

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR 1891,

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS, BY LYDELL BAKER, ESQ.,

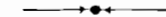
AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, BY GEO. H. BURNETT, ESQ.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

AND OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST.



PORTLAND, OREGON:

A. ANDERSON & CO., PRINTERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS.

1893.

## MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
THURSDAY, December, 18, 1890. }

Pursuant to call, the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the office of Hon. R. P. Earhart, in the postoffice building, at 10 o'clock A. M. to-day, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual reunion of 1891, which will be the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of homebuilders in Oregon.

Those present were: Hon. John Minto, President, a pioneer of 1844; Hon. Henry Failing, Vice-President, 1851; George H. Himes, Secretary, 1853; John M. Bacon, Treasurer, 1845; Medorem Crawford, 1842.

After considerable discussion, it was voted that the annual reunion for 1891 be held in this city.

On motion of Hon. Henry Failing, it was voted that an invitation be extended to Hon. O. C. Pratt, of California, formerly an Oregon Pioneer, to deliver the annual address, it being understood, through correspondence with members of the Association, that he will accept such invitation.

It was also voted that Hon. Thomas H. Brents, of Walla Walla, be invited to deliver the occasional address.

Rev. J. S. Griffin, of Hillsboro, a pioneer of 1839, was chosen Chaplain.

Mr. Frank Paxton, of Portland, was selected as Grand Marshal, with full power to choose his own aides.

The Committee of Arrangements was chosen, as follows: Frank Dekum, General Wm. Kapus, Hon. Henry Failing, Chas. E. Ladd, John W. Minto and Geo. H. Himes. This committee was given full power to choose all sub-committees.

The American Historical Publishing Company, Julian Hawthorne, historian, through Mr. C. N. Miller, resident agent, made a proposition relating to the publication of historical sketches and engravings of pioneers in a proposed history of Oregon, the gist of which was that the Association should use its influence to the fullest extent possible in securing legislative aid to defray the expense of engravings and the compilation of historical matter. After full discussion in all its bearings, the question was indefinitely postponed by a unanimous vote, the scheme being considered wholly impracticable and entirely beyond the province of the Association.

Pursuant to a vote passed at the annual meeting of the Association held last June, President Minto appointed Frederick V. Holman, Frank C. Baker and Hosea Wood as a committee to arrange for an organization of Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers.

Hons. J. N. Dolph, J. H. Mitchell and Binger Hermann, our representatives in congress, were appointed by President Minto a committee to wait upon Hon. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, and ascertain the probability of his making a visit to this coast during the coming year, and if such visit was contemplated, to invite him to be present at the next annual reunion of this Association.

On motion of Hon. Henry Failing, Director Medorem Crawford and John M. Bacon, Treasurer, were appointed a

committee to consider the question of compiling historical data relating to individuals and the early settlement of Oregon, with a view to its future publication ; they to report at the next annual meeting.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,

*Secretary.*

## MEETING OF COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
SATURDAY, May 9, 1891. }

The Committee of Arrangements previously appointed met at the First National Bank to-day at 4 o'clock P. M., pursuant to call by the Secretary. Present—Frank Dekum, Henry Failing, William Kapus, Charles E. Ladd, John W. Minto, George H. Himes. Frank Dekum was chosen Chairman, Charles E. Ladd was appointed a committee to secure the Exposition building for the public exercises on Pioneer Day.

The following committees were appointed :

On securing Exposition building for public exercises on Pioneer Day—Charles E. Ladd.

On Music—William Kapus and George H. Himes.

On Carriages—O. F. Paxton, Grand Marshal, and John W. Minto.

On Finance—Charles E. Ladd.

On Reduced Fares—George H. Himes.

On Special Invitations—William Kapus.

The matter of a ball was discussed at length, but in view of last year's experience, it was thought best to have instead thereof an old-fashioned social gathering, so managed as to be entirely free from all restraint.

No further business appearing, the committee adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES,  
*Secretary.*

## SECOND MEETING OF COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

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PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
THURSDAY, June 11, 1891. }

The Committee of Arrangements met, pursuant to call by Secretary, at First National Bank to-day at 4 o'clock P. M.

Present—Frank Dekum, Chairman, Henry Failing, William Kapus, Charles E. Ladd, George H. Himes.

Each sub-committee made a report, showing that all plans for a successful reunion were well in hand, with good prospects for a most successful gathering.

It was decided that a lunch be provided in the evening of Pioneer Day, and that it be spread on tables in the room set apart for the restaurant in the Exposition building.

The following pioneer ladies were appointed to take entire charge of the matter :

West Side—Mrs A. Noltner, Mrs. M. S. Burrell, Mrs. L. L. McArthur, Mrs. S. A. Moreland, Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. T. A. Struble, Mrs. R. Williams, Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Mrs. J. C. Cartwright and Miss Susie Cosgrove.

East Side—Mrs. C. B. Bellinger, Mrs. C. F. Kent, Mrs. J. H. McMillen and Mrs. Bowman.

The following gentlemen were appointed a Reception Committee :

Hon. M. C. George, John McCracken, Frank Dekum,  
George L. Story, John W. Minto, A. Noltner, Benton Kil-  
lin, T. B. Trevett.

The committee then adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES,  
*Secretary.*

## NINETEENTH ANNUAL REUNION.

PORTLAND, OREGON, }  
TUESDAY, June 16, 1891. }

The Pioneers of Oregon held their nineteenth annual reunion in this city to-day. The weather was all that could be desired, and the affair was one of the most enjoyable ever held here. At 1 P. M. the pioneers assembled at the Hotel Portland, where they were formed in procession by Grand Marshal John W. Minto, and proceeded to the Exposition building, the arrivals of each year, from 1839 to 1855, being ranged under their own banner. Some fifteen carriages were provided for those who did not feel capable of the march, and the Marine Band preceded the procession, which contained something over 300 pioneers.

The music hall had been seated with chairs, and the stage handsomely decorated for the occasion. A number of the officers of the Association, the speakers and some of the older members, took seats on the platform, Mr. J. L. Parrish, 85 years of age, and a pioneer of 1840, and Mrs. Hobson, aged 86, and a pioneer of 1843, occupying rocking chairs on the front of the stage, which were wreathed with roses. A beautiful display of rare varieties of roses in huge bouquets ornamented the front of the stage. The following was the

### PROGRAMME:

|                         |   |                            |
|-------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| Music,                  | - - - - -   | Marine Band                |
| Prayer by the Chaplain, | - - - - -   | Rev. John S. Griffin, 1839 |
| Brief Address,          | - Hon. John Minto, President of the Association, 1844 |                            |
| Annual Address,         | - - - - -   | Lydell Baker, Esq.         |
| Music,                  | - - - - -   | Marine Band                |
| Poem, by S. L. Simpson, | - - - - -   | Read by Robert A. Miller   |
| Occasional Address,     | - - - - -   | George H. Burnett, Esq.    |



At the close of the exercises a photograph of the assembly was taken by Mr. E. W. Moore, when the meeting adjourned till evening.

At an early hour the pioneers and their friends reassembled in the music hall, which was brilliantly lighted, the new electric plant of the Fair Association being brought into use for the first time. Those who did not wish to attend the business meeting spent the evening in a social and enjoyable way. A bountiful and elegant collation was spread for the refreshment of the pioneers and their friends, in the restaurant off the music hall. The tables were prepared to accommodate 250 persons. The room was beautifully decorated, the pillars, staircases, chandeliers, etc., being wreathed with ivy, ferns and flowers, and the tables profusely ornamented with bouquets of rare roses and other flowers, making a beautiful spectacle, which delighted the eyes of the pioneers, who, after being refreshed, returned to the hall to enjoy the society of old-time friends and comrades till a late hour.

#### BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting of the Association was held at 8 o'clock, in the music hall of the Exposition Building, and was called to order by President John Minto. The first business being the election of officers, the following was the result:—

|                          |           |  |
|--------------------------|-----------|--|
| President,               | - - - - - | W. S. Ladd, 1850, Portland             |
| Vice President,          | - - - - - | Wm. Kapus, 1853, Portland              |
| Secretary,               | - - - - - | George H. Himes, 1853, Portland        |
| Treasurer,               | - - - - - | Henry Failing, 1851, Portland          |
| Corresponding Secretary, | - - - - - | H. S. Lyman, 1849                      |
| Directors,               | - - - - - | John Hobson, 1843, Astoria             |
|                          |           | Curtis C. Strong, 1849, Portland       |
|                          |           | Medorem Crawford, 1842, Dayton, Oregon |

Captain J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria, extended an invitation on behalf of the Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society, and

the citizens of Astoria in general, that the Oregon Pioneer Association hold its next annual reunion there, in connection with the centennial celebration of the discovery of the Columbia river, and that such reunion be held on the 11th, 12th and 13th days of May, 1892. Dr. Curtis C. Strong, president of the Columbia River Centennial Celebration Association, warmly seconded the invitation and gave many cogent reasons why it should be accepted. After discussion it was left to the Board of Directors to decide the matter, and Astoria was commended to their consideration by President Minto, Medorem Crawford, Thomas A. Wood, and others.

F. V. Holman, chairman of the committee appointed last year to prepare a plan of organization for the sons and daughters of the pioneers, reported as follows :

Your committee would recommend that a society be organized under the auspices of the Oregon Pioneer Association, to be composed of the sons and daughters of deceased members, and of members in good standing of your Association, and the descendants of such sons and daughters. Your committee would further recommend, that a committee be appointed for the purpose of organizing such society and preparing a constitution and by-laws for the society, composed of such sons, daughters and descendants.

In this connection Thomas A. Wood offered the following resolution :

*Resolved*, That the plan of the committee submitted to us for the organization of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers meets our hearty approval, and that we refer the matter back to the same committee with the request that they add to their number one or more from each county, and perfect the said organization of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers ;

And that we hereby invite said organization, when completed, to meet with us at our next annual gathering and participate in our exercises.

Both report and resolution were unanimously adopted.

## INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

BY HON. JOHN MINTO.

*Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen. Friends of the Pioneers:*—We meet for the nineteenth time on a day set for social reunion, in order to keep alive the memories of past years, and especially to commemorate past action which has become one of the most extraordinary events of history. This year makes the fiftieth that has passed since the arrival here of the first little band of travel-worn men who had left Peoria, Ill., in 1839, with the set purpose of making homes in Oregon. The distance they traveled, taking the meanders they were compelled to make, was more than 2,000 miles. Savage men, wild beasts, rapid rivers, and plains and rugged mountains were the impediments they had to pass, and amongst them lurked “dangers seen and unseen.” This little band were not encumbered with wives and children, or wagons, teams, household goods and other property. It had been made manifest before that date that white men, well armed, could, if prudent, pass through wild tribes in small numbers with comparative safety. It is to the men who had families and property—all they loved and all they had labored for—to encumber their movements and trammel their action, who put their previous life savings into cumbrous wagons, drawn by slow moving oxen, and leaving all chance of succor behind them, entered upon that long, laborious and dangerous journey, that the historian must award the mead of being pioneers of the highest type, and when, as certainly was the case with many, a patriotic desire to aid in making good their country’s claim to dominion over Oregon, was an impelling motive, their action rises to the extraordinary as an historical event. So much so that many men now and more perhaps will in the future doubt if any man ever did come to Oregon impelled by so high a motive. I am glad that I know that the man who engaged me as his assistant declared that as his first object, before he gave up the farm he had sold and invested its value in preparation for his journey to Oregon. I know that the same spirit permeated the companies (Gilliam’s companies of 1844), of one of which this man, R. W. Morrison, was a chosen captain. The movement of home-builders across 2,000 miles

of unsettled wilderness with the motive of making good their country's title to a large portion of it, may be too high-minded action for a cold blooded critic to believe in, but examined with a knowledge that from amongst those same kind of people shortly afterwards arose the heroic figures of Abraham Lincoln and General Grant, it will not be deemed impossible that communities in which they grew should produce many courageous and adventurous spirits.

It may be worth while to name some events preceding the settlement of Oregon and leading up to it.

Ninety-nine years ago the mouth of the Columbia river was discovered by Captain Robert Gray. Ninety-two years ago Baron Von Humbolt called the attention of Europe to the inviting character of the Columbia valley for European colonization. Eighty-six years ago Lewis and Clark descended the river from its source to the sea. Eighty years ago the Astor settlement was made at the mouth of the Columbia. Seventy-six years ago the Astor company was sold out by what is now known to be a treacherous trick. Seventy years ago the first proposition to settle Oregon was considered in congress. Sixty-eight years ago the American congress passed a resolution that no port on this continent was open to European colonization, with special reference to the Columbia basin.

Fifty years ago the overland immigration began. Forty-eight years ago Senator Benton, a life-long advocate of the settlement of Oregon, closed his able speech in favor of Dr. Linn's bill as "a measure that would soon place 30,000 or 40,000 rifles beyond the Rocky mountains." Forty-six years ago the Americans elected George Abernethy provisional governor of Oregon, thus taking the rule from the British, who had ruled the country from the time of the Astor sale. The same year Senator Benton, speaking to a large assembly in St. Louis, pointing westward along the path of his friends, the Applegates and Burnetts, whom he knew had come to Oregon to stay and to make good the American title to all he ever claimed of Oregon, and said: "There, fellow citizens, is the way to the East, and the man is alive and listening to me who will see it traversed by the locomotive and car." Forty-five years ago the question of dominion was settled, leaving American citizenship to Columbia.

I have made these brief allusions to dates and events to show you that the pioneers were "men of destiny," as Jesse Applegate happily called them. Many of them knew as well as Applegate and Burnett

knew that the movement to Oregon would settle the title by occupancy; as Judge Deady has since said of the action, it was necessary and effective. The time has passed on, very rapidly passing, for the average man to form a correct estimate of the labors and privations of the Oregon pioneer. Of the results largely due to his action it is still more difficult to form an estimate. This we all know. The acquisition of California and the discovery of gold there were part of those results, which placed more than forty thousand rifles west of the Rocky mountains, brought about more rapidly than reasonable statesmanship would have deemed possible, the conception of Jefferson and prediction of Benton of reaching the commerce of Asia through the heart of the American continent. These were not all the results now manifest. They opened the way for American enterprise to employ itself more profitably by land within its own country than it could possibly do by codfishing in Newfoundland waters, or whale fishing in the Arctic or Antarctic ocean, or even in the ocean carrying trade from Asia. The movement to and settlement of the homebuilders on the Pacific coast was the first step in an industrial revolution which caused the energies of the Atlantic seaboard to lay aside the mariner's compass and headline, and taking surveyor's compass, level and chain, open lines of internal commerce which have covered the continent with peace and safety, and such a measure of private and public wealth as makes the United States of America the most independent nation on earth today. That he has done something tending to bring these things to pass ought to be and is a cause of pride as well as pleasure to the Oregon pioneer. I say this to you, friends, without claiming to be a pioneer in the sense I have been speaking of him to you. Glad I was and proud I am to be a son by adoption of the men with whom I crossed the plains forty-six years ago. They have nearly all done their work. I now introduce to you Lydell Baker, Esq., who will give you a view of the pioneer and his work from a still younger point of view.

## ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY LYDELL BAKER, ESQ.

*Mr. President, Oregon Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—The value of an event is not to be estimated by the noise it makes in the world at its birth. For it is as true in the world of man as in the world of nature that the greatest forces are silent, and that the shining of the sun noiselessly shall accomplish what the storm and the whirlwind have attempted in vain. To the Pharaohs of Egypt it was an altogether trifling event that the Hebrew outlaw received succor in their realm. But the Pharaohs have passed away; a few rough stones on the sands and the earth is as though they had never been, but the influence of this same Moses for 4,000 years upon the world—who shall estimate the force of that? Tamerlane has piled high his pyramid of 70,000 skulls, and glittering in armor his fierce hosts stand at the Damascus gate ready to go forth to fresh carnage and blood. The earth will tremble beneath their tread. There will be conflagration, havoc and black night. There will be the tumult of the rout, the cry of the vanquished, the tumbling of battlements and the crash of thrones. But this uproar will not last. Soon the confusion will clear away. The kind earth will smooth out their bloody footprints, and effect will be only the loss of so much blood and so much treasure. But at this time in his German garret the artisan will invent the "moveable types," which noiselessly and silently will exert a greater influence in the world than all the conquests of all the conquerors from the Tarter Kahn to Napoleon Bonaparte, from Cyrus the Elder to Walter the Penniless.

The value of an event must be judged by the consequences which flow from it. What are the interesting recollections that thrill the traveler's breast when he stands upon the plains of Marathon? "Not, I imagine," says Webster, "that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was saved." It is because of this spot, and to the event which rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters,

umph over privations and trials he likened to the retreat of the famous Greek Ten Thousand. He then referred to scenes in the Indian wars as fitting scenes for a romance, especially the famous peace talk between Indian Joseph and General Lane, of which Judge Deady, who viewed it as a young man and with, unconsciously, perhaps, the same thought in view as the speaker's, had said, "It was worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott and the pencil of Salvator Rosa." In conclusion the speaker reiterated his statement that no other section of the country had more inspiring materials for historical composition than Oregon.

#### COLONIZATION.

Continuing, Mr. Baker next directed his audience's attention to another feature peculiar to Oregon, and that was "The Genius of the American Character in Colonization as Shown by the Oregon History."

In no other feature is the saying that history repeats itself more true than in that of colonization. A powerful nation, like a tree when it reaches maturity, throws out branches which, far from the parent stem, extend its foliage and influence. Greece threw out colonies all along the Mediterranean coast; even, it is said, to the borders of India. Rome, too, established colonies in her conquered provinces. England and Spain were the greatest colonization nations in the New World. Of these it may be said that some displayed a special aptitude for colonization, while others seemed totally lacking in that quality. Greece used her colonies to increase her trade and importance, and by means of these extended Greek civilization far into Asia. Rome established bodies of her citizens in her provinces. They became the nuclei of Roman influence therein. But the policy of Rome was power and subjugation. Her government was wholly paternal. She maintained her influence only by her arms, and when the city began to decline, and the armies were withdrawn to quell the urban disturbances, the civilians followed them, and the last vestige of colonial influence disappeared. Now, of modern nations it may be said that England's policy of colonization, in general, corresponds with that of Greece, while Spain more closely resembles that of Rome. One has been a powerful factor in extending civilization all over the world and building up the commercial and maritime importance of the mother country, while the other has been an endless series of catastrophes and bungling errors and misfortunes.

We may be sure that when the American nation reaches its maturity, its population, too, will overflow across its confines; it, too,

will throw out branches north and south upon this continent. It is not uninteresting to inquire what, from the inherent character of the people, will likely be their fate. I believe that the aptitude or the unfitness of Americans for this feature of government can only be studied adequately in the history of Oregon. For this reason other states and territories, when they were being settled, had bodies of citizens far in the depths of the wilderness. But one of two things was true: either they were organized territories and leaned completely on the home government, or they were not of sufficient numbers and strength to organize for themselves any respectable system of provincial government. California in some respects resembles Oregon. But at the time of the great emigration she was a completely organized territory, and had order secured by the military arm of the government. And another thing. Life there was maintained at such a high pressure, it was so feverish and stilted that it can hardly be said to represent American character under ordinary conditions. The pioneers of Oregon were removed a continent from the home government; they received no aid whatever from it, and they were Americans pursuing the ordinary avocations of life. Consequently I say that, because of these conditions, the pioneer days of Oregon should show the American character for colonization pure and simple.

Law, i. e., civil as distinguished from natural, may be said to be a command issued by a human superior to a human inferior. A clear and accurate conception of this must lie at the foundation of all governments, and especially all governments by the people. In the pioneer days of Oregon I find this universally admitted that the community was superior to the individual. Law at this period, we will say, had not been created by positive enactment. Nevertheless it existed; as the French say, it was "in the air." Men did, or refrained from doing, some act because of its bearing on the rights of the community. Commander Wilkes observed this, and spoke of the moral code which, in their dealing with one another, they respected. Now, as long as the use of law was to protect men's persons from violence or their good names from disgrace or to enforce their mutual obligations, this probably was sufficient. But when, in 1841, Ewing Young died, considerable of an estate was left to be disposed of. The necessity of some power to rightfully distribute this or probate it was felt. At his funeral the first steps were taken for the organization of the provisional government. A large part of the community, the French Canadians, did not believe in the American genius for governing himself, and they refused to come into the convention. They said they



Now comes the question as to the right of the white man to take from the Indian his lands. Into this I shall not enter; but I say, right or wrong, it was inevitable. The sum of life on the earth is an eternal warfare; they who in waters glide, they who stately tread or lowly creep; life in the sea, life on land, life in the air, is engaged in a never-ceasing struggle for existence, in which the fittest survive and the unfittest perish. A not very pleasant thought, say you; well, it constitutes the principle, and the only principle by which the race is advanced, and by virtue of this principle, whenever civilization and savagery have met, savagery has had to succumb.

They met in the valleys of Oregon, and savagery, not without bloody protests, succumbed. Let the truth be told. We must admit that when men have seen innocent babes butchered before their eyes, when they have seen virtue outraged and violated, when in the dead of night they have been awakened by the yells of the savages and the flames of their own cabins, by the necessity of the case they have been forced to become a little less scrupulous in their method of dealing with the authors of these events than the highest rules of civilized warfare prescribed. It is the same old story. If the Pilgrims will not disturb the quiet of the wigwams in the Plymouth woods; if the Jamestown colonists will not trespass upon the hunting grounds up the James river, pay their savage and pagan neighbors in cheap finery and trinkets for tending steel traps, marry their sons to their tawny daughters, there will be no troublesome Indian question, and no United States!

But it is time for these remarks to close. We, of a younger generation, meet with the pioneers of Oregon to-day to make grateful recognition of their services and to express our appreciation of that favor of Providence which has thus lengthened out their lives to view the munificent fruits of their labors. What Oregon is to-day is their work. Whatsoever things are here beholden of learning, of advancement and of domestic or public worth is owing to them. If our work shall speedily be forgotten, theirs is safe from the touch of time. Their children cannot forget them if they would, for, even to the farthest generations, they shall behold little else than the evidences of their lives.

The pioneer's work is done, and the pioneer has ceased from his labor. Some have gone the way of all the earth; some linger still, while the shadows creep further to the east. Fortunate men! Heaven hath bequeathed you a felicity unusual to those of earth. You look

out upon a land, which from the wilderness you reclaimed, and see it filled with happy homes and peaceful firesides. You look out upon the earth, and see that the sun in all his course does not visit a land more happy, more prosperous or more lovely than this your own beloved Oregon. Yours is a victory of peace, a triumph of happiness, and the volume of its effect will swell beyond state or mountain barrier, and will glow and brighten in the coming ages,

When the war drum beats no longer and the battle flags are furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

## OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE H. BURNETT, ESQ.

*Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—We meet to-day in the metropolis of the Northwest, surrounded by all the evidences of the most advanced civilization, where, within the memory of those yet living, nothing existed save a trackless forest.

To think that in fifty years, speaking in round numbers and allowing a liberal margin for want of accuracy in dates, the traveler is hurried into the city by steam, and transported hither and thither about the streets by the swift-going cable and electric cars, where once the most rapid means of transit was the slow-moving ox team, rivals the story of Aladdin's lamp.

Within ninety years ago Captain Clarke ascended the then Multnomah river, to a point near the Portland of to-day, and gave the name of the president of the United States to Mount Jefferson, which he discovered on that journey.

The superstitious savages, whom he frightened into furnishing him food, by the burning of a port fire match and the movements of the compass needle in obedience to a magnet, have been succeeded, as inhabitants of the country, by people of the highest grade of culture.

Within half a century more has been accomplished in the development of civilization, in a country absolutely new, than Rome or Greece attained in the centuries of their existence. How short the span, yet how much of importance is crowded upon its arch, may well excite our wonder and illustrate the magic power of American intellect and energy.

We learn from the constitution of the Oregon Pioneer Association that its objects are "to collect from living witnesses such facts relating to the pioneers and history of the territory of Oregon as the Association may deem worthy of preservation, and to promote social intercourse among its members."

The history of the territory has been already ably written by members of your Association, inspired not only by native ability but also by the eloquence of the events they narrated.

Hon. L. F. Grover has concisely stated the evidence of prior discovery of this country by Americans, and the events which led to the treaty of 1846 on the boundary question.

The facile and scholarly pen of Hon. Matthew P. Deady, equally apt in literature and in law, has enlarged upon that branch of the subject, and while adorning the story with sketches of men of the early times has gone further, and in company with the voluble research of Judge Thornton, has given us the history of the dawn of government in Oregon.

Hon. John Kelsay has always been authority on historical questions, in whatever field research may turn, and following the natural bent of his mind towards legal lore, he, too, has placed on record his observations on the rise of our jurisprudence.

Probably no man in Oregon has had a wider observation of men and events from his point of view, or put more on record as historical material, than Willard H. Rees. The commentaries of Hon. John Minto, of 1844, on the events and experiences of those days, bear the impress of a well stored mind, and in the narration of his own performances, in coming to settle in Oregon, he has set a pace of self-reliance and pluck that may safely be taken as a pattern by any ambitious young American.

In addition to other matters of importance, Judge Strong gave us a full and accurate history of early steam navigation, and it seems that no one else has sought to enter upon that phase of history to add to the completeness of his narrative.

The review would lengthen out too far if I should go over in detail the writings of Hon. Medorem Crawford, a type of the best and fittest of the pioneers, in all that make a broad-minded and honorable citizen, or of the popular and honored Nesmith, the scholarly Dr. Atkinson, or the eloquent Elwood Evans, or the master legal mind of Geo. H. Williams, and others well deserving credit as historians of this western country.

In view of what has been written and appears of record in the transactions of your society it would be folly for a native, born after the most important events transpired, which assured the establishment

of American institutions in this country, to attempt to produce before you any new things of historical importance. Indeed, it would seem that the reason for an annual address had failed, and to my mind the only excuse for it that occurs is the inborn desire of Americans to hear a speech on every public occasion.

I trust you will pardon me if I recall a few leading features of the oft-told tale of territorial history, with a tittle of passing comment, and a glance at the results of pioneer day.

The selection of the 15th day of June as Pioneer Day is due to the suggestion of Hon. S. F. Chadwick, in his letter of November 19, 1873, to Hon. J. W. Grim, then president of the Association. It is the date of the treaty made in 1846 between the United States and Great Britain, establishing the 49th parallel of north latitude as the boundary between our country and Canada. The ratifications of this treaty were exchanged at London July 17, 1846, and it was made public in America by the proclamation of President Polk, of date August 5, of that year.

