end of the rope. Remounting, I gave my steed a lesson in good manners before she crossed the marsh to Cullaby's lake, butte and cabin.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Cullaby.

Oh what a scene! What an ideal hunter's home! I came to a stop near a small canoe which was used by the hunters to cross to the east side of the lake. The land at this point rose steeply for one or two hundred feet and was, at that time, heavily timbered with spruce, hemlock, cedar and fir. An elk had come down from this region to feed on the rushes, moss and tender herbage on the margin of the lake and had been killed and then floated over to the west shore within a few steps of the cabin. The mare snorted at the smell of blood on the down-trodden grass where the noble game had been dressed. The skin was already neatly stretched on one end of the cabin. There was no one in sight. After dismounting and tying the mare, I approached the open doorway and looked inside, where I saw a man of medium size, compactly built, perhaps fifty years of age; he was engaged in stocking a gun at a bench fixed against the side of the cabin. He turned his head slightly when I

came to the door, so that I knew that he had seen me, but he said not a word and kept on with his work.

"Mr. Cullaby," I began, "Mr. Smith learned this morning that you had killed an elk and has sent me to find out if you would let him have some of the meat, for which he will pay you."

He gave a slight nod of his head, which I understood as assent, but he kept on with his work. The house was the cleanest I had ever seen to be occupied as an Indian home; Mr. Cullaby was evidently at home. His coolness put me under some embarrassment.

"Mr. Cullaby," I said again, stepping towards him, "I saw a girl at Mr. Smith's this morning whom Mr. Parrish called Margaret, and he said she was one of your people. Is she?"

He nodded his head again.

"Well," I continued, "I never saw an Indian girl before with hair like she has."

He stopped his work and began to answer me, then turned and spoke to some one who was at the other end of the cabin behind some blankets which were hung across the room as a screen. Immediately a young man of perhaps twenty years pushed aside the blankets and answered in good English: "Yes, Margaret is of father's people. She is the daughter of his sister and is my cousin."

"Well," I repeated, "I have never seen an Indian girl before with hair like she has. I read in a book while coming to this country of a man who had visited the camp of Lewis and Clark on the Netul (Lewis and Clark River) with a party of Clatsop men. The party had come by canoes, and it was in January, 1806. This man had so white a skin that it freckled, and he had light reddish hair. He did not speak, but he seemed to understand better than his companions. To these first white men who came down the great river, he seemed to be a Clatsop in all respects except in the color of his skin, eyes and hair. As they could learn nothing of his origin, they concluded that one of his parents, at least, must have been white."

Before I had finished Cullaby had quit his work and was looking at me, and he now asked in Chinook: "*Mika cumtux paper wawa?* (Do you know how to read?)"

"*Nawitka*" (yes), I replied.

"*Mika nanich ckoke paper wa-wa copa Boston illehee?*" (Did you read that in American man's land?)

"*Nawitka*," I answered.

Cullaby hesitated a moment, then touched his breast with his hand and said: "*Nika papa, okoke yaka citcum tecope.*" (My father, he half white). He went on: "*Hiak calipy copa mu-luk, pe nika wa-wa Edwin, pe yaka wa-wa mika.*" (Hurry, take the elk meat. I will talk to Edwin and he will talk to you).

Speaking a few low words to his son Edwin, they both left me standing by the gunsmith's bench in much wonder at finding myself (a self-made gunsmith's son), looking at and appraising the skill of an apparently pure-bred Oregon Indian,—self taught at the same trade. Edwin, the sick girl, and one older than she, called Ona-clam, all had high oval faces and natural heads, different from other free Indian youths.

I had not long to wait. Cullaby, with little aid from me or his son, soon had about two hundred pounds of elk meat securely bound across the back of the mare, and, giving a sign to Edwin to see me over the marsh, he returned to his work. Before Edwin and I had gotten across the marsh to the dry, sandy plains, a feeling of natural friendship had sprung up between us that lasted until his early death, and even now that feeling of warm friendship returns to me every time I think of him.

I had no need to return to Cullaby's cabin to learn his story, for Edwin appeared at the Smith ranch early the next day, and together we went to the sea ridge, and within sound of the surf, he told me his father's story as he had heard it from him the night before. It was the story of Cullaby's origin as the grandson of possibly the first white man ever cast up alive by ocean waves on the Oregon shore. The family tradition was told to Cullaby when a youth of tender years by a native woman well down the decline of life. There are circumstances in the story to indicate the wreck of a ship carrying supplies to a Catholic mission on the California coast. The ship was blown out of her course and thrown a broken wreck on the Oregon coast near what is now called Cannon Beach. From this wreck a young white man was saved by the pity of a Tillamook Indian girl.

CHAPTER III.

The Wreck.

As I have already stated, I did not have to return to Cullaby's place to learn his story, for Edwin arrived early the next morning, and together we went where we could

hear the roar of the surf, and there he told me his father's story as he had heard it the night before. I shall not attempt to write the story in Edwin's exact words, but he related it about as follows:

It was many, many years ago, I do not know how many; my grandfather and mother lived with her parents near the Nehalem, but north of it. They were Tillamook people. The wind and rain had been strong for many days, and were still very strong. The people did not leave their lodges, because the days were dark and stormy. One very dark night when the wind was still and the rain had ceased falling, the people heard a great noise, different from the noise the waters made—boom, boom! Fire could be seen out on the water near which their village was built, and the people were much frightened at the strange noises and unusual sights. A noise like the cry of people in distress could be heard above the roar of the mad waters which the high winds and tides had driven very near the village. All the people were awakened from their sleep and were in great fear.