While all honor is due to the pioneers who came here and built up an American state, still, I do not think it can be justly claimed for them that their advent into the country south of the Columbia river had much, if any, influence on the settlement of the question of boundary between the two countries. I am aware that it is popularly believed that the immigrations prior to 1846 constituted a factor in the negotiations on this subject, but it would seem that this view can properly apply only to the country now embraced in the state of Washington.

As early as 1825, the Hudson's Bay Company, the nucleus and conservator of British interests on this coast, officially informed its factors and agents that in no event could the English claim any territory south of the Columbia. Thereafter the company did not attempt to establish any permanent posts south of that river. The proposal of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude as the international boundary had come from our government, in response to a proposal of the Columbia by Great Britain, but both were rejected, and the joint occupancy of the Oregon country continued under the treaty of 1818 and renewals thereof. In 1846, our government gave notice, under the terms of the treaty, of the termination of this joint occupancy. This precipitated the settlement of the boundary controversy. England then offered the forty-ninth parallel, and it became a question between that offer and the shibboleth, "Fifty-four, Forty or Fight," which, after all the

brag and bluster at the hustings, was settled in favor of the latest English proposition.

It would seem from this that the country south of the Columbia was never really in controversy, but was included in the joint occupancy, perhaps as a mere convenience in making the treaty.

The meeting of the settlers at Champoege in May, 1843, at which fifty-two favored the report of the committee for organizing a government, and fifty, composed mainly of former employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, were opposed to it, has been cited and commented upon, as a contest as to whether America or England should rule and possess the country.

But careful attention to the facts shows that the question there decided was not to whom the country belonged, but whether or not there should be governmental organization in advance of authority therefor emanating from the general government.

It is reasonable to suppose, that the French Canadians, most of whom had but recently been employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, were clannish enough to vote together to oppose an organization in which the Americans were sure to be leaders to the exclusion of themselves. And this result would naturally happen, without reference to the question of English or American control. At all events, no serious opposition was made to the provisional government, which, by the terms of its organic law, was to last only till such time as the United States government should extend its jurisdiction over this country.

It is not, of course, to be doubted for a moment, that if occasion had arisen, the courage which inspired Americans to make the long journey across the plains, and become home builders in the Occident, would have nerved them to a conflict with Great Britain in defense of those homes.

There was no element of expatriation in crossing the plains, and without going into a discussion of what our northern boundary should have been, it is safe to presume that if the national councils had had more of the courage of the western pioneer, our flag would have floated north of Vancouver's island.

#### THE AMERICAN IDEA.

The early efforts to form the provisional government were due to the American idea of self-government by the people. The only power

theretofore existing for protection against hostile Indians, and against violation of individual rights, was the Hudson's Bay Company. Dr. McLoughlin, at its head, was virtually the sovereign. His administration of the position in which circumstances had placed him was wise and good. I early learned from my father, a pioneer of 1846, to admire Dr. McLoughlin, and my reading in manhood has served to intensify the impressions of childhood regarding his character. The fact that such a man was in the station he occupied was a blessing of Providence on our people, for where he could have done harm he did good; and it must have been the spirit of Beelzebub that inspired any of his contemporaries to say aught of detraction against him.

But the good doctor was liable to be deposed at any time, and however beneficial to the people his direction of the company's affairs—however much it stood instead of good government—it was not self-government, and therefore not American government.

The American idea inspired the wolf meeting on French prairie, which grew finally into the legislative committee, and then into the provisional government with the judicious Abernethy at its head. Its symbol was not the lion, but the eagle; and it flew with its own wings—its banner was the stars and stripes.

While some of the early legislation was crude, it was in the main wise and beneficial. The growth of the social fabric, beginning in necessity and ripening into jurisprudence, was an illustration—an object lesson—fit to accompany the commentaries of the old legal writers on the origin of law—with this exception, that, where in the olden time, the survival of the fittest elevated to supremacy in government some king, American liberty tolerated no such result in the genesis of our western commonwealth. Fortunately for the country just and prudent men were called into public service. Men who had, in the trying ordeal of crossing the plains, shown themselves to be men of excellence, were intrusted with public office. In the infancy of Oregon public position did not excite the cupidity of designing politicians, and hence the best men were advanced by the popular will. With men like Jesse Applegate and Daniel Waldo intrusted with legislative affairs, the ends of practical justice were sure to be subserved.

#### CURIOUS FEATURES

Some curious features appear in the early legislation. For instance, the act of the legislative committee in 1844, to provide by taxation for

supporting the government, instead of by subscription as theretofore, we find the provisions of the fourth section to be, "that any person refusing to pay tax, as in this act required, shall have no benefit of the laws of Oregon, and shall be disqualified from voting at any election in this country." Our revolutionary fathers had said to the mother country, "No taxation without representation," but our early Oregon government reversed this, and declared to its subjects the principle of "no representation without taxation."

The provisional government having its origin in the various informal assemblies of 1841-42, developed into one of considerable system and strength, continuing, until by its own terms, it was superseded by the authority of the general government in 1849. The fact that it continued so long and accomplished so much in the face of such adverse circumstances, is a tribute not only to the value of popular government, but also to the sterling worth of the pioneers.

The unsettled state of the country, the illy concealed jealousy of English interests, the isolation from all other organized government, the hostility of the Indians, were obstacles that would have first discouraged, and next defeated any other men than Americans. But force of character, love of liberty and law, that sympathy engendered by toils together in the long journey hither, formed compacting influences that sustained the early settlers in the creation of the state.

#### TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

Indeed, the conditions surrounding the early settlers developed the best traits of character. One writer of those times says: "They were all honest because there was nothing to steal; they were all sober because there was no liquor to drink; there was no misers because there was no money to hoard; and they were all industrious, because it was work or starve."

Hospitality to the extent of all they had to be hospitable with, was characteristic of the pioneers, and this was founded not only on the absence of places of public entertainment but on innate good will. It continued to be so, long after Oregon became a state. I myself have heard such men as James Fulkerson, at camp meetings and other public assemblies, give a general and cordial invitation to all who wished, to stay at his house and eat at his table. Barring the poverty those early days were a miniature golden age. The pioneers were generous to each other. For instance, the custom was when one



would kill a beef he would distribute it among his neighbors, reserving for himself only enough for present use. In cases of sickness or death the utmost kindness and sympathy was manifested. I don't think any old Yamhill settler every knew that bluff, hearty sailor from the "State o' Maine," Charles Berry, or, as we called him, "Yankee" Berry, ever to charge anything for making a coffin. And I know that before the days of cemeteries in that county, there was more than one lonely grave inclosed with a neat paling made by him without request or charge.

The pioneer was patriotic. Though beyond the organized authority of his government he preserved his allegiance to the stars and stripes. Though the fierce discussions up to 1860 in congress produced visible effects in Oregon, yet the pioneer remained true to the old government. The fondness for the rights of the people, the love of civil and religious liberty, which characterized the pioneers, have stamped themselves upon our state constitution. Indeed, that instrument is a reflection of the character of the men who framed it, and bears marks of the times in which it was made.

#### ORGANIZATION OF STATE GOVERNMENT.

By a vigorous Anglo-Saxon preamble, the object of the constitution is declared to be the establishment of justice, the maintenance of order and the perpetuation of liberty. Immediately following this, equality of rights, freedom of worship and of conscience, and effectual divorcement of state from church, are laid down in unmistakable terms. Personal liberty is guarded with jealous care. In fact, the whole constitution seems to have been framed with a view to make the burdens and restrictions of government as few and as light as possible.

The constitutional convention handled the slavery question very gingerly. On the first day of the session of that body Mr. Applegate, of Umpqua county, offered the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, A large portion of the delegates to this convention have been chosen by the people with the expressed or implied understanding that the question of slavery would not be decided for them by this body, but submitted to them in such a manner as to enable them to vote upon it as a distinct issue; therefore,

*Resolved.* First—The discussion of the subject of slavery by this body is out of place and uncalled for, and only calculated to engender bitter feelings among the members of this body, destroy its harmony, retard its business and unnecessarily prolong its session.

Second—That the committee whose duty it shall be to draft rules for this convention be instructed to declare all debate upon the subject of slavery, either as an abstract proposition or as a mere matter of policy, out of order.

Although the resolution was indefinitely postponed on the following day on motion of Judge Olney, the convention followed its preamble in its subsequent deliberations, and provided for the submission of that question to the people as a separate issue.

The same sentiment that inspired the act of June 26, 1844, prohibiting both slavery and free negroes in the state of Oregon, seems to have animated the people who voted on the adoption of the constitution, for the result was overwhelmingly against both slavery and the presence of free negroes.

The thirty-fifth clause of the bill of rights required the legislature to "provide by penal laws for the removal, by public officers, of all such negroes and mulattoes, and for their effectual exclusion from the state and for the punishment of persons who shall bring them into the state, or employ or harbor them." The prohibition of slavery was in line with subsequent events, but the whole matter was not for Oregon or any state to decide. Providence had decreed that this disgrace to American institutions should sink forever in the mighty storm that was even then darkening our national horizon. This provision of the constitution of Oregon, so far as I now recollect, proved abortive and no one was ever removed from the state because he was a free negro, or punished because he employed or harbored one.

Although our constitution is to the Oregon of to-day in many respects like the garments of a boy on a full grown man, and needs amending and enlarging to suit the needs of the larger and more popular state, yet in the main its provisions are well suited to a wise and conservative scheme of government, and should be largely used in the formation of a new constitution.

Taken altogether, it reflects the wisdom and prudence of its framers, although in many parts it bears the impress of the primitive conditions prevalent at the time of its adoption, conditions not in keeping with the present. The difficulty of amendment by the process prescribed in the instrument itself, coupled with an aversion to enter upon the experiment of change, has hitherto kept it intact; but the time is almost ripe for a constitutional convention. The extravagance of municipal indebtedness should be checked, corporate interests

## A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS IN 1836.

JOURNAL OF MRS. MARCUS WHITMAN.

[The following was secured through Rev. Myron Bells, of Union City, Washington, a member of our Association, who writes as follows to your Secretary under date of August 31, 1891: "I have fortunately been able to obtain a copy of this journal, which has lain in manuscript among some relations of Dr. Whitman's in New York for the past fifty-two years, and is now for the first time given to the public, with some unimportant omissions. That which refers to the journey from Liberty, Missouri, to Fort Hall, is in the shape of a letter begun June 27th and finished at Fort Hall on July 16th. For the rest of the way it is much more copious, and in regular journal form. She wrote to his relations, at his request, because he had 'been pressed above measure with care, labors and anxieties all the way.'"—SECRETARY.]

PLATTE RIVER, SOUTH SIDE, SIX DAYS ABOVE THE }  
FORT LARAMIE FORK, NEAR THE FOOT OF THE }  
ROCKY MOUNTAINS, June 27, 1836.

*Dear Brother and Sister Whitman:*—We were in perplexity when we left Liberty, but it has been overruled for good. I wrote Mother Loomis from the Otoe Agency. We were in still greater perplexity there, while crossing our baggage. Husband became so completely exhausted with swimming the river on Thursday, May 9th, that it was with difficulty he made the shore the last time. Mr. Spaulding was sick, our two hired men were good for nothing; we could not obtain much assistance from the Otoes, for they were away from the village; we had but one canoe, made of skins, and that partly eaten by the dogs the night before. We got everything over by Friday night. We did not get ready to start until Saturday afternoon. By this time the [American Fur] company had four and a half days the advance of us. It seemed scarcely possible for us to overtake them, we having two more difficult streams to pass, before they would pass the Pawnee villages. Beyond there we dare not venture more than one day. We were at a stand; but with the advice of brethren Merrill and Dunbar

—missionaries among the Pawnees—after a concert of prayer on the subject, we decided to start and go as far as it would be prudent for us. Brother Dunbar kindly consented to become our pilot, until we could get another. He started with us and came as far as the Elkhorn river, then the man Major Dougherty sent for, for us, came up, and Mr. Dunbar returned. We had passed the river on Monday morning and taken down the rope, when our pilot and his Indian came up. It was with difficulty we crossed him and returned Mr. Dunbar. While on the opposite shore, just ready to leave us, he called to us to receive his parting advice, with a word of caution which will never be forgotten. Our visit with him and Brother Merrill's family was indeed refreshing to our thirsty spirits—kindred spirits rejoicing in the self denials and labors of missionary life.

The next day, in the morning, we met a large party of Pawnees going to the fort to receive their annuities. They seemed to be very much surprised and pleased to see white females; many of them had never seen any before. They are a noble Indian—large, athletic forms, dignified countenances, bespeaking an immortal existence within. When we had said what we wished to them, we hurried on, and arrived at the Elkhorn in time to cross all our effects.

Here I must tell you how much good Richard, John and Samuel—Pacific coast Indian boys whom Dr. Whitman had taken to New York with him the year before—did us. They do the most of driving the cattle and loose horses. Occasionally husband and myself would ride with them as company and encouragement. They came up to the river before us, and seeing a skin canoe on the opposite side, they stripped themselves, wound their shirts around their heads, and swam over and back again with the canoe by the time we came up. We stretched a rope across the river and pulled the goods over in the canoe without much difficulty.

Monday and Tuesday we made hard drives—Tuesday especially. We attempted to reach the Loup Fork that night, and a part of us succeeded. Those in the wagons drove there by 11 o'clock, but it was too much for the cattle. There was no water or feed short of this. We rode with Richard and John until 9 o'clock, and were all very much fatigued. Richard proposed to us to go on and he and John would stay on the prairie with the cattle, and drive them in in the morning. We did not like to leave them, and so we concluded to stay. Husband had a cup tied to his saddle, in which he milked what we wanted to drink; this was our supper. Our saddle blankets,

July 18th.—Under the protection of Mr. McLeod and his company we left the Rendezvous and came ten miles in a southwesterly direction. The Flatheads and some of the Snake Indians accompanied us a short distance. We make but one camp a day.

On the 22d we had a tedious ride, as we traveled till half-past four P. M. I thought of mother's bread, as a child would, but did not find it on the table. I should relish it extremely well; have been living on buffalo meat until I am cloyed with it.

Have been in a peaceful state of mind all day. Had a freedom in prayer for my beloved parents; blessed privilege that such a sinner as I may have access to a mercy seat, through such a Saviour as Jesus Christ. It is good to feel that he is all I want, and all my righteousness; and if I had ten thousand lives I would give them all for him. I long to be more like him—to possess more of his meek spirit.

25th.—Came fifteen miles to-day; encamped on Smith's creek, a small branch of Bear creek. The ride has been very mountainous—paths winding on the sides of steep mountains. In some places the path is so narrow as scarcely to afford room for the animal to place his foot. One after another we pass along with cautious step. Passed a creek on which was a fine bunch of gooseberries, nearly ripe.

Husband has had a tedious time with the wagon to-day. It got stuck in the creek this morning when crossing, and he was obliged to wade considerably in getting it out. After that, in going between the mountains, on the side of one, so steep that it was difficult for horses pass, the wagon was upset twice; did not wonder at this at all; it was a greater wonder that it was not turning somersaults continually. It is not very grateful to my feelings to see him wearing out with such excessive fatigue, as I am obliged to. He is not as fleshy as he was last winter. All the most difficult part of the way he has walked, in laborious attempts to take the wagon. Ma knows what my feelings are. [This was the first wagon that ever came west of Fort Hall.]

26th.—Did not move camp today. Mr. McKay has been preparing to send out trappers from this place. Husband has been sick to-day, and so lame with the rheumatism as to be scarcely able to move. It is a great privilege that we can lie still to-day on his account, for he needs rest.

27th.—Had quite a level route to-day—came down Bear river. Mr. McKay sent off about thirty of his men as trappers to-day. Several

lodges of Indians also left us to go in another direction, and we expect more to leave us to-morrow. They wish to go a different route from Mr. McLeod, and desire us to go with them; but it would be more difficult and lengthy than Mr. McLeod's. We are still in a dangerous country; but our company is large enough for safety. Our cattle endure the journey remarkably well. They supply us with sufficient milk for our tea and coffee, which is indeed a luxury. We are obliged to shoe some of them because of sore feet. Have seen no buffalo since we left Rendezvous. Have had no game of any kind except a few messes of antelope, which an Indian gave us. We have plenty of dried buffalo meat, which we have purchased from the Indians—and dry it is for me. It appears so filthy! I can scarcely eat it; but it keeps us alive, and we ought to be thankful for it. We have had a few meals of fresh fish, also, which we relished well, and have the prospect of obtaining plenty in one or two weeks more. Have found no berries; neither have I found any of Ma's bread (Girls, do not waste the bread; if you knew how well I should relish even the dryest morsel, you would save every piece carefully.) Do not think I regret coming. No, far from it; I would not go back for a world. I am contented and happy, notwithstanding I sometimes get very hungry and weary. Have six weeks' steady journey before us. Feel sometimes as if it were a long time to be traveling. Long for rest, but must not murmur.

Feel to pity the poor Indian women, who are continually traveling in this manner during their lives, and know no other comfort. They do all the work and are the complete slaves of their husbands. I am making some little progress in their language; long to be able to converse with them about the Saviour.

28th.—Very mountainous all the way to-day; came over another ridge; rode from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M. We thought yesterday the Indians were all going to leave us, except two or three; but not one has. They fear to, on account of the Blackfoot tribe, who would destroy them all, if they could. One of the axle-trees of the wagon broke to-day; was a little rejoiced, for we were in hopes they would leave it, and have no more trouble with it. Our rejoicing was in vain for they are making a cart of the back wheels, this afternoon, and lashing the fore wheels to it—intending to take it through in some shape or other. They are so resolute and untiring in their efforts they will probably succeed.

Had some fresh fish for breakfast and some antelope for supper, sent us by Mr. McLeod and other friends in camp. Thus the Lord provides, and smoothes all our ways for us, giving us strength.

July 29th.—Mr. Gray was quite sick this morning and inclined to fall behind. Husband and I rode with him about two hours and a half, soon after which he gave out entirely. I was sent on, and soon after husband left him to come and get the cart; but I overtook an Indian, who went back and soon met husband, and both returned to Mr. Gray. The Indian helped him on his horse, got on behind him, supported him in his arms and in this manner slowly came into camp. This was welcome relief, and all rejoiced to see them come in; for some of us had been riding seven hours, others eight, without any nourishment.

The next sheet of the journal is missing, which contains the account of their arrival at Fort Hall, where, she says, We were hospitably entertained by Captain Thing, who keeps the fort. It was built by Captain Wyatt, a gentleman from Boston, whom we saw at Rendezvous on his way east. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips and fried bread, which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flour and water mixed and roasted or fried in buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing but meat for a long time, this relishes well. For tea we had the same, with the addition of some stewed service berries.

The buildings of the fort are made of hewed logs, with roofs covered with mud brick, chimneys and fireplaces also being built of the same; no windows, except a square hole in the roof, and in the bastion a few port holes large enough for guns only. The buildings were all enclosed in a strong log wall. This affords them a place of safety when attacked by hostile Indians, as they frequently are, the fort being in the Blackfeet country.

Since dinner we visited the garden and corn fields. The turnips in the garden appeared thrifty—the tops very large and tall, but the roots small. The peas looked small; but most of them had been gathered by the mice. Saw a few onions, that were going to seed, which looked quite natural. This was all the garden contained. He told us his own did extremely well until the 8th of June, when the frost of one night completely prostrated it. It has since came up again, but does not look as well as it did before. This is their first attempt at cultivation.

The buildings at Fort William, on Laramie Fork of the Platte, are made the same, but are larger and more finished than here. Here we have stools to sit on—there we had very comfortable chairs, bottomed with buffalo skin. Thus you see we have a house of entertainment almost or quite as often as Christian of the Pilgrim's Progress did. We expect one more before we get to Walla Walla; that is Snake Fort [Boise], belonging to Mr. McKay, who is journeying with us.

From this on our company will be small. The Indians all leave us to-day except one or two who go with us to assist in driving the cattle—Kentuck, who went with Mr. Parker last year, and the chief, Rottenbelly. The whole tribe are exceedingly anxious to have us go with them. They use every argument they can invent to prevail on us to do so—and not only argument but strategy. We all think it not best; we are very much fatigued, and wish to get through as soon as possible. To go with them would take us two months or more, when now we expect to go to Walla Walla in twenty-five days. When we get there rest will be sweet to us; so will it be to the Christian when he gets to Heaven. Will father and mother get there before I do? If so, then they will be ready to greet me on the threshold. Here we have raised our Ebenezer saying, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Now we leave it and pass on. Our animals are nearly ready. It is now half-past two and we expect to go but a short distance and encamp.

Aug. 5th.—Morn; came all of ten miles last evening, and did not arrive here till after dark. Mr. McLeod and his company started earlier than we did, intending to come but a little way. We could not get ready to come with him, and the man who piloted us led us wrong—much out of the way. Those on whom we depended to drive cattle disappointed us. Husband and myself fell in behind them to assist John Alts, who was alone with them. This made us later into camp than the rest of our company. We came through several swamps, and all the last part of the way we were so swarmed with mosquitoes as to be scarcely able to see—especially while crossing the Port Neuf, which we did, just before coming into camp. It is the widest river I have forded on horseback. It seemed the cows would run mad for the mosquitoes; we could scarcely get them along. Mr. McLeod met us and invited us to tea, which was a great favor. Thus blessings gather thick around us. We have been in the mountains so long we find the scenery of this valley very grateful to the eye—a large stream on my right and one on my left, skirted with timber. At Fort Hall



was our first sight of Snake river. We shall follow the south side of it for many days. We have passed many places where the soil is good, and would be fertile if there were frequent rains; but usually the country is barren, and would be a sandy desert were it not for the sage brush.

Eve. We passed the American Falls on Snake river just after dinner. The roar of the water is heard at a considerable distance. We stopped during the greatest heat for rest and dinner. Now that the Indians are no longer with us we shall expect to make two camps. I expect this to be a great mercy to us weak females, for it was more than we could well endure to travel during the heat of the day without refreshment.

Aug. 6th.—Route very bad and difficult to-day. We crossed a small stream full of falls. The only pass where we could cross was just on the edge of rocks above one of the falls. While the pack animals were crossing, both ours and the company's, there was such a rush as to crowd two of our horses over the falls, both packed with dried meat. It was with great difficulty they were got out, one of them having been in nearly an hour much to his injury. We have a little rice to eat with our dry meat, given us by Mr. McLeod, which makes it relish quite well.

Aug. 7th.—Sabbath; came fifteen miles and camped on a fine place, with plenty of good grass for our weary animals. Thus are blessings so mingled that it seems as if there was nothing else but mercy and blessing all the way. Was there ever journey like this performed where the sustaining hand of God has been so manifest every morning. Surely the children of Israel could not have been more sensible of the pillar of fire by night than we have been of that hand that has led us thus safely on. God has heard prayer in our behalf, and even now while I am writing on this holy day is the sweet incense of prayer ascending before the throne of Heavenly grace. Nor are we forgotten by our beloved churches, at home in the prayers of the Sanctuary, we are too sensible of its blessed effects to believe otherwise; and oh! how comforting is this thought to the heart of the missionary. We love to think and talk of home with such feelings as these. It warms our hearts and strengthens and encourages us in the work of our beloved Master, and make our journeyings easy.

Aug. 8th, Monday.—Snake river. We have an excellent camp ground to-night; plenty of feed for our horses and cattle. We think it remarkable that our cattle should endure the journey as well as they

do. We have two suckling calves that appear to be in very good spirits; they suffer some from sore feet—otherwise they have come on well and will go through. Have come eighteen miles to-day and have taken it so deliberately that it has been easy for us. The hunters came in last night well loaded; they had been in the mountains two days after game and killed three elk and two antelope. This is the first elk meat we have had, and it is the last opportunity we expect to have of taking any more game. We are told that many have traveled the whole distance from Rendezvous to Walla Walla without any fresh meat. We think ours will last us until we reach the salmon fishing at Snake Falls. Thus we are well provided for contrary to our expectations. Mr. McLeod has excellent hunters; this is the reason why we live so well. There is but little game and that is found at a great distance from the route.

11th.—Tuesday and Wednesday have been tedious days, both for man and beast—lengthy marches without water; rocky and sandy. Had a present to-night of a fresh salmon; also a plate of fried cakes from Mr. McLeod. (Girls, if you wish to know how they taste you can have pleasure by taking a little flour and water, make some dough, and roll it thin, cut it into square blocks, then take some beef fat and fry them. You need not put either salt or pearlsh in your dough.) Believe me, I relish them as well as I ever did any made at home.

12th.—Friday; raised camp this morning at sunrise and came two hours ride to the salmon fishery. Found a few lodges of Diggers, of the Snake tribe, so called because they live on roots during winter, who had just commenced fishing. Obtained some and boiled it for our breakfast. Find it good eating; had we been a few days earlier we should not have been able to obtain any fish, for they had but just come up. They never go higher than these falls and come here every season.

Friday eve.—Dear Harriet, the little trunk you gave me has come with me so far, and now I must leave it here alone. Poor little trunk, I am sorry to leave thee; thou must abide here alone, and no more by thy presence remind me of my dear Harriet. Twenty miles below the falls on Snake river this shall be thy place of rest. Farewell, little trunk, I thank thee for thy faithful services, and that I have been cheered by thy presence so long. Thus we scatter as we go along. The hills are so steep and rocky that husband thought it best to lighten the wagon as much as possible and take nothing but the wheels, leaving the box with my trunk. I regret leaving anything

dare not venture horseback. This being a fishing post of the Indians, we easily found a canoe, made of rushes and willows, on which we placed ourselves and our saddles (Sister Spalding and myself), when two Indians on horseback, each with a rope attached to the canoe, towed us over. (O! if father and mother and the girls could have seen us in our snug little canoe, floating on the water.) We were favorites of the company. No one else was privileged with a ride on it. I wish I could give you a correct idea of this little bark. It is simply bunches of rushes tied together, and attached to a frame made of a few sticks of small willows. It was just large enough to hold us and our saddles. Our baggage was transported on the top of our tallest horses, without wetting.

As for the wagon, it is left at the Fort, and I have nothing to say about crossing it at this time. Five of our cattle were left there also, to be exchanged for others at Walla Walla. Perhaps you will wonder why we have left the wagon, having taken it so nearly through. Our animals were failing, and the route in crossing the Blue Mountains is said to be impassable for it. We have the prospect of obtaining one in exchange at Vancouver. If we do not we shall send for it, when we have been to so much labor in getting it thus far. It is a useful article in the country.