The morning light was just breaking, and Ona, the daughter of a family living nearest the beach, could not be hindered from running to the shore while the light was yet gray; and Wena, her mother, afraid for her child, followed her. The first object Ona noticed on the wet sand proved to be the body of a short, thick man, with short hair on his face, low down, and on his head; he was quite dead. Looking northward, Ona saw another dark object, and running to it, she found it to be another man, and still another, much like the first, lying face downward and quite dead. These all had dark skins much like her own. A little farther north a great mass of wreckage had been thrown high up on the shore. Ona ran to this, and on the side from the water saw what appeared to be a human head with short, red hair. It was held down by a small spar lying across the back of the neck, pressing the face into the sand; a lot of rope and sail cloth covered the legs and lower part of the body. Ona thought she saw the head move; this frightened her, and she ran away from it.

Just at this time Ona's mother appeared on the scene not far away. A man, who lived near by, also came up, and went to the pile of wreckage to see what had frightened Ona. He took up a large piece of broken wood and was about to strike the head. Ona gave a scream, and taking up a stick rushed up behind the man, and before his blow

could fall, struck him over the head so that he was laid low upon the sand. Her mother had reached the place by this time; two other women were seen on the beach near by, and they were beckoned to approach. Ona was wild with excitement, and ordered her mother and the two women about as if she were chief. She ordered them to help lift one end of the spar that lay across the neck, which they managed to do after several failures; but they could not pull the body from the wreckage, until they had freed it from the ropes and sails, which with the spar, seemed to have been thrown upon the man by the wave succeeding the one which had thrown him on the beach.

With the help of her mother and the women, Ona had the man, who still breathed, carried to her father's house. When they had gotten there, her father, who had not left the place, told them to lay him near the fire with his head lower than his body, as he had doubtless swallowed much water. This was done, and the man vomited some water. Ona's father then told them to lift him up and lay him so he could sleep. Soon he opened his eyes, and Ona said many years after that they seemed blue as the sky. He was too weak to move himself and his neck seemed almost broken. When he opened his eyes again, they seemed darker—like deep water; but the look from them spoke like the soft eyes of a fawn which Ona had once seen struck by eagles. Ona's father told her to give him some soup, as he might be hungry. This was done, and he slept again.

His recovery was rapid in every way except the injury to his neck. He never once tried to speak, but Ona soon learned to know when he wanted something from the expression of his eyes, just as a mother learns the wants of her babe. As soon as he was able to walk, he went to the place on the shore where the greatest amount of wreckage had been left. Most of the ropes and sails had been carried away by the people, but there were many pieces of the ship strewn about. Ona went with him and pointed out the place where she had found him. Though his movements indicated that his neck still pained him, he went all over the wreckage, and Ona could tell by his eyes that what he saw gave him pleasure.

On their return to the camp, the white man took up some of the larger ropes which Ona's father had brought from the wreck, and soon he had separated it into several smaller ropes; he seemed pleased with his work, and soon after went alone to the beach, returning with a strong pole which

he laid down near the lodge. That night as darkness approached, he made signs to Ona, indicating that he would need the help of her father, her mother and herself to go with him to the wreck, quietly, so as not to be seen by any one. After some council, and being urged by Ona, her father and mother consented to go. The white man carried the small rope and pole, and, on arriving at the wreck, he secured the arms chest of the ship, bound the ropes about it, placed the pole through a loop made for that purpose and, with the aid of the other three persons, carried it to the lodge camp; there it was covered with mats and other stuff. After several nights' work, unseen by any one except Ona's family, the white man succeeded in opening the chest. It was full of things which Ona afterwards learned were guns, daggers, swords, spear heads and ammunition. She also soon learned that these things were much better to hunt or fight with than were the stone daggers, spears and arrows which her father and others of her people had always used; that they gave greater power to those who used them. The white man was a stranger among a people he did not know, and he wished to save all the arms he did not need for himself for those who should be kind to him.

CHAPTER IV.

The White Man.

Some time elapsed before the white man's neck was free enough from pain so as to allow him to go much and far from camp. In the meantime Ona had learned that the chief's brother was very angry that the white man's life had been saved and would kill him if he got a chance. The time soon came when Ona's actions gave the chief's brother more cause than ever to be jealous of the white man, and wish that he were out of the way. As soon as the white man had fully recovered, he went for a hunt alone one day.

Ona saw him go and noted the direction he had taken. Though keeping herself out of sight, she also saw the chief's brother and two of his friends start out for a hunt. She believed it was for the purpose of killing the white man, and she determined to defeat their plan to do this if she could. She left the lodge pretending to go to the beach to get clams; but, as soon as she was out of sight, she turned her steps toward the timber in the direction the white man had gone. She traveled for some distance and began to

fear that she had missed the way and passed him, when she heard a great noise in front of her. Carefully advancing, she saw from behind a tree, that the white man had stopped and was stooping over something. Just then an arrow struck the tree near her head, and she left it and ran to where the white man stood. When he saw her, he straightened up and pointed to the trunk of a fallen tree, indicating that she should be seated on it.