Now, for Edward's amusement, and that he may know how to do when he comes over the Rocky Mountains, I will tell how we got the cattle over the rivers. Our two Indian boys, Richard and John, have had the chief management of driving them all the way, and are to be commended for the patience they have manifested. They have had some one or two to help usually, but none so steady drivers as themselves. When a stream is to be crossed, where it is necessary for the animals to swim, Richard comes to my husband and asks if he may go over with his horse and clothes, and then come back after the cows. Having obtained consent he rides over, accompanied by his fellow drivers, all stripped to the shirt. Then they return with their horses, if the stream is wide and difficult. If not they leave their horses, tie their shirts over their heads, swim back, collect the cows and drive them through, all swimming after them. If the stream is very wide, and they return with their horses, they drive them swimming on their horses behind them. This saves them from the too great fatigue of swimming the river twice. They love to swim, as they love to eat, and by doing so have saved me many an anxious feeling, for the relief it has given my husband many times. In this case all the horses and

mules were driven across likewise. Usually the best Indian swimmer was selected and mounted the horse that was good for leading to go before the animals as a guide, while many others swim after them to drive them over. When once under way, such a snorting and halloaing you never heard. At the same time you can see nothing save so many heads floating upon the water. Soon they gain the opposite shore, triumphantly ascend its banks, shake themselves, and retire to their accustomed employment.

26th.—Friday. On account of our worn out cattle and horses, it was thought best to separate from Mr. McLeod's party, at least some of us, and travel more deliberately. Two mules and a horse have almost entirely given out. It is necessary that some of our party go to Vancouver immediately for supplies and see Mr. Parker before he leaves. It was thought best for my husband and Mr. Gray to go. As Mr. McLeod intended to make but a day's stop at Walla Walla, we came on with him, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, the hired men, with most of our baggage, and the Nez Perce chief, Rottenbelly, to pilot them in. We parted from them about 3 o'clock and came as far as the Lone Tree. The place called Lone Tree is a beautiful valley in the region of Powder river, in the center of which is a solitary tree, quite large, by the side of which travellers usually stop and refresh themselves. We left our tent for Mrs. Spalding, as we expect to be out only a few nights, while she might be out many. Mr. McLeod kindly offered his for my use and when I arrived in camp found it pitched and in readiness for me. This was a great favor as the wind blew quite hard and the prospect was for a cool night.

August 27th.—Came in sight of the hill that leads to the Grand Ronde. This morning Mr. McLeod remained behind in pursuit of game, and did not come into camp until we had made a long nooning, although we had begun to feel a little concerned about him, yet about 3 o'clock he came into camp loaded with wild ducks, having taken twenty-two. Now, mother, he had just, as he always did during the whole journey, sent over nine of them. Here also, Richard caught fresh salmon, which made us another good meal, and if we had been out of provisions we might have made a dinner upon the fresh-water clams, for the river was full of them.

Girls, how do you think we manage to rest ourselves every noon, having no house to shelter us from the scorching heat, or sofa on which to recline? Perhaps you think we always encamp in the shade of some thick wood. Such a sight I have not seen, lo, these many

by a considerable distance. Behind the former the sun was hiding part of his rays, which gave us a more distinct view of this gigantic cone. The beauty of this extensive valley contrasted well with the rolling mountains behind us, and at this hour of twilight was enchanting and quite diverted my mind from the fatigue under which I was laboring. We had yet to descend a hill as long, but not as steep or as stony as the other. By this time our horses were in haste to be in camp, as well as ourselves, and mine made such lengthy strides in descending that it shook my sides surprisingly. It was dark when we got into camp, but the tent was ready for me, and tea also, for Mr. McLeod invited us to sup with him.

Dearest mother, let me tell you how I am sustained of the Lord in all this journey. For two or three days past I have felt weak, restless and scarcely able to sit on my horse—yesterday in particular. But see how I have been diverted by the scenery, and carried out of myself in conversation about home and friends. Mother will recollect what my feelings were and had been for a year previous to our leaving home. The last revival enjoyed, my visit to Onondaga and the scenes there—these I call my last impressions of home, and they are of such a character that when we converse about home these same feelings are revived and I forget that I am weary and want rest. This morning my feelings were a little peculiar; felt remarkably strong and well—so much so as to mention it—but could not see any reason why I should feel any more rested than on the morning previous. Then I began to see what a day's ride was before me, and I understood it. If I had had no better health to-day than yesterday I should have fainted under it. Then the promise appeared in full view: "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," and my soul rejoiced in God, and testifies to the truth of another evidently manifest, "Lo, I am with you always."

30th.—In consequence of the lengthy camp yesterday, and failure of animals, two of the company's men left their animals behind, with packs also. This occasioned some anxiety, lest the wolves should destroy their beaver. To-day they sent back for them, and we make but a short move to find more grass. On following the course of the stream on which we encamped last night we found cherries in abundance, and had time to stop and gather as many as we wished. They are very fine—equal to any we find in the States. When we arrived Mr. Gray had the dinner waiting for us. This afternoon the men rested and made preparations to enter Walla Walla. The men who went for the animals returned late. We all regretted this hindrance,

for Mr. McLeod intended to see Walla Walla to-day and return again with a muskmelon for Mrs. Whitman (so he said.) He will go in to-morrow. It is the custom of the country to send heralds ahead to announce the arrival of a party and prepare for their reception.

31st.—Came to the Walla Walla river, within eight miles of the Fort (Wallula). Husband and I were very much exhausted with this day's lengthy ride. Most of the way was sandy with no water for many miles. When we left Mr. Spalding husband rode an Indian horse which he had never mounted before and found him a hard rider in every gait except a gallop, and slow in his movements, nor could he pace as mine did, so for the last six days we have galloped most of the way where the ground would admit of it.

September 1st, 1836.—You can better imagine our feelings this morning than we can describe them. I could not realize that the end of our long journey was so near. We arose as soon as it was light, took a cup of coffee, ate of the duck we had given us last night and dressed for Walla Walla. We started while it was yet early, for all were in haste to reach the desired haven. If you could have seen us you would have been surprised, for both man and beast appeared alike propelled by the same force. The whole company galloped almost the whole way to the Fort. The first appearance of civilization we saw was the garden two miles this side of the Fort. The fatigues of the long journey seemed to be forgotten in the excitement of being so near the close. Soon the Fort appeared in sight and when it was announced that we were near Mr. McLeod, Mr. Pambrun, the gentleman of the house, and Mr. Townsend (a traveling naturalist) sallied forth to meet us. After usual introduction and salutation we entered the Fort and were comfortably seated in cushioned armed chairs. They were just eating breakfast as we rode up and soon we were seated at the table and treated to fresh salmon, potatoes, tea, bread and butter. What a variety, thought I. You cannot imagine what an appetite these rides in the mountains give a person. I wish some of the feeble ones in the states could have a ride over the mountains; they would say like me, victuals, even the plainest kind, never relished so well before.

After breakfast we were shown the novelties of the place. While at breakfast, however, a young rooster placed himself upon the sill of the door and crowed. Now whether it was the sight of the first white woman, or out of compliment to the company, I know not, but this much for him, I was pleased with his appearance. You may think

labors among them, as it has been in bringing us here, and that, too, in answer to your prayers, beloved Christian friends.

5th.—Mr. and Mrs. Spalding have concluded to go with us to Vancouver, so nothing can be done by either of the parties about location until the Indians return from their summer's hunt. Expect to leave tomorrow. Have had exceedingly high winds for two days and nights past, to which the place is subject. Our room shakes and the wind makes such a noise that we can scarcely hear each other converse.

Sept. 7, 1836.—We set sail from Walla Walla yesterday at two o'clock P. M. Our boat is an open one, manned with six oars, and the steersman. I enjoy it much; it is a very pleasant change in our manner of traveling. The Columbia is a beautiful river. Its waters are clear as crystal and smooth as a sea of glass, exceeding in beauty the Ohio; but the scenery on each side of it is very different. There is no timber to be seen, but there are high perpendicular banks of rocks in some places, while rugged bluffs and plains of sand in others, are all that greet the eye. We sailed until near sunset, when we landed, pitched our tents, supped our tea, bread and butter, boiled ham and potatoes, committed ourselves to the care of a kind Providence, and retired to rest.

This morning we arose before sunrise, embarked and sailed until nine o'clock, and are now landed for breakfast. Mr. Pambrun's cook is preparing it, while husband and myself are seated by a little shrub, writing. We are this moment called. Farewell.

8th.—Came last night quite to the Chute (above The Dalles), a fall in the river not navigable. There we slept, and this morning made the portage. All were obliged to land, unload, carry our baggage, and even the boat, for half a mile. I had frequently seen the picture of the Indians carrying a canoe, but now I saw the reality. We found plenty of Indians here to assist in making the portage. After loading several with our baggage and sending them on, the boat was capsized and placed upon the heads of about twenty of them, who marched off with it, with perfect ease. Below the main fall of water are rocks, deep, narrow channels, and many frightful precipices. We walked deliberately among the rocks, viewing the scene with astonishment, for this once beautiful river seemed to be cut up and destroyed by these huge masses of rock. Indeed, it is difficult to find where the main body of water passes. In high water we are told that these rocks are all covered with water, the river rising to such an astonishing height.

After paying the Indians for their assistance, which was a twist of tobacco about the length of a finger to each, we reloaded, went on board, sailed about two miles, and stopped for breakfast. This was done to get away from a throng of Indians. Many followed us, however, to assist in making another portage, three miles below this.

Sept. 9th.—We came to The Dalles just before noon. Here our boat was stopped by two rocks of immense size and height, all the water of the river passing between them in a very narrow channel, and with great rapidity. Here we were obliged to land and make a portage of two and a half miles, carrying the boat also. The Dalles is the great resort of Indians of many tribes for taking fish. We did not see many, however, for they had just left.

Now, mother, if I was with you by the fireside, I would relate a scene that would amuse you, and at the same time call forth your sympathies. But for my own gratification I will write it. After we landed, curiosity led us to the top of that rock, to see the course of the river through its narrow channel. But as I expected to walk that portage, husband thought it would be giving me too much fatigue to do both. I went with him to its base, to remain there until his return. I took a handful of hazelnuts and thought I would divert myself with cracking and eating them. I had just seated myself in the shade of the rock, ready to commence work, when, feeling something unusual on my neck, I put my hand under my cape and took from thence two insects, which I soon discovered to be fleas. Immediately I cast my eyes upon my dress before me, and, to my astonishment, found it was black with these creatures, making all possible speed to lay siege to my neck and ears. This sight made me almost frantic. What to do I knew not. Husband was away, Sister Spalding had gone past hearing. To stand still I could not. I climbed up the rock in pursuit of my husband, who soon saw and came to me. I could not tell him, but showed him the cause of my distress. On opening the gathers of my dress around the waist, every plait was lined with them. Thus they had already laid themselves in ambush for a fresh attack. We brushed and shook, and shook and brushed, for an hour, not stopping to kill for that would have been impossible. By this time they were reduced very considerably, and I prepared to go to the boat. I was relieved from walking by the offer of a horse from a young chief. This was a kindness, for the way was mostly through sand, and the walk would have been fatiguing. I found the confinement of the



before we arrived. We have mourned about it considerably, for we thought it would be so acceptable to our dear parents and friends at home to hear him say that he had seen us alive here, after completing this long, unheard-of journey. Besides, I wished to send home many things which I cannot now. More than all this, his counsels and advice would have been such a relief to us, at this important time, as to location, character of the Indians, and the like. But it is wisely ordered, and we submit. He appears to have been a favorite here, and to have done much good.

The Messrs. Lee left Vancouver on Saturday last for their station on the Wallamet. Mr. Daniel Lee has been out of health, and for the year past has been at Oahu. He returned on the *Neriade*, benefited by his visit.

Sept. 13.—This morning visited the school to hear the children sing. It consists of about fifty-one children, who have French fathers and Indian mothers. All the laborers here are Canadian French, with Indian wives. Indeed, some of the gentlemen of the company have native wives, and have adopted the custom of the country not to allow their wives to eat with them. French is the prevailing language here. English is spoken only by a few.

Just before dinner we went on board the *Neriade*, the first ship I ever saw. She is a man-of-war, and goes to the Northwest coast soon. The *Columbia* returns to London this fall. The Company have lost three ships on the coast.

Sept. 14.—We were invited to a ride to see the farm. Have ridden fifteen miles this afternoon. We visited the barns, stock, etc. They estimated their wheat crops at four thousand bushels this year, peas the same, oats and barley between fifteen and seventeen hundred bushels each. The potato and turnip fields are large and fine. Their cattle are numerous, estimated at a thousand head in all the settlements. They have swine in abundance, also sheep and goats, but the sheep are of an inferior kind. We find also hens, turkeys and pigeons, but no geese.

You will ask what kind of beds they have here. I can tell you what kind of bed they made for us, and I have since found it a fashionable bed for this country. The bedstead is in the form of a bunk, with a rough board bottom, upon which are laid about a dozen of the Indian blankets. These with a pair of pillows covered with calico cases constitute our beds, sheets and covering. There are several

feather beds in the place made of the feathers of wild ducks, geese, cranes and the like. There is nothing here suitable for ticking. The best and only material is brown linen sheeting. The Indian ladies make theirs of deer skin. Could we obtain a pair of geese from any quarter I should think much of them.

Sept. 16.—Every day we have something new to see. We went to the stores and found them filled above and below with the cargo of the two ships, all in unbroken bales. They are chiefly Indian goods, and will be sent away this fall to the several different posts of the company in the ship *Neriade*. We have found here every article for comfort and durability that we need, but many articles for convenience and all fancy articles are not here.

Visited the dairy, also, where we found butter and cheese in abundance—saw an improvement in the manner of raising cream. Their pans are an oblong square, quite large but shallow, flaring a little, made of wood and lined with tin. In the center is a hole with a long plug. When the cream has risen they place the pan over a tub or pail, remove the plug, and the milk will run off leaving only the cream in the pan. I think that these must be very convenient in a large dairy. They milk between fifty and sixty cows.

On visiting the mill we did not find it in a high state of improvement. It goes by horse power and has a wire bolt. This seemed a hard way of getting bread, but better so than no bread, or to grind by hand. The company have one at Colville that goes by water, five days ride from Walla Walla, from whence we expect to obtain our flour, potatoes and pork. They have three hundred hogs.

Dr. McLoughlin promises to loan us enough to make a beginning and all the return he asks is that we supply other settlers in the same way. He appears desirous to afford us every facility for living in his power. No person could have received a more hearty welcome, or be treated with greater kindness than we have been since our arrival.

Sept. 17.—A subject is now before the minds of certain individuals, in which I feel a great interest. It is that we ladies spend the winter at Vancouver, while our husbands go to seek their locations and build. Dr. McLoughlin is certain that it will be the best for us, and I believe is determined to have us stay. The thought of it is not very pleasant to either of us. For several reasons, I had rather go to Walla Walla, where, if we failed to make a location, or of building this fall, we could stay very comfortably, and have enough to eat, but not as com-

fortably, or have as great a variety as here ; besides, there is the difficulty of ascending the river in high water, not to say anything of a six months separation, when it seems to be least desirable ; but all things will be ordered for the best.

Sept. 18.—Mr. Beaver held two services in a room in Dr. McLoughlin's barn to-day. Enjoyed the privilege much. This form of worship, of the Church of England, differs in no way from that of the Episcopalians in the States. The most of the gentlemen of the fort are Scotch Presbyterians, very few being Episcopalians. The great mass of the laborers are Roman Catholics, who have three services during the Sabbath, one of which is attended at this house, at which Dr. McLoughlin officiates in French. He translates a sermon or a tract, and reads a chapter in the Bible and a prayer. The singing in Mr. Beaver's church was done by the children, some of their tunes having been taught them by Rev. Mr. Parker, and others by the Mr. Shepherd, of the Methodist mission.

Sept. 19.—The question is decided at last that we stay here about four or five weeks. There is so much baggage to be taken up now, that the boat will be sufficiently loaded without us. Have the cheering promise that our husbands will come for us in a short time if prospered. One thing comforts us. They are as unwilling to leave us as we are to stay, and would not if it were possible for us to go now. From this we are sure that they will make every effort to return for us soon. We are told that the rainy season will commence soon, and continue through the winter, and late in the spring, while at Walla Walla there is none. Vancouver, too, is subject to fever and ague. These are quite good reasons for preferring Walla Walla, even if we had to live in a lodge.

Have been making some necessary purchases for our two Indian boys, Richard and John, which we are glad to do, partly as a reward for their faithful care of the cattle during the journey. We left them at Walla Walla. They regretted our leaving them, and now I cannot feel willing to stay away from them all winter. Their anxiety to study continues the same, especially Richard. We love them both and feel deeply interested in their welfare, and shall treat them as our own as long as they deserve it.

Sept. 20th.—Dr. McLoughlin gave my husband a pair of leather pantaloons to-day. All the gentlemen here wear them for riding for

economy. Riding horseback and carrying a gun is very destructive to cloth pantaloons.

Our husbands have been making preparations to leave us to-day, but have found so much to do that they could not get ready to leave much before night. They have concluded to start the boat a short distance and camp, while they, with Mr. Pambrun and Mr. Gray, remain in the Fort to leave early in the morning.

Sept. 21.—Our friends left us this morning early. One thing I should have mentioned, as decided upon before they left, was the propriety of making two stations. After consideration it was decided best to do so for several reasons. The Cayuses as well as the Nez Percés are very anxious to have teachers among them. They are a numerous tribe [not numerous, but wealthy and influential.—M. ELLS] and speak the same language as the Nez Percés. There are other fields open ready for the harvest and we wish that there were many more laborers here ready to occupy them immediately. Several places have been recommended which our husbands intend visiting before they fix upon any place. You will recollect that we had Grande Ronde in view as a location when we left home. Our reasons for not fixing upon that place are insurmountable. The pass in the Blue mountains is so difficult and the distance so great that it would be next to impossible to think of obtaining supplies sufficient for our support. We could not depend upon game, for it is very scarce and uncertain. Mr. Parker recommends a place on the Kooskooska (Clearwater) river, six days ride above Walla Walla. I hope to give you our exact location before I send this.

Sept. 22.—Dr. McLoughlin has put his daughter in my care and wishes me to hear her recitations. Thus I shall have enough to do for diversion while I stay. I could employ all my time in writing and work for myself if it were not for his wishes.

I have not given you a description of our eatables here. There is such a variety I know not where to begin. For breakfast we have coffee or cocoa, salt salmon and roast ducks with potatoes. When we have eaten our supply of them, our plates are changed and we make a finish on bread and butter.

For dinner we have a greater variety. First, we are always treated to a dish of soup, which is very good. All kinds of vegetables in use are taken, chopped fine, and put into water with a little rice, and boiled to a soup. The tomatoes are a prominent article, and usually

The emigrants are from different states, but principally from Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois and New York. The majority of them are farmers, lured by the prospect of bounty in lands, by the reported fertility of the soil, and by the desire to be first among those who are planting our institutions on the Pacific Coast. Among them are artisans of every trade, comprising, with farmers, the very best material for a new colony. As pioneers these people have undergone incredible hardships, and having now safely passed the Blue mountain range with their wagons and effects, have established a durable road from Missouri to Oregon, which will serve to mark permanently the route for larger numbers, each succeeding year, while they have practically demonstrated that wagons drawn by horses or oxen can cross the Rocky mountains to the Columbia river, contrary to all the sinister assertions of all those who pretended it to be impossible.

In their slow progress these persons have encountered, as in all former instances and as all succeeding emigrants must if this or some similar bill be not passed by congress, the continual fear of Indian aggression, the actual loss through them of horses, cattle and other property, and the great labor of transporting an adequate amount of provisions for so long a journey. The bill herewith proposed would, in a great measure, lessen these inconveniences by the establishment of posts, which, while [having] the possessed power to keep the Indians in check, thus doing away with the necessity of military vigilance on the part of the traveler by day and night, would be able to furnish them in transit with fresh supplies of provisions, diminishing the original burdens of the emigrants, and finding thus a ready and profitable market for their produce—a market that would, in my opinion, more than suffice to defray all the current expenses of such posts. The present party is supposed to have expended no less than \$2,000 at Laramie's and Bridger's forts, and as much more at Fort Hall and Fort Boise, two of the Hudson's Bay Company's stations. These are at present the only stopping places in a journey of 2,200 miles, and the only places where additional supplies can be obtained, even at the enormous rate of charge called mountain prices, *i. e.*, \$50 the hundred for flour, and \$50 the hundred for coffee; the same for sugar, powder, etc.

Many cases of sickness and some deaths took place among those who accomplished the journey this season, owing, in a great measure, to the uninterrupted use of meat, salt and fresh, with flour, which constitute the chief articles of food they are able to convey on their

wagons, and this could be obviated by the vegetable productions which the posts in contemplation could very profitably afford them. Those who rely on hunting as an auxiliary support are at present unable to have their arms repaired when out of order; horses and oxen become tender-footed and require to be shod on this long journey, sometimes repeatedly, and the wagons repaired in a variety of ways. I mention these as valuable incidents to the proposed measure, as it will also be found to tend in many other incidental ways to benefit the migratory population of the United States choosing to take this direction, and on these accounts as well as for the immediate use of the posts themselves, they ought to be provided with the necessary shops and mechanics, which would at the same time exhibit the several branches of civilized art to the Indians.

The outlay in the first instance would be but trifling. Forts like those of the Hudson's Bay Company, surrounded by walls enclosing all the buildings, and constructed almost entirely of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, with stone foundations only, can be easily and cheaply erected.

There are very eligible places for as many of these as the government will find necessary, at suitable distances, not further than one or two hundred miles apart, at the main crossing of the principal streams that now form impediments to the journey, and consequently well supplied with water, having alluvial bottom lands of a rich quality, and generally well wooded. If I might be allowed to suggest the best sites for said posts, my personal knowledge and observation enable me to recommend first, the main crossing of the Kansas river, where a ferry would be very convenient to the traveler, and profitable to the station having it in charge; next, and about eighty miles distant, the crossing of Blue river, where, in times of unusual freshet, a ferry would be in like manner useful; next, and distant from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from the last mentioned, the Little Blue, or Republican Fork of the Kansas; next, and from sixty to one hundred miles distant from the last mentioned, the point of intersection of the Platte river; next, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles distant from the last mentioned, crossing of the South Fork of the Platte river; next, and about one hundred and eighty or two hundred miles distant from the last mentioned, Horse-shoe creek, which is about forty miles west of Laramie's fork in the Black Hills. Here is a fine creek for mills and irrigation, good land for cultivation, fine pasturage, timber and stone for building. Other locations may be had along the Platte and Sweetwater, on the Green

and it is hereby made the duty of the postmaster-general to cause proposals to be issued for the transportation of the mail along the line of said posts, to and from the said territory, within six months after the passage of this act.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, that the sum of — thousand dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of carrying into effect the several provisions of this act.

[When this letter and bill were written by Dr. Whitman it was not settled whether Oregon belonged to the United States or Great Britain, hence it was impossible for any bill to be passed by Congress for the government of Oregon. But from these papers it will be seen that Dr. Whitman was doing all he could to help the emigrants on their way to Oregon, and to provide them with their mail after they should arrive. He knew that the question of who should own Oregon would be settled by the fact of who should occupy Oregon, hence he did what he could so that the route and passage for Americans should be as safe and easy as possible.—M. ELLIS.]

LETTERS WRITTEN BY MRS. WHITMAN  
FROM OREGON TO HER RELATIVES  
IN NEW YORK.

[The following letters were obtained from Mrs. Whitman's relatives now living in Ohio, with permission to use such parts of them as might be thought best. They have been printed in detail substantially as written, because to have omitted more than one occasional sentence would have destroyed their value in giving an insight into the conditions and circumstances surrounding the lives of her husband and herself, including a number of other missionaries and early pioneers.  
—SECRETARY.]

ON BOARD STEAMBOAT SIAM, }  
March 15, 1836. }

*Dear, Dear Mother:*—Your proposal concerning keeping a diary as I journey comes before my mind often. I have not found it practicable while traveling by land, although many events have passed which, if noted as they occurred, might have been interesting. We left Pittsburgh this morning at ten o'clock, and are sailing at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. It is delightful passing so rapidly down the waters of the beautiful river. The motion of the boat is very agreeable to me, except while writing. Our accommodations are good; we occupy a stateroom where we can be as retired as we wish. Two boats left Pittsburgh before we did, but they are now in our rear. The captain of one of them became very angry because we attempted to pass, and shot into our path before us. For a time we thought injury would be done by their coming in contact, but we passed her unhurt. The Siam was a very strong boat, and might have sunk the other without much difficulty. It is an imposing scene to see the march of these stately figures as they pass us on the waters. Some are very large, and are swarming with inhabitants. It has been quite pleasant to-day, but too cold to be on deck much of the time. We have seen no snow since we left the Allegheny mountains.

March 28.—We have just come on board the Majestic. It is rightly named, for it is one of the largest boats on the river. We are now



sailing on the waters of the great Mississippi. When I commenced this sheet we had just left Pittsburgh. We arrived in Cincinnati Thursday noon. Found Brother Spalding. Said he had been waiting for us anxiously for a fortnight; spent the remainder of the week in making arrangements for our journey, and on the Sabbath had a very interesting time with the disciples of Jesus there; felt strengthened and comforted as we left them, to pursue our journey into the wilderness. Much good feeling was manifested in the churches—a deep interest appeared to be taken in the missions. Especially our two Indian youth attracted the gaze and admiration of a crowd on Sabbath evening. You will probably hear from us through the Rev. Mr. Norton, who promised to write Brother Hall. Miss Matthews teacher in the colored school, promises to write to Jane. We left Tuesday noon in the Junius and expected to arrive in St. Louis before the Sabbath, but our expectations were not realized, and Saturday night found us on the waters of the Mississippi, eighty-nine miles from St. Louis. We felt it our duty not to travel on the Sabbath, and determined to leave the boat, although many on board tried to persuade us to remain, and have preaching on the Sabbath, and of the number one was a Presbyterian minister from New York, who appeared quite anxious to detain us. At ten o'clock we landed at Chester, Illinois, and had a most delightful Sabbath of rest with the few disciples of Jesus we found there. An aged minister, who had been toiling in this part of the vineyard ever since the year 1817, we found of a kindred spirit. He preaches to several congregations. Said he had not had a brother minister to preach for him since he had been there; and to have a mission family call and enjoy the privileges of the Sabbath with him seemed like angels' visits. He had heard of their passing and repassing, often. Mr. Spalding preached in the forenoon, and in the afternoon my husband requested the children and youth to meet in a Sabbath school, and we distributed a number of books among them. Of the number we found one young man who professed to be a Roman Catholic—said he wanted to know our religion—had not a Protestant Bible, but if he had one would read it attentively. My husband gave him a testament, for which he appeared grateful.

Since we came on board we have come on very pleasantly; our accommodations are better here than on any previous boat—excellent cooks, and enough to eat—servants who stand at our elbows ready to supply every want.

Five o'clock.—We are now fast upon a sand-bar, but think we shall soon get off. It has rained all day—a dense fog covers the river, so

that it is impossible to shun them. We shall be obliged to lie still to-night.

29th, Tuesday morning.—Fog very thick this morning, but now appears to be dispersing. We shall expect to see St. Louis to-day. Cold and damp, and am obliged to stay in my room. Can scarcely resist the temptation to stand out to view the shores of this majestic river. Varied scenes present themselves as we pass up—beautiful landscapes—on the one side high and rugged bluffs, and on the other low plains.

Evening.—We are now in port. Husband has been to the office, expecting to find letters from dear, dear friends at home, but find none. Why have they not written? seeing it is the very last, last time they will have to cheer my heart with intelligence from home, home, sweet home, and the friends I love. *But I am not sad.* My health is good. My mind completely occupied with present duty and passing events. St. Louis has a commanding situation. It is so late and foggy, our view of it as we come in is quite indistinct.

Wednesday, 30th.—A boat is in port, ready to take us up the Missouri, and will leave to-day. I intended to write several letters from here, expecting to spend some time, but as we made our purchases at Cincinnati, it is not necessary. When we were in Pittsburgh we heard that the Fur Company's steamboat Diana had left St. Louis. We then expected to make our journey from Liberty to Bellview by land, probably on horseback, 300 miles of which would have been the most difficult part of the journey, on account of the season and high water. But Providence has ordered it otherwise. Since we arrived here we learn that the Diana snagged herself and sunk, but in shallow water, so that no lives were lost. We have the promise of overtaking her before we reach Liberty. She is now lying up for repairs and drying her freight. We had a call from a gentleman this morning, who has resided in the mountains. Richard knew him very well. Is going back with us. He was formerly from Cincinnati. It seems to me now that we are on the very borders of civilization, although we shall pass many towns on our way to Liberty. At this moment my feelings are peculiar. I hardly know how to define them. I have not one feeling of regret at the step which I have taken, but count it a privilege to go forth in the name of my Master, cheerfully bearing the toil and privation that we expect to encounter. I intend to write home from Council Bluffs if I am not prevented, and give some statements which I cannot now. We could not pack all contained in that box

sent us from Angelica. What we could not, Brother Whitman took home to sell for us, and sent the avails to St. Louis. How anxiously I looked for a line or two from some one of the dear family, in that box somewhere, but I saw none. Jane, don't forget to write to them for me. It is out of my power to write as much as I should like to. How often I think of the Christians in Angelica—those beloved sisters and brothers, with whom we have knelt before the altar of prayer. Surely, now I feel the influence of their prayers, although widely separated. Say to them we wish them to rejoice with us, and thank God for his kind protection, and the prosperity which has attended us since we left home; we are making arrangements for crossing the mountains, and shall expect to, unless prevented in the Providence of God. I think I should like to whisper in mother's ear many things which I cannot write. If I could only see her in her room for one-half hour. This much I can, mother. I have one of the kindest husbands, and the very best every way. Tell father by the side of his calomel he has taken a quarter of a pound of lobelia and a large quantity of cayenne, which will answer my purpose better than some of the apothecary medicines.

My husband unites with me in sending a great deal of love to dear friends there—G. and F. J., C. H. E. and N., and to father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding will go with us over the mountains. We send our Christian regard to Brother and Sister Hull, Brother and Sister Allen and Sister Patrick, and all who inquire. I have become very much interested in the Nez Perces lads; they are very affectionate and seem to wish to please us in everything. We think they will be of great service to the mission in various ways. We have just had a call from Dr. and Mrs. Misner. We expect the boat will leave us soon.

Farewell dear, dear parents. Pray for your unworthy children.

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—Mother, I forgot to say that I heard Dr. Beecher in C. when I was there. Was introduced to Rev. Mr. Galliger, but did not hear him. My husband heard him in Pittsburgh—I was not able to go to church that day, because of a severe headache. Dr. B. appears the same in the pulpit that he does at a distance—I mean his preaching. He is a small man, quite indifferent in his appearance. I could hardly believe it was he when I saw him come. N. W.

Mr. Stephen Prentice,  
Angelica, Allegheny Co.,  
New York.

ON BOARD STEAMBOAT CHARITON, }  
Thursday, March 31, 1836. }

*Dear Sister Jane:*—We did not leave last night, as expected, and the day being very pleasant, gave me an opportunity of visiting the city. Received a call from our old acquaintance, Rev. Milton Kimball, and with him visited the cathedral. It was high-mass day.

We left the cathedral, after staying about an hour; called and made some purchases, then returned to the boat, and found that Mr. Lovejoy had called, to give us an invitation to dinner with him. Felt to regret very much that I did not see him. My husband saw him. He wished to know when we were married, because he designed to publish it in the *Observer*. He still continues to edit his paper in St. Louis.

We left St. Louis immediately after dinner. Passed many delightful residences in Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi, just as we leave the city. Dwellings situated upon mounds, and many remaining ones yet to be occupied—natural mounds, in appearance like that in Amity, only much larger. One of them is the situation of a female academy, now building. My next curiosity was Uncle Sam's tooth-pullers—two huge-looking boats lying to. They fearlessly run into danger, search out difficulties, and remove them. I should like to see them in operation, but shall not expect to now. Twilight had nearly gone when we entered the waters of the great Missouri, but the moon shone in her brightness. It was a beautiful evening. My husband and myself went upon the top of the boat, to take a more commanding view of the scenery. How majestic, how grand, was the scene! the meeting of two such great waters. "Surely, how admirable are thy works, O Lord of Hosts." I could have dwelt upon the scene still longer with pleasure. But Brother Spalding called us to prayers, and we left beholding the works of God for his immediate worship.

April 1st.—Nothing of much importance occurred to-day. My eyes are satiated with the same beautiful scenery all along the coasts of this mighty river, so peculiar to this western country. One year ago to-day since my husband first arrived in St. Louis on his exploring route to the mountains. We are one week earlier passing up the river this spring than he was last year. While the boat stopped to take in wood we went on shore, found some rushes, picked a branch of cedar, went to a spring for clear water (the river water is very rily at all times), and rambled considerably in pursuit of new objects. One of these cir-

He made me a present of a mule to ride, the other day, so I do not know which I shall like best—I have not tried the latter. Richard says "That's very bad mule—can't catch buffaloes." That is the test with him. An animal's speed makes him good, in his eye. I shall write you from Council Bluffs and at every opportunity, especially when Mr. Parker returns. We have lately received a letter from Mrs. Parker. O, what a spirit it breathed! When we were there she said if we could not get a minister to go with us we might keep Mr. Parker until one came, if we would only go on, and even now she has given permission for him to stay a year longer, and visit another tribe to the south. I wish I could show you her letter. You say Brother J. G. and his wife have been to Ithaca. Why did he not go when I was there? I had a good visit with Deacon and Mrs. Rolla, and a piece of a song, too, but not half enough. He sent me the "Missionary's Farewell," by Dr. Satterlee; music, by himself. Alas! my husband don't come to-night; the wind has blown so hard that I expect he has not been able to cross the river. Brother Gray is with him. I shall not feel so anxious about him on that account, so adieu for to-night. It is most ten o'clock, and the family have all gone to rest.

I should like to tell you how the western people talk, if I had room. Their language is so singular that I could scarcely understand them, yet it was very amusing. In speaking of quantity, they say "heap of man, heap of water, she is heap sick", etc. If you ask, "How does your wife do to-day?" "O, she is smartly better, I reckon, but she is powerful weak; she has been mighty bad. What's the matter with your eye?"

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WALLA WALLA, Dec. 5, 1836.

*My Dear Mother:*—I have been thinking of my beloved parents this evening; of the parting scene, and of the probability that I shall never see those dear faces again while I live. Sweet as it used to be, when my heart was full, to sit down and pour into my mother's bosom all my feelings, both sad and rejoicing; now, when far away from the parental roof, and thirsting for the same precious privilege, I take my pen and find a sweet relief in giving her my history in the same familiar way. Perhaps no one else feels as I do. It would be, indeed, a great satisfaction to me to have my mother know how I do from day to day—what my employment and prospects are—but more especially

the dealings, the kind dealings of my Heavenly Father towards us continually.

We left Vancouver Thursday noon, Nov. 3rd, in two boats—Mr. McLeod, myself and baggage in one, and Mr. S. in the other. We were well provided for in everything we could wish—good boats, with strong and faithful men to manage them; indeed, eight of them were Iroquois Indians, from Montreal—men accustomed to the water from their childhood, and well acquainted with the dangers of this river. Mr. McLeod's accompanying us was as unexpected as desirable. He only came into Vancouver two days previous to our leaving, from an expedition to the Umpqua, south of the Willamette. It rained some that afternoon, also on the 4th and 5th; the 6th it rained all day, nearly, and the wind was very strong, but in our favor, so that we kept our sail up most of the day. Our boat was well covered with an oilcloth. I succeeded in keeping myself dry by wrapping well in my cloak and getting under the oilcloth. At night, when a great fire was made, our tents pitched and the cloth spread for tea, all was pleasant and comfortable. I rolled my bed and blankets in my India-rubber cloak, which preserved them quite well from the rain, so that nights I slept warm and comfortable as ever. My featherbed was of essential service to me in keeping my health this rainy voyage. Did not expect to get one when I wrote from Vancouver.

On the morning of the 7th we arrived at the Cascades, made the portage and breakfasted. Had considerable rain. The men towed the boats up the falls, on the opposite side of the river. The water was very low, and made it exceedingly difficult for them to drag the boats up, in the midst of the rocks and noise of the foaming waters. Sometimes they were obliged to lift the boats over the rocks, at others go around them, to the entire destruction of the gum upon them, which prevents them from leaking. It was nearly night before all were safely over the difficult passage, and our boats gummed, ready for launching.

8th.—Breakfasted just below The Dalles. Passed them without unloading the boats. This was done by attaching a strong rope of considerable length to the stern of the boat, two men only remaining in it to guide and keep it clear of the rocks, while the remainder, and as many Indians as can be obtained, draw it along with the rope, walking upon the edge of the rocks above the frightful precipice. At the Little Dalles, just above these, the current is exceedingly strong and rapid, and full of whirlpools. Not recollecting the place particularly, at the request of the bowsman I remained in the boat, being quite

acres of good land for cultivation, all directly under the eye. The rivers are barely skirted with timber. This is all the woodland we can see; beyond them, as far as the eye can reach, plains and mountains appear. On the east, a few rods from the house, is a range of small hills, covered with bunchgrass—a very excellent food for animals, and upon which they subsist during winter, even digging it from under the snow.

WI-EL-ET-POO, March 30, 1837.

*Dear Parents, Brothers and Sisters:*—Again I can speak of the goodness and mercy of the Lord to us in an especial manner. On the evening of my birthday, March 14th, we received the gift of a little daughter—a treasure invaluable. During the winter my health was very good, so as to be able to do my work. About a week before her birth, I was afflicted with an inflammatory rash, which confined me mostly to my room. After repeated bleeding, it abated very considerably. Mrs. Pambrun had been with me two weeks previous to this, and has been much out of health. She, with my husband, dressed the babe. It would have made you smile to see them work over the little creature. Mrs. P. never saw one dressed before as we dress them, having been accustomed to dress her own in the native style. I was able to lend a helping hand and arrange the clothes for them, etc. Between us all, it was done very well. She slept very quiet that night, but the next night she cried very hard. All the reason of it was that she was hungry, and we did not think to feed her soon enough. On the second day I dressed her alone, sitting in the bed, and have ever since. I slept but little the two first nights, but since have got my usual sleep. She is a very quiet child, both night and day—sleeps all night without nursing more than once, sometimes not at all.

Thus you see, beloved sisters, how the missionary does in heathen lands. No mother, no sister, to relieve me of a single care—only an affectionate husband, who, as a physician and nurse, exceeds all I ever knew. He was excessively pressed with care and labor during the whole time of my confinement. I received all the attention I required of him. He had my washing and the cooking to do for the family. (Mrs. P. had two children with her, and, on account of her ill health, she could not give much assistance.) During the same week we were thronged with company, for the whole camp of Indians had arrived.

Mr. Gray spent several days with us at this time ; also, Mr. Pambrun and Mr. Ermatinger paid us a visit on Friday, and left on Saturday. All this, with the care of four men and two boys that know little or nothing about work, just at the commencement of plowing, etc., requires many steps for one man alone. It was a very great mercy that I have been able to take the whole care of my babe, and that she is so well and quiet. The little stranger is visited daily by the chiefs and principal men in camp, and the women through the house continually, waiting an opportunity to see her. Her whole appearance is so new to them. Her complexion, her size and dress, etc., all excite a deal of wonder ; for they never raise a child here except they are lashed tight to a board, and the girls' heads undergo the flattening process. I have not yet described my babe to you. I think her grandmother would willingly own her as one of her number of babies, could she see her. Her hair is a light brown, and we think will be like her aunts Jane and Harriet. She is plump and large, holds her head up finely, and looks about considerably. She weighs ten pounds. Fee-low-ki-ke, a kind, friendly Indian, called to see her the next day after she was born. Said she was a Cayuse te-mi (Cayuse girl), because she was born on Cayuse wai-tis (Cayuse land). He told us her arrival was expected by all the people of the country—the Nez Perces, Cayuses and Walla Wallapoo Indians, and, now she has arrived, it would soon be heard of by them all, and we must write to our land and tell our parents and friends of it. The whole tribe are highly pleased because we allow her to be called a Cayuse girl. We have beautiful weather here this month. Travel here is as pleasant as May in New York.

May 2nd, 1837.—The opportunity of sending home has come to hand, but I have been able to write but little. Mr. McLeod leaves soon with an expedition to Rendezvous, the same as last year. We can send letters very safely to Rendezvous, so long as this expedition goes, but the great uncertainty lies in the expedition of the American Fur Company. This year we are safe enough in sending. Mr. Gray has made up his mind to go home this fall. In my last date I mentioned his being here a few days. He assisted Mr. S. in building and returned to Walla Walla the first of January, to await Mr. Ermatinger's arrival from the Flathead country, on his way to Vancouver, for supplies. Mr. Gray went with him to V., to prepare himself to accompany Mr. E. into the Flathead country. He thinks of traveling with them, in company with Mr. E., for the purpose of learning their language, with a view to a settlement among them. When he left us,



about his wife, and told my husband, while she was under his care, that if his wife died that night he should kill him. The contest has been sharp between him and the Indians, and husband was nearly sick with the excitement and care of them. The chief sent for the great Walla Walla te-wat for his wife, at last, who came, and after going through several incantations, and receiving a horse and a blanket or two, pronounced her well; but the next day she was the same again. Now his rage was against the te-wat—said he was bad, and ought to be killed. When the te-wats were called, husband had nothing more to do with them. Their sickness commenced about the first of April, and, through the great mercy of God to us, none of them died to whom medicine was administered. Near the last of April, the old chief was taken sick, and, notwithstanding all his villainy, he came to my husband to be doctored. He was very sick, and we thought he would die; but the medicine given him soon relieved him. Last Saturday the war chief died at Walla Walla. He was a Cayuse, and a relative of Umtippe; was sick but six days; employed the same Walla Walla te-wat Umtippe sent for, but he died in his hands. The same day Ye-he-kis-kis, a younger brother of Umtippe, went to Walla Walla; arrived about twilight, and shot the te-wat dead. Thus they were avenged. Both Umtippe and his brother went from our house on the morning of the same day. It is but a few of the oldest men who are filled with so much war and bloodshed. If they should all die, a new character would at once be given to the whole tribe. The younger ones naturally possess a different disposition, and manifest an eager desire to adopt the manners and customs of civilized life; but they are ruled by the chiefs, and feel themselves obliged to bow in subjection to them.

Notwithstanding all our trials, yet our situation is enviable to Brother and Sister Merrell's. We have not their difficulties to contend with. No alcohol here to destroy men's lives; neither do they steal. I have let my clothes remain out over night, feeling just as safe in doing it as I used to in Prattsburgh. There is another circumstance which makes our situation very agreeable. There is not a man, woman, and scarcely a child, but what is well covered, and many of them have changes of garments. Some are dressed entirely in cloth made in American style. Those who wear only a shirt and leggings, wear a blanket or Buffalo skin over their shoulders. The women and girls' dresses are made entirely of skin.

Plurality of wives exists among all the tribes here. Their excuse is, with many wives they have a plenty to eat, but where they have

but one they have nothing. The women are slaves to their husbands here, as well as in other heathen countries. The system of head-flattening exists among their people in a degree, but not to excess. The girls' heads only are flattened. They consider it a peculiar mark of beauty, and it makes them more acceptable in the sight of the men as wives. They raise but few of their children. Great numbers of them die. Those that live suffer a great deal from neglect, etc. I am often asked why I do not put my dear babe in a te-cash (this is the name of their cradle), and think it very strange that she should sleep with me without being tied up, so that I should not kill her.

But it is time for me to think of closing, as I am unable to write without her on my lap. She is now seven weeks old, and weighs thirteen pounds. We have given her the names of our mothers, Alice Clarissa. We both have a sister of the same name also. We think she resembles her grandmother Clarissa very considerably, as well as her mother. O, the responsibilities of a mother! To be a mother in heathen lands, among savages, gives feeling that can be known only to those who are such. You see our situation. If ever we needed your prayers and sympathies, it is at the present time. Ye mothers of the maternal associations, let me beg an interest in your prayers, especially for your unworthy sister, now she has become a mother, and for my little one. I feel utterly incompetent for the place, and were it not for the strong arm of the Lord I should sink under the responsibilities resting upon me. The present crisis is a trying one to our faith and confidence in God. The sickness continues yet among the Indians. We hoped that it had abated. Last week the whole camp left us, to go and dig their camas, a root upon which they place great dependence, and an excellent food for them.

Monday of this week Stick-as, an excellent Indian, came back very sick, and remains here yet. He has been taking medicine, and it appears to have relieved him, in a measure; but, because he is not all about immediately, he has become exceedingly uneasy and restless, and talks about the te-wats. He, with many other sensible ones in the tribe, and men of influence, too, are convinced that it is a deception, and not of God, yet no doubt feel a great struggle in their minds, to entirely renounce that in which they have so long had implicit confidence. So far they remain firm, and we hope soon to see its entire overthrow.

It has been, and still is the case with them, when one dies in your care they will hold you responsible for his life, and you are in great

danger of being killed. The only way of pacifying them is to pay them well for the good you have endeavored to do them. Brethren Lees have found it so, and others have in this country, who have wished to do them good.

We have had no rain this spring, of any consequence. May 1st it commenced, and has continued most of the time since. The most of our planting was done previous to the rain.

I have not yet spoken of our eatables. We brought a good supply of pork, flour, butter, etc., from Vancouver with us, and corn and potatoes from Walla Walla. The Indians have furnished us a little venison—barely enough for our own eating—but to supply our men and visitors we have killed and eaten ten wild horses bought of the Indians. This will make you pity us, but you had better save your pity for more worthy subjects. I do not prefer it to other meat, but can eat it very well when we have nothing else. We have had milk since the first of February; two of our cows calved about this time.

But I *must* close. I cannot say how much we need your prayers, and must beg of you again and again to pray unceasingly for us. If you would have us live, and not die, you must pray. Who will come over and help us? Weak, frail nature cannot endure excessive care and anxiety any great length of time, without falling under it. I refer more particularly to my husband. His labor this spring has affected his health considerably. His old complaint in his side affects him occasionally. We both fail of writing as much as we desire. He is unable to write to any of my friends, and so am I to his, and wish you would copy my letters and send to his friends. He has requested the same of them, with regard to his letters.

Our love to you all, and the dear church of Christ. Farewell.

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—You are indebted to little Alice Clarissa's quiet disposition for this sheet. I have no cradle yet, and she has lain in my lap all day; for she does not like to be where she cannot see her mother, long at a time. She receives many kisses for her grandparents, uncles and aunts, every day. She is now in bed with her father, sleeping sweetly. She is pleasant company for me, here alone.

One o'clock, and I retire, leaving the sick Indian to himself the remainder of the night.

WIELETPOO, WALLA WALLA RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY, }  
 March 14, 1838. }

*Very, Very Dear Parents* :—More than two years have passed since I left my father's home and not a single word has been wafted hence, or, perhaps I should say, has greeted my ears to afford consolation in a desponding hour. This *long*, long silence makes me feel the truth of our situation, that we are far, very far removed from the land of our birth and Christian privileges. I am weary of writing so much about ourselves without receiving a response, and yet I am anxious that father and mother should know all about us. Our opportunities of sending are so very favorable that I cannot well deny myself the privilege of writing, although it is exceedingly difficult for me to write much. We send this by our excellent friend and kind benefactor, Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company. He starts in a few days for England, crosses the mountains with the express on the northern route to Canada, from thence he goes to New York. He had written us a few days since saying that he will try and make it convenient to call at the missionary rooms, Boston. We shall be very happy to have him do so. Probably he will be unable to make any further calls as his business requires haste. We expect him to pay us a visit as he passes, although we are twenty-five miles out of the way. We wrote several letters last fall and sent them to the Sandwich Islands in the ship *Neriede*, but our last letters from Vancouver inform us that she only sailed the very last of February from Fort George (once called Astoria). She was detained longer than usual in consequence of the melancholy death of Captain Home. He with four seamen were drowned in crossing the river from the ship *Neriede* to Fort George by the oversetting of the long boat, which was at the time under a crowd of sail. They were expecting to sail for Oahu in a few days and only thought to take a ride of pleasure in the new boat before they started to try her proof in the time of danger, little thinking that death was so near. Suddenly a squall of wind and snow came upon them and before they could lay their hands on the rigging to lower the sails she filled and sank to the bottom. The people on shore saw her coming before the storm, but as she disappeared thought she must have returned to the ship as they were not expecting her, and it was not until a day or two after that they discovered their loss. The boat is still to be seen at the bottom of the river with her rigging untouched and the mast-top standing out of the water, after an unsuccessful attempt of the ship to take her up. O, the dangers of that river! Scarcely a year passes without the loss of

here, who can hear but little else than what passes in our little work, west of the Rocky Mountains, up and down the Columbia river.

So far as I can learn, you seem not to complain of the postage upon my letters, when I send sheets upon sheets even—for, really, I cannot find one large enough to contain all I wish to have you know about us. Now, what would be most cheering to us is to have you as liberal for our good, as for yourselves, and pay the postage on as many sheets to us as we sent you. You ought, in reality, to write much more, for you have more to write about, and far more time than a solitary missionary, overwhelmed with cares and labor, and ready to sink under them.

But whither am I running? My sheet is full before I am aware, and I have not begun to tell you my story. You speak of these children singing sweetly, and of my hearing the voice of prayer more sweet; yes, dear Jane, it is true. The Lord has heard prayer for some immortal souls around us. One dear boy, who has been living with us little more than a year, gives pleasing evidence of a change of heart, and the lisplings of his desires to God in prayer are like the first prattlings of an infant child—for all that he has learned of the English is since he has been here. His name is Mongo Mewway, his mother a native and father a Sandwich Islander. He has recently heard that his father is dead, which makes him feel very bad, and he cries; then he goes to Jesus and prays, and feels comforted. I should think he was about eleven years old. You see, Jane, Alice has come and laid her dirty hands on this letter, and given it a fine mark. I send it as it is, so that you may have some of her doings to look at, and realize, perhaps, there is such a child in existence.

For the remainder, see Sister Mary Ann's letter.

I hope you will all be particular in acknowledging our letters—when and where written—so that we may know what letters are received. Do, all of you, write often, and send to Boston, for opportunities frequently occur of sending to the Sandwich Islands, and we can always get them from there once or twice a year. I thank you for your proposed visit to come and take my children home. I wish very much to see you; hope you will be persuaded to come and spend your life here in the same work in which we are engaged, and not only you, but many others I know of. I hope to receive letters from each of them, especially Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Brigman, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, etc., etc. How refreshing letters would be from

them, as well as from all of my brothers and sisters. I cannot see, for my life, why you do not write. I am sorry my journal cost you so much. I would not have cut the sheets had I supposed it would have made any difference. I regret you should have it printed, or any of it, for it never was designed for the public eye. You mistake Alice's Indian name. Not Cayuse Jo, but Kayuse Ten-ni—accent on the last syllable.

Ever your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

WIELETPOO, WALLA WALLA RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY, }  
September 25, 1838. }

*My Dear Mary Ann*:—It gives me great satisfaction to have this opportunity of answering letters from beloved friends at home—a privilege I have not before enjoyed since I have been here. I am sorry you or sister Jane should hesitate so about writing me; true, it takes some time for your letters to reach me, but they are, nevertheless, interesting, and you must recollect that three years must elapse from the time of your writing, to receiving the answer, if sent by way of the Islands. You cannot be more anxious to hear from me than I am to hear from you. Dear father has written quite a long letter, and you know not how precious it is to us, and I fondly hoped dear mother would have said something, too; but she allowed her place to be filled by another hand.

When the contemplated railroad over the Isthmus of Darien shall have been opened, which is expected to take place within two or three years, I hope communications will be more frequent than they are at the present time. What you have written about the individual members of our family is much more particular than in any letters I have received, and therefore very acceptable. You cannot be too particular, for I am as interested to know about your prosperity or adversity now as while with you, both spiritually and temporally, and hope you will never hesitate again. I regret to hear of Clarissa's ill health, and of the loss of her babe. Hope she and Brother Kinny will write us soon, for I should like to know something more about them.

You speak of coming very near crossing the Rocky Mountains this spring. My dear sister, I wish most sincerely that yourself and

that would have been desirable. She appeared lamentably indifferent to the subject of religion, just before her sickness, and during the former part of it; but toward the last she seemed to be more sensible, and said she thought of Jesus, and prayed to him, but was afraid to die. These were the last words we understood her to say. Her disease centered in her head, and after this she appeared not to have her reason all the time. But she is gone, and a just God has done it, and although we cannot see the reason why she should be thus taken away, when light had just begun to dawn upon her soul, yet this we know and believe, that the Hand that dealt the blow does all things well, and blessed be His holy name. Two or three of the same family died while at Mr. Lee's school at the Willamette. She was named for Mrs. Hull by her request.