The white man had killed a large elk and had been taking the skin off when Ona discovered him. When he had accomplished this task, he cut the meat into such portions as he could handle with ease, and all but one piece he hung in the top of a young tree out of the reach of wolves. The head and hide were also hung in a tree. This done, he handed the gun to Ona, and, after showing her how to carry it, he took up a load of the meat and led the way to the lodge. Ona followed, wondering much to see a man carrying meat like a woman. On reaching the lodge he signed to Ona that she should tell her father of the meat hung up in the timber waiting for his people to go for it and of the head and hide which was intended for himself. After she had told her father about the elk, she went with him and the people to show them the place where it had been killed. Great was their surprise to find no elk pit in which the elk had been caught, such as was used by Ona's father and his people. An examination of the skin revealed two very small holes in it, but as no one had seen the white man with either spear or arrow, they could not guess how the elk had been killed. After this Ona's father often went to hunt with the white man, and he learned about the gun.

A short time after this event, the people of the village all went to the Nehalem to spear salmon. Ona managed her father's canoe for him while he speared salmon. His luck was not good, and he did not kill many. The white man made signs that he would like to try to spear salmon, and Ona's father gave his consent as soon as he had been informed of his desire. With some amusement he changed places with the white man. As soon as the white man had taken his place in the canoe, he signaled to Ona to move it into deeper water, and at the very first trial he struck a large salmon. Ona said many years after that her heart swelled with gladness until it hurt when she heard her father say as to himself: "He has done that many times before now."

One day a large school of small fish came to the shore,

and were accompanied by a great many seals and sea fowls which fed upon them. The people took their canoes down to the beach, and some of them went out on the water and caught the fish in dip nets, and others killed seals, while still others gathered up the fish thrown out on the beach by the waves. While the people were so engaged, a dark storm cloud had gathered in the north and came southward. The wind had a whirling motion and turned the waters of the ocean white and made a very great noise. The small fish disappeared from the surface of the water, and the sea birds scattered to places of refuge.

All the people got safely to land except the chief's brother and one of his friends who were furtherest out at sea chasing seals. To all appearances it seemed to those on the beach that no human power could help the two men who were now in the very center of the storm. The white man began to make signs for some one to go with him to their relief. The men were all afraid so that none volunteered to accompany him. He ran to the canoe nearest the water, and by an extraordinary effort managed to get it into the surf. Starting out alone in the direction the two men had last been seen, he was soon out of sight among the rolling waters. He remained so long out of sight that Ona and the people felt sure that he and the other two men were lost, swallowed up in the fearful commotion of the sea that had come and passed so suddenly; but soon they saw the white man returning all alone, as it seemed. He had both the men in the bottom of the canoe, however, where his looks and actions had compelled them to lie so he could get back to land with the least resistance from the wind. The chief's brother and his friend, on arriving safely on land, showed unmistakable signs of anger at having been saved by the white man, but the people, however, and especially the women and older children, openly expressed their admiration. Ona's father said, as if to himself: "He must be the son of a brave chief of his people."

CHAPTER V.

Journey to a New Home.

Among many things the white man had done, during his stay among the Indians, was to teach the chief of the Tillamooks the use of fire arms, and to present him with a gun and some ammunition. This, however, had had no per-

ceptible effect in making his residence with the tribe more pleasant or less dangerous; he was never safe from the jealousy of the chief's brother, caused by Ona's undisguised love for him. Ona's father, seeing the condition of affairs, said one day: "I do not know my own people. We will go to live with the Clatsops. My sister is the wife of their chief." Turning to Ona he continued: "The white man seems to understand you best. Tell him we leave here tonight for the home of the Clatsops, and ask him what he will do. His life will be more than ever in danger when we are gone. Ask him if he will go with us."

"He will not go with us," replied Ona, "unless he goes as your son."

"How can that be, since he is of a different people?" asked her father.

The white man seemed to understand the drift of the conversation. He went to Wena, Ona's mother, and, motioning to her to rise to her feet, he placed her by the side of her husband. He then took Ona by the hand and stood looking at her father.

"He seems to want you for his wife," Ona's father said to her. "Do you want him?"

"Yes, father," Ona replied. "He is my life, and I am the cause of his danger; I have known it since the day he killed the first elk."

"Then," said her father, "we will make haste to be away."

The white man seemed to understand fully what had taken place, and, going to the arms chest, he took out the guns and other weapons, of which he gave a gun, belt and knife to his new father-in-law. To Ona and her mother he gave each a knife, and belted a sword and knife onto himself. He set his own gun aside and gave one to Ona to carry for his use also. He then turned the arms chest over to show that it was empty. He made signs to Ona that he had already taken the rest of the contents of the chest northward up the beach and had hid them. When all was ready, he took up his pack and gun and waited for the others to do likewise, so as to go forward. They began the journey in single file, but soon the young couple were walking side by side, whose example the aged pair not long after adopted.

At early gray light the white man signed to stop, and, leaving Ona and her mother to get some food out of one of the packs, he took her father and showed him where the rest of the arms were hidden. After eating a hearty meal at this place, they took to the beach again, and, after walk-

ing a long distance, they came to a point that projected out almost to the water's edge. Here they were suddenly confronted by two bears coming around the point. The white man dropped his pack and shot at the foremost one, and Ona's father fired at the other, which already carried an arrow, breaking its leg. The bear rose in an almost upright position and began to bite its last hurt, when the white man ran up and thrust his sword through it. Just then three young men dashed around the point in pursuit of the bears. A short explanation brought forth the intelligence that one of the young men was the son of the chief of the Clatsop village, Quatat (Seaside), and his two friends who were on their way to see the white man who had been thrown up by the sea, of whom they had heard.

With some care the young chief had gotten near enough the bears while they were feeding on some fish garbage lying on the beach near the point and had lodged an arrow into one of them. He had followed the bear to find it dying from a shot from the gun of his mother's brother and a sword thrust given by a white man with red curling hair and blue eyes. The white man seemed to understand what had just occurred, and, stepping up to the young chief and passing the bloody sword to his left hand, he offered him his right hand, which was grasped by the other although the custom was an entirely new one to him. While Ona's father was giving a few words of explanation of the journey and its cause, it was seen that the bear which the white man had shot was lying on the beach a short distance from the party. The white man had already loaded both of the guns and now led the way to where the bear was lying to find it almost dead. The young chief gave direction to his friends to dress the bears and place all of the meat, except a little for immediate use, upon a scaffold made from drift wood. While this work was being done, the young chief and his uncle held a consultation; they came to the conclusion that they would be followed by the brother of the Tillamook chief as soon as he discovered their absence.

All being ready again, they continued their journey. The young chief took for his part of the burden one of the bear skins and a gun, while the other skin was added to the light loads which his two friends had already carried. They had not yet passed out of the summer hunting ground of Ona's father. They were not far from his summer camp, which was located near the base of Tillamook head, and on arriving at that place, it was decided to pass the night there,

as the party had been on the move most of the time for the past twenty hours or more. After eating their evening meal plans of defense were talked over and arrangements made for passing the night, under the strong probability of being attacked before morning.

CHAPTER VI.

Death of a Rival.

The white man seemed to have already formed a plan for his own actions. He signed to Ona that her father and his friends should guard the camp in their own way, but that she and himself would watch the trail. She was instructed to take some skins for a bed, and he took the skin of one of the bears and led the way to a place some distance toward the beach and north of the trail to a clump of alder trees from which a man coming from the beach could be seen when he reached the top of the steepest part of the trail. He placed the bear skin on the north side of the trees for a bed for Ona. Taking her in his arms, he kissed her fervently, then lifting her, as if she were a child, he laid her tenderly on the bear skin and covered her carefully with the skins she had brought. He placed a finger first on her lips and then on her eyes to signify that she was to be still and sleep. He then took up his position near by, with gun in hand, to watch through the night.

Ona was tired and worn out from the long day's walk, but now her heart felt large with joy to be near her husband, though she had great fear for his safety, knowing that the chief's brother would never cease pursuit of him, until one of them had been killed. With these emotions to bear her company, she lay throughout the night or until near day-break. Suddenly she was awakened from her troubled sleep by the loud report of her husband's gun, and she opened her eyes to find him standing near her with the smoking gun in his hands. He stood with his face toward the trail. She could hear voices and the noise of movements from the direction of the camp. It was some time before her husband moved; when he did, it was to reload his gun. He then moved slowly toward the trail, signing to Ona to keep still and remain where she was. Soon the young chief joined him. It was rapidly growing light, and the young chief's friends came to him and after some little time he returned to the camp with them. The white man returned to Ona and, taking up the skins used for her bed, they also returned to the camp.

After they had eaten their morning meal, the white man indicated to Ona that he would require the assistance of the young chief and his friends for some important duty. She told her father of his request, and they understood it was to dispose of the body of his rival who had constantly watched for an opportunity to kill him, since the day he had killed his first elk. The young men were willing to do what he desired of them, and leaving Ona's father to guard the camp, they took one of the bear skins and went to the place where the body of the Tillamook chief's brother lay, and placing the corpse on the skin, they carried it to the edge of the tide flow where they built a scaffold of drift wood upon which the body was laid so as to be out of reach of the wolves. It was then carefully covered over with skins to protect it from the birds of prey, and there they left the body in a place where his friends could not pass without noticing it.

The three young Clatsops noted with great interest the care the white man took in the treatment of the body of his mortal enemy whom he had been compelled to kill to save his own life. They wondered at it, and spoke of it many times afterwards. When Ona had become very old, she told her grandson, Cullaby, that the people often spoke of this affair many years after when the white man nursed them in the direful contagion that came upon them.

After the young men had disposed of the body of the chief's brother, the whole party again took the trail towards Necanacum. At this place the young chief left the party, to be guided by his friends across the Oahanna, while he went direct to his father at Quatat, to inform him of what had occurred. The old chief told his son to take the Tillamook family to his summer hunting camp by the lake (Clatsop Lake), and he would send some of his people up the Necanacum to cut a large cedar tree from which to make a canoe, and also to watch the trail. The canoe might be needed to pay for the life of the Tillamook chief's brother. The young chief took a small canoe and hurried down the Necanacum to the Oahanna and up that stream, overtaking his uncle and family at the usual crossing where they went into camp for the night on the north bank.

The next morning the young chief guided the party to his father's summer camp. He had a canoe placed in the lake for the use of the white man, so, that in case of danger from his enemies, he could cross over to the east shore where, well hid, he could make it almost impossible for

anyone to cross the lake in pursuit. This precaution, however, proved unnecessary. Shortly after this the Tillamooks approached the canoe makers on the Necanacum very cautiously and told them there need be no war on account of the death of the chief's brother, as it had been against the advice of his friends and customs of his people that he had sought to kill the white man through jealousy. He had also neglected to give any presents to Ona's father, but seemed rather to have tried to frighten her into becoming his wife. Neither the chief nor his people seemed to regret that the white man had defended himself, and the Clatsop people fully indorsed his action in the affair. The young chief and the white man became firm friends and brothers by adoption.

CHAPTER VII.

The Spotted Death.