Dear sister, my sheet is full, and story only half told; but I must say a little to your dear husband, for I do not know that my husband will be able to write a single letter this fall. Please give my love to your father and mother Judson. Tell her I often think of her, and should like to receive a letter from her.

Little A. C. is quite sick—has a high fever, and her mother is full of anxiety about her—so much so that she cannot sleep, for her dear father is more than 300 miles from home—now at Vancouver, and will not be home in much less than four weeks.

Ah, dear sister, you know not what it is to be a mother in heathen lands, so full of anxiety and constant care, and no kind sister to lend a helping hand. But still it is a privilege, too. I should not know how to spare her, but the Lord knows what is for the best, and I desire always to say, "Pray for me and mine, my dear sisters and brothers." As ever, and for ever,

Your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. Mather has written me a very kind letter. I hope some of the sisters will write her. Brother J. G. has written me, and I intend to write him a long letter. Farewell, dear sister.

WIELEETPOO, WALLA WALLA RIVER,  
Oregon Territory, Sept. 28, 1838. }

MY DEAR FATHER:—The reception and perusal of your kind letter made us exceedingly happy, as, also, to hear that our dear parents are still alive and in the enjoyment of health and other favours of a kind Providence.

Nothing we hear from our beloved native land is so cheering to us as the news of revivals, repeated and extended revivals of religion. I confidently expected Angelica would be blessed of the Lord when I left. "He that watereth shall be watered," so saith the Lord, and if the sending forth of one was the means of such a blessed work, what would be the result if many of her sons and daughters were to go and preach to the heathen? Surely no one would refuse, from this consideration only, the happiness enjoyed in being thus engaged, were there no other inducement, so it seems to me. But this is a difficult truth to believe when one is surrounded with all the comforts and splendour this earth affords. Home has no attraction for me, compared with the satisfaction and enjoyment every day affords in living here and extending a silent and gentle influence upon these benighted minds, aside from the more public labours of teaching, etc. O, that I could persuade my brothers and sisters thus to consecrate themselves to this heavenly work.

As we are situated we must till the land in order to live by the fruits thereof. We are very much in want of a farmer for ourselves and to teach the Indians to cultivate. This we have asked of the Board. If dear father and mother were here they would find plenty to do and as much pleasure in doing it as they now think they would have. I sometimes almost persuade myself to think that I shall some day enjoy the privilege of seeing them here.

The Lord only knows what he has for us to pass through in this world. Frequently I feel as if our stay would not be long here. The Lord has come near our Methodist friends with death. Mrs. Lee, the wife of Mr. Lee, now in the states, died in June under painful circumstances. About two days before she died, she became the mother of a living son. After a protracted labour the child was taken from her with forceps and lived but two days. Dr. White, physician. She was deeply lamented by all who knew her, and what rendered the case more trying, her husband was absent. An express was sent immediately to the states across the mountains, to inform him of his great



loss. I do hope father will see him. He can give much information about us, for he was here three weeks before he left us in passing.

Recently Mrs. White lost her babe by drowning, in returning in an Indian canoe from Mr. Perkins'.

All of our number have been mercifully preserved so far, and so have the reinforcement we have been permitted to receive this fall, all arriving here in safety and in health, quite unexpectedly, but much to our joy.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are stationed with us. Messrs. Walker and Eells go to Colville to form a station somewhere in the Flat Head language. Mr. Gray and wife and Mr. Rogers are with Mr. Spalding. Mrs. Walker finds a home with us this winter. We have had our house full of company most all summer, and shall probably always have considerable in the future.

We have had some precious meetings with the natives the season past, and of some we are almost encouraged to hope they are Christian. We sent for Mr. S. and held meetings every day with them for a week. Hope some good was done. I have written the particulars to Brother Judson and the two sisters, which probably all will have an opportunity of seeing.

My dear husband is not at home now. He has gone to Vancouver, 300 miles from here, on business for our mission. He has already been gone nearly two weeks and will not return for two weeks more. I am feeling very anxious for his return on account of our dear babe; she has been sick ever since he left and continues to be more so—we have neither of us had a quiet night's rest for some time. I feel exceedingly anxious for her, perhaps more so than the case demands. She has always enjoyed such perfect health, probably I feel it more on that account. Her body is covered with a rash much resembling the one I had just before she was born; has considerable fever and coughs a good deal. She is so large and heavy I find it just as much as I am able to do to take care of her, and need her father's help very much. She is so accustomed to see no other ones but her parents for so long a time that she is never contented out of my sight for a moment. Dear child, I fear I love her too well, she has always been such a comfort to us. The Lord only knows what trials he has for me to pass through and my only desire is to be submissive to his will. For this reason I shall not be able to write as much as I wished, and husband's absence will prevent his writing, also.

I am sorry dear mother did not write me. I wish very much to hear her say something to me again; it will be so precious, seeing I may never see her again. I hope no one will hesitate to tell me particulars about every member of the family, spiritually and temporally, adverse and prosperous, for I am still one of your number and desire to feel and sympathize with you in everything. How I should rejoice if dear brother's affliction should finally be the means of his becoming a missionary, as he knows he ought to be. Then would he not say "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word"?

O, how I am disappointed in not hearing that Edward, by this time, is prosecuting his studies for the ministry and missionary work. I shall never feel as if all was right at home until more of the dear ones are thus wholly given up to the work of the Lord. I cannot bear the idea that either of them are living for themselves in such a day as this. The Lord will not prosper them; they are the children of too many prayers and consecration to the work thus to live and be contented with this world's portion and applause.

How was I struck to hear of the death of Giles Cornish and rejoice to think that I was permitted to deal thus faithfully with his soul while with them. I long to hear more particulars about them.

Why do not Harriet and Edward write me? Could they not tell me, if they were to see me, many things about father and mother, themselves and friends, that would do me good to hear? Why not take their paper and sit down and write them to me? It would be just as acceptable. Now, if they wish me to write to them they must all write to me, for you have far more time to write than I have. You ought, all of you, to feel it your duty and privilege thus to comfort your solitary missionary sister and brother, and begin to say something to little Alice, for if she lives she will soon understand about her uncles, aunts and grand parents.

Farewell,

NARCISSA.

Please remember me to all dear friends in Angelica. I shall try to write Sister Dryer, if I have time. While the sisters were all here we formed a Maternal Association and I am its corresponding secretary, and of course have more letters to write than usual.

It is a great satisfaction to know that we have an interest in your prayers. We hope you all will be encouraged to pray yet more and

A most important transaction during the meeting was the formation of a temperance society for the benefit of the Indians. All of the chiefs and principal men of the tribe who were here, readily agreed to the pledge, and gave in their names to become members of the society. I have recently been informed that two of them have been tempted to drink, but have refused and turned their backs upon it, saying they would never drink again. They are truly an interesting people. We love them most sincerely, and long to see them turning unto the Lord. It grieves us very much that you should think or hear that John is spoiled by your indulgence "or that we think so." No, my dear sister, it is not so—far otherwise. John is the same unassuming, humble, obedient lad that he was while at Ithaca, possessing many excellent traits of character different from many of his countrymen. The last time we saw him (which was in the spring, when he made us a visit), husband, in conversation with him, thought he gave good evidence of a change of heart. But he is not long for this world, if he is still alive. Nearly one year ago he was taken with the most afflicting disease I ever saw—the swelling of the joints. He came here for medical attention. He was so disfigured it distressed us very much to see him. The middle finger on each hand at the knuckles, and knee joints, were very much swollen. We urged him to stay with us—told him we would take good care of him and teach him, etc., but he was afraid to stay, fearing the Doctor would find it necessary to perform some surgical operation upon him. He left us, and I know not that we ever shall see him again in this world, and if we are permitted to meet him in heaven it will be, no doubt, in consequence of the prayers and instructions received while at Ithaca. He says he used to pray with Henry and others there, and no doubt their example was the means of his praying with and teaching his fellow-mates to pray and sing the praises of God most sweetly, as I used to hear them when I was on a visit to Mrs. S. last fall. And two of the number are already numbered with the dead, leaving satisfactory evidence that they had given their hearts to the Saviour, and were going to meet him in heaven. Bright, healthy, promising girls when I saw them last fall. They had received the names of Martha and Mary, and were baptized just before they died. Truly, these are choice mercy drops to cheer us in our toilsome work here, for which we would be unfeignedly grateful.

Really, my sheet is full nearly, and I have not said half yet. It is a matter of great joy to us that we are so soon and so bountifully re-

inforced, and so unexpectedly, too. Mr. and Mrs. Gray join Mr. S. in their work. We are much pleased with our acquaintance with Mrs. G.—think her a most excellent person, and will, no doubt, be a great blessing to our missions. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Eells, locate somewhere in the range of the Flathead language.

John's father lives many miles from us, and several from Mr. Spalding's. Before he was taken sick he was very attentive to his book, and assisted Mr. S. in cultivating, and his father, also; since, he chooses to be with his parents all the time. It has a happy effect upon his mind to remind him of his Ithaca friends, and when I asked him if he remembered the verse Mrs. Parker used to teach him, "For God so loved the world," etc., said he did, and brought me his Testament and wanted me to find it for him. I did. He took it and studied it a long time, very thoughtfully. It would be very desirable to have him near some of us, so that we might instruct him more, but this is denied us.

We were considerably disappointed not to receive letters from Mr. Parker. Hope he will not forget us. Please write, all of you. Miss McLoughlin is married to Mr. Rae. Her father has gone to England. As Mr. Lee is now in the States, you will probably hear all the news about Vancouver from him.

Messrs. W. and E. have gone to explore, and letters from them, recently received, say the Big Head's land, the chief of the Flatheads, situated near the Spokane Falls, is the place recommended by Mr. McDonald as the most favorable for a station—had not yet decided—intended to visit several other places. Their ladies will probably remain with us during the winter, particularly Mrs. Walker. My husband is now at Vancouver, in business for the mission, and probably will not be able to write as many letters to his friends as usual. With much love to you, dear husband, self and family, I am, dear sister, affectionately yours, in Christian love,

N. WHITMAN.

Saturday, 6th.—I have just heard from John. Richard has just come from his father's—says he is very sick and near dying, but he is praying and reading his testament all the time, and loves to think of Jesus. O, that I could see him once more! We love him tenderly, and always have, and Richard, too. He has come here well dressed,

I would describe to you, if I could, her bright, lively appearance on Sabbath morning, the day of her death. She had always slept with me until just a week before her death, and that night she proposed, of her own accord, to sleep on the mat on the floor. This gave me a very strange and singular feeling, for I never could persuade her to lie away from me, not even in her father's arms, before, and I could not divest myself of the feeling that she was laid away for the grave. It being very warm, and because she preferred it, I let her sleep on the floor all night—but did not sleep much myself. Ever after this, I made a bed for her up by the side of mine, where I could lay my hand upon her. When I used to take her into the bed with me, she would lie a little while and then wish to go back again. Thus she gradually went out of my arms to the grave, so that I should not feel it so severely as if torn from them at once.

Sabbath morning, as she lay sleeping, I kissed her; she immediately awakened, stretched up her arms and put them about my neck and hugged and kissed me for a long time. I then told her I would go and get some water in a tub, to wash her, and went out. While I was gone, I heard her calling to me, and her father, who was sitting in the room, said she appeared to be reasoning with me, trying to persuade me that it was not best for her to be washed, and when I came for her, she said she did not wish to have me wash her in the tub. The manner of her talking, and her objecting to be washed, was so singular and unusual that I did not know how to understand it. I did not yield to her, but put her into the tub and washed her. She mildly submitted, but there was something so plaintive in her entreaties with me that I have since been sorry that I did not listen to her. I did not know but that it was the Sabbath that made her feel so reluctant about it, for it had been my usual practice to wash her on Saturday.

Her appearance at worship in the family was deeply interesting. She had been in the habit of selecting the hymn she wished us to sing, for some time, and that morning her choice was "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," a hymn which she has been delighted in singing for some time. O, if dear father and mother could have seen with what animation she sang, and how her sweet voice soared above ours! When we had completed the first verse, she arose out of her little chair and said, "Mamma, should my tears forever flow?" as if to remind me which verse came next, and when we commenced it she sat down and sung on, as usual. Our worship with the Indians was about noon. There being but four or five here, the camp having left the week pre-

vious, we had them come into our house. Her appearance was solemn and attentive, and, to close, husband requested the same hymn to be sung as at family worship. She united with us again, with a clearness and distinctness we shall never forget, and with such ecstasy as almost to raise her out of her chair. And no wonder, for what words could have been more appropriate to her mind than these:—

“ While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death;  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Dear father, when you sing this hymn, think of me, for my thoughts do not recur to it without almost overcoming me, and bringing fresh to my mind how she appeared when she last sang it with us. She had begun to talk about her grandparents, uncles and aunts, considerably, and I had hoped she would live to see them before she died, or at least some of them.

Little did we think that young breath was so fleeting, or that those sparkling eyes would so soon be closed in death, and her spirit rise to worlds unknown, and that to behold on His everlasting throne of glory, Him who once said, “I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee.”

This was the last we heard her sing. After this she read her lesson to us, and then her father took her out into the garden and picked a stalk of pieplant for her, which she was very fond of. She called it apple. She ate a part of it and then threw the rest down. We both of us were sitting near the door, and she was diverting herself in and about it, and Margaret had been ordered to set the table, and get supper. The moment I ceased to hear her voice, or to see her, I sent Margaret to find her, and so it had always been. I never felt easy the moment she was out of sight, and I did not hear her, or know her father had the care of her, and so it was this time. I sent M. for her, but she did not look for her but little, and then went into the garden for radishes and lettuce for supper, but she did not come and tell me that she could not find her.

This letter must answer for all of our friends, for it will be impossible for us to write all we could wish. I have been engaged in copying a dictionary for two or three weeks, besides attending to our school, which is a great reason why I cannot write more, and my eyes trouble me very much.

N. W.

able to learn the language. He left in May and she was drowned on June 23d, aged two years, three months and nine days.

I cannot describe what our feelings were when night came and our dear child a corpse in another room. We went to bed, but not to sleep, for sleep had departed from our eyes. The morning came, we arose; but our child slept on. I prepared a shroud for her during the day, and before evening Mr. Pambrun came, but was ignorant of her death until he arrived, although we had gone to inform him. Mr. Hall arrived on Tuesday evening, got the news Monday noon and started immediately. Mr. and Mrs. S. came down the river to Walla Walla because he had broken his ribs and was unable to ride. They arrived Thursday noon and we buried her that afternoon.

We kept her four days. She did not begin to change in her appearance much for the three first days. This proved to be a great comfort to me, for so long as she looked natural and was so sweet and I could caress her, I could not bear to have her out of my sight; but when she began to melt away like wax and her visage changed I wished then to put her out of my sight, and felt it a great privilege that I could put her in so safe, quiet and desirable a resting place as the grave—to see her no more until the morning of the resurrection.

Although her grave is in sight, every time I step out of doors, yet my thoughts seldom wander there to find her. I seem not to feel that she is there. I look above and with unspeakable delight contemplate her as enjoying the full delights of that bright world where her joys are perfect and she does not now, as formerly, need the presence of her much loved parents to make her happy. Her little prayer used to be: "O Lord, bless little Alice; may she be Thy child, may she love Thee, and when she dies, may she go to heaven and live with Jesus, and sing his praises, forever and ever. Amen."

Dear mother, I know you will forgive me for occupying so much room for this one subject. I wish I had time to say much more, but must take a little time to tell you about our present situation. After the funeral it was thought best for us to go home with Mr. and Mrs. Spalding and the members of the Nes Perces Mission to meet at Mr. Smith's to confer about the alphabet, many of them not being satisfied with the one Mr. S. had settled upon. The Indians all being away we concluded to go, and after spending the Sabbath at Mr. S.'s, he, with Mr. Hall, went with us to Mr. Smith's, about fifty miles beyond. We stayed there nearly two days and then returned to Mr.

Spaldings, spent the Sabbath and on Tuesday started for home and arrived Friday morning. In the afternoon we received a letter from Mr. Eells that his wife was sick and did not expect she would live and wished my husband to go immediately. She has a spinal difficulty and a weakness which was considerably aggravated in the journey across the mountains. He left that night and traveled almost night and day until he reached there, which was on Sabbath eve.

And now the trial was upon me which I had dreaded more than anything else—to have my husband go from home and leave me alone. It was then that I realized the full reality of my bereavement. Husband gone night after night, the cheering presence of that dear daughter taken from me which had always been my relief in such lonely hours. Add to this the sickness and death of two interesting children of an Indian, and very sudden, too; the care of burying them and meeting with all the superstitious feelings and notions in regard to sickness and dying among the natives, and yet, dear mother, you can realize but a small part of the trying feelings to be endured under such circumstances. What I underwent at that time I cannot describe.

For a poor, weak female to spend the Sabbath alone among the heathen in ordinary circumstances and having them look to her for instruction and not to have the command of the language so as to converse satisfactorily with them in hardly the least degree, she would feel, unavoidably, a weight of responsibility almost insupportable. In addition to this, on this Sabbath after our return and husband's leaving—it being just four weeks from the day of the scene of Alice's death, and the first of my being at home—I could not divest myself of the impression that she was about me. I seemed to hear her voice—her footsteps near me all day long. Towards evening the news came that the little boy was dying. My feelings were such that I could not go to see him die. The next morning, as soon as I was up, the father came and told me his other little son had followed his brother in the night, and that without appearing much sick or being sick but a short time. Both had the dysentery. They both were sensible to the last that they were dying;—probably five and ten years of age. The youngest said, when told that he was dying, that it was not dying—this would be but for a little while and then he should always live. He said of his own accord, "I love God," and often repeated the name of God. His father asked him, "Is it true that you love God?" He replied, "Yes, I love Him more than anything else."



the dates of all the letters they have received from us, so that we may know what letters you receive and what fail.

Dearest father and mother, farewell once more. I wish I had time to say more, for my heart is still burdened. Perhaps you will think we cast reflections upon ourselves for neglect, or as being the cause of dear Alice's death. We cannot do it, although we see now how it might have been prevented, could we have known or anticipated it. What I have to say more is, do pray for us. O, how I long to hear from you. I know not but that you may be as deeply afflicted as we are. It will be but a few more days and then we shall meet in heaven. O, what a glorious thought! Again I say farewell.

We are, dear parents, your afflicted and bereaved children,

MARCUS AND NARCISSA WHITMAN.

We send much love to you all who are beloved in the Lord. Pray for the poor Indians here who are at their wits' end to know which is the right way to worship—our hearts bleed for them for they know not what they do in rejecting Jesus Christ and His salvation.

N. W.

What would dearest mother say to us now if she should see us? I wish she would write me that I may hear her voice once more. How is it with her soul? is her faith and confidence strong in the Lord? O, I know my mother prays for us, and the Lord will reward her for it. I do not expect to see her again in this world, but sometimes I desire to very much. I used to want to have you all see Alice, but now that desire is taken away.

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WILETPOO, OREGON, }  
April 30, 1840. }

*My Dear Father:*—It is almost two years since we have received a single letter from home, and I have written several times since; but another opportunity has arrived for sending, and I cannot let it pass without writing, so I read over the old letters and answer them over again. I feel very anxious to hear from you all. Yet I know not what changes have been made in the space of two years. I almost fear to hear—lest death should have found his way and broken in upon the

number. It has been so with us. The lovely tender plant which our Heavenly Father gave us to rear for Him He has transplanted to His own Paradise above. It is almost a year since He took her, yet our hearts do not cease to bleed at the fond recollections of her innocent smiles and fond caresses. We do not wish her to come to us again, but we shall soon go to her. I see more than ever a reason why the Lord saw fit to take her from us. Our situation and responsibilities require that most of my time should be spent in teaching school, which I could not do without her having been exposed to the contaminating influence of heathenism and very much neglected.

Since September last I have been in school almost constantly, considering my other duties, and this spring, besides the school, morn and eve worship with the people and a Bible class with the women which I attended every day until my health gave way, and I was obliged to omit part of them except when I was entirely laid aside. I do not think I should have been sick had it not been for our open house. Both the house we live in, which a part of the time has been our school house, and where I have recently met my school. We still live in the house we first built although we built one of adobe the year our re-inforcement arrived. Various hindrances prevented our getting into it, or attending to finish it. Indeed, there was no one to do it until last fall. The Lord sent us a good mechanic from Oberlin, Mr. Munger, and his wife. They came out as self-supporting missionaries. He, seeing we needed his assistance very much, engaged to finish our house for us, and is still with us. A part of the house is nearly finished and will be a very comfortable and clean house to what this has been. Father cannot realize the difficulty and hardship we have had in getting what timber we must have for doors, floors, shelves, etc., for our house. No durable wood near us of any kind except alder, which we are trying to make answer for our tables, bedsteads, etc. We go to the mountains fifteen miles and cut and draw pine on a sled on bare ground (for there has been scarcely snow enough to draw but three or four for the two past winters). The second winter we were here we sent to the mountains and sawed boards there and packed them on horses. All our boards are sawed by hand with a pit saw, which dear father must know is very hard work, and besides this, the smoothing, daubing and whitewashing of an adobe house is very tedious work and requires much time and labor. Husband is now engaged in it, preparing it for painting. We feel ourselves highly favored that we could obtain oil and paint enough and at a

taken place even since we first entered the country, and we have no reason to believe it will stop here. Instead of two lonely American females we now number fourteen, and soon may twenty or forty more, if reports are true. We are emphatically situated on the highway between the states and the Columbia river, and are a resting place for the weary travelers, consequently a greater burden rests upon us than upon any of our associates—to be always ready. And doubtless many of those who are coming to this mission their resting place will be with us until they seek and find homes of their own among the solitary wilds of Oregon.

Could dear mother know how I have been situated the two winters past, especially winter before last, I know she would pity me. I often think how disagreeable it used to be to her feelings to do her cooking in the presence of men—sitting about the room. This I have had to bear ever since I have been here—at times it has seemed as if could not endure it any longer. It has been the more trying because our house has been so miserable and cold—small and inconvenient for us—many people as have lived in it. But the greatest trial to a woman's feelings is to have her cooking and eating room always filled with four or five or more Indians—men—especially at meal time—but we hope this trial is nearly done, for when we get into our other house we have a room there we devote to them especially, and shall not permit them to go into the other part of the house at all. They are so filthy they make a great deal of cleaning wherever they go, and this wears out a woman very fast. We must clean after them, for we have come to elevate them and not to suffer ourselves to sink down to their standard. I hardly know how to describe my feelings at the prospect of a clean, comfortable house, and one large enough so that I can find a closet to pray in.

As a specimen I will relate a circumstance that occurred this spring. When the people began to return from their winter quarters we told them it would be good for them to build a large house (which they often do by putting several lodges together) where it would be convenient for all to attend worship and not meet in the open air. They said they should not do it, but would worship in our new house, and asked us if there were not houses in heaven to worship in. We told them our house was to live in and we could not have them worship there for they would make it so dirty and fill it so full of fleas that we could not live in it. We said to them further, that they did not help us build it and that people in other places build their houses of

worship and did not let one man do it all alone, and urged them to join together by and by and build one for themselves of adobe. But it was of no avail to them; they murmured still and said we must pay them for their land we lived on. Something of this kind is occurring almost all the time when certain individuals are here; such as complaining because we do not feed them more, or that we will not let them run all over the house, etc., etc.

They are an exceedingly proud, haughty and insolent people, and keep us constantly upon the stretch after patience and forbearance. We feed them far more than any of our associates do their people, yet they will not be satisfied. Notwithstanding all this there are many redeeming qualities in them, else we should have been discouraged long ago. We are more and more encouraged the longer we stay among them.

They are becoming quite independent in cultivation and make all their ground look as clean and mellow as a garden. Great numbers of them cultivate, and with but a single horse will take any plow we have, however large, and do their own ploughing. They have a great thirst for hogs, hens and cattle, and several of them have obtained them already.

Our greatest desire and anxiety is to see them becoming true Christians. For this we labor and pray, and trust in God for the blessing on our labors. But the labor is great and we are weak and feeble, and sometimes are ready to faint. We need the prayers of our Christian friends at home and I trust we have them. Could they know just how we are situated and all our discouragements I know they would pray more ardently for us and more importunately for us.

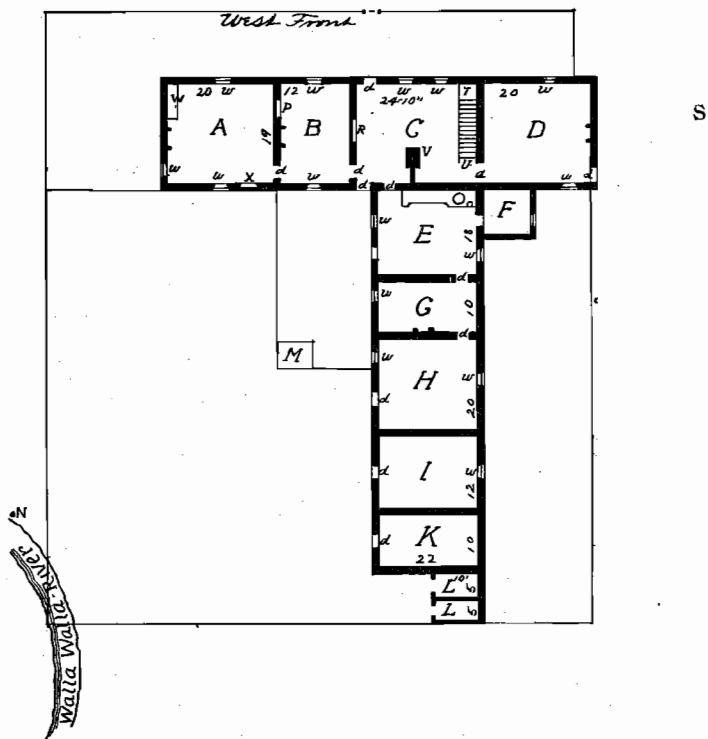
Dear father, I will relate one more anecdote and then must close. Te-lou-ki-ke said to my husband this morning: "Why do you take your wife with you to Mr. Walker's? Why do you not go alone? You see I am here without my wife; why do you always want to take your wife with you when you go from home? What do you make so much of her for?" He told him it was good for me to go with him; that we were one, and that wives were given as companions. He replied "that it was so with Adam because a rib was taken from him to make his wife, but it was not so now; it was different with us." This has often been brought up by them; the way I am treated, and contrasted with themselves; they do not like to have it so; their consciences are troubled about it. May they be more and more so until a reformation is made among them.