For nearly ten years the life to Ona was very happy. A portion of the time of each of those years was passed either at Quatat, on the Necanacum, or on the Necoxie, but the shore of Cullaby* Lake near the base of a small butte of clay soil on its west margin was their permanent home. As hunting the deer, elk or bear was the white man's favorite occupation, his choice of hunting ground was south of east of the lake, where these animals were to be found most plentifully. Sometimes for months he would camp near the head waters of the Netul (Lewis and Clark River). When the large salmon came in from the sea in September or October, he loved, indeed, to spend a few days in catching them in the Necanacum or Necoxie.

In their season Ona always had an abundant supply of strawberries, salmonberries, cranberries and crab apples near at hand. For mats she could always obtain rushes near home, cedar bark not far away, and bear grass on the higher land not far distant. With these she occupied much of her time, and her husband when he was not away on the hunt devoted much of his time in repairing his gun and those of the others. Soon after their arrival at their present home Ona's father and a party of Clatsops had returned to Tillamook and brought away the guns, swords and spearheads which the white man had hidden. To clean and repair

*The white settlers name it Cullaby Lake for respect to him as a steady friend.

these guns and weapons and to teach his Clatsop friends how to use them, required most of his time at first when not hunting. The guns often got out of repair and were as often returned to him to be mended. This work he continued to do until his death, after which his son did the work, and still later Cullaby, his grandson, became the gunsmith of the Clatsops, while he was yet quite young.

The past ten years of happiness were to be followed by days of heartache for Ona. They began more than ten years before the Boston men (1792) brought the big ship into the great river. A ship very much like this one came close to the shore near the Nehalem, and some of its people made a landing in small boats. When they went away, they left two sick men who soon afterwards died. Soon many of the Tillamooks became sick in the same way. The disease caused their skins to turn very red and their faces to swell, making them almost blind. Many, many of them died, and the faces of those who survived were left spotted ever afterwards.

This deadly sickness soon reached the Clatsops from the Tillamook people. As soon as the white man learned of it, he went to Quatat, but soon returned with the wife and family of his friend, the young chief. He informed Ona by signs that she must take his friend's wife and two children and their own two children, a boy and a girl, and go to their furthest camp on the Netul where she should remain, if she could obtain food, until he joined her, or she received a message from him. He charged her that his friend's wife with their children should keep to themselves, as their lives might depend on avoiding others. His eyes spoke to her more plainly than they had ever done before, and she saw fear in them for the first time.

The white man went once more to Quatat to take care of the sick and the dead. The old chief soon died, and his son was taken with the deadly sickness. The white man gave him his whole and most devoted attention, but he died too, as did also a younger half brother. His devoted care and undivided attention was of no avail. He then gave his aid to anyone in need of attention, and they were many. He advised those who were not yet sick to go to the highlands in small parties; many did so and some were saved from death by heeding this advice. So very many of the people died that the death wail for them was about the only sounds that could be heard for many days. The white man was at last stricken himself, but there were none to care for him.

Many he had cared for and watched with, some of whom had survived the dread disease. His life he had sacrificed for others, but he was left to die alone and uncared for, away from those who were most dear to him. All this Ona learned many months afterwards.

Several years after the spotted death had ceased and healthful conditions were restored, Ona and her children returned to their lake-side home. During their absence they had become so accustomed to getting a living from the forest that they rarely went to the beach for food as had formerly been their custom. They, however, often received clams and fish from their friends who frequently visited them at the lake. Some of the people returned to Quatat after the plague was over, but the place never contained as many inhabitants as it had before. The spotted death, as it was called, had left its withering blight upon a once peaceful and happy people.

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Ona's Son.

. Some years after the events already related, a ship came into the great river and landed near Chinook. It went away soon and another ship came and remained longer. Neither Ona nor her son saw these ships or the men who came in them, but they heard about them from the Clatsop people who came to get guns mended, and they were different guns, sometimes, from those that the white man had saved from the wreck many years before. Ona's son, who was almost a man now, could kill deer, elk and bears as well as his father had ever done, and this brought people to the lake with clams and fish to exchange for meat, berries, cedar bark and bear grass. Though Ona and her children lived much to themselves, they learned much of others from this interchange of trade. Ona's son had married the youngest daughter of his father's friend, the young chief at Quatat. Ona had two daughters, one of whom was born shortly after the death of her husband.

Many years passed away. Often ships were seen off the coast and sometimes men landed in small boats. These men had guns, knives and clothes which they would exchange for the skins of beaver, otter and other animals. At last a number of white men came down the great river and settled at a point a short distance up the Netul on the west bank

where they built camps different from any the Clatsops had ever seen. Their guns were also different from those now used by the Clatsops. These white men hunted elk and bear much in the same manner that Ona's husband had done, but they seemed always to be hungry and even bought dogs to eat. Ona did not see any of these white men, but her son saw one of them kill an elk near the Netul, and he went to her home at the lake and told her what he had seen. After this he went to the village of Chief Comowool whose home was by the great river, and, with a number of other people, he went to see the white men at their camp on the lower Netul. Cullaby was then a small boy, but he remembered to have heard his father tell his grandmother, Ona, that he had seen one of the white men make fire by holding a white stone in the sunlight. (This white stone was Captain Clark's sunglass, which he often used to impress the natives).

After this Ona's son went often to visit the white men at Fort Clatsop. He met his death at the village of Comowool where he had gone to attend a salmon dance, and it was never known by whom and for what reason he was killed. The salmon dance was a kind of thanksgiving exercise which took place just as the season for fishing began and about the time when wild berries were ripe. The large wild raspberry, native to the Pacific Coast, was the first to get ripe at the mouth of the Columbia, and this event opened the season for commercial fishing. Before this time all the salmon caught during the day must be eaten or given away without price before sunrise of the following day. If this law was transgressed, the royal Chinook salmon, the best food fish known to the people, would be turned back to the ocean by Tomanawas, the god or spirit of the great river, and the people would suffer for lack of food. The salmon dance was thus made a thanksgiving for a plentiful supply of rich food. Religious emotions contributed to the energy and endurance of the nightly dance which continued from the time the salmon began to run until the berries were ripe. From this dance salmonberries were so named).

The young, freckle-faced, red-haired hunter and gunsmith, son of Ona, found welcome and friendship from many in attendance at the salmon dance where few, if any, knew anything definitely of his origin. Dancing had been kept up until near daybreak, both sexes participating, when a quarrel and scuffle occurred. Ona's son carried a dagger or short sword much in the same manner that others carry

the double-edged dagger. It was never known who struck the first blow, but at the end of the short struggle in which nearly all the dancers were engaged, Ona's son and Cullaby's father was found on the floor of the lodge dead. When his body was moved, underneath it was found his weapon covered with his own blood.

This tragic ending of the life of Ona's son caused her and her grandson Cullaby to cling still more closely to the home and locality in which she and her white husband in the long ago had been placed for safety and easy self-defense by her cousin, the young chief of the Clatsops. Cullaby, like his father, was a hunter of big game, and, following his teaching, he also became a repairer of guns. He rarely went to the beach but received all the fish he desired as payment for his skill as gunsmith, or in exchange for meat or other products of the woods and mountains.

This was the end of Edwin's story. It was quite long, made so, by the difficulty under which he labored, and although he spoke English plainer than I did at that time, his knowledge of words and their meaning was so limited that he had often to resort to the Chinook jargon of which I had a limited knowledge to make himself understood.

I never saw the sick girl, Margaret, nor her uncle, Cullaby, again. It was not until the autumn of 1849 that I had the opportunity of learning all Edwin himself knew of his father's tradition. As to Cullaby, though I was not in his presence more than a half hour, I now believe I should have most thoroughly trusted him in any relation of life, though he made not the slightest indication of seeking anyone's trust. His every movement indicated a nature and habit of self dependence. Toward his son Edwin my feeling of trust was just as decided, but it was also a desire for a more intimate association which I would call the instinct of friendship.

CHAPTER IX.

Some Family History.

A short time after hearing the tradition of Cullaby from Edwin, I was returning from a visit with Mr. William Hobson when I met Chief Katatat who was accompanied by five other Indians. I did not then think of a war party, but I learned afterwards from Rev. J. L. Parrish that Katata was at that time returning from an attempt to frighten Mr.

Parrish into an apology for refusing to shake hands with the chief. Katata's youngest and recently espoused wife was a Chinook girl about fourteen years of age. Mr. Parrish had been informed by the chief's own people that he had murdered her under circumstances of great cruelty and barbarity. On meeting Katata soon after, Mr. Parrish refused to shake hands, and said to him: "I would as soon give my hand to a wolf as to you, until you have repented of what you have done. You have made yourself worse than a wolf and will surely go to hell unless you do repent." The handshake was not an Indian custom, but it was easily learned by them. They were quick to see that it was the white man's way of expressing friendship and trust.

I do not wish to express my opinion as to the wisdom of Mr. Parrish's talk to Chief Katata, but it so rankled in his mind that he had gone with his five followers to test the missionary's courage, and I had met the party returning disappointed. On a visit to Solomon S. Smith, Katata told him "Parrish wake quash" (was not afraid). I was eager to have friendly communication with the Indians at that time, so I spoke to the last man of the party as he passed by me. He was a young man, and his head was round, which indicated that he was a slave. He carried no gun, but his weapon appeared to be a heavy knife. I asked him to let me see it, and he smilingly consented to allow me to do so, and upon examination I found it was not a knife nor a common weapon. It proved to be the blade of a halberd, a spear about nine inches long and one and a half wide, made of the finest steel, inlaid with copper on both sides of the center of the blade and on each side of it. A rounding bladed battleax was set in on the shank of the blade, and on the other side was a four or five inch pike; both were made of fine steel.

I did not know much about old weapons, but I did not believe that such weapons as this one ever were sent to America to be bartered for beaver skins. I offered the Indian all the clothes I could spare, my hat included, for it, but he shook his head. As he moved away with seeming regret, I made up my mind that wherever that weapon had come from, it had left ownership that never would have battered the socket for a shaft or beat up the lower part of the ax blade for a rude handle and hilt for a spear blade or short sword as had been done by its present owner. This was probaly the weapon with which Cullaby's father was killed.

After hearing the last part of Cullaby's tradition and seeing some of the beeswax found on the coast, and after hearing Capt. R. W. Morrison's story of his trip down the coast to examine into the beeswax report himself, where he found it so plentiful that the could have loaded pack horses with it and a cannon to boot, I easily made up my mind that a ship laden with supplies and paraphernalia for church festivals for the Catholic missions of California had been blown out of its course and thrown out on the Oregon shore of the Pacific.