Plan of the mission house at Wioletpoo, drawn by Asabel Munger. We have made it larger than it was originally intended at the suggestion of Mr. Hall, so as to be more convenient to accommodate the general meeting of the mission.

#### EXPLANATIONS.

**A**—Our own sleeping room. **B**—Parlor. **C**—Dining Hall. **D**—Indian Hall. **E**—Kitchen. **F**—Pantry. **G**—Sleeping room for Joseph and wife, our domestics. **H**—Cellar and room above for boys. **I**—Storehouse. **K**—Hen house. **LL**—Privy house—double. **W**—Clothes press. **X**—Chest of drawers set in the wall. **P**—Book case. **O**—Show case for natural curiosities, and the lower part for bed and table linen. The upper part of both of glass; also set in the wall. **R**—Cupboard. **T**—Stairs. **U**—Medicine case. **V**—Stove. Seven large windows, the remainder are small. **A**, **I** and **K** are yet to be built, probably this summer. **M**—Turkey house of wood and yard. This is all we have made.

We give you the probable plan of our yard, which we need very much; but it is yet to be built. **N** is the place where Alice Clarissa fell into the river, and but a short distance below, she was found. **S** is in the direction of her little grave, further off than is represented by this view. The exterior does not look as well as the interior. The roof is made of poles, straw and dirt thrown upon the top. It will look better when it is whitewashed on the outside. We paint the wood work a light slate color; the front door, outside, green; the floors with yellow ochre; pantry shelves the same.



[ See previous page for explanation. ]

I do not know how many of my letters reach home or whether any of them. I write and send twice a year to some of them. I hope all who write will be careful to mention the reception of all our letters, so then we shall know what ones fail and what reach you.

Please give our love to all our friends who are interested in us, and accept much for dear father, mother and all the family.

Your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

It seems as if the Lord's hand was in it in sending Mr. and Mrs. Munger here just at this time, and I know not how to feel grateful enough. My health has suffered considerably more than any winter before since we have been here. This is planting time and there is much to be done to the walls of the house to get it ready for painting the floors, and husband has but one week's time to complete it all so that Mr. M. can go on with his work. He wishes me to accompany him to Mr. Walker's to recover my health, and I have partly consented, although I feel as though the work needed my superintendence at home as soon as he can return.

Husband finds the responsibilities of a station too much for one man, in connection with his medical duties. He is pressed every moment, and often obliged to neglect, or but half perform, some part of his labors.

Our dear Brother and Sister Hall, who spent the last six months with us, were a great comfort to us, and their experience in the missionary life was also a help to us. They left us the first of March. Her health was much improved by her stay among us. I have written Sister Judson the particulars concerning her, and the birth of her babe.

O, how I wish I could look into that dear circle once more! Is dear father and mother well? Are they as strong as they were when I bade them farewell? Where are the children? Are they all scattered? If they are, but doing good in the world, it is well. How is it with Edward and Harriet? I do not hear a single word from them. What are their plans? Are they preparing to become missionaries? Notwithstanding all my trials here; notwithstanding I wish to see you all so much, yet I should not be willing to go home to see you. We often say so to each other. We do not wish to go home; we are contented and happy here, and here our thoughts centre. Our chief anxiety is to see these people choosing Christ—loving and serving

him. It is for this we live and are willing to wear out our lives in endeavoring to persuade them to obey Christ. Sometimes we are ready to faint with the discouragements that beset our path; then again we look and take a fresh hold upon the arm of the blessed Saviour and go on. When I have felt the most desponding and cast down I have thought perhaps dear mother was not alive to pray for me any more. Then I think Jesus lives and He will not forsake me. He will not unless I forsake Him first. But my wicked heart is treacherous still and prone to leave him whom my soul loves. I often look up to that place of rest where my dear babe has gone and feel that I shall soon follow her. Dear mother, when we meet there then we can converse together of all these things which are now trying to the flesh, and bless and praise God forever for them. Till then adieu.

Your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. Clarissa Prentiss,

Angelica, Allegany County, New York.

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WIELETPOO, OREGON TERRITORY, October 1, 1841.

*My Dear Jane*:—I wrote you a folio sheet, as full as I could write it, to you and Edward, and sent it across the mountains with the almost certain assurance that it would reach you, at least by this time, if not sooner. But it has returned, with all the other letters we sent that way. We have now sent all our spring letters to Vancouver, to go by sea, so that it is doubtful when you will get them, if at all. I mentioned in my letter to you that Mr. Munger had become unbalanced in his mind, and it was thought best for him to return to his friends in the States. He had been prevailed upon to go, and accordingly started, with his wife and one child, to go across the mountains. To them we committed our letters, with the expectation that they would pass through Quincy on their way to Oberlin. They accompanied the H. H. B. Company's party to Fort Hall, and from thence to the place of the American Rendezvous, on Green river, and found that no party had come up from the States, and, from all that they could learn, no one was expected. They accordingly returned to Fort Hall, and concluded that there was no other alternative but to retrace



their steps to this country again. Mr. M. was happy in doing so, but his poor wife did it very reluctantly, for her heart was very much set on going to her friends. They came down before the main party, and brought back our letters with them. They had not retraced their steps far before a large party of emigrants and Jesuits arrived from the States. But no one brought any letters from you or Edward; consequently, I was greatly disappointed, and must wait another year before hearing from you again.

The emigrants were twenty-four in number—two families, with small children, from Missouri. This company was much larger when they started. About thirty went another route, to California. The company of Jesuits were twelve in number, consisting of three priests, three novitiates, four laborers, and their pilot, started from St. Louis, one they found on their way. Their pilot is Fitzpatrick, the same person that commanded the party we came with from the States. This company came as far as Fort Hall. They then go with the Indians to the Flathead country, or Pend d'Oreille. It is not known where they will settle, but it is reported that they expect to locate themselves somewhere in that region, and in the same language that part of our mission are occupying.

Now we have Catholics on both sides of us, and, we may say, right in our midst, for Mr. Pambrun, while he was alive, failed not to secure one of the principal Indians of this tribe to that religion, and had his family baptized. He acts upon his band, and holds from us many who would be glad to come and hear us. And then, the Indians are acted upon constantly through the servants of the Company, who are all, scarcely without exception, Catholics.

We feel no disposition to retreat from our work, but hope to stand our ground, if such a thing is possible. Fitzpatrick is expected here when he has accomplished his piloting for that company, and is said to return to St. Louis this fall; if so, I hope to send this by him.

I may have mentioned the death of our kind neighbor at Walla Walla, Mr. Pambrun, in my letter this spring; although it was written before it transpired, yet it was not sent until afterwards. Early in May he received an injury from his horse, which caused his death in four days after he was hurt. Husband was with him all the time during his sickness and death. It was a most distressing scene. He was only anxious to die that he might be relieved of pain.

A short time before he was sick he got his mind upon marrying his daughter to one of our mission. I mean our Brother Rogers, who

it and told her it was her duty to give them back to those who stole them, as they had distributed among many. She at last said she would do it. Her talk aroused two others, as they were all that were here, who came in last evening and received the same plain admonition. They did not like such plain talk. They are great worshipers, or at least feel and profess to be, and the man who would believe that they could do such great wickedness, and tell them of it and warn them of the consequences, was a bad man and would go to hell. One of them, more daring than the others, gathered twelve or fourteen of his friends and came in the forenoon to frighten us. One had a bow and arrows with iron points; another had a rope and another had the war club. When they first made their appearance these things were concealed under their blankets. The head man commenced the talk by saying that he was always good and that husband was bad and was always talking bad to them; that he had brought in his friends that were very powerful. This he said to frighten us and excite his allies. Soon husband spoke and told him to stop, and began to explain the conversation of last night. After a little, one of them took down a hair rope that was hanging near, and threw it down near the doctor—one of them that stood near put his foot on it. I began to be suspicious of that movement and thought they were intending to tie him. I told husband it was our rope and he picked it up and sent it out of the room. Soon a tall Indian advanced as the conversation increased in spirit—under his blanket I saw another rope and one behind him had a bow and arrows. I asked husband if I had not better call help; he said no, he was not afraid. I had not yet discovered the war club, but I had seen enough to excite my fears greatly. I went into another room, as slyly as I could, and called Packet, who is living in the Indian rooms, and told him what was going on; he went and got two other men and came in and seated themselves. (The gathering was in the kitchen.) The conversation continued and they soon saw that they had been led wrong by their leader, and their excitement died away. A native woman, a friend of ours, was in when they came in and I had just begun to read a chapter of the translation of Matthew to her. She was in yesterday, also, and was appealed to as a witness of what was said yesterday and was of service in quelling their rage. One of our men who came in first discovered the club, and the Indian was asked, when the excitement was over, what he came in with a club for? He flushed and put it around under his blanket out of sight. They all went away, ashamed of themselves and defeated. Their aim, doubtless, was to frighten us and cause the doctor to take

back what he said yesterday ; but *that* he would not do, but still said to them if he did not tell them plainly of their sins the Lord would be displeased with them. They said it would not do for him to talk so to Ap-ash-wa-kai-kin, their leader in wickedness, and the brother of the deceased young man ; if he did, he would fight him. He told him that it was his duty to tell him that he had done wrong, and that he, as well as they, must make restitution to those whom they had so unjustly injured, and that he should not hesitate to tell them so.

March 23.—Him-in-il-ip-il-ip, one of the two that was so excited about his bad conduct being told him so plainly, promised before he left the place that he would restore the property he had so unjustly taken. About two or three weeks after the above transaction Ap-ash-wa-kai-kin came into camp. Husband was away at the time—he had gone about a day's ride to visit a sick woman, the wife of the Catholic, and spent the Sabbath with them, as there were many Indians there. He did not, however, after his return, find it convenient to converse with him under two or three days. But it was like a thunder-bolt to him, for it appeared that no one had told him of the transactions of the others. It was in the evening and we were alone with him—he raged and threatened and said he wondered how they had allowed him to escape—although husband had told him as mildly and affectionately as possible. He soon flew out of the house in great anger—leaving the door open behind him and went to his lodge and hid himself from us for several days. Before this conversation took place, he was eager to obtain a plough, but husband wished to see this business settled before he could oblige him. He finally promised before he left the place that he, also, would make restitution, and parted good friends.

I cannot give you the outrages of last fall. I have written them to our dear parents, if it reaches them you will doubtless have the perusal of it. That, with this, will give you some idea what we have to meet with, but we may say that these are no trials, comparatively, to what they would be if the full use of ardent spirits was introduced among them.

May 17th.—The time has at length arrived for sending off our letters, and it is the last moment. I have not written to any of our beloved friends in Angelica, you must send these letters when you have an opportunity.

Our general meeting is now convened. All the families of the mission are here except Mr. Spalding's, who refuses to attend. We

are in deep waters, but we hope this meeting will decide our case as a mission in some way that will be a relief to our anxious minds. I cannot say much now, but the time will come when I hope to be able to speak freely.

Dear husband has not written a single letter to send home, nor can he, his mind is filled with so much labor, care and responsibility. He often speaks of you, but cannot write.

Mr. Munger, the man I wrote about in my letters of last spring as being deranged, has at last killed himself. He—after driving two nails in his left hand—drew out a bed of hot coals and laid himself down upon it, thrusting his hand into the hottest part of the fire and burnt it to a crisp, and died four days after. After they returned they went on to the Willamette, because we did not think it safe for him to remain here. •This took place the last of December. I cannot enter into particulars as I would be glad to. My time, strength and thought are all occupied with the care of company, my children and the events of the meeting.

We have, I mean Mr. Spalding and us, just received a box of clothing from Prattsburgh.

I have seen only one letter and that is a joint letter to both families from O. L. Porter. By some hints in that and from other sources we learn that there is a party expected from that place to come out to our help, and perhaps to come next year. If it is so, it is through Mr. S.'s influence, unbeknown to the mission. If they come out unconnected with the American Board, it will be very trying to both us and them. Those who have already come can but just live, and I believe are obliged to abandon their object, because in this country it is as much as we can do to take care of ourselves if we have no help about.

I received a letter from H. P. and Livonia Prentiss, and right glad was I for it. It is the first we have received from them since we have been here. The box was directed to Mr. S. and consequently was not opened until it went to his place, and he delayed sending the things and letters so long and gave me no information of it until the time had arrived to send our letters off, consequently I have written only one letter to P. where I should have been glad to have written several.

What I have written in the first part of this sheet about our Brother Rogers, keep to yourselves. He is here now and we would be glad to have him join us again if the circumstances of the mission were a little different.

I send this letter by Edward Rogers, a young man who came out last fall and spent the winter with us. He has partly promised to call on you; I hope he will.

I send Edward Mr. Smith's address on "The Mission Character." I hope he will read it very attentively and often; it is all true, and what he will have to meet if he becomes a missionary.

Please give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley. It would cheer me much if they would write us.

Mr. Clarke and all his party are in the lower country.

Mr. Littlejohn has given up going home—he has not the means. We want him to come back and help us and have given him the invitation.

Love from us both to Jane and Edward.

Your sister, as ever,

NARCISSA.

Love to dear father and mother, and all the dear ones we love.

Farewell,

N. W.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,  
Quincy, Illinois, U. S. A.

[Favor of Mr. Edward Rogers.]

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WIELETPOO, OREGON TERRITORY, }  
October 6th; 1841. }

*My Dear Parents:*—I have seated myself once more to write to my beloved father and mother, and a thousand thoughts rush into my mind so that I know not where to begin. I often feel and say: "O what would I give for one short hour of *conversation, counsel and prayer* with the dear object of my earliest and continued affections, my father and my mother. And I know that if I could see you for an hour I should wish it prolonged and repeated until my heart's desire was satisfied; yet I do not know when that would be. Perhaps, never—until we meet where we hope to part no more. It is this thought, only, that satisfies my anxious mind and gives consolation.

Dear mother asks in her last communication, which we received about a month since, of September, 1840: "Do you never talk about visiting home for the sake of recruiting your exhausted strength?" We often talk about the pleasure it would give us to see our friends and native land, but that we shall ever go home is uncertain. Indeed, we never expect to. We feel that our lives are too far spent to allow us to devote as much time as would be necessary to visit our friends and return. Yet such a thing may be. We know not what changes will take place.

Should our health require a change of circumstances it may not be considered necessary for us to go home unless some other object is to be accomplished by it for the good of the cause.

Mother also expresses a "hope that I do not regret the step I have taken and the sacrifice made for Christ in behalf of the perishing heathen." I have no occasion to repent, or the least cause to regret, that I am here; but I wonder and am astonished, when I consider the qualifications necessary for the place I occupy, that I was permitted to come. I feel every day I live more and more that my strength is perfect weakness, and that I am entirely unfitted for the work, and have many gloomy, desponding hours, but that I wish myself back again, or that I had not come, I can safely say I have no such feeling; or that I would be in any other field than this, notwithstanding all our perplexities, trials and hardships. Yet I sometimes doubt my motive in this feeling, whether it is purely with a single eye for the glory of God or from some selfish principle. I find one of my most difficult studies is to know my own heart, the motive by which I am actuated from day to day, and feel more than ever to cling closely to the word of God as our *only guide* in this dark and dreary wilderness world.

Nov. 19th—I began this sheet some time ago, but was not able to finish it at that time. I have not enjoyed such a season as I have now for a few weeks past and as we expect to this winter since we have been here. So free from care and none in our house but my own family, which consists of self, husband, and our two little girls. Mrs. Gray has the care of all the laborers, etc., of the station, as my health would not admit of my doing it—being entirely without help.

It is useful and necessary for us, for we greatly need time for reflection and study, having not had any scarcely from the time we left home till the present, except what was filled with perplexing cares and

trials. I feel that we have gained much in experience, but lost in mental culture, or, as it were, have been living on what we had stored up in our childhood and youth ; and here I would speak of my feelings of gratitude to God for this unspeakable mercy of giving me such a mother to guide my youthful mind, directing my reading, and instead of allowing it to be filled with the light and vain trash of novel reading, I was directed to that which was more substantial and which feasted the immortal mind and laid up in store a rich inheritance for this time of need.

Mother's desire that we should have been blessed with a precious revival among us and enjoying the privilege of seeing the natives beginning to speak forth the praises of dying and redeeming love has not yet been realized in all its parts. Last winter we had a breaking down in our own hearts and the blessing seemed ready to break upon the people, as it has seemed many times before, but was stayed and has been stayed for reasons known best to Him "Who ruleth all thing well." The obstacles in the way of the conversion of this people are many and great with them as well as with their missionaries.

Mr. Smith and wife have left us now, on their way to the Sandwich Islands. She is sick with an irritation of the spine. Mr. Rogers has left the services of the mission, and gone to settle on the Willamette, so that our number and strength is greatly reduced. The state of the mission is somewhat known at the Islands, or rather, as it has been, which is the probable reason why our brethren who were sent to us decline coming. There has not been a very favorable opportunity as yet for them to come, as the only ship that has come in since was the Peacock, and she was wrecked on the sandbar in the mouth of the Columbia river ; no lives lost. The lading of the ship was lost—everything except the papers. We are hoping that they will come in, in the spring vessels ; if they do not we know not when we shall be again reinforced.

We hope to have better news to give when we write again, concerning our state. Several of the gentlemen of the U. S. Ex. Squadron visited us during the summer as they were exploring in this region. About twenty-five emigrants have gone past this fall, from Missouri, to settle on the Willamette. Two families with children, one of them very large—six in number—the parents upwards of forty years old. It was very pleasing to me to see such a mother with so many children around her, having come so far—such a dreadful journey.

It is a remarkable fact that while we were talking with the Indians on Tuesday, the next day after the date of Mr. McKinlay's letter, that the intelligence came that Walla Walla Fort was burnt on that morning. I mentioned in my former letter that it was probably caused by sparks from the servants' chimney.

The Jesuit Mission, from St. Louis, under the care of Father Smidt, late missionary to the Otoes, as I am informed, near Council Bluffs, has been established and houses are building, but the exact location I cannot give you. It yet remains to learn its effects.

If you see Mr. Hale or Mr. Drayton, of the U. S. Ex. Squadron, (and perhaps others may tell you the same) they can describe the picture of a tree, hanging in C. F. McLoughlin's room at Vancouver, which represents all Protestants as the withered ends of the several branches of papacy falling off down into infernal society and flames, as represented at the bottom. This gives a good idea of their manner of instruction to the Indians as drawn out in manuscript and given to them, accompanied with oral instructions of a similar character. The possession of one of these manuscripts by an Indian binds him not to hear any more the instructions of Protestants, so far as my observations can prove.

Thus much of the letter concerning the Indians. We would be glad if Harriet or some one would copy it and send it to Brother Augustus Whitman. It is a great deal of writing for us to send so much to all our friends, we have so little time and strength. We expect to send this via Red River and St. Peter's. If father desired it he could send by way of Canada and we receive a letter every fall.

The remainder is concerning the fate of this Mission, which we hope will be kept in your own bosoms, at least until you hear from us again. We are in deep trials and would be glad to have our parents know them if they could. We dare not trust our own language to our friends—at least this is the way I feel—but will copy husband's to Mr. Greene, so that you may know some things they know concerning us. In the same letter he says :

“It is a great evil to this mission that the reinforcement promulgated their determination not to come on until they heard from the Board or this mission as shown in this country by the Scientific Corps of the ‘Peacock.’ Father may not know that they arrived at the Islands in June last, during the sessions of the general meeting, and were designated to their several fields of labor the same as those who belonged



to that mission. Our situation called only the more imperatively for them to come on and in no way could excuse their not coming. We are in no way unprepared for a reinforcement as we have no secret burnings. Whatever causes of complaint we have with each other are open and need in no case involve a third person. Nothing could have been more important than for them to come on. But I think any reinforcement will be very much unfitted for laboring in this field after passing the Islands and seeing the ease of their living and becoming impressed with the idea that the work there is so much more important than this, as held and maintained to them by that mission and the awakening influence of their representations of districts of many thousands yet vacant at the Islands, accompanied by discussions of whether it would be better for them to stop there where they may spend all their time in laboring for souls rather than to come here and labor for a few hundred and then be obliged to spend so much time in labor to procure their own sustenance. The last objection could not be true of Mr. Poris if he had come and been associated with me, but it was raised by him as having been urged at the Islands. You will know best what course to take in our case, to which we will most cheerfully submit. In the meantime, believe me to be your obedient fellow-laborer for the salvation of the Indians, white settlers and passers-by in Oregon.

M. W."

Again I would ask that this might not be circulated. It may do injury. Since I have been copying this page, husband came in and said he would rather I would not copy this, but I had begun before I knew he had any objections, and I could not well throw away the sheet. We hope this thing will be settled and not exist to be written about very long.

Their wandering habits, so little of the time at the station under the influence of truth, and their scattered situation in their wandering and want of time in their teachers to follow them; add to this, minds filled with perplexing care and labor necessary to sustain the body, in the few teachers they have among them, and perhaps what is the greatest obstacle, want of faith and a holy heart. This winter we hope will be different. Husband expects to visit around among them, and if I am not deceived, if I know what my feelings are, it is my prevailing, ardent desire to see the salvation of the Lord among them. What is before us we know not, nor how long we shall be permitted to remain among them. The missionary work is hard, up-hill work, even the best of it. There are no flowery beds of ease here, but it

WIELEETPOO, Nov. 18, 1841.

*My Dear Father.*—I am permitted once more to address you. We received a letter from father, mother and Harriet last August, for which please receive our grateful thanks. We rejoice that health, so much comfort and strength of days are still added and enjoyed by our beloved parents. We bless God that you still live to pray for your children far away, as well as those that are near, and O may they be answered with answers of peace upon our souls.

My object in writing now is to copy a letter written by husband to Mr. Greene, giving an account of our late trials with the Indians. I can copy his letter better and do it much quicker than I can give it in my own language :

“REV. DAVID GREENE,

“Sec. of the A. B. C. F. M.,

*Dear Sir.*—I wrote you a few days since in which I promised to write again more fully, to be sent across the mountains via Red River and St. Peters.

“I went in July to attend Mrs. Eells in her confinement, Mrs. W. accompanying me, and were absent from the station six weeks, during which time the wheat was harvested by Mr. Gray's superintendence. In the meantime he had begun to build a house for himself of adobe. It is now roofed and the walls are being hewed and plastered, and in a short time it will be fit to dwell in, although not finished. Some of his lumber has been sawed by two white men lately from California. He has two others in his employ who came this year from Missouri. A man hired by Mr. Eells by the name of Packett (formerly at school at the Harmony Station), who could not at this time accompany Mr. E. on account of the health of his family, remains with us for the winter. Our Hawaiian woman, whose husband died a year ago, has gone to be in readiness to go home with Mr. Smith and wife. Mungo, the boy whom we brought up but who is now under engagement, has gone to assist Mr. Eells at that station. So that Mrs. W. and myself are alone with two small girls, one of three years and the other six, the first of which we have adopted as our own.

“In order to assist Mr. Gray to get on with his house I have taken the ordinary care of the station, and harvested the corn and potatoes, and sowed the wheat. Messrs. Walker and Eells have got their supplies of flour and meat from us since June. Mr. Spalding, also, has

taken some twice, as his mill is not yet in order to run. The mill is a most valuable acquisition to this station. Its simple construction, its safe and durable water power make it a great labor-saving machine.

"The Indians at this station have been very quiet for the last year and a half, but from various causes which have been operating upon them, they were prepared for agitation, thinking this the best way to obtain property. I-a-tin, an Indian who had been to the Willamette settlement, undertook to embarrass Mr. G. in his building operations, forbidding him to cut timber without pay, and others joined him in talking of charging us for fire wood. There has often been talk of causing us to pay for the land we occupy. I-a-tin said he was told while at the Willamette that if any one came on the white men's land and he refused to go off, he was kicked off.

"The plantation of this station has been in common with the Indians, upon a point of land between two streams; as soon as our wheat was off the Indians put their horses in to the great injury of our garden, corn and potatoes. We have been hitherto unable to make fences for the want of timber and strength and time to do it; now we expect they will be able to do it in the spring, as Mr. G. is associated with us at this station, by digging a ditch around our fields, which answers the purpose of irrigation also, (none of our fields have any fences) as well as to that of some of the Indians.

"While Mr. Hale, of Boston, who belongs to the U. S. Exploring Squadron, was here, Til-ka-na-ik, another Indian, was most insolent because, when his horses were eating up our corn, I sent some Indians to catch them. He said I was likely to get the Indians whipped, for if I sent them to catch his horses he should beat them, and added that he put his horses there lest they should stray, for he had no servant, and that was a shut up place, and that if I had them put out he would take one of our horses and ride him to hunt for his until he tired him out and then leave him. I then told him that I thought our field was a plantation and not for a horse pen; but if he thought it good to eat up our crops I had no more to say about it. He then said that this was his land and that he grew up here and that the horses were only eating the growth of the soil, and demanded of me what I had ever given him for the land. I answered "Nothing," and that he might depend upon it I never would pay him anything. He then made use of the word "Shame," which is used in Chinook the same as in English, and its parallel in Nez Percés. I requested him to wait while I spoke, and then told him of the original arrangement for us to

sent up his interpreter to inquire about it, as he had heard exciting stories from the Indians. I wrote him all was now quiet and we had no concern, but at the same time I gave him the last mentioned case and also told him I feared Joe Gray, a half-breed Iroquois, for a long time a servant of the company, but who was in the camp of the Wailatpu and Walla Walla Indians from April to September, contributed to cause this excitement, for I was told by an Indian after the affair that Joe Gray had told Til-au-ka-ik while at his camp and fishery that we were rendering the Indians miserable and that we ought to pay for the lands. This Gray is a Romanist and held worship in the forms of that church among the Indians.