It can never be known why the ship-wrecked and cast-up white man, brave and noble as he proved himself to be by his life and death among a wild people, never attempted to speak. His vocal organs may have been permanently injured by the pile of wreckage under which Ona found him so as to prevent his speaking, or the natural sympathy and intelligence between himself and Ona may have rendered the learning of a strange and difficult language unnecessary for him. It is not difficult to ascribe to example and habit the silent expression of a superior intelligence as noted by Lewis and Clark in this man's son. This same characteristic was transmitted in a remarkable degree to Cullaby and was noticeable in his son Edwin, the great grandson of the white man. It is not easy for me, after all these years, to express on paper the impression of reticent, self-respecting energy manifested by this seeming full-blooded Indian, Cullaby, about fifty years of age, who was rarely seen by his neighbors of either race unless sought by them; and he was the only one of thousands I have seen in Western Oregon in the past sixty years who was ever known by me to kill an elk or any other game larger than a wood rat, so generally were they sodden in lazy debauchery and gambling. No claim to chieftainship was ever made by or for Cullaby. Mr. Parrish spoke of the girl, Margaret, with respect as "of Cullaby's people." In the minute in which I had to observe her, her beautiful face, marked for death by all appearances, impressed me for life as gentle by nature. Edwin closely resembled his cousin in features; he was a natural gentleman in his deportment.

Cullaby's tradition indicated that Ona lived to be very old. After the death of her son she lived with Cullaby at the lake-shore home, rarely going to the beach for clams or fish. About the time of Cullaby's marriage his sisters took up their residence at Quatat with the widow of the young chief who had lived with Ona on the head waters of the Netul,

until the smallpox disappeared. One of the sisters married and lived at Quatat where she became the mother of Margaret and Ona-clam. The other sister married a prominent Chinook and went to live with his people. She often visited her people at Quatat with her children when they were young.

CHAPTER X.

The Conclusion.

On one occasion when I was coming through the woods from Harold & Judson's mill-site on the Netul, accompanied by Edwin, he gave me additional information about his father's tradition. Edwin had asked his father about the personal appearance of his grandfather who was killed by his own weapon, as already related, and was told that he had somewhat the look of Mr. Latta, a Highland Scot who was then in charge of Fort Astoria, and his eyes were the same color, but he was not so large. Edwin said that Mr. Latta often visited at his father's cabin, sometimes spending the day there and sometimes on the lake shooting ducks. There seemed to be some kind of a friendship existing between the two men, but Edwin was afraid to ask his father about it as he was quick to resent being questioned when he did not choose to talk, and it was seldom that he did choose to talk.

Cullaby was very fond of Mr. Latta's son-in-law, Mr. Clutric, who was poisoned while acting as guide to some timber cruisers in ———, and both being hunters, they could be together several days without talking, or at least saying very little to each other. Edwin thought, perhaps. Mrs. Latta, though born a Chinook, was one of his father's cousins, but he never learned this to be a fact with certainty. She had visited the old Quatat (Seaside) with her mother when a child. After her husband's death, with her son William Latta, she located at Quatat and made it her permanent home. After becoming personally acquainted with Dr. William F. Tolmie, I asked him if he knew from what part of Scotland Latta had come. He replied that he did not know, but that he did know that Dr. McLaughlin held him in high esteem because of his indomitable courage on land and water, which he had often proven in desperate emergencies along the Northwest coast as trader commander of the Steamer Beaver and on the bar of the Columbia as pilot, where in one case he brought a ship safely in,

himself lashed to the rigging. I had only two opportunities to see and observe Mr. Latta, and one of these was at Hunt's mill where I saw him in company with Governor Abernethy, Captain Killborn and A. E. Wilson. They seemed to be examining the river shore for natural business points, I gathered from their talk. Mr. Latta was as restless as a caged eagle, but kept hold of himself. He spoke good English, but had, I judged, come from the north of Scotland, probably from some of the islands.

Within the year after hearing Cullaby's story, I heard of an iron cannon which had been found on the same beach where so much beeswax might be gathered. It was easy for me, knowing a little Catholic history, to believe that a ship loaded with church supplies had been wrecked on the Oregon coast sometime in the past. To believe that one life might be saved from such a wreck was still more easy, because it was no uncommon occurrence. While working at Hunt's mill in 1846, I became acquainted with a young sailor by the name of Jonathan Trustdell, who told me of himself being wrecked on the same coast and being cast upon the shore in an unconscious condition. Later I even helped to bury dead bodies that had been cast ashore near Seaside. All these events contributed toward making Cullaby's story of a white ancestor seem more probable. I allowed the story to grow in my mind for nearly fifty years, before it occurred to me that it had in it the elements of a good story that others might be interested to hear.

While trying to get the native names of streams and villages for this story, Mr. B. C. Kindred told me about the killing of a Tillamook ruffian by Sheriff Thomas C. Owen in self-defense. Mrs. Sarah D. Owen, the sheriff's wife, and her children were visiting at the residence of Mr. Kindred while Mr. Owen was plowing the potato crop of Lewis Taylor, who had married a native Clatsop woman. The Tillamook Indian was at the house, and by the aid of Taylor and his wife Mr. Owen was able to get his gun while she engaged him in talk. When the Indian saw that Owen had the gun, he ran to cover in the willows near by. The sheriff called to him to surrender, and told him if he would pay for an ox which he had killed that he would not be hurt. The Indian evidently thought Mr. Owen was afraid to shoot, so he charged on him with his dagger, and in self defense Mr. Owen had to kill him with the Indian's own gun. The killing raised great excitement among the Clatsops, to allay which Cullaby rode night and day southwards from his resi-

dence on the lake. Among the Indians at their strongest village at Point Adams, it was generally believed at the time that it was the influence of Mrs. Helen Smith, wife of Solomon H. Smith, that helped most to keep the peace, but Mrs. Smith disclaimed the credit of keeping her people quiet and said all the credit was due her husband. To me this evidence of Cullaby and Solomon H. Smith, both actively exerting themselves to keep peace between the natives and an American pioneer, gives strength to the tradition of Cullaby's origin.