“Mr. McKinlay espoused our cause warmly, and sent word to the Indians that he felt the insult offered to us as offered to himself, and that those who conducted themselves so much like dogs would not be permitted to see him with complacency. The interpreter added much to this, according to the Indians' stories. He told them that when Governor Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, heard of the death of Chief Factor Black, who was killed at Thompson River Fort last winter in his own house by an Indian, he felt that it was not to have his people killed that he sent and had forts built and brought the Indians goods. He at once resolved to come himself and that he had gone past and was now in the lower country. He pointed to the fact of the company bringing a large number of men into the country, for a large party of settlers, as half servants to the company, were at that time at the fort on their way from the Red River to settle on the Cowlitz, and that the company had, during the last summer, removed a large part of the cattle from the upper country, as evidence of a state of readiness to avenge Chief Factor Black's death, and that company were prepared and determined to avenge any other like outrage of the Indians, whether it occurred in one or two or three years—whether it might be here or among any other Indians. This excited them very much, for they did not know how to take it—they felt that they had committed themselves and been compared to dogs. After a meeting among themselves, they came to have a talk with us. Mrs. Whitman came and called me, as I was not in the house at the time, and Mr. G. and myself came in. They persisted in entering through the kitchen into the diningroom and were seated when we came in. We invited such as were still in the kitchen into the diningroom and let in all who presented themselves at their accustomed door. While we were talking, Pa-la-is-ti-wat, an old Indian, commenced threatening Mrs. W. at the window with a hammer, in order to force open the

door, and at the same time Sa-ki-aph, who was in the house, was trying to unlock another door in order to throw open the house. I called on him to stop and also asked the chiefs to stop him, but called in vain.

"I then went and took the key from the door. He went directly into the kitchen, removed the fastening and opened the door, but I followed him and as he opened the door to let others in I put him out and fastened the door, returned and sat down. Having got the hammer from Pa-la-is-ti-wat he beat the door and the other took a large American ax, by which means they broke the kitchen door and a horde of lawless savages took possession of the house. At the same time Sa-ki-aph came in with the hammer and Pa-la-is-ti-wat with the ax to attack us. Mr. G. met the former and myself the latter and disarmed them. After I had got hold of the ax I did not excite myself to take it away until I had waited to see if the chiefs would speak to restore order, but waited in vain. After I took the ax away he held to my collar and struck me with his fist and tore my clothes. Mrs. W. took the ax from me while I was being held by the Indian, and Mr. G. put both ax and hammer up stairs. Sa-ki-aph soon returned with a club and advanced upon me. As I arose to take the club I dodged the blow he was leveling at me, for which I was greatly ridiculed by them as fearing death. While I was telling them I did not fear to die, if I did not partake of the sin of causing my death, Sakiaph came in again with a gun and presented it to me and asked me if I did not fear to die. Our hired men were in the house by this time and one went and stood so as to command the gun. They persisted in saying that because I said I was not afraid to die that it was as though I had challenged them to kill me; but I told them "no" I did not challenge them nor did I want to suffer pain; but still I did not fear to die as I had just said. At the same time I showed them the consequence of killing us and sending us in advance of themselves into the presence of God.

"They now wanted us to say that we would not shut any of our doors against them, and said if we would do so we would live in peace. We told them that so long as we were allowed to live and occupy our houses we should order our doors, and if they wished to live in peace they must not oppose such regulations. Til-au-ka-ik now exclaimed that it was impossible to bully us into a fright.

"Wap-tash-tak-mahl next said that there was property in the house and that they were accustomed to have it given them when they had a difficulty. I told them they would not get the value of a single awl or pin for their bad conduct, and if they wanted property in that way

they must steal it. He thought that was very hard language. I then told them that I felt that this was not an excitement of the moment but that it was the result of what Joe Gray had told them while on the Grande Ronde river. At first they were disposed to call me to an account for my authority, but Wap-tash-tak-mahl arose and said that it was true; he had told them so but had forbid them to tell of it lest he should be blamed. He then related what he had told them. That formerly the whites came on to the Iroquois land, they killed two and drove them off; after that they killed two more, and then when the whites wanted to buy their land they loved them and said they wanted them for their children, but at last they bought them and gave a great sum of money and after that all lived together as brothers.

“They now broke up and went away, saying they would go and see if Mr. McKinlay would call them dogs. We thought best to apprise him of their intentions and sent accordingly to the Fort in the night.

“The next day was the Sabbath and it was a sad day to us. Many stayed away from worship and some went to the Fort carrying their arms. Others were insolent and reckless of evil. They did many violent acts, such as breaking our windows and troubling our animals. We now felt that we had showed the example of non-resistance as long as it was called for, and as we went to bed we put ourselves in a state of defence; should anything occur at the Fort and the Indians return upon us. We also resolved to go to the Fort and take our families and stay for a time, until we could either arrange to go away or return, as might seem best.

“On Monday I received a letter from Mr. McKinlay giving an account of their conduct there, a copy of which I will give you. Dated Walla Walla, Oct. 4th, 1841.

*My Dear Sir*:—I have the pleasure to inform you that there is every prospect of your being allowed to keep peaceful possession of your place and that you will not be further molested by the Indians. (It was rumored that they intended to break into the fort Sabbath night which caused them to keep watch and mount all their guns and cannons and load them with nails, old pieces of iron, etc., to be ready in case they should need them.) Rogers would have told you how matters stood when he left. All, however, was quiet during the night. After breakfast this morning I sent for the Indians, and when they came into the hall, I told them I wished to know their hearts, and at the same time, tell the state of my own, for, although I sent for horses

the other day, I would not trade one till such times as I knew whether we were to have war or not. That for my own part I did not care which. I dared them to take my fort from me, for that I had a sufficient number of men to protect myself, but that I could not protect you; but if they persisted in doing you harm that I would instantly send to Chief Factor McLoughlin, who would send up a sufficient number to avenge the whole and that the plunder of their horses would be considered sufficient payment for the trouble. That I knew they might kill you before assistance came, but that it afforded me great satisfaction they could not send you to hell. That it is the first time I have heard of Indians in any part of the country treating missionaries so, and that I never heard in any country of missionaries being obliged to pay for the lands they occupied. I concluded by saying that if they were willing to acknowledge their faults and promise better conduct in future, I was sure you would forgive the past and that if you did I would do so, also. That spilling of blood was far from my wish, but that it was time we understood each other's hearts. Wap-tash-tak-mahl, McKay and Til-au-ka-ik all spoke, one after the other. It is unnecessary for me to tell you all that they said at present. Let it suffice, therefore, till we meet that what one and all of them said, expressed deep contrition for what had passed and many promises that they would conduct themselves well in future. In fact, they spoke most reasonably and acknowledged that they were altogether in the wrong. I then told them that I was very willing to blot from my memory their dogly conduct and that I was sure you would do so likewise. So I think you will find it to the advantage of all concerned to forget and forgive the past. But pray put your face against paying them for their bad conduct. In hopes that you will agree with me in my plans, I remain your sincere well-wisher,

'ARCHIBALD MCKINLAY.'

"On Tuesday, the 5th, we called the Indians to hold a talk with them; the result of which was to gain a full acknowledgement of the first understanding we had with them before the establishment of the mission. This talk was fully interpreted to them by the interpreter at Walla Walla, and I do not know that it could have been more complete in all the relations required for the station. We told them plainly that unless they were ready to protect us and enforce good order, we would leave them; that we did not come to fight them, but to teach them. The first agitators were very full in their expressions of sorrow for their conduct, but Wap-tash-tak-mahl, who asked to be

with me. I did not think to write by him. He returned this eve, bringing letters from Mr. McKinlay and Mr. Gray, who it seems is not off yet, urging me to remove immediately to Walla Walla. Mungo told them of my fright last night; it alarmed them very much. Mr. McK. and wife were coming up here to-morrow and she was going to stay some time with me, but he says he will not do it now, but insists upon my removing there immediately. He has told Mungo to stay until he comes on Monday and to-morrow he sends back the wagon for me to be ready to go on Tuesday. I shall go if I am able. They appear so anxious about me; doubtless it is not safe for me to remain alone any longer. In talking to Mr. McKay and Feathercap about it, I told them I should leave and go below—I could not stay and be treated so. I told them I came near beating him with the war club; they said it would have been good if I had done so and laid him flat so that they all might see who he was. Some think there will be no further danger. I think it safer for me to go now, as our friends are so anxious about me, and Mr. and Mrs. McK. so kindly offer to prepare a room to make me comfortable, and Mrs. G. says, "Bring a small stove with you." Mungo appears quite humble—says he is sorry for his bad conduct and wants I should teach his wife to write or rather have her work for me. He came near having a fight with the one that had the first claim upon her. In the first place the Indian stole one of his horses. M. went and took it back again. He was then met by him and others armed with bows and arrows. M. resorted to his pistol, but Charles told him not to shoot him. They settled it by his requesting some present and M. paying him a shirt. Messrs. W. and E. did not marry them, but sent him to you for your direction. M. gave for his wife 4 horses, 1 gun, 1 coat, vest, pantaloons, leggings, 2 shirts and 100 loads of ammunition and a blanket. The poor girl had everything taken from her but the dress she had on. Ask Deborah how she would like beginning in the world in that style. For my part I should prefer the winter just past rather than just begun for such a beginning.

My good woman did not go away as we expected when you paid her. She came in sick on Wednesday; I gave her some pills and this morning she came again and has washed for me. Pitiitosh's wife came also and I set her to work as I had enough to do before the day was gone. Feathercap's wife came in and set herself to work. She has done so before, since you left. Cleaned out the cellar and helped arrange the things brought from the other house. John ground for them to-day—our Indians.



Sat. eve, 8th—I do not feel as sad and lonely this eve as I always have formerly done when you have been away. The tree you had given me to cultivate no doubt has a good effect upon me. You could not have selected one so useful to me. I see plainly that it will not fail to test my affection for my dear husband in the end. I hope you do not have a sad moment about me. Where are you to-night, my love, preparing to spend the holy Sabbath. My heart has met thine at the mercy seat and I trust blessings are in store for you on the morrow, both for body and mind. Methinks you have taken leave of Monsieur Bayette and gone a comfortable day beyond. The Indians say more Americans are coming—perhaps I shall hear from you again. Again let me say, be not anxious for me—for the sympathies of all are excited for me the moment they hear you have gone. I shall be well taken care of and no doubt shall have more letters to answer than I am able to write. Received one to-day from Mr. Spalding expressing the kindest sympathy and concern, both for you and myself, and desire for the success of your undertaking. He is coming here next week; says Mr. Eells will be here at the same time. It is the Lord sustains me; I know it must be that or I should not feel as happy about you as I do, and I trust you feel no less his supporting hand than I do. O, may we continue to feel it until we are brought together again rejoicing in his goodness.

The Indians have been so engaged in singing their hunting songs for several days past that but few have come around the house until to-day. The bride has attracted them, I suppose. How will you feel, dear husband, when you seat yourself in Sister Julia's house, or with our mothers, and not see the windows filled with Indians, and the doors also; will you not feel lost? I can scarcely imagine how you will feel. Could it consistently with duty have been so I should rejoice to be a partaker with you of the feelings necessarily produced by a visit to those dear firesides—but I am happy in remaining, while you are permitted the prospect—and I hope for the reality of seeing those beloved objects once more.

Sabbath eve, 9th—My dear husband would like to know what kind of a Sabbath we have had here, for I know his heart is with the people. Ellice, who brought me Mr. Spalding's letter, was their minister to-day. This afternoon I had a Bible class in English with him, John and Mungo, besides the time I spent with the children. He read and appeared to understand very well. He thinks he loves the Saviour. I urged the duty of secret prayer in addition to his family worship,

and showed him the passage in Matthew. He said he would in future attend to the duty daily. He told me yesterday that if he had been here he would have gone with you to the States. Although I am alone as to associates and my husband is gone, yet I have not been lonely to-day. The presence of the Saviour fills every vacancy. My little children appear thoughtful and solemn. Helen said, "Will father come home to-day?" when the people were assembling for worship. She is quite well now.

12th.—*My Dear Husband*:—I am now at Walla Walla—came here yesterday; was too unwell to undertake the journey, but could not refuse, as Mr. McKinlay had come on purpose to take me. He came in the wagon and brought the trundlebed and I laid down most all the way. To-day I have been scarcely able to get off the bed; feel a little better tonight, so I thought I must write a little to you, although it must be but a little, for the want of strength. The Indians did not like my leaving very well—seemed to regret the cause. I felt strongly to prefer to stay there if it could be considered prudent, but the care and anxiety was wearing upon me too much. Good night, beloved husband.

Friday eve, 14th.—*My Dear Husband*:—Your letter written last Saturday, the 8th, was handed me this afternoon by Raymond. I rejoice to hear of your prosperity so far, and hope by this time you are near Fort Hall.

17th.—I undertook to write to you last Friday, but was too sick to do it and had to give it up. Took a powder of quinine and calomel that night—the next day and yesterday could scarcely go or lie in bed. I suffered much for the conveniences of our dear home; think I received serious injury in sleeping on damp made blankets for a bed, for I have been sick ever since I have been here. I anticipated being not as comfortable here as at home, and could I have been left a week longer I should have preferred it, for I did not think I should be further molested, but Mr. McKinlay would not leave me there any longer. Mr. and Mrs. McKinlay are very kind, but they know not how to make one as easy and comfortable as Mr. Pambrun used to. It has been warmer for two days past and the stove is now up, so that I am pretty comfortably situated now.

But why should I say so much about myself? My dear husband does not give me such an example. Indeed, I wish to hear so much about your own and my other self, and hear so little when you do write,

that I probably am more particular than I otherwise would be in speaking of myself.

Mr. McDonald arrived yesterday from Vancouver. The ship "Victoria" is not in. He says Mr. Ermatinger has become a Catholic. He wrote you and sent me a box of raisins.

Letters arrived today from Messrs. W. and Eells. They have no idea that you are at Fort Hall, as you probably are at this time. They wish an "invoice of property taken by Mr. G." but he has left none. I shall write him that they wish it.

Mr. Walker has written you. His closing remark is, "Be assured that whether you go or stay, you and Mrs. W. will have our prayers and best wishes for your peace and usefulness. May the Lord direct us all." The letters came to Wioletpoo and the mule was sent, but the bearers returned without coming here, and of course no opportunity of sending them the intelligence of your departure.

I have filled this sheet—perhaps I shall another before the express arrives. Mr. Perkins has sent word to have me come down there in the express boats without fail. I have not yet determined what I shall do. Should like to be relieved of the care of David if I could while you are gone, but do not know as I can. I want to see Mr. S. before then, if I conclude to go.

Your affectionate wife,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

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WALLA WALLA, Oct. 22, 1842.

*My Dear Husband:*—The word is given that the express is arriving and I hasten to write you my farewell for the present, praying earnestly that we may be permitted to meet again and spend many years together in love, serving the Lord and in building up his cause. Your letters, how they have cheered me, especially to see your confidence and trust in the Lord; both for yourself and me in the time of trouble and danger. I have made up my mind not to expect you until late next summer. Indeed, much as I shall and do want to see you, I prefer that you stay just as long as it is necessary to accomplish all your heart's desire respecting the interest of this country, so dear to us both—our home.

And especially do I wish you to stay long enough to visit all our dear relatives and friends, both for yourself and me. Will it not be too true, that while enjoying the society of those loved ones, my husband will wish dear wife was along to make her own visits and give zest to his? I surely have the vanity and the evidence to think so, and am greatly comforted with it.

We have had a false alarm about the express. I am glad they have not come, for I am not ready for them yet. Think I shall go down to Mr. Perkins' if they do not arrive here and pass on the Sabbath.

Mr. Spaulding is here; he came yesterday. He has had considerable trouble with the Indians which prevented his coming last week. Spends the Sabbath here.

Mr. McDonald left yesterday P. M. Have had a very interesting visit with him. He was greatly surprised to hear you were off. Spoke of you with interest—wished very much to see you, and from what I could infer, he intended to open his heart to you relative to his present and future situation. He manifested a great desire to read serious books and goes to-day to Waiilatpu to select from the library for his reading this winter. Notwithstanding his hilarity and glee, he is a man of deep thought and serious feelings. He has a praying sister who does not forget him in her anxiety for the salvation of his soul, and I feel constrained to join mine to hers, and O may the blessings of Abraham's God descend upon him!

He takes six bags of flour from the mill into the Snake country. He brought me a keg of fresh apples from Vancouver, and ever since we have been enjoying ourselves on apple pies. What would you think of having our friends send us some dried fruits from the States? Perhaps it is not warrantable to make the expense for the gratification of the taste.

Mrs. Eells expressed great anxiety for your comfort in the journey, sent you some dried apples to take along with you.

Mr. S. has opened a barrel, directed to you, and divided the contents equally among the four families. He has done it very exact and much to his own satisfaction.

My dear husband, what will you do about seeing Mrs. Munger's relatives while you are in the States? It would be a great kindness to them if you could see them and give them some account of her sit-

uation and trials here. It just came to my mind as I, in looking over my file of letters, saw her brother Hoisington's letter to you. I have heard nothing more from her since you left.

I hope you will see Mrs. Mather, if she is still living, and tell her how much I love her and thank her for her good, long letters, and hope she will write many more such.

I forgot—rather I mentioned in my other letter Tanatua's report from the priest. He says he promised to send one up from the States to settle on the Uvilla next summer.

The Indians that met you beyond Grande Ronde appeared very happy to say that they had seen you and to hear something of your plans about returning, from yourself. Stik-as really mourns about you, that he did not come and see you before you left. I believe it is a great comfort to them to see me left behind. They tell me they are waiting to see where I go, before they decide where to go for the winter. The little children's eyes brighten when I speak of you and they love to have me do so. They say you are gone a long time and wish to know when you will come again.

Almost three long weeks have passed since we exchanged the parting kiss and many, very many, long weeks are yet to come before we shall be permitted, if ever in this world, to greet each other again. I think of you and feel as if you were in my heart continually. I follow you night and day, and shall through the whole journey, in my imagination and prayers. I as confidently believe and trust in the Lord concerning you, as I learn from your letter that you do, and it affords me unspeakable satisfaction to know that my heart is as your heart in this matter. I do believe we shall be permitted to meet again. I cannot feel otherwise, and I as confidently believe you will be blest in the object of your visit to the States.

If I go to Vancouver next summer I think I shall come back again so as to be here when you return. Mr. Grant is ordered to come down so that I shall expect to receive a letter from you about the first of January.

By this time I expect you are more than half way to Winter—so the distance widens between us—but I am thankful that it is our bodies only that are separated and that absence and distance cannot make a space between our hearts. "Love is stronger than death."

As I commenced giving some account of what has transpired since my dear husband left, I will go on. Waskopum is one of the stations of the Methodist Mission situated on the Columbia river just below The Dalles. The Dalles is the place, if you recollect, where I fought such a battle with the fleas on my first arrival in the country (see my journal). There are three families here, Revs. Lee and Perkins, and their wives, and Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, farmer. I am spending a very happy winter here and I trust it has been and will be for my spiritual good, for truly the society and prayers of such a company of living and growing Christians is very refreshing to me, after having lived so much alone, immersed in care and toll.

Soon after I came here Mr. McKinlay, of Walla Walla, wrote that the mill at our station was burnt and it was supposed to be set on fire by Indians. This was very afflicting news to me, for all our living came out of our mill principally, and not only ours at the station, but multitudes in the country, in different ways, were benefited by it. Probably there was more than two hundred bushels of wheat and corn burnt and some flour. The mill bolt and threshing mill, even to a part of the wheel, was burnt. My poor husband will feel this sadly—so much lost, and so much, too, that will save labor. I think, sometimes, if I had not left perhaps it would not have been burnt. But it will all work for the best to us and the poor Indians, too, I hope. As my health has been and is, I do not think it would have been best for me to remain there. I left a good man there, but he could do nothing alone as it was set on fire in the night and not discovered until it had made considerable progress. It is pretty difficult to ascertain whether it was the work of design or carelessness. It is said that two boys, and we know them to be "of malicious habits," were fishing and threw fire down on the bank of the river that communicated with the straw. The sensible part of the Cayuses feel the loss deeply, and they will feel it still more when they want their wheat ground next fall. We hope it will be a good lesson to them and be one means of making them a better people.

Husband had prepared adobes to surround the mill before he left, but being called away so suddenly Mr. Spalding engaged to see them put up. He had arrived at Wioletpoo when I left Walla Walla and commenced the work, but was sent for in great haste as Mrs. S. was taken very sick and was unable to take care of herself or children. This left the mill unfinished or unprotected.

When I came here I felt anxious to meet Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn on the way, or hoped he would arrive shortly after, but Mr. Gray was detained in going down, and he in coming up. Cold weather commenced much earlier than usual, and they were wind-bound on the river several days and did not reach this place until the middle of November, and as the mill and grain was burnt it was concluded best for Mrs. L. and myself to remain here until Mr. L. and Mr. Geiger should go up and see how things were. They were accompanied by Dr. White, the government agent for this country, and a small party who went up to visit the Indians, settle difficulties, to recommend the appointment of chiefs, and the institution of a code of laws among the different tribes. As our station was vacated by all its inhabitants, the Indians had all left for their wintering quarters, and some of them from indignation on account of the burning of the mill. A meeting was appointed, a few came, but could do nothing but make a few inquiries and appoint another meeting which is to be the 10th of May.

At Lapwai they had more successful meetings, appointed a high chief and other small chiefs of the different bands, framed laws which were translated and printed in the Nez Perces language.

Mr. Littlejohn, when he left the lower country, sold his property with a view to go to the States over the mountains this spring. While attending that meeting he became so interested in the Indians as to change his mind about going home and pledged himself to stay in the country and aid in teaching them. Mr. S. immediately invited him to come there and spend the winter and go to teaching; and because it was easier work than to stay and teach at our station, he consented to go and has gone, with his wife, there. Left our station with only Brother Geiger alone.

I intended to return and spend two or three months there this spring, but the same difficulty is in the way—no female companion at the station. Dr. White, however, insists upon my going up to be there at the meeting appointed, as there is no one in this part of the country, now husband is gone, and Mr. Gray likewise, that is much acquainted with the Cayuses. I expect to go up in about two weeks, and hope to return and make a visit at Vancouver and the Willamette, as I am very cordially invited. We made application to Mr. Rogers, who was in the Willamette and had just married, to come and take charge of the station during husband's absence, and had he got the intelligence soon enough he would have been happy to come, for he had just then entered into an engagement of another kind for a mill-

ing company to build a flour mill. This was a great disappointment to me and a trial to him that he did not know of it soon enough to come; his wife was very young and inexperienced in housewifery and on this account, as well as many others, he would have rejoiced to come. He came up with Dr. White as interpreter, and was of essential service; indeed, there is not another individual in Oregon that acquires the native languages with so much facility and readiness, and no one more universally beloved by all who knew him, and especially the native inhabitants.

I have now come to the most trying and melancholy part of my intelligence, and how shall I write it? Brother Rogers, in his return from the upper country, spent several days here. I had an interesting visit with him, little thinking it would be what it has proved to be—the last we shall have in this world together. I was much encouraged to hope he would be able to make arrangements so that he could leave and go up this spring and take charge of the people and teach them, for no one in the country was more capable than he was. But such as he was and such as we valued him, the Lord took him as if he would say unto us, "Put not your trust in an arm of flesh." Before I heard of his death I had been thinking and feeling considerably about the result of the meeting in May with the Cayuses. Much talk has been going on among them since the meeting at Lapwai, which leads us to expect a very exciting time. Brother Rogers' wisdom and prudence as an interpreter, and his knowledge of Indian character, has led us to feel that his presence was absolutely necessary for a peaceful meeting, and without it we had better not have a meeting. But "the Lord's thoughts are not ours, neither are his ways our ways."

As I have said before, he has taken him from us, and what renders the affliction more aggravated, he was not alone in his departure from this vale of tears. He was drowned with five others at the same time in the Willamette river. Of this number was his beloved wife, her youngest sister aged two years and a half, Squire Crocker, recently from the States, and two Clatsop Indians. The circumstances of the melancholy disaster were these: Dr. White, Mr. Raymond of the Methodist mission, and the above named individuals, left the Butte for the falls in the mission's large canoe, on Wednesday, Feb. 1st. This was just a month from the time Brother Rogers left us at this place. They had made one portage on foot just above the main fall as far as the trail will admit, and got into the canoe, as is usually done, and the canoe was dropped down to the landing place with a strong rope.



The landing place is within two rods of the main falls. All got in except Mr. Raymond and four Indians who had the management of the rope; they dropped down to the landing place in safety, and Dr. White stepped on a log and instantly the canoe took a sheer out into the current. Doctor had a paddle in his hand which Squire Crocker took hold of to haul the canoe back; at the same time they called to Mr. Raymond to haul, which he did, and it shot the canoe into the suction of the falls, which got such a possession of it at once as to sweep them over the frightful precipice in an instant, notwithstanding all their efforts at paddling to make the island on the other side. Two Indians were saved by plunging into the current and got an impetus which carried them through and they reached the island and were saved. What an awful scene! They were seen by individuals below the falls just as the canoe made the fatal plunge, who instantly came in boats to their relief. Four were seen swimming at first for a time, but three of them sank almost immediately; one of them continued swimming until the boat came within thirty yards of him when he sunk in a whirl "to rise no more." This was Brother Rogers. The letter giving us the intelligence was written four days after the dreadful disaster took place. At that time neither of the bodies had been found.

The river was very high, the current frightfully rapid, boiling and whirling in its course. The bow of canoe was broken off at the rowlocks, and a piece split out of the bottom half the length of canoe. O, how fatal to them was their security, for they had no setting poles out, neither had they fastened the canoe—a precaution which ought always to be taken upon these frightful rivers of Oregon.

Mrs. Rogers was the eldest of five daughters of Mr. Leslie, who has gone to the States with the two next eldest, their mother having died in the Willamette two years ago. The two youngest were in Mr. Rogers' family. Mrs. Rogers spent the time of her husband's absence in Mrs. Gray's family, with her two daughters. It seems they were in the act of returning to the falls when they were drowned, and providentially one of the sisters was left to be spared so melancholy a fate.

As an individual I feel that I have lost a friend—a brother. I had never seen Mrs. R., but was fondly anticipating an acquaintance in a few months. We are so few in number in this country that real friends are valuable, and their loss deeply felt; but to the country, to the missionary cause, the loss is very great.

My beloved parents, if the Lord has permitted you to enjoy a visit with my dear husband, you doubtless know more about us as a mission and our missionary work than you formerly have. I hope he will bring me full long letters from both dear fathers and mothers' own hand, and each of my sisters and brothers now living. I have not received a single letter yet giving any of the particulars of the dear one that is dead.