There is an absolute lack of dates in regard to this wreck from which the whole tradition has its foundation. The late Silas B. Smith in an address before the Oregon Historical Society, alludes to a ship that sailed from La Paz, Lower California, on June 16, 1769, with a cargo of mission supplies for San Diego. I believe that this ship was the one probably wrecked on the Oregon coast, and that Cullaby's grandfather was the only one saved alive. A party of Clatsops visited the camp of Lewis and Clark in January, 1806, but they never told, if they knew, of the origin of the light-skinned, freckled-faced, silent man who accompanied them. That they had looted the wreck would be reason enough why they did not tell. The average native is not backward about claiming credit for any service rendered to the white race. From the time of the murder of all but three of the Smith party at the mouth of the Umpqua in 1827 and the hanging of the Indian murderer at Fort Astoria in 1841, no one has ever heard from an Indian of any bad conduct of his race on the entire coast line. It was as natural for an Indian to appropriate all of value to his use of what was cast up from a shipwreck as it was for him to appropriate a stranded whale, and the interests and customs of the natives on the Oregon coast tended to blot out all remembrances of past events, even to family traditions and the names of the dead. Every Indian mother strictly forbade her children to mention the names of the dead, and this almost unknown custom makes Cullaby's tradition of his own origin the single exception of a native family history going back four generations becoming a matter of record, except as the knowledge of the whites have made them.

I was fifty-eight years a resident in Oregon with a fairly ready use of the Chinook trade jargon, before I knew that Indian mothers carefully cautioned their children against using the names of the dead. I got my information in

regard to this custom from the daughter of a Chinook mother whose husband, a neighbor of Katata, was offered a good compensation by that last chief of his race if he would have his name removed from the little steamer "Katata" after his death. The name had been placed there by the rugged old Ben Holladay in honor of the equally rugged old chief. Thornton in his work on Oregon mentions the persistency with which the Indians of the Lower Columbia refuse to answer questions relating to their dead. They pronounced a man a fool who persisted in asking such questions.

Miss Agnes Laut, in her *Vikings of the Pacific*, has footnote saying, "Russian Government was inclined to claim that red-haired man, seen among the Chinooks, was probably someone of Bering's lost crew." Some Russians may have heard of Lewis and Clark's exploration. To me the probable thing is the cause of so many Scotch maidens humming Crocket's heroines wails, after the battle of Culloden. Many a young Highlander never desired to go home after that battle. "O, send Willie Gordon hame, He's the lad I dasna name." Or Burns' pathetic Wandering Willie. The war for the Stuarts was undoubtedly the cause of greatest emigration from Scotland, much of it compulsory; as in the case of Flora McDonald being sent to the pine barrons of North Carolina, where her friends suffered a second Culloden and she got back to her highland hills to be buried in sheets of the bed in which Prince Charlie had slept, according to the current month's *Scribners*.

A PIONEER CITIZEN'S VIEW OF THE PRESENT SITUATION

(From Daily Oregon Statesman.)

Salem, Oregon, June 6, 1912.

Editor Statesman: As a life-long supporter, space is solicited to define a citizen's position on the preliminary discussion of what shall be Republicanism when the convention now met at Chicago shall have done its work.

The same question now, in the writer's mind, arose in the Democratic precinct meeting in Salem in 1860. The impending difference then undefined was that between free soil and pro-slavery, or Douglas vs. Breckenridge Democracy.

In the meeting, what was known as the eighth resolution was pending and the chairman was rising to put it to vote when I said: "Mr. Chairman, I beg to say, I will not vote for that resolution and will not submit to it if it carries." The late Judge Bonham asked: "Why?" I continued, "Mr. Chairman, before we can name the men to represent us, the Charleston convention will have met, and every sign points to a division of the party between free-soil and pro-slavery, and I wish to say here and now: No resolution you can pass will bind me to vote for slavery, when I have a chance to vote for freedom."

The Charleston convention *did* divide the Democratic party. The Douglas, or free-soil, wing was strongest in Oregon and before Lincoln's second term the question in Oregon was, "Union or Disunion."

Oregon raised volunteers to take the place of regulars on her frontiers during the Civil War. The cost due the state (\$190,000) is not yet repaid. Her public men claim \$8,000,000 of Oregon's share of irrigation money has been used in other states. Oregon's

name is being used in the older states as an example of a revolutionary system to supersede a government that had endured 87 years when Lincoln made his wonderful two-minute Gettysburg address to one million fighting men, now represented by the G. A. R. Forty-seven years after the Union of the States was bathed in blood, of which Lincoln's was a part, a friend and advocate of Roosevelt for third-term election quotes him as follows: "With Lincoln I hold that 'this country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it.' "

Mr. Roosevelt, in his seven years as chief executive of the nation, withdrew from his land-hungry fellow citizens over one hundred million acres of the public domain. Lincoln signed the homestead law putting possibly as much under the industries of the people, of which the people get the increased value their labors create.

Mr. Roosevelt, because Mr. Taft could not continue the Roosevelt policies, is trying to defeat him for a second election, though he has signed 46 important measures against 34 which received Roosevelt's signature.

There are thousands of citizens in Oregon, and probably millions in the United States, who would deem it the greatest public misfortune should Mr. Roosevelt get a third term as president of the nation which Washington and his compeers founded and Lincoln and his Gettysburg compeers preserved in their blood. The writer knows of no more fitting body to lay these considerations before than a meeting of representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic at the capital of a state given to the nation by the people.