September, 1840, is my last date from home. I am expecting to hear soon when the ship comes in. I shall write again in about two months if my health permits. It is very trying to the feelings of the natural heart to be here in this desolate land without my husband, and were it not for sustaining grace I should sink under it. But the favors of the Lord are many and great in giving me so many friends to cheer and comfort me. My health is very poor; this increases the trial, because, in consequence I have too many gloomy and depressing hours, and evil forebodings, in which I have not strength of mind to rise above. The Lord gives me much of his gracious presence, and increased spiritual enjoyment in communion with him, for which I desire to be thankful.

My paper will not contain all that a full heart pants to pour forth into the bosom of dear, long-absent parents—a privilege which doubtless would be too much for my weak nature to endure. With pleasing delight do I look forward to that happy time when we may meet in yonder happy world and enjoy in full fruition what eye hath not seen nor ear heard—of things prepared for us.

I hope all will remember my most earnest request to write to me. I love you all increasingly and shall till I die. Dear Brother G., I feel and sympathize with him more than I can express. O, that he would write me, and Sister Clarissa likewise, and all of you. Brother Judson, the Lord has broken his heart, but he can bind it up. Shall I ever hear him speak to me again. My heart yearns over you all while I write farewell. May we all meet in heaven forever, prays your unworthy, your lonely but ever loving daughter,

NARCISSA.

Believe me, dear friends, I am happy in making the sacrifice for Christ—it is for Him. We have made it and I rejoice in it, yea, and will rejoice, however trying to the flesh. I see no reason to regret my husband's going home without me; nor shall I, if I suffer loss in all things.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,  
Cuba, Alleghany Co., N. Y.

SHAWNEE MISSION SCHOOL, }  
NEAR WESTPORT, May 27, 1843 }

*Dear Brother Edward.*—I take this opportunity to write you a few lines before I leave the border. I was sorry not to see you when I was at Quincy, but was glad to hear so much about you. It gave me great pleasure to see Sister Jane.

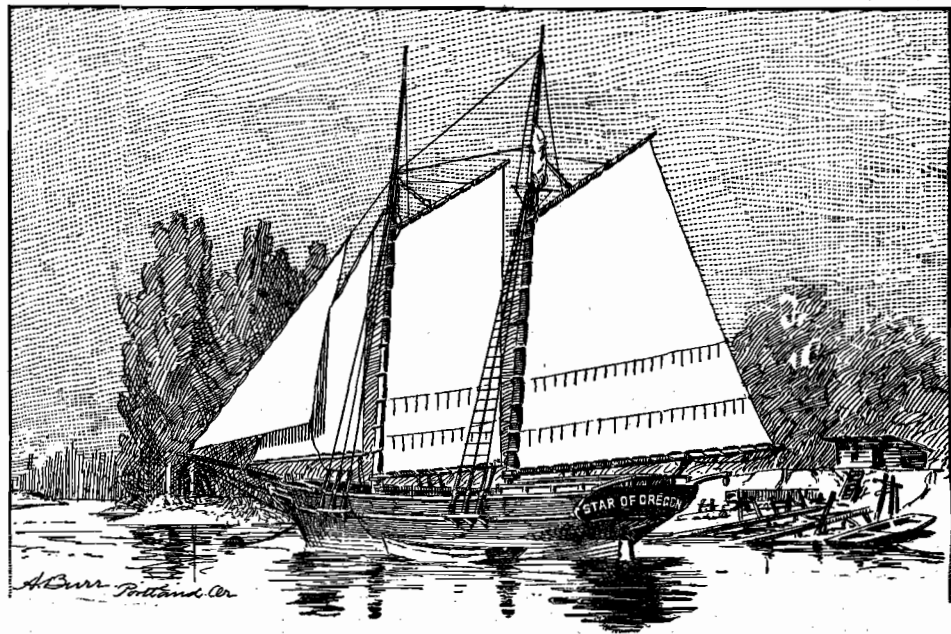
I suppose you think yourself a man now, and perhaps are not anxious for advice. I will venture, however, to let you know how anxious I am for you to complete your education. Entering the ministry a year or two sooner will not avail for any good purpose. We ought to aim at the greatest usefulness. I trust your manhood will only add to your firm determination to do all in your power for the glory of God, and good of his cause. I do not feel that I shall never see you, but I cannot tell how it will be likely to be, except you come to Oregon. I am sorry I have not got a letter from you for Narcissa. I need not tell you that she loves you, for I have no doubt she spoke for herself in the letter I brought you.

I cannot tell you very much about the immigrants to Oregon. They appear very willing, and I have no doubt are generally of an enterprising character. There are over two hundred men, besides women and children, as it is said. No one can well tell, until we are all on the road and get together, how many there are. Some have been gone a week and others have not yet started. I hope to start tomorrow. I shall have an easy journey as I have not much to do, having no one depending on me.

Lieut. Fremont, of the United States Engineers Corps, goes out with about thirty men to explore for the government, and expects to return this fall. His men are Canadian voyageurs mostly, and himself a Catholic. Two Papal priests and their lay helpers are along, and Father DeSmet has gone back in order to go to Europe to bring out others by ship.

I think, however, the immigrants who are going out will be a good acquisition. It will call on Christians to labor for their good. What a pity a good minister was not with us to go along at once. My expectations are high for that country. I believe it must become one of the best of countries very soon.

Let us hear from you as often as you can. If you send letters for crossing the mountains, direct to the care of Boone & Hamilton,



## THE SCHOONER "STAR."

### AN ACCOUNT OF HER CONSTRUCTION AND VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA.

[The following letter was written by Joseph Gale, who designed the "Star," and was her master on the voyage to California, to Hon. J. W. Nesmith many years ago, and given to me for publication in our transactions by his daughter, Mrs. V. M. Molsou.—GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.]

This is intended only as a synopsis of the following transactions:

It was not until the latter part of the summer of 1840 that the spirit of American enterprise began to manifest itself in Oregon. Previous to that it appeared to be dead; but, instead, it was only inactive for the want of something to arouse it into action. Among the desiderata of the country were horses and cattle. It is true that there were quite a number of cattle in the Valley, and these were held by Ewing Young, the Methodist Mission and the Hudson's Bay Co., and with such tenacity that it was next to an impossibility to purchase them at any reasonable price. The want of these were severely felt by nearly every settler in the Wallamet Valley. How to better our cases by supplying ourselves with such animals was a question that troubled and puzzled us all.

Consequent upon our deficiency was the question of the practicability of building a vessel and sail her to California and there dispose of her for stock. This proposition was favorably received and thoroughly discussed pro and con. The result was an organization of a company of the following named men for that purpose, viz.: John Canan, Ralph Kilbourn, Pleasant Armstrong, Henry Woods, George Davis and Jacob Green. These men secured the services of Felix Hathaway, an excellent ship carpenter, to lay out, assist and superintend the work generally. They all shortly after got their tools, provisions, etc., together and descended the Wallamet river to near its junction with the Columbia, and there, on the east side of Swan Island, selected a site upon which to build their vessel.

Now in regard to myself. In the first instance I did not join the company. My reason for not doing so was owing to the fact of having agreed with five of my old mountain companions to form a settlement in Tualatin plains. These five men were Robert Newell, George W. Ebberts, Caleb Wilkins, William Doty and J. L. Meek. But, nevertheless, I had given the company my word, and all the advice in reference to the model and general construction of the vessel they were about to build, that I would join them as soon as I saw a sufficient amount of work done on her to insure the completion of the remainder, and all that I possessed that could be converted into funds, should be invested in the enterprise.

Now, as I have said, they selected a site on Swan Island upon which to build their vessel, and went to work like men who are determined to accomplish their purpose. The first work done was to find a stick sufficiently long and sound for her keel. This was found on Sauvie's Island, i. e. Wapato Island, and cut down and found to be forty-eight feet and eight inches long; which was roughly hewed and transported to Swan Island, and there dressed to its proper dimensions, and put in place; and from that time the work went rapidly on, notwithstanding the opposition of the Hudson's Bay Co., which had been anticipated—in fact, no piece of work ever met with more discouraging prospects. Even Felix Hathaway became discouraged and quit the work when it was a little over half completed. This was owing partly to the company not having the means to pay him for his work, and partly on account of scarcity of provisions.

The vessel, however, was nearly planked up to the water ways, and in that condition she was launched. The launching took place on the nineteenth day of May, 1841, and without the slightest accident. From Swan Island she was worked up to the Wallamet Falls.

While they were getting her to the Wallamet Falls I was waited upon by two of the company, John Canan and Ralph Kilbourn, to remind me of my promise, and at the same time offer me the command and also a full share if I would gratify them in that respect. This, of course, I willingly did, for my heart and well wishes were with them all the time; and from that time until the final consummation of the undertaking I was closely engaged in the work. I sold my farm and farming utensils to Courtney Walker, removed my family to Champog, and went down and took charge of the whole concern.

Kilbourn and myself done the remainder of the work. Kilbourn was a good mechanic. It is not pertinent to this narrative to dwell

upon the treatment of the Hudson's Bay Co. to us;—suffice it to say that they did all they could do to deter us from the work; but it went on until completed in spite of them. And had it not been for Captain Wilkes, in all probability, we would have been obliged to lay the vessel up on account of not being able to procure cordage and canvas for rigging and sails.

He interviewed Dr. McLoughlin on the subject pretty roughly. The doctor excused himself by saying that he thought they were making a coffin for themselves, for, said he, "There is Gale at the head who has been in the Hudson's Bay Co. for several years as a hunter and trapper, and what does he or the rest of them know about the managing and navigating of a vessel at sea?" "Never mind," said or retorted the captain, "I have seen enough to convince me that he knows what he is about, and if you should have such things as they need you will oblige not only me but, I believe, every American in the country, by letting them have them, and should they not be able to pay you for them, and as I shall want a considerable amount of such things myself, you may charge the aggregated amount to me and I will settle the same with you." "O, well, well," said the doctor, "they can have as much of cordage and other materials as they wish."

So the store, through Commodore Wilkes' influence, was thrown open to us; but, alas, the season was too far advanced for us to get the vessel in readiness to make the passage that fall. We, nevertheless, while the chances of getting those things were so favorable, and for fear that after the Commodore would leave the river they might shut down on us again, purchased an ample supply of all the necessities we needed, such as cordage, canvas, paints, oils, etc., etc., for which we paid the company in wheat and furs of different kinds, and returned thanks to Commodore Wilkes for his generous offer.

We continued the work on till late in the fall, and yet she was not in a fit condition for sea. About this time two of the six men, George Davis and Henry Woods, became dissatisfied and wished to withdraw from the company. But one of the articles of the company's agreement stated plainly that if any person or persons should wish to withdraw from the company, he or they should forfeit all interest in the vessel. This, however, made no difference to them, for they withdrew, notwithstanding; consequently there were but five left.

Shortly after this I was taken down with the fever and ague, and reduced in such a manner that I was hardly able to do anything; and

while lying in that condition I received a letter from Commodore Wilkes, in which he stated that he was on the point of leaving the country, and that he felt greatly interested in the successful issue of our enterprise, and as there was no port or town from which we could hail or clear, and that without such, or papers to show from and to what government we belonged, there would be the probability of having our vessel seized. And he further stated:

"If you can convince me that you understand navigation I am ready to furnish you with papers that will be honored in whatever port you may enter, for I do not think it advisable for you or any other person to attempt it without an adequate knowledge of that science, it matters not in other respects how good a seaman one may be."

How generous and noble the old Commodore. He was perfectly right. Now for me to wait on him in person was out of the question. I therefore called Kilbourn and told him to get his pen, ink and paper and write while I dictated. So we soon had the following letter written:

*"To Commodore Charles Wilkes, of the United States Navy,*

"DEAR SIR:—I received your very kind letter and am very thankful for the interest you have taken in our affairs, but I am very sorry that I cannot see you in person, owing to being confined to my bed by the fever and ague. I acknowledge the propriety of your remarks in reference to going to sea without a knowledge of navigation, and also the entering of a foreign port without papers to show from whence I came. I do not, my dear sir, profess to be a consummate navigator, yet I have a sufficient knowledge of that science to take a vessel to any given port upon the globe, and, as it is almost impossible for me to see you in person, you will very much oblige me by proposing such questions which, should I be able to satisfactorily answer, may convince you of that fact. With much respect,

"I am your obliged and humble servant,

"JOSEPH GALE."

"To Commodore Charles Wilkes,  
of the U. S. N.

This letter was dispatched immediately to the mouth of the Columbia river and delivered to the Commodore. The next morning our boat started on its return and in three days after I received an answer in which were a few questions regarding the science of navigation,



which I answered and dispatched in a second letter to the Commodore, and on the return of our boat I was highly rejoiced to find that my answers were satisfactory. In consequence of this I received a large document with the United States seal upon it, which was the papers alluded to by the Commodore.

The Exploring Squadron left the country a few days afterward. The grand old Commodore, before leaving, made us a present of a flag, an ensign, and also a compass, a kedge anchor, and hawser 140 fathoms long, a log line and two log glasses—14 and 20 seconds glasses. I bought a quadrant epitome and a nautical almanac from Kilbourn, who was Capt. Couch's mate, for which I paid him forty-five dollars. These were sufficient for all ordinary purposes. Now we lacked nothing; our outfit was as complete as circumstances would permit, and yet we were not ready to go to sea. It now being late in October, I advised the laying up of the vessel, which was done. We all, with the exception of one who was appointed ship keeper, left for our several homes and employed ourselves to suit the occasion. I went to work for the Methodist Mission, running their saw mill at Salem, and continued thus employed until June, 1842. I then quit working for them and summoned the partners in the vessel to appear at the Falls for the purpose of fitting our vessel for her intended voyage.

We all now set to with a will, so that by the middle of August our vessel was all ready, with the exception of getting our provisions in for the trip, to try her speed upon the ocean. It was generally predicted that as soon as we saw the great Pacific our hearts would fail us and we would return. These predictions came very near being prophetic; for had I sanctioned in the least the propositions made by all, except one, it would have been done. But no, the die was cast, and so far as regards myself, I would sooner have gone to Davy Jones' locker (as the sailors say) than to have turned back and had the finger of scorn pointed at me ever after.

The following is a description of the schooner "Star:" She was forty-eight feet and eight inches on the keel, and fifty-three feet and eight inches over all, that is, from night heads to taffrail, with ten feet and nine inches beam in the widest part, and drew, when in good ballast trim, four feet six inches water. Her frame was of swamp white oak, her knees were of seasoned red fir roots, her beams and carlins were of seasoned red fir timber. She was clinker built and was of the Baltimore clipper model. She was planked with clear cedar planks

dressed to plump one and a one-fourth inches, which was spiked to every rib with a wrought iron spike one-half inch square, driven through a three-eighth hole and clinched on the inner side; her timbers standing nine inches apart, a nail one-fourth inch square was driven between each timber. Her deck was double, first a three-fourth board and over which, so to break joints, a plank of one and one-fourth inches, which obviated the necessity of pitch and rendered her deck perfectly watertight. She was what is generally called a fore and after, that is, she had no topsails, but simply foresail, mainsail, gib and flying gib. Her spars were made of the straight fir sticks and consisted of foremast, fore topmast, mainmast and main topmast, bow-sprit and flying gibboom; and thus equipped and painted black, with a small white ribbon running from stem to stern, she was one of the handsomest little crafts that ever sat upon the water. The most of her irons was made by the celebrated gunsmith, Thomas J. Hubbard, a gentleman to whom more honor was due than he ever received for his services rendered to the early settlers of Oregon. But alas! he is now no more.

Now came the command, "All aboard!" I had taken my leave of my wife and children and also of my friends on the 25th of August and embarked on the 26th. The 27th we got under way and descended the Wallamet to its mouth and came to anchor there. The next day being in need of wood and some extra spars, we lay at anchor. The 29th we got under way and shot out into the Columbia, with the wind blowing a half gale. We worked up against it to Fort Vancouver, not because we had any need for so doing, but merely by the way of taunting the inmates and showing our little beauty to them. The flag that Commodore Wilkes made us a present of had not as yet been hoisted. The breeze was all that could be wished for. Our vessel was performing admirably, and just as we made the last stretch, with the flag in readiness, we ran so close to the bark "Vancouver," that we nearly touched her, then the word was given "Helm alee!" and as she spun around on her keel the stars and stripes were flung flauntingly in the face of those British tars. We proceeded about a cable length ahead and came to anchor, and so near to the beach that we could plainly hear the comments passed upon our boat.

I penned the following note to Mr. Douglas, Dr. McLoughlin being absent:

*"James Douglas, Esq.,*

"SIR :—As I am now on my way to California, if you have any letters or command that you wish to send to Mr. Ray, residing there, I will, with pleasure, take them to him.

"Very respectfully,

"JOSEPH GALE."

I received the following answer:

*"Mr. Joseph Gale,*

SIR:—As the schooner "Cadborough," Capt Scarborough, will leave for that port soon we will not trouble you in that particular. [His very words.]

"Yours, etc.,

"J. DOUGLAS."

Of course, like the rest, he thought such a thing as our reaching California was all braggadocio in us.

The next morning we got under way and proceeded down the river and on the 3d day of September came to at Fort George. Here again the stars and stripes were unfurled to the view of Birney and his men. 4th, lay by taking on ballast. 5th, also; now having put her in good ballast trim. 6th, got under way in order to try how she would act in a seaway, and also to give my crew a foretaste of what they might expect hereafter. The wind was from the N. W. and blowing freshly, with the tide against us. We faced her to it, and notwithstanding these obstructions, worked up to our anchorage on Baker's Bay with all ease.

My crew consisted of the following named men, viz.: John Canan, Pleasant Armstrong, Ralph Kilbourn, Jacob Green, and a little Indian boy 10 years old, and one passenger, Charles Pfeffenhauser—not one of whom knew the compass, to say nothing of steering a vessel by it in a heavy seaway.

In order to accustom my crew to the working of a vessel in a seaway, and also to teach some of them to steer by compass, I got under way next day and ran back to Point Adams and came to anchor. My men began to rejoice from not having been seasick. Of course I said nothing to undeceive them. They had not as yet entered the wide realms of Old Neptune, and I knew that as soon as they felt the undulating motions of his empire they would succumb.

While we were lying at Point Adams, Capt. Couch, in the brig "Chenamus," made his appearance, bound to the Sandwich Islands, and passed us, most of us being ashore at the time. We discovered him, however, and hastened aboard and by the time we got under way he was half way down the channel. The wind was fresh and ahead, but the tide being favorable, we soon overhauled him and passed him and anchored in Baker's Bay before him that evening, being the 11th day of September, 1842. The Captain boarded us and invited me aboard with him to tea. After supper he said to me that if the wind served tomorrow he would get under way and pilot me out. I thanked him and took my leave.

The next morning, being the 12th of September, there sprung a leading breeze and we commenced getting our anchors. He hove short and made sail without tripping his anchor, and I, suspecting that it was his intention to go to sea at once, got my anchor and made for the passage. But I soon found that the old experienced sea dog saw indications that the breeze would soon die away, which was the case, for as we passed the cape the wind lulled into a perfect calm, the tide ebbing at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, and taking us apparently into the breakers on the south spit. There was nothing to do but to let go the anchor, which was done and about 40 fathom scope given her, in which she swung with security, and just at that critical moment every one aboard, excepting the Indian boy, was taken down with seasickness. Some of them wished themselves ashore, and would have given their interest in the vessel if they were. In that condition we lay until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a strong breeze sprang up, and I ordered them to get anchor, which was done, and instead of going back we, by making five stretches, passed the south spit and found ourselves launched on the grand old Pacific ocean. Here, finding myself once more with blue water under my keel and on the element upon which I had spent so many years, my feelings can only be imagined. Now my crew had supposed we would run into some little harbor along the coast and tie up to some rock or stick. But nothing was farther from my mind. Not being acquainted with the coast and not having any charts, such would have been a perilous undertaking. But my intention was to get an offing of 30 or 40 miles by running diagonally from the coast, and then run in my latitude and departure parallel to it.

The breeze freshened as the sun went down, and just as it touched the western horizon I took my departure from Cape Disappointment.

This was on the 12th day of September, 1842. By 12 o'clock that night the wind had freshened to a perfect gale, and our boat was spinning off 11½ knots an hour. I hope that you will not take me to be an egotist when I say that I stood to the helm thirty-six hours. It would have been almost certain ruin to have trusted the steering to any other person on board, for the sea was heavy and at times it appeared that we could or she could not live in it. But no.

"Their angry surges she seemed not to heed,  
But chose her passage with wonderful speed;  
Like the stormy petrel, through the wind and rain  
She skipped the surface of the angry main.  
Walking the water like a thing of life,  
And seemed to dare the elements to strife."

The weather was such and the fog so dense that I did not get an observation of the sun for three days. At this turn the gale had abated and I got a fair noon observation, in working up which I found that we were considerably south of Mendocino Cape; from our position at that time I shaped my course for Point Bass. I found, however, that the difference of latitude between that of account and that of observation of the sun amounted to twenty-eight miles, which was owing to bad steerage. I ran for Point Bass until we could distinctly hear the surf beating, beating upon its shore. Here I hove to, with head off shore. My reason for so doing was in order to land Pfeffenhauser at the Bordagos, he claiming to be a relative of Capt. J. A. Sutter.

Next morning we made sail and ran along the coast as near as we dared, the fog still as dense as ever. I soon found by the sound of surf that we had rounded the cape and hauled in closer to shore, when all of sudden there appeared a rock within less than a cable's length of us—we just had room to tack ship and clear it. This made me so mad with Pfeffenhauser, who had been whining the whole passage and accusing himself of his folly for embarking, that I told him that I would throw him overboard rather than endanger our lives and the vessel on his account. This day I found ourselves something over a half a degree north of the entrance of San Francisco with my longitude nearly in. We ran along the coast and came to anchor in fourteen fathoms water, the fog as thick as ever. This was in the morning of the seventeenth day of September, 1842. The fog began to open, we made sail and ran down with a light breeze until about four o'clock; the fog commenced giving way and in a few minutes we looked up and saw the high lands immediately southeast of us, and in half an

hour after the entrance of the port of San Francisco was opened to us. The breeze now freshened to a whole sail breeze, we hauled in to the eastward and dashed through its portals like an arrow, and just as the sun went down we dropped anchor abreast of the Old Presidio.

It was pleasing to me to see what a difference there was in the aspect of my companions. The gloom of the voyage had now given way to pleasure and they were happy. As for myself, Columbus himself could not have felt happier when first he solved the great problem than I did at this time. The boat was made fast and I went ashore with my papers, which were duly acknowledged. Next day I got under way and sailed up to Yerba Buena, as it was then called.

There I found the following named vessels riding at anchor: Ship Barnstable, Capt. Clapp; ship California, of Boston, Capt. Arthur; the schooner Julian, Capt. Leidsdorff, and one or two smaller vessels. Our flag was flying, in consequence of which the captains of the above named vessels paid us a visit. Now, to show how little was known of Oregon in those days, I will relate an anecdote. As these gentlemen approached our vessel and passed our stern, they discovered our name written or painted upon it, when Leidsdorff exclaimed, "Oregon! Oregon!" two or three times; "I'll be d—d if there is any port by that name on a .y of my charts!" They came aboard, remained twenty or thirty minutes and returned to their vessels. Shortly after I went ashore to see Mr. Ray, with whom was acquainted. He was supposed to see me and asked if I had come down in yonder schooner. I told him I had. Then said he, you have fetched letters for me. I gave him my reasons for not doing so.

The rest is soon told. I sold the vessel to Jose Y. Lamonture, a Frenchman, who had cast his vessel away a few weeks previous to our arrival, for 350 cows, General Guadalupe Vallejo becoming responsible to us for their delivery. And as it was impossible for us to start with them that fall to Oregon, there now being only four of us, Kilbourn had concluded to stay; we mutually settled up our own accounts and set off their several ways and went to work at what they could find to do, all agreeing at rendezvous in the spring on Cash Creek. My knowing that without a company of more than four men it would be a dangerous undertaking, and believing there to be several of Chila's party adrift in the country and also several sailors, I sent out written circulars to different parties, describing Oregon and its immense advantages to them. These circulars had the desired effect, so that by the middle of May we had mustered a company of forty-two

men, all bringing more or less stock. Among the rest was Jacob P. Leese, General Vallejo's brother-in-law, and a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted some fifteen years previous to this event. We made our camp or rendezvous on Cash Creek and there I trimmed a tall cottonwood tree and swung out the stars and stripes again, around which there soon rallied a company of forty-two men, bringing an aggregated number of twelve hundred and fifty head of cattle, six hundred head of mares, horses and mules—mares, horses, colts, principally—and nearly three thousand head of sheep; and on the fourteenth day of May we started for Oregon, and after a toilsome journey of seventy-five days arrived in the Wallamet valley with comparatively small loss. The rest, or what disposition was made of that stock is known, I presume, to everybody. There is one thing certain—it done away with the stock monopoly and set the people of Oregon in a fair way of getting on in the future. This result was brought about by the undauntable wills of a few men who are now scarcely known.

Sir, if you can condense out of this jumbled mass of writing anything that will accomplish your design, you are welcome to it, and all I ask is that if you shall put any part of it in pamphlet form, please send me a copy of it. You will see at a glance that I am but an indifferent writer, and in fact I make no pretensions as to a correct writer. My education is very limited, so you must make allowances for all defects and correct bad spelling, and also the grammatical errors that you will herein find.

Hoping that this may be satisfactory to you, I remain as ever

Your friend,

JOSEPH GALE.

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SALEM, June 1st, 1880.

HON. J. W. NESMITH,

*Sir*:—In reply to your inquiries as to the owners and building of the schooner "Oregon Star" according to my best recollection are these.

Namely, the company who built her consisted of Ralph L. Kilbourn, Charley Matts, Pleasant Armstrong, Jacob Green, John Canan, Henry Woods, master builder Felix Hathaway.

Material, tools, iron work, mostly obtained of the mission. Rigging and sails were obtained at Fort Vancouver after the arrival of Commodore Wilkes (for they could not be obtained there before.) I think that sextant and some other necessary outfit for the voyage were furnished by Wilkes from ship stores.

The crew consisted of the owners commanded by Capt. Jos. Gale. As to cargo I have no recollection. I am of opinion she sailed to California in 1842. The party commenced her construction in the latter part of the summer of 1840. (I made the spikes together with other irons as mission blacksmith.)

The schooner was built on the small island in the Wallamet just above Ross Island.

And now, my dear sir, I hope the above sketch will fully answer your inquiry to your satisfaction.

I might have said many things more in regard to difficulties of obtaining rigging and sails at Vancouver, but I deem it not necessary here.

I have the honor to be,

Respectfully yours,

J. L. PARRISH.